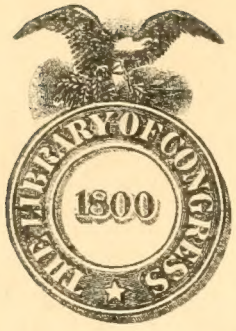
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THE GREAT CRYPTOGRAM:

FRANCIS BACON'S CIPHER in The SO-CALLED SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.

BY IGNATIUS DONNELLY, Author of "Atlantis: The Antediluvian World," and "Ragnarök: The Age of Fire and Gravel."

"And now I will vnclaspe a Secret booke
And to your quicke conceyuing Discontents
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,
As to o'er-walke a Current, roaring loud,
On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare."

1st Henry IV., Act I, Sc. 3.

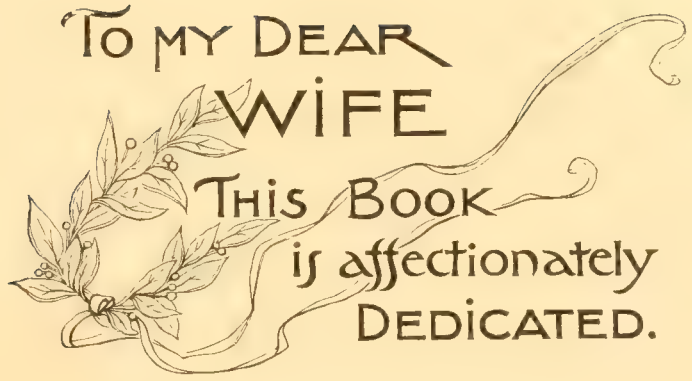
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To my Dear
Wife
This Book
is affectionately
Dedicated.

INTRODUCTION.

THE question may be asked by some, Why divide your book into two parts, an argument and a demonstration? If the Cipher is conclusive, why is any discussion of probabilities necessary?

In answer to this I would state that, for a long time before I conceived the idea of the possibility of there being a Cipher in the Shakespeare Plays, I had been at work collecting proofs, from many sources, to establish the fact that FRANCIS BACON was the real author of those great works. Much of the material so amassed is new and curious, and well worthy of preservation. While the Cipher will be able to stand alone, these facts will throw many valuable side-lights upon the story told therein.

Moreover, that part of the book called "PARALLELISMS" will, I hope, be interesting to scholars, even after BACON'S authorship of the Plays is universally acknowledged, as showing how the same great mind unconsciously cast itself forth in parallel lines, in prose and poetry, in the two greatest sets of writings in the world.

And I trust the essays on the geography, the politics, the religion and the purposes of the Plays will possess an interest apart from the question of authorship.

I have tried to establish every statement I have made by abundant testimony, and to give due credit to each author from whom I have borrowed.

For the shortcomings of the work I shall have to ask the indulgence of the reader. It was written in the midst of many interruptions and distractions; and it lacks that perfection which ampler leisure might possibly have given it.

As to the actuality of the Cipher there can be but one conclusion. A long, continuous narrative, running through many pages, detailing historical events in a perfectly symmetrical,

rhetorical, grammatical manner, and *always growing out of the same numbers, employed in the same way, and counting from the same, or similar, starting-points, cannot be otherwise than a pre-arranged arithmetical cipher.*

Let those who would deny this proposition produce a single page of a connected story, eliminated, by an arithmetical rule, from any other work; in fact, let them find five words that will cohere, by accident, in due order, in any publication, where they were not first placed with intent and aforethought. I have never yet been able to find even three such. Regularity does not grow out of chaos. There can be no intellectual order without preëxisting intellectual purpose. The fruits of mind can only be found where mind is or has been.

It may be thought, by some, that I speak with too much severity of Shakspere and his family; but it must be remembered that I am battling against the great high walls of public prejudice and intrenched error. "Fate," it is said, "obeys the downright striker." I trust my earnestness will not be mistaken for maliciousness.

In the concluding chapters I have tried to do justice to the memory of FRANCIS BACON, and to the great minds that first announced to the world his claim to the authorship of the Plays. I feel that it is a noble privilege to thus assist in lifting the burden of injustice from the shoulders of long-suffering merit.

The key here turned, for the first time, in the secret wards of the Cipher, will yet unlock a vast history, nearly as great in bulk as the Plays themselves, and tell a mighty story of one of the greatest and most momentous eras of human history, illuminated by the most gifted human being that ever dwelt upon the earth.

I conclude by invoking, in behalf of my book, the kindly judgment and good-will of all men. I. D.

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BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT

"Nay, pray you come;
Or if thou wilt hold further argument,
Do it in notes."

Much Ado about Nothing, II, 3.

PART I.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE DID NOT WRITE THE PLAYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE LEARNING REVEALED IN THE SHAKESPEARE WRITINGS.

"From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."
Henry VIII., iv, 2.

IT was formerly the universal belief, entertained even among the critical, that the writings which go by the name of *William Shakespeare* were the work of an untaught, unlearned man.

Addison compared Shakspere[1] to the agate in the ring of Pyrrhus, which had the figure of Apollo and the nine Muses pictured in the veins of the stone by the hand of Nature, without any assistance from Art.

Voltaire regarded him as a "drunken savage."

Pope speaks of him as "a man of no education."

Richard Grant White says Shakspere was regarded, even down to the time of Pope, as "this bewitching but untutored and half-savage child of nature."

He was looked upon as a rustic-bred bard who sang as the birds sing — a greater Burns, who, as Milton says, "warbled his native wood-notes wild."

This view was in accordance with the declaration of Ben Jonson that he possessed "small Latin and less Greek," and the state-

[1] Wherever reference is had in these pages to the man of Stratford the name will be spelled, as he spelled it in his will, *Shakspere*. Wherever the reference is to the Plays, or to the real author of the Plays, the name will be spelled *Shakespeare*, for that was the name on the title-pages of quartos and folios.

ment of old Fuller, in his *Worthies*, in 1622, that "his learning was very little."

Fuller says:

> Plautus was never any scholar, as doubtless our Shakespeare, if alive, would confess himself.

Leonard Digges says:

> The patterne of all wit,
> *Art without Art* unparaleld as yet.
> Next Nature onely helpt him, for looke thorow
> This whole booke, thou shalt find he doth not borrow
> One phrase from Greekes, nor Latines imitate,
> Nor once from vulgar languages translate.

Rev. John Ward, Vicar of Stratford, writing forty-seven years after Shakspere's death, and speaking the traditions of Stratford, says:

> I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit, *without any art at all.*

Seventy odd years after Shakspere's death, Bentham, in his *State of the English Schools and Churches*, says:

> William Shakespeare was born at Stratford, in Warwickshire; his learning was very little, and therefore it is more a matter for wonder that he should be a truly excellent poet.[1]

But in the last fifty years this view is completely changed. The critical world is now substantially agreed that the man who wrote the plays was one of the most learned men of the world, not only in that learning which comes from observation and reflection, but in book-lore, ancient and modern, and in the knowledge of many languages.

I. His Classical Learning.

Grant White admits:

> He had as much learning as he had occasion to use, and even more.[2]

It was at one time believed that the writer of the plays was unable to read any of the Latin or Greek authors in the original tongues, and that he depended altogether upon translations; but such, it is now proved, was not the case.

The Comedy of Errors, which is little more than a reproduction of the *Menoechmi* of Plautus, first appeared at certain

[1] Chap. 19.

[2] White, *Life and Genius of Shakespeare*, p. 256.

Christmas revels given by Bacon and his fellow lawyers, at Gray's Inn, in 1594; while, says Halliwell, "the *Menoechmi* of Plautus was not translated into English, or rather no English translation of it was printed, before 1595."

"The greater part of the story of *Timon* was taken from the untranslated Greek of Lucian."[1]

"Shakespeare's plays," says White,[2] "show forty per cent of Romance or Latin words, which is probably a larger proportion than is now used by our best writers; certainly larger than is heard from those who speak their mother tongue with spontaneous, idiomatic correctness."

We find in *Twelfth Night* these lines:

> Like the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
> Kill what I love.[3]

This is an allusion to a story from Heliodorus' *Æthiopics.* I do not know of any English translation of it in the time of Shakspere.

Holmes says:

> The writer was a classical scholar. Rowe found traces in him of the *Electra* of Sophocles; Colman, of Ovid; Pope, of Dares Phrygius, and other Greek authors; Farmer, of Horace and Virgil; Malone, of Lucretius, Statius, Catullus, Seneca, Sophocles, and Euripides; Stevens, of Plautus; Knight, of the *Antigone* of Sophocles; and White, of the *Alcestis* of Euripides.[4]

White says:

> His very frequent use of Latin derivatives in their radical sense shows a somewhat thoughtful and observant study of that language.[5]

White further says:

> Where, even in Plutarch's pages, are the aristocratic republican tone and the tough muscularity of mind, which characterized the Romans, so embodied as in Shakespeare's Roman plays? Where, even in Homer's song, the subtle wisdom of the crafty Ulysses, the sullen selfishness and conscious martial might of broad Achilles; the blundering courage of thick-headed Ajax; or the mingled gallantry and foppery of Paris, so vividly portrayed as in *Troilus and Cressida?*[6]

Knight says:

> The marvelous accuracy, the real, substantial learning, of the three Roman plays of Shakespeare present the most complete evidence to our minds that they were the result of a profound study of the whole range of Roman history, including the nicer details of Roman manners, not in those days to be acquired in a compendious form, but to be brought out by diligent reading alone.[7]

[1] Holmes, *Authorship of Shakespeare*, p. 57.
[2] *Life and Genius of Shakespeare*, p. 216.
[3] Act v, scene 1.
[4] *Authorship of Shakespeare*, p. 57.
[5] *Life and Genius of Shakespeare*, p. 31.
[6] Ibid., p. 257.
[7] Knight's *Shak. Biography*, p. 528.

And again:

In his Roman plays he appears co-existent with his wonderful characters, and *to have read all the obscure pages of Roman history with a clearer eye than philosopher or historian.* When he employs Latinisms in the construction of his sentences, and *even in the creation of new words,* he does so with singular facility and unerring correctness.[1]

Appleton Morgan says:

In *Antony and Cleopatra,* Charmian suggests a game of billiards. But this is not, as is supposed, an anachronism, for *the human encyclopedia* who wrote that sentence appears to have known — what very few people know nowadays — that the game of billiards is older than Cleopatra.[2]

Whately[3] describes Shakespeare as possessed of "an amazing genius which could pervade all nature at a glance, and to whom nothing within the limits of the universe appears to be unknown."

A recent writer says, speaking of the resemblance between the *Eumenides* of Æschylus and the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare:

The plot is so similar that we should certainly have credited the English poet with copying it, if he could have read Greek. . . . The common elements are indeed remarkable. Orestes and Hamlet have both to avenge a beloved father who has fallen a victim to the guilty passion of an unfaithful wife; in each case the adulterer has ascended the throne; and a claim of higher than mere mortal authority demands his punishment; for the permitted return of Hamlet's father from the world beyond the grave may be set beside the command of Apollo to Orestes to become the executive of the wrath of Heaven.[4]

Knight[5] sees evidence that Shakespeare was a close student of the works of Plato.

Alexander Schmidt, in his lexicon, under the word *Adonis,* quotes the following lines from Shakespeare:

> Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
> That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.[6]

Upon which Schmidt comments:

Perhaps confounded with the garden of King Alcinous in the *Odyssey.*[7]

Richard Grant White says:

No mention of any such garden in the classic writings of Greece and Rome is known to scholars.

But the writer of the plays, who, we are told, was no scholar, had penetrated more deeply into the lassic writings than his learned critics; and a recent commentator, James D. Butler, has found out the source of this allusion. He says:

[1] Knight's *Shak. Biography,* p. 528.
[2] *Some Shak. Commentators,* p. 35.
[3] *Shak. Myth.,* p. 82.
[4] Julia Wedgewood.
[5] Knight's *Shak.,* note 6, act v, *Merchant of Venice.*
[6] *1st Henry VI.,* i, 6.
[7] vii, 117–126.

This couplet must have been suggested by Plato. (*Phaedrus*, p. 276.) The translation is Jowett's — that I may not be suspected of warping the original to fit my theory:

> Would a husbandman, said Socrates, who is a man of sense, take the seeds, which he values and which he wishes to be fruitful, and in sober earnest plant them during the heat of summer, in some garden of Adonis, that he may rejoice when he sees them in eight days appearing in beauty? Would he not do that, if at all, to please the spectators at a festival? But the seeds about which he is in earnest he sows in fitting soil, and practices husbandry, and is satisfied if in eight months they arrive at perfection.[1]

Here we clearly have the original of the disputed passage:

> Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
> That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.

Judge Holmes[2] finds the original of the expression, "the mind's eye," in Plato, who uses precisely the same phrase. He also thinks the passage of Plato, —

> While begetting and rearing children, and handing in succession from some to others life like a torch, and even paying, according to law, worship to the gods,—

gave the hint for the following lines in *Measure for Measure:*

> Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
> Not light them for ourselves.

He also finds in Plato the original of Lear's phrase, "this same learned Theban."

Knight thinks the expression, —

> Were she as rough
> As the swelling Adriatic seas,[3] —

was without doubt taken from Horace,[4] "*of whose odes there was no translation in the sixteenth century.*"

The grand lines in *Macbeth*, —

> And all our yesterdays have *lighted* fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, *brief candle!* —

are traced to Catullus. I give the translation of another:

> *Soles occidere et redire possunt,*
> *Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,*
> *Nox est perpetuo una dormienda.*
>
> (The *lights* of heaven go out and return.
> When once our *brief candle* goes out,
> One night is to be perpetually slept.)

That beautiful thought in *Hamlet*, —

> And from her unpolluted flesh
> May violets spring, [5] —

[1] *Shakespeariana*, May, 1886, p. 230.
[2] *Authorship of Shakespeare*, p. 396.
[3] *Taming of the Shrew*, i, 2.
[4] Ode xix, book iii.
[5] Act v, scene 1.

seems to have had its original in the lines of Persius:

Nunc levior cippus non imprimit ossa,
Laudat posteritas, nunc non è manibus illis,
Nunc non è tumulo fortunataque favilla
Nascuntur violæ?[1] —

which has been translated:

Will a less tomb, composed of smaller stones,
Press with less weight upon the under bones?
Posterity may praise them, why, what though?
Can yet their manes such a gift bestow
As to make violets from their ashes grow?

W. O. Follett (Sandusky, Ohio), in his pamphlet, *Addendum to Who Wrote Shakespeare*, quotes[2] a remark of the brothers Langhorne in the preface to their translation of the *Lives of Plutarch*, to this effect:

It is said by those who are not willing to allow Shakspere much learning, that he availed himself of the last mentioned translation [of Plutarch, by Thomas North]. But they seem to forget that, in order to support their arguments of this kind, it is necessary for them to prove that Plato, too, was translated into English at the same time; for the celebrated soliloquy, "To be or not to be," is taken almost verbatim from that philosopher; yet we have never found that Plato was translated in those times.

Mrs. Pott has shown in her great work[3] that very many of the Latin quotations found in Francis Bacon's sheets of notes and memoranda, preserved in the British Museum, and called his *Promus of Formularies and Elegancies*, are either transferred bodily to the plays or worked over in new forms. It follows, therefore, that the writer of the Plays must have read the authors from whom Bacon culled these sentences, or have had access to Bacon's manuscript notes, or that he was Bacon himself.

In the *Promus* notes we find the proverb, "*Diluculo surgere saluberrimum.*"

Sir Toby Belch says to Sir Andrew Aguecheek:

Approach, Sir Andrew; not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes, and *diluculo surgere*, thou knowest.[4]

Again:

Qui dissimulat liber non est. (He who dissembles is not free.)[5]

In Shakespeare we have:

The dissembler is a slave.[6]

[1] Sat. i.
[2] Page 7.
[3] *Promus*, pp. 31–38.
[4] *Twelfth Night*, ii, 3.
[5] *Promus* notes, folio 83 C.
[6] *Pericles*, i, 1.

Again, in the *Promus* notes, we have:

Divitiæ impedimenta virtutis. (The baggage of virtue.)

Bacon says:

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue.

Shakespeare says:

> If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
> For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
> Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
> Till death unloads thee.[1]

Again:

Mors et fugacem persequitur virum. (Death pursues even the man that flies from him.)

Shakespeare has:

> Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.[2]

And again:

Mors omnia solvit. (Death dissolves all things.)

Shakespeare has:

> Let heaven *dissolve* my life.[3]

And again:

Hoc solum scio, quod nihil scio. (This only I know, that I know nothing.)

Shakespeare has:

> The wise man knows himself to be a fool.[4]

Again:

Tela honoris tenerior. (The stuff of which honor is made is rather tender.)

Shakespeare has:

> The tender honor of a maid.[5]

Again:

Tranquillo qui libet gubernator.— Eras. *Ad.* 4496. (Any one can be a pilot in fine weather.)

Shakespeare says:

> Nay, mother,
> Where is your ancient courage? You were used
> To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
> That common chances common men could bear;
> That when the sea was calm all boats alike
> Showed mastership in floating.[6]

[1] *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1.
[2] *3d Henry VI.*, ii, 5.
[3] *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii, 2.
[4] *As You Like It*, v, 1.
[5] *All's Well that Ends Well*, iii, 5.
[6] *Coriolanus*, iv, 1.

Again:

In aliquibus manetur quia non datur regressus. (In some [places] one has to remain because there is no getting back.)[1]

And in Shakespeare we find:

I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as easy as go o'er.[2]

Again:

Frigus adurit. (Cold parches.)

And Shakespeare says:

Frost itself as actively doth burn.[3]

Again:

Anosce teipsiu. (Know thyself.)

Shakespeare has:

Mistress, know yourself.[4]
He knows nothing who knows not himself.[5]
That fool knows not himself.[6]

I could cite many other similar instances, but these will doubtless be sufficient to satisfy the reader.

II. His Knowledge of the Modern Languages.

It furthermore now appears that the writer of the plays was versed in the languages and literature of France, Italy, and even Spain; while he had some familiarity with the annals and tongues of Northern Europe.

As to the French, whole pages of the plays are written in that language.[7]

His knowledge of Italian is clearly proved.

The story of *Othello* was taken from the Italian of Cinthio's *Il Capitano Moro*, of which no translation is known to have existed; the tale of *Cymbeline* was drawn from an Italian novel of Boccaccio, not known to have been translated into English, and the like is true of other plays.[8]

Richard Grant White[9] conclusively proves that the writer of *Othello* had read the *Orlando Furioso* in the original Italian; that the very words are borrowed as well as the thought; and that the

[1] *Promus* notes, No. 1361.
[2] *Macbeth*, iii, 4.
[3] *Hamlet*, iii, 4.
[4] *As You Like It*, iv, 1.
[5] *All's Well that Ends Well*, ii, 4.
[6] *Troilus and Cressida*, ii, 1.
Henry V.
[8] Holmes, *Authorship of Shakespeare*, p. 58.
[9] *Life and Genius of Shakespeare*, p. 35.

author adhered to the expressions in the Italian where the only translation then in existence had departed from them. The same high authority also shows that in the famous passage, "Who steals my purse steals trash," etc., the writer of *Othello* borrowed from the *Orlando Innamorato* of Berni, "of which poem *to this day there is no English version.*"

The plot of the comedy of *Twelfth Night; or, What You Will,* is drawn from two Italian comedies, both having the same title, *Gl'Inganni* (The Cheats), both published before the date of Shakespeare's play, and which Shakespeare must have read in the original Italian, as there were, I believe, no English translations of them.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona is supposed to have been written several years before 1598, the year when Bartholomew Yonge's translation of the *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor was published in England; and Halliwell believes that there are similarities between Shakespeare's play and Montemayor's romance "too minute to be accidental." If this is the case we must conclude that Shakespeare either read some translation of the romance in manuscript before 1598, or else that he read it in the original. Says Halliwell:

> The absolute origin of the entire plot has possibly to be discovered in some Italian novel. The error in the first folio of *Padua* for *Milan*, in act ii, scene 5, has perhaps to be referred to some scene in the original novel. Tieck mentions an old German play founded on a tale similar to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona;* but it has not yet been made accessible to English students, and we have no means of ascertaining how far the resemblance extends.

It further appears that Shakespeare found the original of *The Merchant of Venice* in an untranslated Italian novel. Mr. Collier says:

> In the novel *Il Pecorone* of Giovanni Fiorentino, the lender of the money (under very similar circumstances, and the wants of the Christian borrower arising out of nearly the same events) is a Jew; and there also we have the
>
> equal pound
> Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
> In what part of your body pleaseth me.
>
> The words in the Italian are "*che'l Giudeo gli potesse levare una libra di carne d'addosso di qualumque luogo e' volesse,*" which are so nearly like those of Shakespeare as to lead us to believe that he followed here some literal translation of the novel in *Il Pecorone.* None such has, however, reached our time, and the version we have printed at the foot of the Italian was made and published in 1765.[1]

Mrs. Pott, in her great work, calls attention to the following

[1] *Introduction to the Adventures of Gianetta*, Shakespeare's Library, part 1, vol. 1, p. 315.

Italian proverb, and the parallel passage in *Lear*. No one can doubt that the former suggested the latter:

Non far ciò che tu puoi;
Non spender ciò che tu hai;
Non creder ciò che tu odi;
Non dir ciò che tu sai.[1]

(Do less than thou canst;
Spend less than thou hast;
Believe less than thou hearest;
Say less than thou knowest.)

While in Shakespeare we have:

Have more than thou showest,
Speak more than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest.[2]

And, again, the same author calls attention to the following Italian proverb and parallel passage:

Il savio fa della necessità virtù. (The wise man makes a virtue of necessity.)[3]

Shakespeare says:

Are you content to make a virtue of necessity?[4]

The same author calls attention to numerous instances where the author of the plays borrowed from Spanish proverbs. I select one of the most striking:

Desque naci llorè ye cada dia nace porque. (When I was born I cried, and every day shows why.)

Shakespeare has:

When we are born we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools.[5]

In *Love's Labor Lost*[6] we find the author quoting part of an Italian proverb:

Vinegia, Vinegia,
Chi non ti vede ei non ti pregia.

The proverb is:

Venetia, Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pregia,
Ma chi t'ha troppo veduto ti dispregia.

The plot of *Hamlet* was taken from Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian, of whom, says Whately, writing in 1748, "no

[1] *Promus*, p. 524.
[2] *Lear*, i, 6.
[3] *Promus*, p. 525.
[4] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv, 1.
[5] *Lear*, iv, 6.
[6] Act iv, scene 2.

translation hath yet been made."[1] So that it would appear the author of *Hamlet* must have read the Danish chronicle in the original tongue.

Dr. Herman Brunnhofer, Dr. Benno Tschischwitz (in his *Shakespeare Forschungen*) and Rev. Bowechier Wrey Savile[2] all unite in believing that the writer of *Hamlet* was familiar with the works of Giordano Bruno, who visited England, 1583 to 1586; and that the words of Hamlet,[3] "If the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion," etc., are taken from Bruno's *Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante.* Furthermore, that the author of *Hamlet* was familiar with "the atomic theory" of the ancients. And the Rev. Bowechier Wrey Savile says:

> Inasmuch as neither Bruno's *Spaccio*, nor the fragments of Parmenides' poem, *On Nature*, which have come down to us, were known in an English dress at the beginning of the seventeenth century (Toland's translation of Bruno's *Spaccio* did not appear until 1713), it would seem to show that the author of *Hamlet* must have been acquainted with both Greek and Italian, as was the case with the learned Francis Bacon.

III. A Scholar Even in His Youth.

The evidences of scholarship mark the earliest as well as the latest works of the great poet; in fact, they are more observable in the works of his youth than in those of middle life. Even the writers who have least doubt as to the Shaksperean authorship of the plays admit this fact.

White says the early plays show "A mind fresh from academic studies."[4]

Speaking of the early plays, Prof. Dowden finds among their characteristics:

> Frequency of classical allusions, frequency of puns and conceits, wit and imagery drawn out in detail to the point of exhaustion. . . . In *Love's Labor Lost* the arrangement is too geometrical; the groupings are artificial, not organic or vital.

Coleridge was of opinion that

> A young author's first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits.

And, hence, he concludes that

> The habits of William Shakespeare had been scholastic and those of a student.

The scholarship of the writer of the plays and his familiarity with the Latin language are also shown in the use of odd and

[1] *An Inquiry into the Learning of Shakespeare.*
[2] *Shakespeariana*, Oct., 1884, p. 312.
[3] Act ii, scene 1.
[4] White, *Shakespeare's Genius*, p. 257.

extraordinary words, many of them coined by himself, and such as would not naturally occur to an untaught genius, familiar with no language but his own. I give a few specimens:

Rubrous, *Twelfth Night*, i, 4.
Pendulous, *King Lear*, iii, 4.
Abortive, *Richard III.*, i, 2.
Cautelous, *Julius Cæsar*, ii, 1.
Cautel, *Hamlet*, i, 3.
Deracinate, *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 3; *Henry V.*, v, 2.
Surcease, *Macbeth*, i, 7.
Recordation, *2d Henry IV.*, ii, 3.
Enwheel, *Othello*, ii, 1.
Armipotent, *All's Well That Ends Well*, iv, 3.
Evitate, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v, 5.
Imbost, *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv, 3.
Disnatured, *King Lear*, i, 4.
Inaidable, *All's Well That Ends Well*, [ii, 1.
Unsuppressive, *Julius Cæsar*, ii, 1.
Oppugnancy, *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 3.
Enskied, *Measure for Measure*, i, 5.
Legerity, *Henry V.*, iv, 1.
Propinquity, *King Lear*, i, 1.
Credent, *Hamlet*, i, 3.
Sluggardised, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i, 1.

Knight says, speaking of the word *expedient:*[1]

Expedient. The word properly means, "that disengages itself from all entanglements." To set at liberty the *foot* which was held fast is *exped-ire.* Shakspere always uses this word in strict accordance with its derivation, *as, in truth, he does most words that may be called learned.*[2]

Knight[3] also notes the fact that he uses the word *reduce* in the Latin sense, "to bring back."

IV. His Universal Learning.

The range of his studies was not confined to antique tongues and foreign languages. He must have read all the books of travel which grew out of that age of sea-voyages and explorations.

Dr. Brinton[4] points out that the idea of Ariel having been pegged in the knotty entrails of an oak until freed by Prospero was borrowed from the mythology of the Yurucares, a South American tribe of Indians, in which the first men were confined in the heart of an enormous bole, until the god Tiri let them out by cleaving it in twain. He further claims that Caliban is undoubtedly the word *Carib*, often spelt Caribani and Calibani in olden writers; and his "dam's god, *Setebos*," was the supreme deity of the Patagonians, when first visited by Magellan.

In *The Merchant of Venice* we read:

> Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed,
> Unto the *tranect*, to the common ferry.[5]

[1] *King John*, ii, 1. [2] Knight's *Shak.*, i History, p. 24. [3] *Richard III.*, v, 4.
[4] *Myths of the New World*, p. 240, note. [5] Act iii, scene 5.

Of this word Knight says:

No other example is found of the use of this word in English, and yet there is little doubt that the word is correct. *Tranare* and *trainare* are interpreted by Florio not only as *to draw*, which is the common acceptation, but as *to pass or swim over*. Thus the *tranect* was most probably the tow-boat of the ferry.[1]

In *King John* we have:

> Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
> Some *airy* devil hovers in the sky,
> And pours down mischief.[2]

Collier changed *airy* to *fiery*, "which, we may be sure," he says, "was the word of the poet." But Knight turns to Burton and shows that he described "aerial spirits or devils, who keep most quarter in the air, and cause many tempests, thunder and lightning," etc. And he also referred to the fact that "Paul to the Ephesians called them forms of the *air*." Knight adds:

Shakspere knew this curious learning from the schoolmen, but the correctors knew nothing about it.

We have another instance, in the following, where the great poet knew a good deal more than his commentators.

In *Romeo and Juliet* he says:

> Are you at leisure, holy Father, now;
> Or shall I come to you at evening mass?[3]

Upon this Richard Grant White says:

If he became a member of the Church of Rome it must have been after he wrote *Romeo and Juliet*, in which he speaks of "evening mass;" for the humblest member of that church knows that there is no mass at vespers.[4]

But we have the authority of the learned Cardinal Bona that the name *mass* was given to the morning and evening prayers of the Christian soldiers. Salvazzio states that the name was given to the lectures or lessons in matins. In the "Rule of St. Aurelian" it is stated that at Christmas and on the Epiphany six masses are to be read at matins, from the prophet Isaiah, and six from the gospel; whilst on the festivals of martyrs the first mass is to be read from the acts of the martyrs. In his rule for nuns the same holy Bishop tells them that, as the nights are long, they may recite three masses at the lectern. As the female sex could not act as priests, it is plain that the word *mass* was formerly the

[1] Knight's *Shak. Com.*, p. 240.
[2] Act iii, scene 2.
[3] Act iv, scene 1.
[4] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 187.

synonym for prayers, and did not mean, as nowadays, exclusively the great sacrifice of the church; and therefore "evening mass" simply means the evening service. In fact, as Bishop Clifford shows, the word *mass* or, as it was written in Anglo-Saxon, *mæsse*, came to be regarded as the synonym for *feast;* hence, *Candlemas*, *lammas*, *Michaelmas*, etc., are the feast of candles, the feast of loaves, the feast of St. Michael, etc. "Moreover, *mass* being the chief religious service of the Catholic Church, the word came to be used in the sense of church service in general. *Evening-mass* means evening service or vespers."

What a curious reaching-out for facts, in a day barren of encyclopædias, is shown in these lines:

Adrian. Widow Dido, said you? You make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gonzalo. This Tunis, sir, *was* Carthage.

Adrian. Carthage?

Gonzalo. I assure you, Carthage.[1]

V. Our Conclusion.

We commence our argument, therefore, with this proposition: The author of the plays, whoever he may have been, was unquestionably a profound scholar and most laborious student. He had read in their own tongues all the great, and some of the obscure writers of antiquity; he was familiar with the languages of the principal nations of Europe; his mind had compassed all the learning of his time and of preceding ages; he had pored over the pages of French and Italian novelists; he had read the philosophical utterances of the great thinkers of Greece and Rome; and he had closely considered the narrations of the explorers who were just laying bare the secrets of new islands and continents. It has been justly said that the plays could not have been written without a library, and cannot, to-day, be studied without one. To their proper elucidation the learning of the whole world is necessary. Goethe says of the writer of the plays: "He drew a sponge over the table of human knowledge."

We pass, then, to the question, Did William Shakspere possess such a vast mass of information?—could he have possessed it?

[1] *Tempest*, ii, 1.

CHAPTER II.

THE EDUCATION OF WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

Touchstone. Art thou learned?
William. No, sir.
Touchstone. Then learn this of me: to have is to have.
As You Like It, v, 1.

IT must not be forgotten that the world of three hundred years ago was a very different world from that of to-day.

A young man, at the present time, can receive in the backwoods of the United States, or Canada, or in the towns of Australia, an education which Cambridge and Oxford could not have afforded to the noblemen of England in the sixteenth century. That tremendous educator, the daily press, had then no existence. Now it comes to almost every door, bringing not only the news of the whole world, but an abstract of the entire literary and scientific knowledge of the age.

I. England in the Sixteenth Century.

Three hundred years ago the English-speaking population of the world was confined almost altogether to the island of Great Britain, and the refinement and culture of the island scarcely extended beyond a few towns and the universities. London was the great center, not only of politics, but of literature and courtly manners. The agricultural population and the yeomanry of the smaller towns were steeped to the lips in ignorance, rude and barbarous in their manners, and brutal in their modes of life.

They did not even speak the same language. Goadby tells us that, when the militia met from the different counties to organize resistance to the invasion of the Spaniards,

> It was hard to catch the words of command, so pronounced were the different dialects.[1]

Simpson says:

> If cattle-driving was to be interpreted as levying war, all England at harvest tide was in a state of warfare. The disputes about tithes and boundaries were

[1] Goadby, *England of Shak.*, p. 83.

then usually settled by bands of armed men, and the records of the Star-Chamber swarm with such cases.[1]

The cots or dwellings of the humble classes in Shakspere's time were, as the haughty Spaniard wrote, in the reign of Elizabeth's sister, built "of sticks and dirt."

"People," says Richard Grant White, "corresponding in position to those whose means and tastes would now insure them as much comfort in their homes as a king has in his palace, and even simple elegance beside, then lived in houses which in their best estate would seem at the present day rude, cheerless and confined, to any man not bred in poverty."[2]

II. Stratford in the Time of Shakspere.

The lives of the people were coarse, barren and filthy.

Thorold Rogers says:

In the absence of all winter roots and herbs, beyond a few onions, a diet of salted provisions, extending over so long a period, would be sure to engender disease; . . . and, as a matter of fact, scurvy and leprosy, the invariable results of an unwholesome diet, *were endemic*, the latter malignant and infectious in medieval England. The virulence of these diseases, due in the first instance to unwholesome food, was aggravated by *the inconceivably filthy habits of the people.*[3]

Richard Grant White says:

Stratford then contained about fifteen hundred inhabitants, who dwelt chiefly in thatched cottages, which straggled over the ground, too near together for rural beauty, too far apart to seem snug and neighborly; and scattered through the gardens and orchards around the best of these were neglected stables, cow-yards and sheep-cotes. Many of the meaner houses were *without chimneys or glazed windows.* The streets were cumbered with logs and blocks, and foul with offal, mud, muck-heaps and reeking stable refuse, the accumulation of which the town ordinances and the infliction of fines could not prevent *even before the doors of the better sort of people.* The very first we hear of John Shakespeare himself, in 1552, is that he and a certain Humphrey Reynolds and Adrian Quiney "*fecerunt sterquinarium,*" in the quarter called Henley Street, against the order of the court; for which dirty piece of business they were "*in misericordia,*" as they well deserved. But the next year John Shakespeare and Adrian Quiney repeated the unsavory offense, and this time in company with the bailiff himself.[4]

Halliwell-Phillipps says:

The sanitary condition of the thoroughfares of Stratford-on-Avon was, to our present notions, simply terrible. Under-surface drainage of every kind was then an unknown art in the district. There was a far greater amount of moisture in the land than would now be thought possible, and streamlets of water-power suffi-

[1] *School of Shak.*, vol. i, p. 60.
[2] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 17.
[3] *Work and Wages*, Thorold Rogers, p. 96.
[4] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 21.

cient for the operation of corn-mills meandered through the town. This general humidity intensified the evils arising from the want of scavengers, or other effective appliances for the preservation of cleanliness. House-slops were recklessly thrown into ill-kept channels that lined the sides of unmetaled roads; pigs and geese too often reveled in the puddles and ruts, while here and there were small middens, ever in the course of accumulation, the receptacles of offal and of every species of nastiness. A regulation for the removal of these collections to certain specified localities, interspersed through the borough and known as common dung-hills, appears to have been the extent of the interference that the authorities ventured or cared to exercise in such matters. Sometimes when the nuisance was thought to be sufficiently flagrant, they made a raid on those inhabitants who had suffered their refuse to accumulate largely in the highways. On one of these occasions, in April, 1552, John Shakespeare was fined the sum of twelve pence for having amassed what was no doubt a conspicuous *sterquinarium* before his house in Henley Street, and under these unsavory circumstances does the history of the poet's father commence in the records of England. It is sad to be compelled to admit that there was little excuse for his negligence, *one of the public stores of filth being within a stone's throw of his residence.*[1]

The people of Stratford were densely ignorant. At the time of Shakspere's birth, only six aldermen of the town, out of nineteen, could write their names; and of the thirteen who could not read or write, Shakspere's father, John Shakspere, was one.

Knight says:

We were reluctant to yield our assent to Malone's assertion that Shakspere's father had a mark to himself. The marks are not distinctly affixed to each name in this document. But subsequent discoveries establish the fact that he used two marks — one something like an open pair of compasses, the other the common cross.[2]

III. Shakspere's Family Totally Uneducated.

Shakspere's whole family were illiterate. He was the first of his race we know of who was able to read and write. His father and mother, grandfathers and grandmothers, aunts and cousins — all signed their names, on the few occasions when they were obliged to sign them, with crosses. His daughter Judith could not read or write. The whole population around him were in the same condition.

The highest authority upon these questions says:

Exclusive of Bibles, church services, psalters and educational manuals, there were certainly not more than two or three dozen books, if so many, in the whole town.

The copy of the black-letter English History, so often depicted as well thumbed by Shakespeare, in his father's parlor, never existed out of the imagination.[3]

[1] *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 18. [2] Knight's *Shak. Biography*, p. 17.
[3] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Life of Shak.*, p. 42.

Goadby says:

The common people were densely ignorant. They had to pick up their mother tongue as best they could. *The first English grammar was not published until* 1586. [This was after Shakspere had finished his education.] It is evident that much schooling was impossible, for the necessary books did not exist. *The horn-book for teaching the alphabet would almost exhaust the resources of any common day schools that might exist in the towns and villages.* LITTLE IF ANY ENGLISH WAS TAUGHT EVEN IN THE LOWER CLASSES OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.[1]

Prof. Thorold Rogers says:

Sometimes perhaps, in the days after the Reformation, a more than ordinarily opulent ecclesiastic, having no family ties, would train up some clever rustic child, teach him and help him on to the university. But, as a rule, since that event, *there was no educated person in the parish beyond the parson*, and he had the anxieties of a narrow fortune and a numerous family.[2]

The Rev John Shaw, who was temporary chaplain in a village in Lancashire in 1644, tells of an old man of sixty years of age, whose whole knowledge of Jesus Christ had been derived from a miracle play "'Oh, sir,' said he, 'I think I heard of that man you speak of once in a play at Kendall called *Corpus Christi Play* where there was a man on a tree and blood ran down.[9] "

IV. THE UNIVERSITIES OF THAT DAY.

Even the universities were not such schools as the name would to-day imply.

The state of education was almost as unsettled as that of religion. The Universities of Cambridge and Oxford were thronged with poor scholars, and eminent professors taught in the schools and colleges. But the Reformation had made sad havoc with their buildings and libraries, and the spirit of amusement had affected their studies.[3]

The students turned much more readily to dissipation than to literature. In the year 1570, the scholars of Trinity College, Cambridge, consumed 2,250 barrels of beer![4]

The knowledge of Greek had sensibly declined, but Latin was still cultivated with considerable success.[5]

The number of scholars of the university fit for schoolmasters was small. "Whereas they make one scholar they marre ten," averred Peacham, who describes one specimen as whipping his boys on a cold morning "for no other purpose than to get himself a heate."[6]

The country swarmed to such an extent with scholars of the universities, who made a living as beggars, that Parliament had to interfere against the nuisance. By the act of 14th Elizabeth, "all

[1] Goadby, *England of Shak.*, p. 101.
[2] Rogers, *Work and Wages*, p. 85.
[3] Goadby, *England*, p. 97.
[4] Ibid., p. 73.
[5] Ibid., p. 97.
[6] Ibid., p. 99.

scholars of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge that go about begging, not being authorized under the seal of said universities," are declared "vagabonds," and punishable as such.

V. "A Bookless Neighborhood."

If this was the condition of the two great "twins of learning," sole centers of light in the darkness of a barbarous age, we can readily conceive what must have been the means of public education in the dirty little hamlet of Stratford, with its fifteen hundred untaught souls, its two hundred and fifty householders, and its illiterate officials.

It was, as Halliwell-Phillipps has called it, "a bookless neighborhood."

We have the inventory of the personal property of Robert Arden, Shakspere's mother's father, and the inventory of the personal property of Agnes Arden, his widow, and the will of the same Agnes Arden, and any number of other wills, but in them all, in the midst of a plentiful array of "oxenne," "kyne," "sheepe," "pigges," "basons," "chafyng dyches," "toweles and dyepers," "shettes," "frying panes," "gredyerenes," "barrelles," "hansaws," "knedyng troghs," "poringers," "sawcers," "pott-hookes," and "linkes," we do not find reference to a single book, not even to a family Bible or a prayer-book. Everything speaks of a rude, coarse and unintellectual people. Here is an extract from the will of Agnes Arden, Shakspere's grandmother:

> I geve to the said Jhon Hill my best platter of the best sort, and my best platter of the second sorte, and j poringer, one sawcer and one best candlesticke. And I also give to the said Jhon one paire of sheetes. I give to the said Jhon my second pot, my best pan, . . . and one cow with the white rump.

"One John Shakspeare, of Budbrook, near Warwick, considered it a sufficient mark of respect to his father-in-law to leave him 'his best boots.'"[1]

VI. A Gross Improbability.

It would indeed be a miracle if out of this vulgar, dirty, illiterate family came the greatest genius, the profoundest thinker, the broadest scholar that has adorned the annals of the human race. It is possible. It is scarcely probable.

[1] *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 183.

Professor Grant Allen, writing in the *Science Monthly* of March 1882 (p. 591), and speaking of the life of Sir Charles Lyell, says:

> Whence did he come? What conditions went to beget him? From what stocks were his qualities derived, and why? These are the questions that must henceforth always be first asked when we have to deal with the life of any great man. For we have now learned that a great man is no unaccountable accident, no chance result of a toss-up on the part of nature, but simply the highest outcome and final efflorescence of many long ancestral lines, converging at last toward a single happy combination.

Herbert Spencer says:

> If you assume that two European parents may produce a negro child, or that from woolly-haired prognathous Papuans may come a fair, straight-haired infant of Caucasian type, you may assume that the advent of the great man can occur anywhere and under any circumstances. If, disregarding these accumulated results of experience which current proverbs and the generalizations of psychologists alike express, you suppose that a Newton might be born in a Hottentot family; that a Milton might spring up among the Andamanese; that a Howard or a Clarkson might have Fiji parents: then you may proceed with facility to explain social progress as caused by the actions of the great man. But if all biological science, enforcing all popular belief, convinces you that by no possibility will an Aristotle come from a father and mother with facial angles of fifty degrees; and that out of a tribe of cannibals, whose chorus in preparation for a feast of human flesh is a kind of rhythmical roaring, there is not the remotest chance of a Beethoven arising: then you must admit that the genesis of the great man depends on the long series of complex influences which has produced the race in which he appears, and the social state into which that race has slowly grown.

And it is to this social state, to this squalid village, that the great thinker of the human race, after association, as we are told, with courts and wits and scholars and princes, returned in middle life. He left intellectual London, which was then the center of mental activity, and the seat of whatever learning and refinement were to be found in England, not to seek the peace of rural landscapes and breathe the sweet perfumes of gardens and hedge-rows, but to sit down contentedly in the midst of pig-sties, and to inhale the malarial odors from reeking streets and stinking ditches. To show that this is no exaggeration, let me state a few facts.

Henry Smith, of Stratford, in 1605, is notified to "plucke downe his pigges cote, which is built nere the chapple wall, and the house of office there." And John Sadler, miller, is fined for bringing feed and feeding his hogs in "chapple lane." In 1613 John Rogers, the vicar, erected a pig-sty immediately opposite the back court of Shakspere's residence. For one hundred and fifty years after Shakspere's death, Chapel Ditch, which *lay next to the New Place*

Garden, "was a receptacle for all manner of filth that any person chose to put there."[1] It was four or five feet wide and filled for a foot deep with flowing filth. More than one hundred years after Shakspere's death, to-wit, in 1734, the Court Leet of Stratford presented Joseph Sawbridge, in Henley Street, "for not carring in his muck before his door."[2]

The houses were thatched with reeds.[3]

The streets were narrow, irregular and without sidewalks; full of refuse, and lively with pigs, poultry and ravenous birds.[4]

The highways were "foule, long and cumbersome."[5] Good bridges were so rare that in some cases they were ascribed to the devil. There was no mail service except between London and a few principal points. The postage upon a letter from Lynn to London was 26s. 8d., equal in value to about $30 of our money to-day. The stage wagons moved at the rate of two miles an hour. Places twelve miles apart were then practically farther removed than towns would now be one hundred miles apart. There was little or no intercourse among the common people. Men lived and died where they were born.

There were no carriages. The Queen imported a Dutch coach in 1564, the sight of which "put both man and horse in amazement," remarks Taylor, the water poet. "Some said it was a great crab-shell, brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the pagan temples, in which the cannibals adored the devil." There were few chimneys; dining-room and kitchen were all one; "each one made his fire against the reredrosse in the hall where he dined and dressed his meat," says Harrison. The beds were of straw, with wooden bolsters (like the Chinese); the people ate out of wooden platters with wooden spoons. The churches were without pews and full of fleas.[6]

VII. The English People in the Sixteenth Century.

The people were fierce, jovial, rude, hearty, brutal and pugnacious. They were great eaters of beef and drinkers of beer. We find them accurately described in the plays:

[1] *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 429.
[2] Ibid., p. 205.
[3] Goadby's *England of Shak.*, p. 16.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid.
[6] Ibid., p. 75.

The men do sympathise with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming-on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.[1]

They lived out of doors; they had few books, and, of course, no newspapers. Their favorite amusements were bear-baitings, bull-baitings, cock-fights, dog-fights, foot-ball and "rough-and-tumble fighting."[2] The cock, having crowed when Peter denied his Master, was regarded as the devil's bird, and many clergymen enjoined cock-throwing, or throwing of sticks at cocks, as a pious exercise and agreeable to God.

There were few vegetables upon the tables, and these were largely imported from Holland. The leaves of the turnip were used as a salad. Vegetables were regarded as medicines. No forks were used until 1611, when the custom was imported from Italy. Tea came into England in 1610, and coffee in 1652. Beer or wine was used with all meals. Men and women went to the taverns and drank together.

The speech of the country people was a barbarous jargon: we have some specimens of it in the plays.

Take, for instance, the following from *Lear:*

Stewart. Let go his own.
Edgar. Chill not go, zir,
Without vurther 'casion. . . .
Let poor volke passe: and chud ha' bin zwaggerd out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. . . . Keepe out of che vor'ye or ice try whither your Costard or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plaine with you.[3]

VIII. A Country School in Shakspere's Time.

Halliwell-Phillipps says, speaking of Shakspere's education in "the horn-book and the A, B, C":

There were few persons at that time at Stratford-on-Avon capable of initiating him even into these preparatory accomplishments.[4]

What manner of school was it in which he received all the education ever imparted to him?

The following is Roger Ascham's description of schools and schoolmasters in his day, as quoted by Appleton Morgan, in a newspaper article:

It is pitie that commonly more care is had, yea, and that among verie wise men, to find out rather a cunnynge man for their horse, than a cunnynge man for

[1] *Henry V.*, iii, 7.
[2] Goadby's *England*, p. 69.
[3] Act iv, scene 6.
[4] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 24.

their children.[1] . . . The master mostly being as ignorant as the child, what to say properly and fitly to the matter.[2] They for the most part so behave themselves that their very name is hateful to the scholar, who trembleth at their coming-in, rejoiceth at their absence, and looketh him returned in the face as his deadly enemy.

Mr. Morgan continues:

To the charges of undue severity, says Drake, "we must add the accusation of immorality and buffoonery. They were put on the stage along with the zany and pantaloon, to be laughed at."[3]

As to school books, or other implements of instruction, except the following, viz. (to cite them in the order in which they were prized and employed): First, the birch rod; second, the church catechism; third, the horn-book or criss-cross row. Drake says,[4] the thirty-ninth injunction of Elizabeth enacted that every grammar school "shall teach the grammar set forth by King Henry the VIII., of noble memory, and continued in the reign of Edward the VI., and none other." This was the Lily's Latin Grammar, and its study appears to have constituted the difference between a "school" and a "grammar school." Drake adds, "There was, however, another book which we may almost confidently affirm young Shakspere to have studied under the tuition of the master of the free grammar school at Stratford, the production of one Ockland, a panegyric on the characters and government of the reign of Elizabeth and her ministers, which was enjoined by authority to be read in every grammar school." Another text-book which may have been extant was the one referred to by Ascham as follows: "I have formerly seen Mr. Horman's book, who was a master of Eton school. The book itself could be of no great use, for, as I remember, it was only a collection of single sentences without order or method, put into Latin." But the rod was for long years the principal instructor. Peter Mason, a pupil of Nicholas Udal, master of Eton, says he used to receive fifty-three lashes in the course of one Latin exercise. At that temple of learning, and from Dr. Busby's time downward, the authorities agree in giving it the foremost place in English curriculums.

In *The Compleat Gentleman*, edition of 1634, the author says a country school teacher "by no entreaty would teach any scholar further than his (the scholar's) father had learned before him; as, if he had but only learned to read English, the son, though he went with him seven years, should go no further. His reason was that they would otherwise prove saucy rogues and control their fathers. Yet these are they that have our hopeful gentry under their charge."

Nay, in 1771, when Shakspere had been dead a century and a half, things were about as he left them. John Britton, who attended the provincial grammar school of Kingston, St. Nicholas parish, in Wilts, about 1771–80, says that he was taught the "criss-cross row," imparted by the learned pedagogue as follows:

Teacher—"Commether Billy Chubb, an' breng the horren book. Ge ma the vester in the wendow, you Pat Came. What! be a sleepid? I'll wake ye! Now, Billy, there's a good bway; ston still there, an' mind what I da za ta ye, an' whan I da point na! Criss-cross girta little A, B, C. That's right, Billy; you'll zoon larn criss-cross row; you'll zoon averg it, Bobby Jiffry! You'll zoon be a scollard! A's a purty chubby bwoy, Lord love en!"

[1] *Works*, Bennett's edition, p. 212.
[2] Ibid., p. 12.
[3] *Shak. and His Times*, vol. i, p. 97.
[4] Ibid., p. 26.

IX. English not Taught in the Schools of That Day.

And it is very doubtful, as we have seen, whether English was taught at all in that Stratford school. It certainly was not in most of the grammar schools of England at that time. Even White is forced to admit this. He says:

> For book instruction there was the free grammar school of Stratford, well endowed by Thomas Jolyffe, in the reign of Edward IV., where, unless it differed from all others of its kind, he could have learned Latin and some Greek. Some English, too; *but not much, for English was held in scorn by the scholars of those days, and long after.*[1]

It will readily be conceded that in such a town, among such a people, and with such a school, Shakspere could have learned but little, and that little of the rudest kind. And to this conclusion even so stout a Shaksperean as Richard Grant White is driven. He says, in a recent number of the *Atlantic* magazine:

> Shakespeare was the son of a Warwickshire peasant, or very inferior yeoman, by the daughter of a well-to-do farmer. Both his father and mother were so ignorant that they signed with a mark instead of writing their names. Few of their friends could write theirs. Shakespeare probably had a little instruction in Latin in the Stratford grammar school. When, at twenty-two years of age, he fled from Stratford to London, we may be sure that he had never seen half a dozen books other than his horn-book, his Latin accidence and a Bible. Probably there were not half a dozen others in all Stratford. The notion that he was once an attorney's clerk is blown to pieces.

Where, then, did he acquire the vast learning demonstrated by the plays?

X. Shakspere's Youthful Habits.

There can be no doubt that the child is father to the man. While little Francis Bacon's youthful associates were enjoying their game of ball, the future philosopher was at the end of a tunnel experimenting in echoes. Pope "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." At nine years of age Charles Dickens (a sort of lesser Shakespeare) knew all about *Falstaff*, and the robbery at Gad's Hill, and had established the hope in his heart that he might some day own the handsome house in that place in which he afterward resided. It was his habit to creep away to a garret in his father's house, and there, enraptured, pore over the pages of *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, *Tom Jones*, *The Arabian Nights*,

[1] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 30.

The Vicar of Wakefield, and *Robinson Crusoe*. Dr. Glennie tells us of Byron, that in his boyhood "his reading in history and poetry was far beyond the usual standard of his age. . . . He was a great reader and admirer of the Old Testament, and had read it through and through before he was eight years old." At fifteen years of age Robert Burns had read *The Spectator*, Pope's works, some of Shakespeare's plays, Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, Allan Ramsay's works, and a number of religious books, and "had studied the English grammar and gained some knowledge of the French."

Genius is a powerful predisposition, so strong that it overrules a man's whole life, from boyhood to the grave. The greatness of a mind is in proportion to its receptivity, its capacity to assimilate a vast mass of food; it is an intellectual stomach that eliminates not muscle but thought. Its power holds a due relation to its greed — it is an eternal and insatiable hunger. In itself it is but an instrument. It can work only upon external material.

The writer of the plays recognizes this truth. He says, speaking of Cardinal Wolsey:

> *From his cradle*
> He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
> Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading.[1]

The commentators have tried to alter the punctuation of this sentence. They have asked, "How could he be 'a scholar from his cradle'?" What the poet meant was that the extraordinary capacity to receive impressions and acquire knowledge, which constitutes the basis of the education of the infant, continued with unabated force all through the life of the great churchman. The retention of this youthful impressibility of the mind is one of the essentials of greatness.

And again the poet says:

> This morning, like the spirit of a youth
> That means to be of note, *begins betimes*.[2]

How did William Shakspere, the Stratford-on-Avon boy, "begin betimes"?

In his fourteenth year it is supposed he left school; but there is really no proof that he ever attended school for an hour.

[1] *Henry VIII.*, iv, 2.

[2] *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv, 2.

White expresses the opinion that "William Shakespeare was obliged to leave school early and earn his living."

At sixteen, tradition says, he was apprenticed to a butcher.

Aubrey says:

> I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbors that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf he would doe it in a *high* style and make a speech.

Rowe, speaking for Betterton, says, "Upon his leaving school he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him," that of a dealer in wool.

Neither the pursuit of butcher or wool-dealer could have been very favorable to the acquisition of knowledge in a rude age and a "bookless neighborhood."

But perhaps the boy was of a very studious nature and his industry eked out the poor materials available? Let us see:

There is a tradition of his youth setting forth that in the neighboring village of Bidford there was a society—not a literary society, not a debating club like that of which Robert Burns was a member—but a brutal crew calling themselves "The Bidford Topers," whose boast was that they could drink more beer than the "topers" of any of the adjoining intellectual villages. They challenged Stratford, and among the gallant young men who accepted the challenge was William Shakspere. The "Bidford topers" were too many for the Stratford "topers," and the latter attempted to walk home again, but were so besotted that their legs gave out, and they spent the night by the roadside under a large crab-tree, which stands to this day and is known as "Shakspere's crab." As the imagination sees him, stretched sodden and senseless, beneath the crab-tree, we may apply to him the words of the real Shakespeare:

> O monstrous beast!—how like a swine he lies.[1]

The first appearance of the father is connected with a filth-heap. The first recorded act of the son is this spirituelle contest.

The next incident in the life of Shakspere occurred when he was nineteen years old. This was his marriage to a girl of twenty-seven, that is to say, eight years older than himself. Six months after the marriage their first child was born.

[1] *Taming of the Shrew.*

But perhaps, after this inauspicious match, he settled down and devoted himself to study? Not at all.

The Reverend William Fulman, an antiquary, who died in 1688, bequeathed his manuscript biographical memoranda to the Reverend Richard Davies, rector of Sapperton, in Gloucestershire, and archdeacon of Lichfield, who died in 1708. To a note of Fulman's, which barely records Shakspere's birth, death and occupation, Davies made brief additions, the principal of which is that William Shakspere was "much given to all unluckinesse in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Lucy, *who had him oft whipt* and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native county, to his great advancement."

The man who wrote this was probably born within little more than twenty-five years after Shakspere's death. The tradition comes to us also from other sources.

The same story is told by Rowe, on the authority of Betterton, who went down to Stratford to collect materials for a life of Shakspere. Rowe says:

> He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and amongst them some, that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely, and in order to revenge that ill-usage he made a ballad upon him. And although this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time and shelter himself in London.

A pretended specimen of the ballad has come down to us, a rude and vulgar thing:

> A parliament member, a justice of peace,
> At home a poor scare-crow, at London an asse.
> If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
> Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it.
> He thinks himself great,
> Yet an ass is his state;
> We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.
> If Lucy is lowsie as some volke miscalle it,
> Sing lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

And touching this Sir Thomas Lucy, Richard Grant White, after visiting Stratford and Charlecote, speaks as follows:

This was a truly kindly nature, we may almost say a noble soul. I am with Sir Thomas in this matter, and if Shakespeare suffered any discipline at his hands, I believe that he deserved it.[1]

XI. Shakspere Goes to London.

He proceeded to London "somewhere about 1586 or 1587," say his biographers. His twin children, Hamnet and Judith, had been born in February, 1585.

We can readily conceive his condition. His father was bankrupt; his own family rapidly increasing — his wife had just been delivered of twins; his home was dirty, bookless and miserable; his companions degraded; his pursuits low; he had been whipped and imprisoned, and he fled, probably penniless, to the great city. As his admirer, Richard Grant White, says, "we may be sure he had never seen half a dozen books other than his horn-book, his Latin accidence, and a Bible." There is indeed no certainty that he had ever seen even the last work, for neither father nor mother could read or write, and had no use for, and do not seem to have possessed, a Bible.

Says Halliwell-Phillipps:

Removed prematurely from school; residing with illiterate relatives in a bookless neighborhood; thrown into the midst of occupations adverse to scholastic progress, it is difficult to believe that when he left Stratford he was not *all but destitute of polished accomplishments.*[2]

To London fled all the adventurers, vagabonds and paupers of the realm. They gathered around the play-houses. These were rude structures, open to the heavens — sometimes the roofless yard of a tavern served as the theater, and a rough scaffold as the stage. Here the ruffians, the thieves, the vagabonds, the apprentices, the pimps and the prostitutes assembled — a stormy, dirty, quarrelsome multitude. Here William Shakspere came. He was, we will concede, bright, keen and active, intent on getting ahead in the world, fond of money, but poor as poverty and ignorant as barbarism. What could he do?

XII. He Becomes a Horse-holder.

He took to the first thing that presented itself, holding horses at the door of the play-house for the young gentlemen who came to witness the performance. And this, tradition assures us, he did.

[1] *England Without and Within*, p. 514. [2] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 63.

He proved trustworthy, and the youthful aristocrats would call, we are told, for Will Shakspere to hold their horses. Then his business faculty came into play, and he organized a band of assistants, who were known then, and long afterward, as "Shakspere's boys." Gradually he worked his way among the actors.

XIII. He Becomes a Call-boy, and then an Actor.

Betterton heard that "he was received into the company at first in a very mean rank;" and the octogenarian parish clerk of Stratford told Dowdall, in 1693, that he "was received into the playhouse as a serviture"—that is, as a servant, a supernumerary, or "supe." Tradition says he was the prompter's call-boy, his duty being to call the actors when it was time for them to go upon the stage. In time he rose a step higher: he became an actor. He never was a great actor, but performed, we are told, insignificant parts. "He seems," says White, "never to have risen high in this profession. The Ghost in *Hamlet*, and old Adam in *As You Like It*, were the utmost of his achievements in this direction."

It must have taken him some time, say a year or two at the very least, to work up from being a vagabond horse-holder to the career of a regular actor. We will see, when we come to discuss the chronology of the plays, that they began to appear almost as soon as he reached London, if not before, although Shakspere's name was not connected with them for some years thereafter. And the earliest plays, as we shall see, were the most scholarly, breathing the very atmosphere of the academy.

XIV. No Tradition Refers to Him as a Student or Scholar.

There was certainly nothing in his new surroundings in London akin to Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish and Danish studies; there was nothing akin to medical, musical and philosophical researches.

And assuredly his life in Stratford, reckless, improvident, dissipated, degraded, does not represent the studious youth who, in some garret, would pore over the great masters, and fill his mind with information, and his soul with high aspirations. There is not a single tradition which points to any such element in his character.

Aubrey asserts that, from the time of leaving school until his departure for Warwickshire, Shakspere was a schoolmaster. We

have seen that it did not require a very extensive stock of learning to constitute a schoolmaster in that age; but even this, the only tradition of his life which points to anything even akin to scholarly accomplishments, must be abandoned.

Lord Campbell says:

> Unfortunately, however, the pedagogical theory is not only quite unsupported by evidence, but it is not consistent with established facts. From the registration of the baptism of Shakespeare's children, and other well authenticated circumstances, we know that he continued to dwell in Stratford, or the immediate neighborhood, till he became a citizen of London: there was no other school in Stratford except the endowed grammar school, where he had been a pupil; of this he certainly never was master, for the unbroken succession of masters from the reign of Edward VI. till the reign of James I. is of record; . . . and there is no trace of there having been any usher employed in this school.[1]

Only a miracle of studiousness could have acquired, in a few years, upon a basis of total ignorance and bad habits, the culture and refinement manifested in the earliest plays; and but a few years elapsed between the time when he fled scourged from Stratford and the time when the plays began to appear, in his name, in London. Put plays, now believed to have been written by the same hand that wrote the Shakespeare plays, were on the boards *before he left Stratford.* The twins, Judith and Hamnet, were born in February, 1585, Shakspere being then not yet twenty-one years of age, and we will see hereafter that *Hamlet* appeared for the first time in 1585 or 1587. If he had shown, anywhere in his career, such a trait of immense industry and scholarly research, some tradition would have reached us concerning it. We have traditions that he was the father of another man's supposed son (Sir William Davenant); and we are told of a licentious amour in which he outwitted Burbage; and we hear of *wet*-combats in a tavern; but not one word comes down to us of books, or study, or industry, or art.

XV. The "Venus and Adonis."

"The first heir of his invention," he tells us, was "the *Venus and Adonis*," published in 1593; and many think that this means that he wrote it before any of the plays, and even before he left Stratford.

Richard Grant White says:

> In any case, we may be sure that the poem [*Venus and Adonis*] was written some years before it was printed; and it may have been brought by the young poet

[1] *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, p. 19.

from Stratford in manuscript, and read by a select circle, according to the custom of the time, before it was published.

But here is a difficulty that presents itself: the people of Warwickshire did not speak the English of the London court, but a *patois* almost as different from it as the Lowland Scotch of Burns is to-day different from the English of Westminster.

To give the reader some idea of the kind of language used by Shakspere during his youth, and by all the uneducated people of his county, I select, at random, a few words from the Warwickshire dialect:

Tageous, troublesome;
Kiver, a butter tub;
Grinsard, the turf;
Slammocks, untidy;
He's teddin, he's shaking up hay;
He do fash hisself, he troubles himself;
Cob, thick;
Gidding, thoughtless;
Jackbonnial, a tadpole;
Cade, tame;
A' done worritin me, stop teasing me;
Let's gaig no', let's take a swing;
Fameled, starving;
Brévet, to snuff, to sniff;
Unked, solitary;
Roomthy, spacious;
Mulled, sleepy;
Glir, to slide;
Work, a row, a quarrel;
Whittaw, a saddler;
Still, respectable;
Her's childing, she is with child;
A' form, properly;
Yawrups, stupid;
Franzy, passionate; etc.

Let any one read the *Venus and Adonis*, and he will find it written in the purest and most cultured English of the age, without a word in it of this Warwickshire *patois*.

Halliwell-Phillipps says:

It is extremely improbable that an epic so highly finished, and so completely devoid of *patois*, could have been produced under the circumstances of his then domestic surroundings.[1]

In fact, if we except the doggerel libel on Sir Thomas Lucy, with its "volke" (and the authenticity of even this is denied by the commentators), Shakspere never wrote a line impregnated with the dialect of the people among whom he lived from childhood to manhood. All attempts to show the peculiar phraseology of Warwickshire in his writings have failed. A few words have been found that were used in Warwickshire, but investigation has shown that they were also used in the dialects of other portions of England.

White says:

As long as two hundred years after that time the county of each member of Parliament was betrayed by his tongue; but then the speech of the cultivated

[1] *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 71.

people of Middlesex and vicinity had become for all England the undisputed standard. Northumberland, or Cornwall, or Lancashire, might have produced Shakespeare's mind; but had he lived in any one of these counties, or in another, like them remote in speech as in locality from London, and written for his rural neighbors instead of the audiences of the Blackfriars and the Globe, the music of his poetry would have been lost in sounds uncouth and barbarous to the general ear, and the edge of his fine utterance would have been turned upon the stony roughness of his rustic phraseology.[1]

White seems to forget that the jargon of Warwickshire was well nigh as uncouth and barbarous as that of Northumberland or Cornwall.

Appleton Morgan says:

Now, even if, in Stratford, the lad had mastered all the Latin and Greek extant, this poem, dedicated to Southampton, coming from his pen, is a mystery, if not a miracle. The genius of Robert Burns found its expression in the *idiom* of his father and his mother, in the dialect he heard around him, and into which he was born. When *he* came to London and tried to warble in urban English, his genius dwindled into formal commonplace. But William Shakespeare, a peasant, born in the heart of Warwickshire, without schooling or practice, pours forth the purest and most sumptuous of English, unmixed with the faintest trace of that Warwickshire *patois* that his neighbors and coetaneans spoke — the language of his own fireside.[2]

And Shakespeare prefaced the *Venus and Adonis* with a Latin quotation from the *Amores* of Ovid. Halliwell-Phillipps, an earnest Shaksperean, says:

It is hardly possible that the *Amores* of Ovid, whence he derived his earliest motto, could have been one of his school books.[3]

No man can doubt that the *Venus and Adonis* was the work of a scholar in whom the intellectual faculties vastly preponderated over the animal. Coleridge notices —

The utter aloofness of the poet's own feelings from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst.

Says Dowden:

The subjects of these poems did not possess him and compel him to render them into art. The poet sat himself down before each to accomplish an exhaustive study of it.

Hazlitt says:

These poems appear to us like a couple of ice houses. They are about as hard, as glittering and as cold.

It is not possible for the human mind to bring these beautiful poems, written in such perfect English, so cold, so passionless, so

[1] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 202. [2] *The Shakespeare Myth*, p. 41.
[3] *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 63.

cultured, so philosophical, so scholastic, into connection with the first inventions of the boy we have seen lying out drunk in the fields, poaching, rioting, whipped, imprisoned, and writing vulgar doggerel, below the standard of the most ordinary intellect. Compare for one instant:

> A Parliament member, a justice of peace,
> At home a poor scare-crow, at London an asse.
> He thinks himself great, yet an ass is his state,
> Condemned for his ears with asses to mate.

with—

> Oh, what a sight it was wistly to view
> How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
> To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
> How white and red each other did destroy!
> But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
> It flashed forth fire, as lightning from the sky.[1]

Can any one believe that these two passages were born in the same soul and fashioned in the same mind?

A rough but strong genius, coming even out of barbarian training, but thrown into daily contact with dramatic entertainments, might have begun to imitate the works he was familiar with; might gradually have drifted into play-making. But here we learn that the first heir of his invention was an ambitious attempt at a literary performance based on a classical fable, and redolent of the air of the court and the schools. It is incomprehensible.

Even Hallam, years ago, was struck by the incongruity between Shakspere's life and works. He says:

> If we are not yet come to question his [Shakespeare's] unity, as we do that of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle"—(an improvement in critical acuteness doubtless reserved for a distant posterity), we as little feel the power of identifying the young man who came up from Stratford, was afterwards an indifferent player in a London theater, and retired to his native place in middle life, with the author of *Macbeth* and *Lear*.[2]

Emerson says:

> Read the antique documents extricated, analyzed and compared, by the assiduous Dyce and Collier; and now read one of those skiey sentences—aerolites—which seem to have fallen out of heaven, . . . and tell me if they match.[3]
>
> . . . The Egyptian verdict of the Shakesperean societies comes to mind, that he was a jovial actor and manager. I cannot marry this fact to his verse. Other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man in wide contrast. . . . This man of men, he who gave the science of mind a new and larger subject than had ever existed, and planted the standard of humanity

[1] *Venus and Adonis.* [2] *Introduction to Literature of Europe.* [3] *Rep. Men*, p. 205.

ity some furlongs forward in chaos — it must ever go into the world's history, that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement.[1]

Such a proposition cannot be accepted by any sane man.

Francis Bacon seems to have had these plays in his mind's eye when he said:

If the sow with her snout should happen to imprint the letter *A* upon the ground, wouldst thou therefore imagine that she could write out a whole tragedy as one letter?[2]

[1] *Representative Men*, p. 215.

[2] *Interpretation of Nature.*

CHAPTER III.

THE REAL CHARACTER OF WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

> What a thrice-double ass
> Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
> And worship this dull fool.
>
> *Tempest*, v, 1.

WE have seen that the Plays must have been written by a scholar, a man of wide and various learning.

We have seen that William Shakspere, of Stratford-on-Avon, could not have acquired such learning in his native village, and that his pursuits and associates in London were not favorable to its acquisition there; and that there is no evidence from tradition or history, or by the existence of any books or papers, or letters, that he was of a studious turn of mind, or in anywise scholarly. We have further seen that the families of his father and mother were, and had been for generations, without exception, rude and bookless.

Now let us put together all the facts in our possession, and try to get at some estimate of the true character of the man himself.

He was doubtless, as tradition says, "the best of that family." His career shows that he was adventurous, and what we call in America "smart." His financial success demonstrates this fact. He had probably a good deal of mother wit and practical good sense. It is not impossible that he may have been able to string together barbaric rhymes, some of which have come down to us. But conceding all this, and a vast gulf still separates him from the colossal intellect made manifest in the Plays.

I. Shakspere was a Usurer.

The probabilities are that he was a usurer.

Richard Grant White (and it is a pleasure to quote against Shakspere so earnest a Shaksperean — one who declares that every man who believes Bacon wrote the Plays attributed to Shakspere should be committed at once to a mad-house) — Richard Grant White says:

The following passage, in a tract called *Ratsei's Ghost, or the Second Part of his Mad Prankes and Robberies*, of which only one copy is known to exist, plainly refers, first to Burbadge and *next to Shakespeare*. This book is without date, but is believed to have been printed before 1606. Gamaliel Ratsei, who speaks, is a highwayman, who has paid some strollers forty shillings for playing for him, and afterwards robbed them of their fee.[1]

The passage is as follows:

And for you, sirrah (says he to the chiefest of them), thou hast a good presence upon a stage, methinks thou darkenest thy merit by playing in the country; get thee to London, for if one man were dead they will have much need of such as thou art. There would be none, in my opinion, fitter than thyself to play his parts; my conceit is such of thee that I durst venture all the money in my purse on thy head to play Hamlet with him for a wager. There thou shalt learn to be frugal (for players were never so thrifty as they are now about London), and *to feed upon all men;* to let none feed upon thee; *to make thy hand a stranger to thy pocket;* thy heart slow to perform thy tongue's promise; and when thou feelest thy purse well lined, *buy thee some place of lordship in the country;* that growing weary of playing thy money may there *bring thee to dignity and reputation;* then thou needest care for no man; *no, not for them that before made thee proud with speaking* THEIR *words on the stage.*

Sir, I thank you (quoth the player) for this good council. I promise you I will make use of it, for I have heard, indeed, of some that have *gone to London very meanly*, and have come in time to be exceeding wealthy.

This curious tract proves several things:

The Shakspereans agree that Ratsei, in the latter part of the extract quoted, referred unquestionably to Shakspere. Ratsei, or the writer of the tract, doubtless expressed the popular opinion when he described Shakspere as a thrifty, money-making, uncharitable, cold-hearted man, "feeding upon all men," to-wit, by lending money at usurious rates of interest, for there is nothing else to which the words can apply. There can be no question that he refers to Shakspere. *He* was an actor; *he* came to London "very meanly;" *he* was not born there; *he* "lined his purse;" *he* had "grown exceeding wealthy;" *he* "bought a place of lordship in the country," where he lived "in dignity and reputation." And doubtless Ratsei spoke but the popular report when he said that some others "made him proud with speaking *their* words on the stage."

Let us see if there is anything that confirms Ratsei's estimate of Shakspere's character. Richard Grant White says:

The fact is somewhat striking in the life of a great poet that the only letter directly addressed to Shakespeare, which is known to exist, is one which asks for a loan of £30.[2]

[1] *Life and Genius of Shakespeare*, p. 14. [2] Ibid., p. 123.

There is another letter extant from Master Abraham Sturley, 1595, to a friend in London, in reference to Shakspere lending "some monei *on some od yarde land* or other att Shottri or neare about us." And there is still another letter, dated November 4, 1598, from Abraham Sturley to Richard Quiney, in which we are told that our "countriman Mr. Wm. Shak. would *procure us monei*, wc. I will like of." And these, be it remembered, are all the letters extant addressed to, or referring to, Shakspere.

In 1598 he loaned Richard Quiney, of Stratford, £30 upon proper security.[1]

In 1600 he brought action against John Clayton, *in London*, for £7, and got judgment in his favor.

He also sued Philip Rogers, at Stratford, for two shillings *loaned*.

In August, 1608, he prosecuted John Addenbroke to recover a debt of £6, and then sued his surety, Horneby.

His lawyer, Thomas Greene, lived in his house.[2]

Halliwell-Phillips says:

> The precepts, as appears from memoranda in the originals, were issued by the poet's solicitor, Thomas Greene, who was then residing, *under some unknown conditions*, at New Place.[3]

We, of course, only hear of those transactions in which the debtor did not pay, and the loans became matters of court record. We hear nothing of the more numerous instances where the money was repaid without suit. But even these scraps of fact show that he carried on the business of money-lending *both in London and at Stratford*. He kept an attorney in his house, probably for the better facility of collecting the money due him.

No wonder Richard Grant White said, when such facts as these came to light, voicing the disappointment of his heart:

> These stories grate upon our feelings. . . . The pursuit of an impoverished man, for the sake of imprisoning him and depriving him, both of the power of paying his debt and supporting himself and his family, is an incident in Shakespeare's life which it requires the utmost allowance and consideration for the practice of the time and country to enable us to contemplate with equanimity — satisfaction is impossible. The biographer of Shakespeare must record these facts, because the literary antiquaries have unearthed and brought them forward as new particulars of the life of Shakespeare. We hunger, and we receive these husks; we open our mouths for food, and we break our teeth against these stones."[4]

[1] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 105.
[2] Ibid., p. 149.
[3] Ibid., p. 147.
[4] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 146.

Is it possible that the man who described usurers as "bawds between gold and want;" who drew, for all time, the typical and dreadful character of Shylock; who wrote: —

> I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale, that plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them at a mouthful. Such whales I have heard of on land, who never leave gaping till they have swallowed up a whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.[1]—

could, as described by White, have pursued the wretched to jail, and by his purchase of the tithes of Stratford have threatened "the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all"?

II. He Carried on Brewing in New Place.

Let us pass to another fact.

It is very probable that the alleged author of *Hamlet* carried on the business of brewing beer in his residence at New Place.

He sued Philip Rogers in 1604, so the court records tell us, for several bushels of "malt" sold him at various times, between March 27th and the end of May of that year, amounting in all to the value of £1 15*s.* 10*d.*

> Malt is barley or other grain steeped in water until it germinates, and then dried in a kiln to evolve the saccharine principle. It is used in brewing.[2]

The business of beer-making was not unusual among his townsmen.

> George Perrye, besides his glover's trade, useth buying and selling of woll [wool] and yorn [yarn] and *making of malt.*[3]
>
> Robert Butler, besides his glover's occupation, usethe *makinge of malt.*[4]
>
> Rychard Castell, Rother Market, useth his glover's occupation, *his wiffe uttereth weeklye by bruynge* [brewing] 1j strikes of malte.[5]

And we read of a Mr. Persons who for a "longe tyme used makinge of mallte and bruyinge [brewing] to sell in his howse."[6]

There is, of course, nothing dishonorable in this humble occupation; but it is a little surprising that a man who in the Plays never refers to tradesmen without a sneer, or to the common people except as "mechanic slaves" "that made the air unwholesome" throwing up "their stinking greasy caps," a "common cry of curs," or "the clusters," "the mutable, the rank-scented many," or "the beastly plebeians;" and whose sympathies seem to have been always

[1] *Pericles*, ii, 1.
[2] *Webster's Dictionary.*
[3] MS. dated 1595.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid.
[6] Ibid.

with the aristocracy, should convert the finest house in Stratford, built by Sir Hugh Clopton, into a brewery, and employ himself peddling out malt to his neighbors, and suing them when they did not pay promptly.

Think of the author of *Hamlet* and *Lear* brewing beer! Verily, "the dust of Alexander may come to stop the bung-hole of a beer-barrel."

III. Shakspere's Hospitality.

And taken in connection with this sale of malt there is another curious fact that throws some light upon the character of the man and the household.

In the Chamberlain's accounts of Stratford[1] we find a charge, in 1614, for "on quart of sack and on quart of clarett wine geven to a preacher at the New Place," Shakspere's house. What manner of man must he have been *who would require the town to pay for the wine he furnished his guests?* And we may be sure the town would not have paid for it unless first asked to do so. And the money was accepted by Shakspere, or it would not stand charged in the accounts of the town. And this was but two years before Shakspere's death, when he was in possession of an immense income. Did ever any rich man, with the smallest instincts of a gentleman, do a deed like this? Would even the poorest of the poor do it? It was, in fact, a species of "going on the county" for help, — a partial pauperism.

IV. He Attempts to Enter the Ranks of the Gentry by False Representations.

Some one has said: "To be accounted a gentleman was the chief desire of Shakspere's life."

Did he pursue this ambition, honorable enough in itself, in an honorable manner?

In October, 1596, Shakspere, the actor, applied to the College of Arms for a grant of coat-armor to his father, John Shakspere. At this time Shakspere was beginning to make money. He bought New Place, Stratford, in 1597. His profession as a "vassal actor" prevented any hope of having a grant of arms made

[1] White, *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 176.

directly to himself, and so he applied in the name of his father, who not long before had been in prison, or hiding from the Sheriff.

White would have us believe that the coat-of-arms was granted; but the latest and most complete authority on the subject, Halliwell-Phillipps, says it was not:

> Toward the close of the year 1599, a renewed attempt was made by the poet to obtain a grant of coat-armor to his father. It was now proposed to impale the arms of Shakespeare with those of Arden, and on each occasion *ridiculous statements were made respecting the claims of the two families. Both were really descended from obscure country yeomen*, but the heralds made out that the predecessors of John Shakespeare were rewarded by the Crown for distinguished services, and that his wife's ancestors were entitled to armorial bearings. *Although the poet's relatives, at a later date, assumed his right to the coat* suggested for his father in 1596, *it does not appear that either of the proposed grants was ratified by the college*, and certainly nothing more is heard of the Arden impalement.[1]

The application was made on the ground that John Shakspere's "parent and late antecessor, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince, King Henry VII., of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements given to him in those parts of Warwickshire, . . . and that the said John had married the daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden, of Wilmecote."

Now, these statements, as Halliwell-Phillipps says, *were plainly false.*

John Shakspere's ancestors had *not* been advanced by King Henry VII.; and they had *not* received lands in Warwickshire; and his mother was *not* the daughter of one of the heirs of Robert Arden, of Wilmecote, *gentleman.* They had been landless peasants for generations; and John Shakspere was an illiterate farm-hand, hired by Robert Arden, a plain farmer, as illiterate as himself, to work by the month or year.

And William Shakspere, who made this application, knew perfectly well that all these representations were falsehoods. He was trying to crawl up the battlements of respectability on a ladder of lies—plain, palpable, notorious, ridiculous lies—lies that involved the title to real property and the records of his county.

Would that grand and noble soul who really wrote the Plays seek to be made a *gentleman* by such means?

But the falsifications did not end here.

[1] *Outlines*, p. 87.

"The delay of three years," says Richard Grant White, "in granting these arms, must have been caused by some opposition to the grant; the motto given with them, *Non sans droict* (not without right), itself seems to assert a claim against a denial."

Doubtless the Lucys, and other respectable families of the neighborhood, protested against the play-actor forcing himself into their ranks by false pretenses.

If the reader who is curious in such matters will turn to the two drafts of the application for the coat-of-arms, that of 1596, on page 573 of Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines*, and that of 1599, on page 589 of the same work, and examine the interlineations that were made from time to time, and which are indicated by italics, he will see how the applicant was driven from falsehood to falsehood, to meet the objections made against his claim of gentility. In the first application it was stated that it was John Shakspere's "parents and late antecessors" who rendered valiant service to King Henry VII. and were rewarded by him. This was not deemed sufficiently explicit, and so it was interlined that the said John had "married Mary, daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden, of Wilmecote, in the said county, *gent.*" But in the proposed grant of 1599 it is stated that it was John Shakspere's *great*-grandfather who rendered these invaluable services to King Henry VII., and, being driven to particulars, we are now told that this grandfather was "advanced and rewarded *with landes and tenementes given to him in those partes of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputacion and credit.*"

This is wholesale lying. There were no such lands, and they had not descended by some descents in the family.

But this is not all. Finding his application opposed, the fertile Shakspere falls back on a new falsehood, and declares that a coat-of-arms had already been given his father twenty years before.

> And he also produced this, his auncient cote-of-arms, heretofore assigned to him whilst he was her Majestie's officer and baylefe of that town.

And White tells us that upon the margin of the draft of 1596, John Shakspere

> Sheweth a patent thereof under Clarence Cook's hands in paper, twenty years past.[1]

[1] *Life and Genius of Shakespeare*, p. 115.

But this patent can no more be found than the land which Henry VII. granted to John Shakspere's great-grandfather for his approved and faithful services.

The whole thing was a series of lies and forgeries, a tissue of fraud from beginning to end;—and William Shakspere had no more title to his coat-of-arms than he has to the great dramas which bear his name.

And living in New Place, brewing beer, selling malt and suing his neighbors, the Shakspere family assumed to use this coat-of-arms, *never granted to them*, and to set up for "gentry," in the midst of the people who knew the hollowness of their pretensions.

And the same man, we are told, who was so anxious for this kind of a promotion to the ranks of gentlemen, wrote as follows:

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman.
Lear. A king, a king!
Fool. No, he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.[1]

And that the same man mocked at new-made gentility, in the scene where the clown and the old shepherd were suddenly elevated to rank by the king of Bohemia:

Shepherd. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will all be gentlemen born.
Clown (*to Autolycus*). You are well met, sir; you denied to fight with me this other day because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? . . .
Autolycus. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.
Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.
Shepherd. And so have I, boy.
Clown. So you have. But I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand and called me brother: . . . and so we wept: and these were the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.[2]

And that the same man wrote:

By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it: the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier that he galls his kibe.[3]

And this is the man, we are told, who also wrote:

Let none presume
To wear an undeservèd dignity.
Oh, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare;

[1] *Lear*, iii, 6. [2] *Winter's Tale*, v, 3. [3] *Hamlet*, v, 1.

> How many be commanded that command;
> How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
> From the true seed of honor; and how much honor
> Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times
> To be new-varnish'd.[1]

Is there any man who loves the memory of the real Shakespeare — gentle, thoughtful, learned, humane, benevolent, with a mind loftier and wider than was ever before conferred on a child of earth — who can believe that he would be guilty of such practices, even to obtain a shabby gentility in the dirty little village of Stratford?

All this may not perhaps strike an American with its full force. In this country every well-dressed, well-behaved man is a *gentleman.* But in England in the sixteenth century it meant a great deal more. It signified a man of *gentle blood.* A great and impassable gulf lay between "the quality," "the gentry," the hereditary upper class, and the common herd who toiled for a living. It required all the power of Christianity to faintly enforce the idea that they were made by the same God and were of one flesh. The distinction, in the England of 1596, between the yeoman and the gentleman, was almost as wide as the difference to-day in America between the white man and the black man; and the mulatto who would try to pass himself off as a white man, and would support his claim by lies and forgeries, will give us some conception of the nature of this attempt made by William Shakspere in 1596.

V. The House in Which he Was Born.

As to this I will simply quote what Richard Grant White says of it:

> My heart sank within me as I looked around upon the rude, mean dwelling-place of him who had filled the world with the splendor of his imaginings. It is called a house, and any building intended for a dwelling-place is a house; but the interior of this one is hardly that of a rustic cottage; it is almost that of a *hovel* — poverty-stricken, squalid, kennel-like. A house so cheerless and comfortless I had not seen in rural England. The poorest, meanest farm-house that I had ever entered in New England or on Long Island was a more cheerful habitation. And amid these sordid surroundings William Shakespeare grew to early manhood! I thought of stately Charlecote, the home of the Lucys, who were but simple country gentlemen; and then for the first time I knew and felt from how low a condition of

[1] *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 9.

life Shakespeare had arisen. For his family were not reduced to this; they had risen to it. This was John Shakespeare's home *in the days of his brief prosperity*, and, when I compared it with my memory of Charlecote, I knew that Shakespeare himself must have felt what a sham was the pretension of gentry set up for his father, when the coat-of-arms was asked and obtained by the actor's money from the Heralds' College — that coat-of-arms which Shakespeare prized because it made him "a gentleman" by birth! This it was, even more than the squalid appearance of the place, that saddened me. For I felt that Shakespeare himself must have known how well founded was the protest of the gentlemen who complained that Clarencieux had made the man who lived in that house a gentleman of coat-armor.[1]

VI. His Name.

The very name, *Shakspere*, was in that day considered the quintessence of vulgarity. My friend William D. O'Connor, the author of *Hamlet's Note Book*, calls my attention to a recent number of *The London Academy*, in which a Mr. Lupton proves that in Elizabeth's time the name *Shakspere* was considered vile, just as *Ramsbottom*, or *Snooks*, or *Hogsflesh* would be with us; and men who had it got it changed by legislation. Mr. Lupton gives one case where a man called *Shakspere* had his name altered by law to *Saunders*.

VII. He Combines with Others to Oppress and Impoverish the People.

But there is one other feature of Shakspere's biography which throws light upon his character.

From remote antiquity in England the lower classes possessed certain rights of common in tracts of land. Prof. Thorold Rogers says:

> The arable land of the manor was generally communal, *i.e.*, each of the tenants possessed a certain number of furrows in a common field, the several divisions being separated by balks of unplowed ground, on which the grass was suffered to grow. The system, which was almost universal in the thirteenth century, has survived in certain districts up to living memory.[2]

This able writer shows that the condition of labor steadily improved in England up to the reign of Henry VIII., and from that period it steadily declined to recent times. He makes this remarkable statement in the preface to his work:

> I have attempted to show that the pauperism and the degradation of the English laborer were the result of a series of acts of Parliament and acts of government, which were designed or adopted *with the express purpose of compelling the*

[1] *England Without and Within*, p. 370. [2] *Work and Wages*, p. 88.

laborer to work at the lowest rate of wages possible, and which succeeded at last in effecting their purpose.[1]

Among these acts were those giving the Courts of Quarter Sessions the right to fix the wages of laborers; and, hence, as Prof. Rogers shows, while the inflowing gold and silver of Mexico and Peru were swelling the value of all forms of property in England, the value of labor did not rise in proportion; and the common people fell into that awful era of poverty, wretchedness, degradation, crime, and Newgate-hanging by wholesale, which mark the reigns of Henry VIII. and his children.

As part of the same scheme of oppression of the humble citizens by those who wielded the power of government, a system of inclosures of common lands by the landlords, without any compensation to the tenants, was inaugurated, and aided greatly to swell the general misery.

The benevolent soul of Francis Bacon took part against this oppression. In his *History of Henry VII.* he said:

> Another statute was made of singular policy for the population apparently, and (if it be thoroughly considered) for the soldiery and military forces of the realm. Inclosures at that time began to be more frequent, whereby arable land (which could not be manured without people and families) was turned into pasture, which was easily rid by a few herdsmen; and tenancies for years, lives and at will (whereupon much of the yeomanry lived) were turned into demesnes. . . . The ordinance was that, That all houses of husbandry that were used with twenty acres of ground and upward should be maintained and kept up forever, together with a competent proportion of land to be used and occupied with them, and in no wise to be severed from them. . . . This did wonderfully concern the might and mannerhood of the kingdom, to have farms as it were of a standard sufficient to maintain an able body out of penury.

In 1597 Francis Bacon, then a member of Parliament, made a speech, of which we have a very meager report:

> Mr. Bacon made a motion against depopulation of towns and houses of husbandry, and for the maintenance of husbandry and tillage. And to this purpose he brought in two bills, as he termed it, not drawn with a polished pen, but with a polished heart. . . . And though it may be thought ill and very prejudicial to lords that have enclosed great grounds, and pulled down even whole towns, and converted them to sheep pastures, yet, considering the increase of the people, and the benefit of the commonwealth, I doubt not but every man will deem the revival of former moth-eaten laws in this point a praiseworthy thing. For in matters of policy ill is not to be thought ill, which bringeth forth good. For enclosure of grounds brings depopulation, which brings forth first, idleness; secondly, decay of tillage; thirdly, subversion of homes, and decrease of charity and charge to the

[1] *Work and Wages*, Preface, p. 6.

poor's maintenance; fourthly, the impoverishing the state of the realm. . . . And I should be sorry to see within this kingdom that piece of Ovid's verse prove true, *Jam seges est ubi Troja fuit;* so in England, instead of a whole town full of people, none but green fields, but a shepherd and a dog. The eye of experience is the sure eye, but the eye of wisdom is the quick-sighted eye; and by experience we daily see, *Nemo putat illud videri turpe quod sibi sit quæstuosum.* And therefore almost there is no conscience made in destroying the savour of our life, bread I mean, for *Panis sapor vitæ.* And therefore a sharp and vigorous law had need be made against *these viperous natures* who fulfill the proverb, *Si non posse quod vult, velle tamen quod potest.*[1]

Hepworth Dixon says:

The decay of tillage, the increase of sheep and deer are for the yeoman class, and for the country of which they are the thew and sinew, dark events. . . . He [Bacon] makes a wide and sweeping study of this question of Pasturage *versus* Tillage, of Deer *versus* Men, which convinces him of the cruelty and peril of depopulating hamlets for the benefit of a few great lords. This study will produce, when Parliament meets again, a memorable debate and an extraordinary change of law.[2]

Bacon's bills became laws, after a fierce and bitter contest with the peers; they are in the statute book of England, 39 Elizabeth, 1 and 2. They saved the English yeomanry from being reduced to the present condition of the Irish peasantry.

They provide that no more land shall be cleared without special license; and that all land turned into pasture since the Queen's accession, no less a period than forty years, shall be taken from the deer and sheep within eighteen months, and restored to the yeoman and the plow.[3]

These great, radical and sweeping measures should endear Bacon's memory to every Englishman, and to every lover of his kind, the world over. They saved England from depopulation. They laid the foundation for the greatness of the nation. They furnished the great middle class who fought and won at Waterloo. And what a broad, noble, far-sighted philanthropy do they evidence! Here, indeed, "distribution did undo excess" that "each man" might "have enough." Here, indeed, was the greed of the few arrested for the benefit of the many.

While broad-minded and humane men took this view of the policy of enclosures, let us see how William Shakspere regarded it. I quote from Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines:*

In the autumn of the year 1614 there was great excitement at Stratford-on-Avon respecting an attempted enclosure of a large portion of the neighboring *common-field*—not commons, as so many biographers have inadvertently stated. The

[1] *Life and Works of Francis Bacon*, Spedding, Ellis and Heath, vol. iii, p. 81.
[2] *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, p. 87. [3] Ibid., p. 105.

design was resisted by the corporation under the natural impression that, if it were realized, both the number of agricultural employés and the value of the tithes would be seriously diminished. There is no doubt that this would have been the case, and, as might be expected, William Combe, the squire of Welcombe, who originated the movement, encountered a determined, and, in the end, a successful opposition. He spared, however, no exertions to accomplish the object, and, in many instances, if we may believe contemporary allegations, tormented the poor and coaxed the rich into an acquiescence with his views.[1]

Here was an opportunity for the pretended author of the Plays to show the stuff that was in him. Did he stand forward as—

> The village Hampden who, with dauntless breast,
> The little tyrant of his fields withstood?

Did he pour forth an impassioned defense of popular rights, whose eloquence would have forever ended all question as to the authorship of the Plays? It is claimed that he had written:

> Take physic, pomp;
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
> That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
> And show the heavens more just.[2]

And again:

> I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
> And duty in his service perishing.[3]

This is in the very spirit of Bacon's defense of the common people against those "viperous natures" that had "pulled down whole towns," or, as he expresses it in *Pericles*, had "swallowed up a whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all."

See how touchingly the writer of the Plays makes the insubstantial spirit, Ariel, non-human in its nature, sympathetic with the sufferings of man; and Prospero (the image of the author) says, even in the midst of the remembrance of his wrongs:

> Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
> Of their afflictions, and shall not I, myself,
> *One of their kind, that relish all as sharply*,
> Fashioned as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
> Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
> Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
> Do I take part.[4]

Was William Shakspere of Stratford-on-Avon,—himself one of the common people, "fashioned as they,"—kindly "moved by their

[1] *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 197.
[2] *Lear*, iii, 4.
[3] *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, v, 1.
[4] *Tempest*, v, 1.

afflictions;" and did he throw his wealth and influence into the scale in their defense? Not at all.

Knight says:

> The enclosure would probably have improved his property, and especially have increased the value of the tithes, of the moiety of which he held a lease. The corporation of Stratford were opposed to the inclosure. They held that it would be injurious to the poorer inhabitants, *who were then deeply suffering from the desolation of the fire.*[1]

Let us resume Halliwell-Phillipps narrative of the transaction:

> It appears most probable that Shakespeare was one of the latter who were so influenced, and that, *amongst perhaps other inducements*, he was allured to the unpopular side by Combe's agent, one Replingham, guaranteeing him from prospective loss. However that may be, *it is certain that the poet was in favor of the enclosures*, for, on December 23d, the corporation addressed a letter of remonstrance to him on the subject, and another on the same day to a Mr. Mainwaring. The latter, *who had been practically bribed by some land arrangements at Welcombe*, undertook to protect the interests of Shakespeare, so there can be no doubt that *the three parties were acting in unison.*[2]

Observe how tenderly the Shakspereans touch the wretched record of their hero. Mr. Mainwaring "was practically bribed by some land arrangements," but Mr. Shakspere, acting in concert with Mainwaring and Combe, under agreements of indemnification, was not bribed at all.

And that this agreement contemplated driving the people off the land and pauperizing them, is plain from the terms of the instrument, for Replingham contracts to indemnify *Shackespeare* for any loss he may sustain in his tithes "by reason of any inclosure or *decay of tillage there ment and intended by the said William Replingham.*"

Three greedy cormorants combine to rob the people of their ancient rights, and cause a decay of tillage, and one of the three is the man who is supposed to have possessed the greatest mind and most benevolent heart of his age; a heart so benevolent toward the poor and suffering that he anticipated the broadest claims put forth by the communists of to-day:

> Here, take this purse, you whom the heaven's plagues
> Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
> Makes thee the happier: — Heavens, deal so still!
> Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
> That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
> Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly;

[1] Knight's *Shak. Biography*, p. 528. [2] *Outlines*, p. 168.

So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.[1]

Do we not see in this attempt of Shakspere to rob the poor of their rights, at the very time they had been impoverished by a great fire, the same man described by Ratsei — the thrifty play-actor, that fed on all men and permitted none to feed on him; who made his hand a stranger to his pocket, and his heart slow to perform his tongue's promise?

And all for what? To add a few acres more to his estate; a few pounds more to his fortune, on which, as he fondly hoped, through the heirs of his eldest daughter, he was to found a *family* which should wear that fictitious coat-of-arms, based on those lands which the King never conferred, for services which were never rendered, and glorified by the immortal plays which he never wrote.

Was this the spirit of the real author of the plays? No, no; listen to him:

Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.[2]

And again he says:

Dost know this water-fly? . . . 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land and fertile; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess. 'Tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.[3]

This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries; is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt?[4]

And again:

Hamlet. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?
Horatio. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins, too.
Hamlet. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurances in that.

The real Shakespeare — Francis Bacon — said, "My mind turns on other wheels than profit." He regarded money as valuable only for the uses to which he put it, "the betterment of the state of man;" he had no faculty to grasp money, especially from the poor and oppressed; and as a consequence he died, leaving behind him a bankrupt estate and the greatest memory in human history.

Is it possible that the true Shakespeare could have taken such pains, as the Stratford man did, to entail his real-estate upon one

[1] *Lear*, iv, 1. [2] *Twelfth Night*, ii, 4. [3] *Hamlet*, v, 2. [4] *Hamlet*, v, 1.

of his children and her heirs, and forget totally to mention in his will that grander, that immortal estate of the mind which his genius had created, inconceivably more valuable than his "spacious possessions of dirt"?

VIII. His Treatment of his Father's Memory.

Let us pass to one other incident in the career of the Shakspere of Stratford.

We have seen that he strove to have his father made a gentleman. It will therefore scarcely be believed that, with an income equal to $25,000 per year of our money, he left that same father, and his mother, and his son Hamnet — his only son — without even the humblest monument to mark their last resting-place.

Richard Grant White says:

> Shakespeare seems to have set up no stone to tell us where his mother or father lay, and the same is true as to his son Hamnet.[1]

It appears that he inherited some property from his father, certainly enough to pay for a headstone to mark the everlasting resting-place of the father of the richest man in Stratford — the father of the man who was "in judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates, in art a Maro!"

And they would have us believe that he was the same man who wrote:

> I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
> The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
> The azured hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
> The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
> Out-sweetened not thy breath: the robin would
> With charitable bill (O bill, *sore-shaming*
> *Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie*
> *Without a monument!*) bring thee all this.[2]

IX. His Daughter Judith.

But let us go a step farther, and ask ourselves, what kind of a family was it that inhabited New Place during the latter years of Shakspere's life?

We have seen that the poet's father, mother and relatives generally were grossly ignorant; that they could not even write their own names, or read the Lord's Prayer in their native

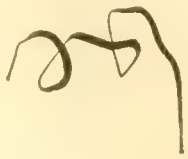
[1] *Life and Genius of Shak., p. 144.* [2] *Cymbeline*, iv, 2.

tongue; and that they did not possess even a Bible in their households.

But we now come face to face with a most astounding fact.

Shakspere had but two children who lived to maturity, his daughters Susanna and Judith, *and Judith could not read or write!*

Here is a copy of the mark with which the daughter of Shakspere signed her name. It appears as that of an attesting witness to a conveyance in 1611, she being then twenty-seven years of age.



Think of it! The daughter of William Shakspere, the daughter of the greatest intellect of his age, or of all ages, the profound scholar, the master of Latin, Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, Danish, the philosopher, the scientist, the politician, the statesman, the physician, the musician, signs her name with a curley-queue like a Pottawatomie Indian. And this girl was twenty-seven years old, and no idiot; she was subsequently married to one of the leading citizens of the town, Thomas Quiney, vintner. She was raised in the same town wherein was the same free-school in which, we are assured, Shakspere received that magnificent education which is manifested in the Plays.

Imagine William E. Gladstone, or Herbert Spencer, dwelling in the same house with a daughter, in the full possession of all her faculties, who signed her name with a pot-hook. Imagine the father and daughter meeting every day and looking at each other! And yet neither of these really great men is to be mentioned in the same breath with the immortal genius who produced the Plays.

With what divine anathemas did the real Shakespeare scourge ignorance!

He says:

Ignorance is the curse of God.[1]

And again:

The common curse of mankind, folly and *ignorance*, be thine in great revenue! Heaven bless thee from a tutor and discipline come not near thee.[2]

And again:

There is no darkness but ignorance.[3]

He pelts it with adjectives:

Barbarous ignorance.[4]

[1] *2d Henry VI.*, iv, 7.
[2] *Troilus and Cressida*, ii, 3.
[3] *Twelfth Night*, iv, 2.
[4] *King John*, iv, 2.

Dull, unfeeling ignorance.[1]

Gross and miserable ignorance.[2]

Thou monster, ignorance.[3]

Short-armed ignorance.[4]

Again, we read:

I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning [knowledge] were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god.[5]

And he found—

More content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.[6]

Can it be conceived that the man who wrote these things would try, by false representations, to secure a coat-of-arms for his family, and seek by every means in his power to grasp the shillings and pence of his poorer neighbors, and at the same time leave one of his children in "barbarous, barren, gross and miserable ignorance"?

With an income, as we have shown, equal to $25,000 yearly of our money; with the country swarming with graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, begging for bread and ready to act as tutors; living in a quiet, rural neighborhood, where there were few things to distract attention, William Shakspere permitted his daughter to attain the ripe age of twenty-seven years, unable to read the immortal quartos which had made her father famous and wealthy. We will not — we cannot — believe it.

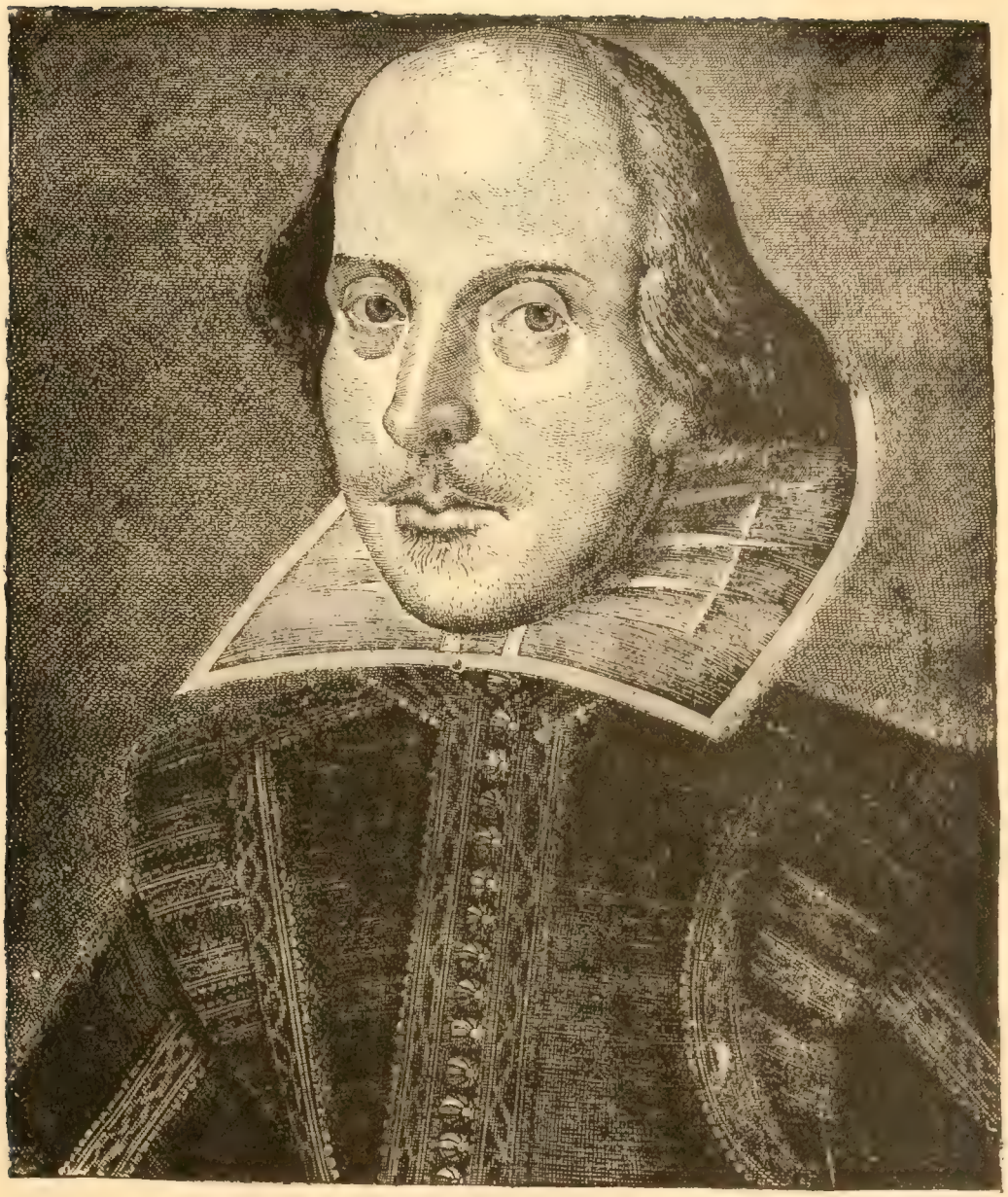
X. Some of the Educated Women of that Age.

But it may be said that it was the fault of the age.

It must be remembered, however, that the writer of the Plays was an exceptional man. He possessed a mind of vast and endless activity, which ranged into every department of human thought; he eagerly absorbed all learning.

Such another natural scholar we find in Sir Anthony Cook, tutor to King Edward IV., grandfather of Francis Bacon and Robert Cecil.

[1] *Richard II.*, i, 3.
[2] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 2.
[3] *Love's Labor Lost*, iv, 2.
[4] *Troilus and Cressida*, ii, 3.
[5] *Pericles*, iii, 2.
[6] Ibid.



WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

FRANCIS BACON'S MASK.

Fac-simile of the Frontispiece in the Folio of 1623.

Facing this portrait in the Folio are presented Ben Jonson's famous lines:

This Figure, that thou here seest put
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face, the Print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brasse.
But since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

Like Shakspere of Stratford, his family consisted of girls, and he was not by any means as wealthy as Shakspere. Did he leave his daughters to sign their names with hieroglyphics? No.

Macaulay says:

> Katherine, who became Lady Killigrew, wrote Latin hexameters and pentameters which would appear with credit in the *Musæ Etonenses*. Mildred, the wife of Lord Burleigh, was described by Roger Ascham as the best Greek scholar among the young women of England, Lady Jane Grey always excepted. Anne, the mother of Francis Bacon, was distinguished both as a linguist and a theologian. She corresponded in Greek with Bishop Jewell, and translated his *Apologia* from the Latin so correctly that neither he nor Archbishop Parker could suggest a single alteration. She also translated a series of sermons on fate and free will from the Tuscan of Bernardo Ochino.[1]

They were not alone. There were learned and scholarly women in England in those days, and many of them, as there have been in all ages since.

Macaulay says:

> The fair pupils of Ascham and Aylmer who compared, over their embroidery, the styles of Isocrates and Lysias, and who, while the horns were sounding and the dogs in full cry, sat in the lonely oriel with eyes riveted to that immortal page which tells how meekly and bravely the first great martyr of intellectual liberty took the cup from his weeping jailer.[2]

It is not surprising that William Shakspere, poacher, fugitive, vagabond, actor, manager, brewer, money-lender, land-grabber, should permit one of his two children to grow up in gross ignorance, but it is beyond the compass of the human mind to believe that the author of *Hamlet* and *Lear* could have done so. He indicates in one of his plays how a child should be trained. Speaking of King Leonatus, in *Cymbeline*, he says:

> Put him to all the learnings that his time
> Could make him receiver of; which he took
> As we do air, fast as 'twas ministered, and
> In his spring became a harvest.[3]

If Judith had been the child of the author of the Plays, and had "something of Shakespeare in her," she would have resented and struggled out of her shameful condition; her mind would have sought the light as the young oak forces its way upward through the brush-wood of the forest. She would have replied to her neglectful father as Portia did:

[1] Macaulay's *Essays*, *Bacon*, p. 246. [2] Ibid., p. 247. [3] *Cymbeline*, i, 1.

But the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing, which to term in gross
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpracticed;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.[1]

But if she was the natural outcome of ages of ignorance, developed in a coarse and rude state of society, and the daughter of a cold-blooded man, who had no instinct but to make money, we can readily understand how, in the midst of wealth, and under the shadow of the school-house, she grew up so grossly ignorant.

XI. Shakspere's Family.

There seems to have been something wrong about the whole breed.

In 1613, Shakspere being yet alive, Dr. Hall, his son-in-law, husband of his daughter Susanna, brought suit in the ecclesiastical court against one John Lane, for reporting that his wife "had the runninge of the raynes, and had bin naught with Rafe Smith and John Palmer." Halliwell-Phillipps says:

> The case was heard at Worcester on July the 15th, 1613, and appears to have been *conducted somewhat mysteriously*, the deposition of Robert Whatcot, the poet's intimate friend, being the only evidence recorded, and *throwing no substantial light on the merits of the dispute.*[2]

Nevertheless, the defendant was excommunicated.

This being the case of the oldest daughter, the other, the pot-hook heiress, does not seem to have been above suspicion. Judith's marriage with Thomas Quiney was a mysterious and hurried one. Phillipps says:

> There appears to have been some reason for accelerating this event, for they were married without a license, and were summoned a few weeks afterward to the ecclesiastical court at Worcester to atone for the offense.[3]

Ignorance, viciousness, vulgarity and false pretenses seem to have taken possession of New Place.

Not a glimpse of anything that might tell a different story escapes the ravages of time.

[1] *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2.
[2] *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 166.
[3] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 182.

Appleton Morgan says:

> It is simply impossible to turn one's researches into any channel that leads into the vicinity of Stratford without noticing the fact that the Shakspere family left in the neighborhood where it flourished one unmistakable trace, familiar in all cases of vulgar and illiterate families, namely, the fact that they never knew or cared, or made an effort to know, of what vowels or consonants their own name was composed, or even to prepare the skeleton of its pronunciation. They answered — and made their marks — indifferently to *Saxpir*, or *Chaksper*, or to any other of the thirty forms given by Mr. Grant White, or the fifty-five forms which another gentleman has been able to collect.[1]

Even the very tombs of the different members of the family present different renderings of the name. Under the bust it is Shakspeare, while he signed the will as Shakspere; over the grave of Susanna it is Shakspere; over the other members of the family it is Shakespeare.

In short, the name was nothing. They

> Answered to "Hi!"
> Or any loud cry.

XII. The Origin of the Name.

We have been taught to believe that the name was *Shakespeare*, and it has been suggested that this was a reminiscence of that "late antecessor" who rendered such valuable services to the late King Henry VII.; that he shook a speare in defense of the King so potently that he was ever after known as *Shake-speare*. It is in this way the name is printed in all the publications put forth in Shakspere's lifetime. But it is no less certain that this name is another imposture. There never was a "shake" to it; and possibly never a "speare." The name was *Shak-speare*, or *speer*, or *spur*, or *pierre*, the first syllable rhyming to *back* and not to *bake*. *Shake-speare* was doubtless an invention of the man who assumed the name at a later date as a mask, and he wanted something that would "heroically sound." The fictitious *speare* passed to the fraudulent coat-of-arms.

In the bond given to enable William to marry, he is called "William *Shagspere*." In the bill of complaint of 1589 of John Shakspere in connection with the Wilmecote property, his son is alluded to as "William Shackespere." The father signs his cross to a deed to Robert Webb, in which he is described as "John Shax-

[1] *The Shakespeare Myth*, p. 160.

pere;" and his mother makes her mark as "Marye Shaksper." His father is mentioned in the will of John Webbe, in 1573, as "John Schackspere." In 1567 he is alluded to in the town records as "Mr. Shakspyr," and when elected high bailiff, in 1568, he is referred to as "Mr. John Shakysper." The only letter extant addressed to Shakspere was written October 25, 1598, by Richard Quiney, his townsman, and it is addressed to "Mr. Wm. Shackespere." In 1594–5 he is referred to in the court record as "Shaxberd." In 1598 he is referred to in the corporation records of Stratford as selling them a load of stone: "Paid to Mr. Shaxpere for on lod of ston x d." In his will the attorney writes it "Schackspeare," and the man himself signed his name Shakspere.

Hallam says:

> The poet and his family spelt their name Shakspere, and to this spelling there are no exceptions in his own autographs.

The name is spelled by his townsman, Master Abraham Sturley, in 1599, *Shak*spere, and in 1598 he alludes to him as "Mr. William Shak." And when he himself petitioned the court in chancery in 1612, in reference to his tithes, he described himself as "William Schackspeare."

White says:

> In the irregular, phonographic spelling of antiquity, the name appears sometimes as *Chacksper* and *Shaxpur*. It is possible that *Shakespeare* is a corruption of some name of a more peaceful meaning, and therefore perhaps of humbler derivation.[1]

It has been suggested, and with a good deal of probability, that the original name was Jacques-Pierre, pronounced Chacks-pere, or Shaks-pere.

The French *Jacques* (James) seems, by some mutation, to have been transformed in England into "a nickname or diminutive for John."[2]

Thus it may be that the original progenitor of this grandiloquent, martial cognomen, which "doth like himself heroically sound," may have been, in the first instance, a peasant without a family name, and known as plain Jack-Peter.

[1] White, *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 5.

[2] See Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary*, p. 722, the word *Jack*.

XIII. His Humiliation.

Despite his wealth, his position in his native town could not have been a very pleasant one. In 1602, and again in 1612, the very year in which we are told Shakspere returned to Stratford to spend the rest of his life, the most stringent measures were taken by the corporation to prevent the performance of plays. The pursuit in which he had made his money was thus stamped by his fellow townsmen as something shameful and degrading. Even this dirty little village repudiated it. The neighboring aristocracy must have turned up their noses and laughed long and loud at the plebeian's son setting up a coat-of-arms. By profession he was, by the statutes of his country, a "vagabond," and had, in the past, only escaped arrest as such by entering himself as a servitor, or servant, to some nobleman.

The vagabond, according to the statutes, was to "be stripped naked, from the middle upwards, and to be whipped until his body was bloody, and to be sent from parish to parish, the next straight way, to the place of his birth."[1]

He was buried in the chancel of the church, not as recognition of his greatness, but because that locality was "the legal and customary burial-place for the owners of the tithes."[2]

XIV. His Handwriting.

The very signature of Shakspere has provoked discussion. The fact that the will as originally drawn read, "witness my seal," and that the "seal" was erased and "hand" written in, has been cited to prove that the lawyer who drew the will believed that the testator could not read or write. In an article in *The Quarterly Review* in 1871, we read:

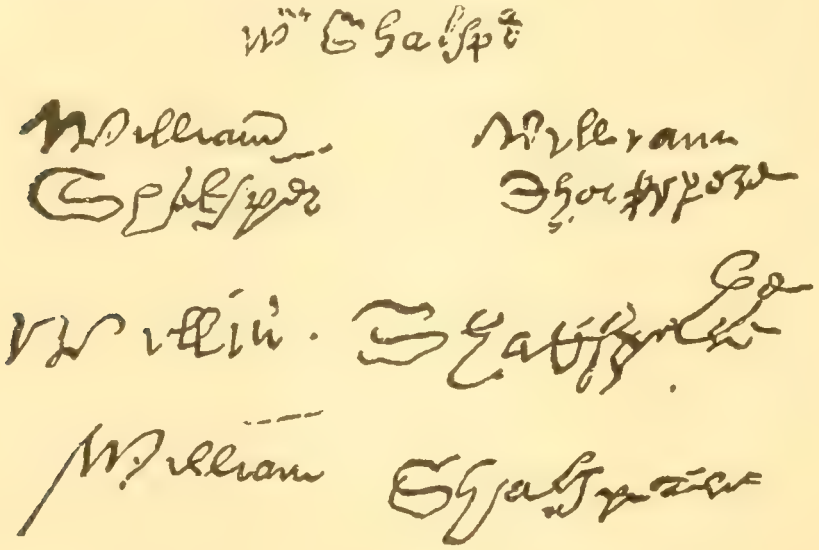
> If Shakspere's handwriting was at all like his signature, it was by no means easy to decipher. If we may speak dogmatically upon such slender proofs as we now possess, he learnt to write after the old German text-hand then in use at the grammar school of Stratford. It was in this respect fifty years behindhand, as any one may see by comparing Shakspere's signature with that of Sir Thomas Lucy, Lord Bacon, or John Lilly. *The wonder is how with such a hand he could have written so much.*

Mr. William Henry Burr, of Washington, D. C., has written an interesting pamphlet, to prove that Shakspere could not read or write, but simply traced his name from a copy set him; and that,

[1] Knight's *Illust. Shaks., Trag.*, i, p. 442. [2] *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 171.

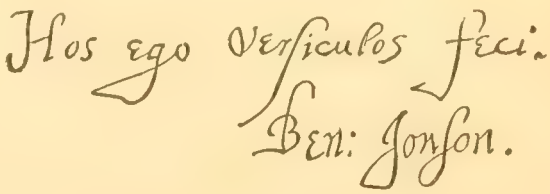
as the copy furnished him at different times was written by different hands, there is a great difference in the shape of the letters composing his name.

Certain it is his autographs do not look like the work of a scholarly man. The following cut is a representation of all the signatures known, beyond question, to have been written by Shakspere:



The first is from Malone's *fac-simile* of a mortgage deed which has been lost; the second is from a conveyance in the possession of the corporation of London; the other three are from the three sheets of paper constituting his will.

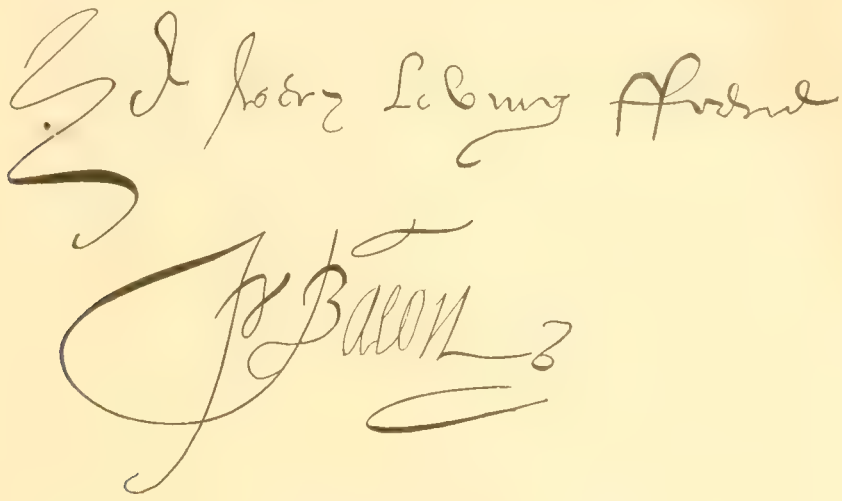
Compare the foregoing scrawls with the clear and scholarly writing of Ben Jonson, affixed in 1604–5 to a copy of his *Mask of Blackness*, and now preserved in the British Museum:



Or compare them with the handwriting of the famous and popular John Lyly, the author of *Euphues*, written about 1580:



Or compare them with the following signature of Francis Bacon:



Or compare them with the signature of the famous Inigo Jones, who assisted in getting up the scenery and contrivances for masks at court:



XV. His Death.

Let us pass to another point.

We saw that the first recorded fact in reference to the Stratford boy was a drunken bout in which he lost consciousness, and lay out in the fields all night. The history of his life terminates with a similar event.

Halliwell-Phillipps thus gives the tradition:

> It is recorded that the party was a jovial one, and, according to a somewhat late but apparently reliable tradition, when the great dramatist was returning to New Place in the evening, he had taken more wine *than was conducive to pedestrian accuracy.* Shortly or immediately afterwards, he was seized by the lamentable fever which terminated fatally on Friday, April 23. The cause of the malady, then attributed to undue festivity, would now be readily discernible in the wretched sanitary conditions surrounding his residence. If truth, and not romance, is to be invoked, were there the woodbine and the sweet honeysuckle within reach of the poet's death-bed, their fragrance would have been neutralized by their vicinity to middens, fetid water-courses, mud-walls and piggeries.[1]

[1] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 170.

And from such a cause, and in the midst of such surroundings, we are told, died the greatest man of his race; leaving behind him not a single tradition or memorial that points to learning, culture, refinement, generosity, elevation of soul or love of humanity.

If he be in truth the author of the Plays, then indeed is it one of the most inexplicable marvels in the history of mankind. As Emerson says, "I cannot marry the facts to his verse."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOST LIBRARY AND MANUSCRIPTS.

Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow.

Titus Andronicus, iv, 1.

THE whole life of Shakspere is shrouded in mystery. Richard Grant White says:

We do not know positively the date of Shakespeare's birth, or the house in which he first saw the light, or a single act of his life from the day of his baptism to the month of his obscure and suspicious marriage. We are equally ignorant of the date of that event, and of all else that befell him from its occurrence until we find him in London; and when he went there we are not sure, or when he finally returned to Stratford. . . . Hardly a word that he spoke has reached us, and not a familiar line from his hand, or the record of one interview at which he was present.[1]

And, again, the same writer says:

From early manhood to maturity he lived and labored and throve in the chief city of a prosperous and peaceful country, at a period of high intellectual and moral development. His life was passed before the public in days when the pen recorded scandal in the diary, and when the press, though the daily newspaper did not yet exist, teemed with personality. Yet of Dante, driven in haughty wretchedness from city to city, and singing his immortal hate of his pursuers as he fled, we know more than we do of Shakespeare, the paucity of whose personal memorials is so extreme that he has shared with the almost mythical Homer the fortune of having the works which made his name immortal pronounced medleys, in the composition of which he was but indirectly and partially concerned.[2]

Hallam says:

Of William Shakespeare it may be truly said we know scarcely anything. . . . While I laud the labors of Mr. Collier, Mr. Hunter and other collectors of such crumbs, I am not sure that we should not venerate Shakespeare as much if they had left him undisturbed in his obscurity. To be told that he played a trick on a brother player in a licentious amour, or that he died of a drunken frolic, does not exactly inform us of the man who wrote *Lear*. If there was a Shakespeare of earth there was also one of heaven, and it is of him that we desire to know something.[3]

This is certainly extraordinary.

It was an age of great men.

[1] White, *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 4. [2] Ibid., p. 1. [3] *Introduction to Literature of Europe.*

Richard Grant White says:

Unlike Dante, unlike Milton, unlike Goethe, unlike the great poets and tragedians of Greece and Rome, Shakespeare left no trace upon the political, or even the social life of his era. Of his eminent countrymen, Raleigh, Sidney, Spenser, Bacon, Cecil, Walsingham, Coke, Camden, Hooker, Drake, Hobbes, Inigo Jones, Herbert of Cherbury, Laud, Pym, Hampden, Selden, Walton, Wotton and Donne may be properly reckoned as his contemporaries; and yet there is no proof whatever that he was personally known to either of these men, or to any others of less note among the statesmen, scholars, soldiers and artists of his day, except the few of his fellow craftsmen whose acquaintance with him has been heretofore mentioned.[1]

It was an age of pamphlets. Priests, politicians and players all vented their grievances, or set forth their views, in pamphlets, but in none of these is there one word from or about Shakspere.

I. Where are his Letters?

It was an age of correspondence. The letters which have come down to us from that period would fill a large library, but in no one of them is there any reference to Shakspere.

The man of Stratford passed through the world without leaving the slightest mark upon the politics or the society of his teeming and active age.

Emerson says:

If it need wit to know wit, according to the proverb, Shakespeare's time should be capable of recognizing it. Sir Henry Wotton was born four years after Shakespeare, and died twenty-three years after him, and I find among his correspondents and acquaintances the following persons: Theodore Beza, Isaac Casaubon, Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Essex, Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, John Milton, Sir Henry Vane, Isaac Walton, Dr. Donne, Abraham Cowley, Bellarmine, Charles Cotton, John Pym, John Hales, Kepler, Vieta, Albericus Gentilis, Paul Sarpi, Arminius — with all of whom exists some token of his having communicated, without enumerating many others whom doubtless he (Wotton) saw — Shakspeare, Spenser, Jonson, Beaumont, Massinger, two Herberts, Marlowe, Chapman and the rest. Since the constellation of great men who appeared in Greece in the time of Pericles, there was never any such society; yet their genius failed them to find out the best head in the universe. Our poet's mask was impenetrable.[2]

We read in a sonnet attributed to his pen that he highly valued Spenser; and we find Spenser, it is claimed, alluding to the author of the Plays; the dedications of the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece* are supposed to imply close social relationship with the Earl of Southampton; we are told Elizabeth conversed with him and King James wrote him a letter; we have pictures of him sur-

[1] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 185. [2] *Representative Men*, p. 200.

rounded by a circle of friends, consisting of the wisest and wittiest of the age; and yet there has been found *no scrap of writing from him or to him;* no record of any dinner or festival at which he met any of his associates. In the greatest age of English literature the greatest man of his species lives in London for nearly thirty years, and no man takes any note of his presence.

Contrast the little we know of Shakspere with the great deal we know of his contemporary Ben Jonson. We are acquainted somewhat with the career even of Ben's father; we know that Ben attended school in London, and was afterward at Cambridge;—there is no evidence that Shakspere ever was a day at school in his life. We know that Jonson enlisted and served as a young man in the wars in the Low Countries. Shakspere's biography, from the time he left Stratford, in 1585–7, until he appears in London as a writer of plays, is an utter blank, except the legend that he held horses at the door of the theater. We know all about Jonson's return home; his marriage; his duel with Gabriel Spencer. We are certain of the date of the first representation of each of his plays; there is a whole volume of matter touching the quarrels between himself and other writers. He published his own works in 1616, and received a pension from James I. We have letters extant describing the suppers he gave, his manners, weaknesses, appearance, etc.

But with Shakspere all this is different. Where are the letters he must have received during the thirty years he was in London, if he was the man of active mind given out by the Plays? If he had received but ten a year, they would make a considerable volume, and what a world of light they would throw upon his pursuits and character.

But two letters are extant—those to which I have already referred: one addressed to him soliciting a loan of money; another addressed to a third party, in which he is referred to in the same connection; but there is not one word as to studies, or art, or literature, or politics, or science, or religion; and yet the mind that wrote the Plays embraced all these subjects, and had thought profoundly on all of them. He loved the art of poetry passionately; he speaks of "the elegance, facility and golden cadence of poetry;"[1]

[1] *Love's Labor Lost*, iv, 2.

he aspired to a "muse of fire that would ascend the highest heaven of invention;" he struggled for perfection. Had he no intercourse with the poets of his time? Was there no mutual coming-together of men of kindred tastes and pursuits?

Is it not most extraordinary that he should leave behind him this vast body of plays, the glory and the wonder of which fills the world, and not a scrap of paper except five signatures, three of which were affixed to his will, and the others to some legal documents?

On the one side we have the Plays — vast, voluminous, immortal, covering and ranging through every department of human thought. These are the works of *Shake-speare.*

On the other hand, these five signatures are the sum total of the life-labors of *Shak-spere* which have come down to us.

In these rude, illiterate scrawls we stand face to face with the man of Stratford. What an abyss separates them from the majestic, the god-like Plays?

It is a curious fact that all the writings were put forth in the name of *Shakespeare*, very often printed with a hyphen, as I have given it above, *Shake-speare;* while in every one of the five cases where the man's signature has come down to us, he spells his name *Shakspere.*

In this work, wherever I allude to the mythical writer, I designate him as *Shakespeare;* whenever I refer to the man of Stratford, I give him the name he gave himself — *Shakspere.*

The history of mankind will be searched in vain for another instance where a great man uniformly spelled his name one way on the title-pages of his works, and another way in the important legal documents which he was called upon to sign. Can such a fact be explained?

But passing from this theme we come to another question:

II. Where are his Books?

We have seen that the author of the Plays was a man of large learning; that he had read and studied Homer, Plato, Heliodorus, Sophocles, Euripides, Dares Phrygius, Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, Statius, Catullus, Seneca, Ovid, Plautus, Plutarch, Boccaccio, Berni and an innumerable array of French novelists and Spanish and

Danish writers. The books which have left their traces in the Plays would of themselves have constituted a large library.

What became of them?

There were no public libraries in that day to which the student could resort. The man who wrote the Plays must have gathered around him a vast literary store, commensurate with his own intellectual activity.

Did William Shakspere, of Stratford-on-Avon, possess such a library?

If he did, there is not the slightest reference to it in his will.

The man who wrote the Plays would have loved his library; he would have remembered it in his last hours. He could not have forgotten Montaigne, Holinshed, Plutarch, Ovid, Plato, Horace, the French and Italian romances, to remember his "brod silver and gilt bole," his "sword," his "wearing apparel," and his "second best bed with the furniture."

The man of Stratford forgot Homer and Plato, but his mind dwelt lovingly, at the edge of the grave, on his old breeches and the second-hand bed-clothes.

Compare his will with that of one who was his contemporary, Robert Burton, the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*. I quote a few items from it.

After leaving certain sums of money to Christ Church, Oxford, *to buy books with*, and to Brasennose Library, he says:

> If I have any books the University Library hath not, let them take them. If I have any books our own library hath not, let them take them. I give to Mrs. Fell all my English Books of Husbandry one excepted. . . . To Mrs. Iles my Gerard's *Herbal*. To Mrs. Morris my *Country Farm*, translated out of French, 4, and all my English Physick Books to Mr. Whistler, the Recorder of Oxford. . . . To all my fellow students, Mrs. of Arts, a book in Folio or two apiece. . . . To Master Morris my *Atlas Geografer* and *Ortelius Theatrum Mond*. . . . To Doctor Iles, his son, *Student Salauntch on Paurrhelia* and Lucian's Works in 4 tomes. If any books be left let my executors dispose of them with all such Books as are written with my own hands, and half my *Melancholy* copy, for Crips hath the other half.

This will was made in 1639, twenty-three years after Shakspere's death, and shows how a scholar tenderly remembers his library when he comes to bid farewell to the earth.

The inventory of Shakspere's personal property has never been found. Halliwell-Phillipps says:

If the inventory ever comes to light, it can hardly fail to be of surpassing interest, especially if it contains a list of the books preserved at New Place. *These must have been very limited in number, for there is no allusion to such luxuries in the will.* Anything like a private library, even of the smallest dimensions, was then of the rarest occurrence, and that Shakespeare ever owned one, at any time of his life, *is exceedingly improbable.*[1]

But surely the man who could write as follows could not have lived without his books:

Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; . . . his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal; only sensible in the duller parts.[2]

There is no evidence that Shakspere possessed a single book. It was supposed for some time that the world had a copy of a work from his library, the *Essays of Montaigne*, but it is now conceded that the signature on the title-leaf is a forgery. The very forgery showed the instinctive feeling which possessed intelligent men that the author of *Hamlet* must have owned a library, and would have lovingly inscribed his name in his favorite books.

III. Where is the Débris of his Work-shop.

It was an age of commonplace-books.

Halliwell-Phillipps calls the era of Shakspere "those days of commonplace-books."

Shakespeare himself presented a commonplace-book to some friend, and wrote this sonnet, probably on the fly-leaf:

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious moments waste;
The *vacant leaves* thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of *this book* this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthéd graves will give thee memory;
Thou by the dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, *what thy memory cannot contain,*
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
These children nursed, delivered from thy brain
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.[3]

That distinguished scholar, Prof. Thomas Davidson, expresses the opinion that this word *offices* may be identical with the *Promus* of Bacon, some leaves of which are now in the British Museum.

[1] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 186. [2] *Love's Labor Lost*, iv, 2.
[3] Sonnet lxxvii.

The sonnet describes just such a commonplace-book as Bacon's *Promus* is; and Prof. Davidson adds:

> *Promus* is the Latin for *offices*, that is, *larder*. *Offices* here has always seemed a strange word. Its significance appears to have been overlooked. The German translations omit it.

The real author of the Plays was a laborious student; we will see hereafter how he wrote and re-wrote his works. This sonnet shows that he must have kept commonplace-books, in which he noted down the thoughts and facts which he feared his memory could not contain, to subsequently "enrich his book" with them. With such habits he must have accumulated during his life-time a vast mass of material, the *débris*, the chips of the work-shop, hewn off in shaping the stately statues of his thought.

What became of them?

IV. Where are the Original Copies of the Plays?

Let the reader write off one page of any one of the Shakespeare Plays, and he can then form some conception of the huge mass of manuscripts which must have been in the hands of the author. But as there is evidence that some of the Plays were re-written more than once, and "enlarged to as much again," there must have been, in the hands of the author, not only these original or imperfect manuscript copies, but the final ones as well. Moreover, there had been seventy-two quarto editions of the Plays. These, even if imperfect and pirated, as it is claimed, were

> His children, nursed, delivered of his brain;

and if the Stratford man was really the father of the Plays, and believed that

> Not marble,
> Nor the gilded monuments of princes,
> Should outlive this powerful rhyme,

what would be more natural than that he should take with him to Stratford copies of these quarto editions? Can we conceive of a great writer withdrawing to his country residence, to live out the remainder of his life, without a single copy of the works which had given him wealth, fame and standing as a gentleman?

And if he possessed such books, commonplace-books and manuscripts, why did he not,

> Dying, mention them within his will,

as the real author says the Roman citizen would a hair from the head of the dead Cæsar? For all the dust of all the Cæsars would not compare in interest for mankind with these original manuscripts and note-books; and the man who wrote the Plays knew it, and announced it with sublime audacity:

> But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
> Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
> Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
> When in *eternal lines* to time thou goest.
> *So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,*
> *So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.*

Appleton Morgan says:

> More than a century and a half of vigorous and exhaustive research, bounded only by the limits of Great Britain, have failed to unearth a single scrap of memoranda or manuscript notes in William Shakespeare's handwriting, as preparation for any one or any portion of these plays or poems.

But it will be said that this utter disappearance of the original copies, note-books, memoranda, letters, quarto editions and library is due to the destruction and waste of years.

> Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.

But certain things are to be remembered.

It must be remembered that Shakspere was the one great man of his race and blood. He had lifted his family from obscurity to fame, from poverty to wealth, from the condition of yeomanry to that of pretended gentry; all their claims to consideration rested upon him; and this greatness he had achieved for them not by the sword, or in trade, but by his intellectual genius. Hence, they represented him, in his monument, with pen in hand, in the act of writing; hence, they placed below the monument a declaration in Latin that he was, "In judgment, a Nestor—in genius, a Socrates—in art, a Maro," and an English inscription which says that

> All that he hath writ
> Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

His daughter Susanna was buried with these lines upon her tomb:

> Witty above her sex, but that's not all,
> Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall;
> Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
> Wholly of him with whom she's now in bliss.

His genius was more or less the subject of comment even while he lived and soon after his death.

We are told, in the preface to the quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida*, published in 1609, that Shakespeare's Plays are equal to the best comedy in *Terence* or *Plautus*.

> And, believe this, that when he is gone and his Comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition.

In 1662, forty-six years after his death, and eight years before the death of his grand-daughter Elizabeth, wife of Sir John Barnard, the vicar of Stratford proceeded to note down the traditions about him.

How comes it, then, that this family — thus made great by the genius of one man, by his *literary* genius; conscious of his greatness; aware that the world was interested in the details of his character and history — should have preserved no scrap of his writing; no manuscript copy of any of his works; no quarto edition of the Plays; no copy of the great Folio of 1623; no book that had formed part of his library; no communication addressed to him by any one on any subject; no incident or anecdote that would have illustrated his character and genius? They had become people of some note; they lived in the great house of the town. One son-in-law was a physician, who had preserved a written record of the diseases that came under his observation; his grand-daughter Elizabeth, in 1643, entertained Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of King Charles, the reigning monarch, and daughter of the great King Henry IV. of France. The Queen remained in Shakspere's house, New Place, for three weeks, on her progress to join King Charles at Oxford. The Plays of Shakespeare were the delight of King Charles' court. We are assured by Dryden that Shakespeare was greatly popular with "the last King's court" — that of King James — and that Sir John Suckling, and the greater part of the courtiers, rated him "our Shakespeare," far above Ben Jonson, "even when his (Jonson's) reputation was at the highest."

Could it be possible that the Queen and courtiers would find themselves in the house of the author of *Hamlet* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and yet ask no questions about him? And if they did, what more natural than for his grand-daughter to produce the relics she possessed of the great man — the letter of compliment

which King James, the King's father, had written him, as tradition affirms. Kings' letters were not found on every bush in Stratford. And such memorials, once presented to the inspection of the curious, would never again be forgotten.

Would not a sweet and gentle and cultured nature have left behind him, in the bosom of his family, a multitude of pleasant anecdotes, redolent of the wit and humor that sparkle in the Plays? And, once uttered, the world would never permit them to die.

> No accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world has ever lost.

We are told, by Oldys, that when his brother, in his latter years, visited London, he was beset with questions by the actors touching his illustrious relative, held by them in the highest veneration; but he could tell them nothing. Would not similar questions be propounded to his family? His nephew, the son of his sister, was an actor in London for years, but he, too, seems to have had nothing to tell. We know that Leonard Digges, seven years after his death, refers to the "Stratford monument." Interest in him was active.

Dr. Hall's diary of the patients he visited, and the diary of lawyer Green, Shakspere's cousin, concerning his petty law business, are both extant, and are pored over by rapturous students; but where are Shakspere's diary and note-books?

Neither is there any reason why his personal effects should disappear through carelessness. Dr. Hall was a man of education. He must have known the value of Shakspere's papers. His own and his father-in-law's personal property continued in the hands of Shakspere's heirs *down to the beginning of the present century*, having passed by will from Lady Barnard in 1670 to the heirs of Joan Hart, Shakspere's sister. This was long after the great Garrick Jubilee had been held at Stratford, and long after the world had grown intensely curious about everything that concerned its most famous man. Surely the memorials of one who was believed by his heirs to be the rival of Socrates in genius and of Maro in art would not be permitted to be destroyed by a family of even ordinary intelligence. See how the papers of Bacon — of Bacon who left no children, and probably an unfaithful wife — have come down to us: the MSS. of his books; great piles of letters, written, most of them, not when he was Lord Chancellor, but when he was plain Master

Francis Bacon. Even his commonplace-books have found their way into the British Museum, and the very scraps of paper upon which his amanuensis tried his pen. Remember how Spedding found the original packages of the private letters of Lord Burleigh, just as they were tied up by the great Lord Treasurer's own hand, never opened or disturbed for nigh three hundred years!

In the British Museum they have the original manuscript copies of religious plays written in the reign of Henry VI., two hundred years before the time of Shakspere; but that marvelous collection has not a line of any of the plays written by the author of *Lear* and *Hamlet.*

V. The Money Value of the Plays.

Nothing is clearer than that Shakspere was a money-getting man. He achieved a very large fortune in a pursuit in which most men died paupers. He had a keen eye to profit. He was ready to sue his neighbor for a few shillings loaned. I have shown that he must have carried on the business of brewing in New Place. He entered into a conspiracy to wrest the right of common from the poor people of the town, for his own profit.

Now, the Plays represented certain values; not alone their value on the stage, but the profits which came from their publication. They were popular.

Appleton Morgan says:

> Although constantly pirated during his lifetime, it is impossible to discover that anybody, or any legal representative of anybody, named Shakespeare, ever set up any claim to proprietorship in any of these works — works which beyond any literary production of that age were (as their repeatedly being subjects of piracy and of registration on the Stationers' books proves them to have been) of the largest market value.

Why should the man who sued his neighbors for petty sums like two shillings pass by, in his will, these sources of emolument?

But it may be said he had already sold the plays and poems to others. This answer might suffice as to those already printed, but there were seventeen plays that never saw the light until they appeared in the Folio edition of 1623, published seven years after his death. He must have owned these. Why did he make no provision in his will for their publication — if not for glory, for gain? It may be said that *John Heminge* and *Henry Cundell*, who appear to have put forth the Folio of 1623, are mentioned in his will, and that

they acted therein as his literary executors. But they are not named as executors. His sole executors are Dr. John Hall, his son-in-law, and Susanna, his daughter, with Thomas Russell, Esq., and Francis Collins, gent., as overseers. None of these parties appear to have had any connection with the great Folio. It was a large and costly work, and, even though eventually profitable, must have required the advance of a large sum to print it. Where did this money come from? Is it probable that a couple of poor actors, like Heminge and Condell, would have undertaken such an outlay and risk while the children of Shakspere were alive and exceedingly wealthy? I do not suppose that a work of the magnitude of the Folio of 1623 could have been printed for a less sum than the equivalent of $5,000 of our money. But at the back of the Folio we find this entry:

Printed at the charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke and W. Aspley, 1623.

On the title-page we read:

Printed by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount, 1623.

So that it appears that three men, W. Jaggard, I. Smithweeke and W. Aspley, paid the expenses of the publication, while only one man, Ed. Blount, was concerned in printing and expense both.

So that it appears that neither Heminge and Condell, nor Dr. John Hall, nor Shakspere's daughter Susanna, nor Thomas Russell, nor Francis Collins, nor anybody else who represented Shakspere's blood or estate, had anything to do with the expense of publishing the complete edition of Shakespeare's Plays, including seventeen that had never before been printed.

VI. A Mysterious Matter.

But there is still another curious feature of this mysterious business.

I quote again from Appleton Morgan:

It is not remarkable, perhaps, that we find no copyright entries on the Stationers' books in the name of Jonson, Marlowe, or other of the contemporary poets and dramatists, for these were continually in straitened circumstances. But, William Shakespeare being an exceedingly wealthy and independent gentleman (if, besides, one of the largest owners of literary property of his time), it is remarkable that the only legal method of securing literary matter, and putting it in shape to alienate, was never taken by him, or in his name. The silence of his will as to

any literary property whatever is explained by the commentators by supposing that Shakespeare sold all his plays to the Globe or other theaters on retiring, and that the Globe Theater was destroyed by fire. If so, let it be shown from *the only place where the legal transfer could have been made*—the books of the Stationers' Company, which were not destroyed by fire, but are still extant.

Other commentators—equally oblivious of such trifling obstacles as the laws of England—urge that, being unmentioned in the will, the Plays went by course of probate to Dr. Hall, the executor.

But even more, in that case, certain entries and transfers at Stationers' Hall would have been necessary. Moreover, the copyright, being not by statute, was perpetual, and could not have lapsed. In the preface to their first folio Heminge and Condell announced that all other copies of Shakespeare's plays are "stolen and surreptitious." But on consulting the Stationers' books it appears that the quarto editions were mostly regularly copyrighted according to law, *whereas the first folio was not.* Nor were the plays already copyrighted *ever transferred to Heminge and Condell or to their publishers.*

What legal rights in England ever centered in this great first folio, except as to the plays which appeared therein for the first time (which Blount and Jaggard did copyright), must always remain a mystery. If "stolen and surreptitious copies" existed, therefore, they were the folio, not the quarto copies.

And again, in another publication, Mr. Morgan says:

Heminge and Condell asserted, in 1623, that all the editions of the plays called Shakespeare, except their own, were "stolen and surreptitious copies." If the laws of England in those days are of the slightest consequence in this investigation, it must appear that it was actually these very men, Heminge and Condell, and not the other publishers, who were utterers of "stolen and surreptitious copies." For, whereas all other printers of Shakespeare's plays observed the laws and entered them for copyright, Heminge and Condell appear never to have heard of any legal obligations of the sort. Unless they stole them, it certainly passes man's understanding to conceive how they got hold of them. For, whatever property could be legally alienated in those days without a record, literary property certainly could not be so alienated. *The record of alienation could have been made in but one place, and it was never made there.*

It may be said that Heminge and Condell, being merely play-actors, were unfamiliar with the copyright system and law, and, hence, failed to properly enter the work. But Heminge and Condell, it appears by the first Folio itself, were not the men who put their money into the venture, but Messrs. "W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke and W. Aspley." Why did *they* not secure a title to the work in which they were venturing $5,000? They were business men, not actors.

As the Folio of 1623 declares that the previous quarto editions were "stolen and surreptitious copies" of the Plays, "maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them," and that *they* now present them "cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest, absolute in their numbers as he con-

ceived them," etc., it follows that in 1623 Heminge and Condell must have had the original manuscripts in the handwriting of "the poet." And they assert this:

> And what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received a blot in his papers.

Now, as Heminge and Condell possessed Shakspere's original copies in 1623, they could not have been burned in the Globe Theater in 1613.

A very large box would be required to contain them. What became of these fairly written, unblotted manuscripts? Did his "pious fellowes," who so loved the memory of their associate that they compiled and published in huge and costly folio his completed works, care nothing for these memorials, in the very handwriting of him whom Ben Jonson pronounced, in the same volume and edition, the

> Soul of the age,
> The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage;

who "was not for an age, but for all time," and in comparison with whom "all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome" had produced was as nothing?

Those manuscripts have never been found, never been heard of; no tradition refers to them; no scrap, rag, remnant or fragment of them survives.

Why did not the men who so eagerly questioned his brother, and who, we are told, so carefully preserved the Chandos portrait, secure some part of these invaluable documents, which would to-day be worth many times their weight in gold?

VII. Another Mystery.

But another mystery attaches to these manuscripts.

The first appearance of *Troilus and Cressida* was in quarto form in 1609, and the book contains a very curious preface, in which we are told that the play had never been played, "never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar," "never sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude," and we find also this remarkable statement:

> And believe this, that when he is gone and his *comedies* out of sale, you will scramble for them and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning and at the peril of your pleasures' loss and judgments refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank for-

tune for the 'scape it hath made among you, *since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed.*

Here two remarkable facts present themselves:

1. That Shakspere, who was supposed to have written his plays for the stage, for the profit to be drawn from their representation to the swarming multitudes, writes a play which never is acted, but printed, so that any other company of players may present it. And this play is one of the profoundest productions of his great genius, full of utterances upon statecraft that are a million miles above the heads of the rag-tag-and-bobtail who "thunder at the play-house and fight for bitten apples."[1]

2. That the original copies of this play and his other comedies — some or all of them — have passed out of his hands, and are now possessed by some grand persons not named. For, note the language: The writer of the preface speaks of Shakespeare's "comedies" in the plural; then of the particular comedy of *Troilus and Cressida;* then of the "'scape *it* hath made amongst you," that is, its escape out of the "grand possessors'" hands, who were unwilling to have it "'scape." In other words, we are told that these "grand possessors' wills" were opposed to letting *them* — the comedies — be published.

Charles Knight says:

It is difficult to understand this clearly, but we learn that the copy *had an escape from some powerful possessors.* It appears to us that these *possessors* were powerful enough to prevent a single copy of any one of the plays which Shakspere produced in his "noon of fame," with the exception of the *Troilus and Cressida* and *Lear*, being printed till after his death; and that between his death, in 1616, and the publication of the Folio, in 1623, *they continued the exercise of their power*, so as to allow only one edition of one play which had not been printed in his lifetime (*Othello*) to appear. The clear deduction from this statement of facts is, that the original publication of the fourteen plays published in Shakspere's lifetime was, with the exceptions we have pointed out, authorized *by some power having the right to prevent the publication;* that, after 1603, till the publication of the Folio, that right was not infringed or contested, except in three instances.[2]

Knight thinks that these "grand possessors" were Shakspere's fellow actors, to whom he had assigned the Plays; but this difficulty presents itself: Would the man who wrote the preface to the *Troilus and Cressida* of 1609, and who evidently looked with contempt upon the players and the play-house, and who boasts that

[1] *Henry VIII.*, v, 3.

[2] *Shak., History*, vol. i, p. 314.

the play in question had never been "clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar," or "sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude"—would he speak of the actors who made their humble living before this vulgar multitude, the "vassal actors," the "legal vagabonds," as "grand possessors"? Do not the words imply some persons of higher social standing?

And then comes this further difficulty: If the actors owned *Troilus and Cressida*, why would they not have played it, and gotten all the pennies and shillings out of it possible? Or why, if written by an actor for actors, should it have been written so transcendently above the heads of the multitude that it could not be acted? And why, if it was worth anything as a play, would the actors have allowed it to "'scape" into the hands of a publisher who sends it forth with a sneer at the audiences who frequent their places of amusement. And why, if they owned all the Plays, does not their ownership appear somewhere on the books of copyright? And why, if they owned them, would they destroy their own monopoly by publishing them in folio in 1623, thus throwing open the doors to all the players of the world to act them? And why would they not even copyright the book when they did so publish it? And why, if they did so publish it, does it appear, by the book itself, that they were not at the charge of publishing it, but that it was sent forth at the cost of four men, not actors, therein named?

Thus, in whatever direction we penetrate into this subject, inexplicable mysteries meet us face to face.

VIII. Pregnant Questions.

Why should the wealthy Shakspere permit the Plays, written while he was wealthy, to pass into the hands of certain "grand possessors"? And if these men were not actors, but bought the Plays of Shakspere, why should they make no attempt, during twenty years, to get their money back by publishing them? And could they have procured them of the money-making Shakspere, if he wrote them, without paying for them? And what business would "grand" men, not actors, not publishers, not speculators for profit, have with the Plays anyway? And why should they stand guard over them and keep them from the public for twenty years, and then put them all out at once, and not copyright them, thus

making them a present to the public? And when they did publish them, why should they place the papers in the hands of two play-actors, Heminge and Condell, who pretend that they are putting them forth out of love for the memory of that good fellow, Will Shakspere? Were not Heminge and Condell a mere mask and cover for the "grand possessors" of the unblotted manuscripts?

And if the man who sued Philip Rogers for £1 19*s.* 10*d.* for malt sold, and for two shillings money loaned, had any ownership in any of these plays, can we believe he would not have enforced it to the uttermost farthing? Would not he and his (for they were all litigious) have chased the stray shillings that came from their publication, through court after court, and thus placed the question of authorship forever beyond question?

We are forced to conclude:

1. Shakspere did not own the Plays and never had owned them.

2. They were in the hands of and owned by some "grand" person or persons.

3. This "grand" person or persons cared nothing for the interests of the players and made them public property; therefore, Heminge and Condell did not represent the players.

4. This "grand" person or persons cared nothing for the money to be derived from their sale, and took out no copyright, but presented them freely to the world; and this was not in the interest of Shakspere's heirs, if he had any claim to them.

5. And this "grand" person or persons cared nothing for the money to be made out of them, or he or they would, in the period of twenty years, between 1603 and 1623, have printed and reprinted them in quarto form, and made a profit out of them.

But there is another striking fact in connection with the question of the manuscripts.

IX. Another Mystery.

The whole publication of the Folio of 1623 is based on a fraudulent statement.

Heminge and Condell, in their preface, addressed "to the great variety of readers," say:

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthy to have been wished that the author himself had lived to have set forth, and overseen his own writings. But since it hath bin ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and paine, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cur'd and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and his hand went together. And what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.

And on the title-page of the Folio we read: "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. Published *according to the true originall copies.*" We have also a list of "the principal actors in all these plays," prefaced by these words:

The works of William Shakespeare, containing all his Comedies, Histories and Tragedies: *Truely set forth according to their first originall.*

Here we find four things asserted:

1. That the Folio was printed from the original copies.

2. That Heminge and Condell had "collected" these copies and published them in the Folio.

3. That the quarto editions were "stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed."

4. That what Shakespeare wrote was poured from him, as if by inspiration, so that he made no corrections, and "never blotted a line," as Ben Jonson said.

These statements are met by the following facts:

I. Some of the finest thoughts and expressions, distinctively Shakespearean, and preëminently so, are found in the quarto editions, *and not in the Folio.*

For instance, in the play of *Hamlet*, nearly all of scene iv, act 4, is found in the quarto and not in the Folio. In the quarto copy we find the following passages:

What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused.

And again:

> Rightly to be great
> Is, not to stir without great argument,
> But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
> When honor's at the stake.

No one can doubt that these passages came from the mind we are accustomed to call Shakespeare. Hundreds of other admirable sentences can be quoted which appear in the quartos, but not in the Folio. It follows, then, that Heminge and Condell did not have "the true original copies," or they would have contained these passages. It follows, also, that there must have been some reason why portions of the quarto text were omitted from the Folio. It follows, also, that, in some respects, the "stolne and surreptitious" copies of the quarto are more correct than the Folio, and that but for the quartos we would have lost some of the finest gems of thought and expression which go by the name of Shakespeare.

II. The statement that Shakespeare worked without art, that he improvised his great productions, that there was scarce "a blot in his papers," in the sense that he made no corrections, is not only incompatible with what we know of all great works of art, but is contradicted on the next page but one of the Folio, by Ben Jonson, in his introductory verses.

He says:

> Yet must I not give Nature all. Thy Art,
> My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
> For though the Poet's matter Nature be,
> His Art doth give the fashion. And that he
> Who casts to write a living line must sweat
> (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
> Upon the Muse's anvile, turn the same
> (And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,
> Or for the laurel he may gain a scorne;
> For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
> *And such wert thou.* Look how the father's face
> Lives in his issue; even so the race
> Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
> In his well-torned and true-filed lines.

Here, then, we have the two play-actors, and friends of Shakespeare, Heminge and Condell, squarely contradicted by another friend and play-actor, Ben Jonson. One asserts that Shakespeare wrote without art; the other, that he sweat over his "true-

filed lines" and turned them time and again on the "Muse's anvile."

Several of the plays exist in two forms:—first, a brief form, suitable for acting; secondly, an enlarged form, double the size of the former. This is true of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry V.*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Hamlet.*

For instance, the first edition of *Henry V.* contains 1,800 lines; the enlarged edition has 3,500 lines. Knight says:

> In this elaboration the old materials are very carefully used up; but they are so thoroughly refitted and dovetailed with what is new, that the operation can only be compared to the work of a skillful architect, who, having an ancient mansion to enlarge and beautify, with a strict regard to its original character, preserves every feature of the structure, under other combinations, with such marvelous skill, that no unity of principle is violated, and the whole has the effect of a restoration in which the new and the old are undistinguishable.[1]

Knight gives a specimen of this work, taken from the quarto *Henry V.* of 1608 and the Folio of 1623. We print in the second column, in italics, those parts of the text derived from the quarto, and which reappear in the Folio:

Quarto 1608.	Folio 1623.
King. Sure we thank you; and, good my lord, proceed	*King.* *Sure, we thank you.*
Why the law Salique, which they have in France,	*My* learned *lord*, I pray you to *proceed*
Or should or should not stop us in our claim:	And justly and religiously unfold
And God forbid, my wise and learned lord,	*Why the law Salique*, that *they have in France*,
That you should fashion, frame or wrest the same.	*Or should or should not* bar *us in our claim.*
For God doth know how many now in health	*And God forbid, my* dear *and* faithful *lord*,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation	*That you should fashion, wrest or* bow your reading,
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.	Or nicely charge your understanding soul
Therefore, take heed how you impawn our person;	With opening titles miscreate, whose right
How you awake the sleeping sword of war:	Suits not in native colors with the truth
We charge you in the name of God take heed.	*For God doth know how many now in health*
After this conjuration speak, my lord;	*Shall drop their blood, in approbation*
And we will judge, note and believe in heart	*Of what your reverence shall incite us to:*
	Therefore, take heed how you impawn our person;
	How you awake the sleeping sword of war;

[1] Charles Knight, *Pict. Shak.*, *Histories*, vol i, p. 310.

That what you speak is washed as pure
As sin in baptism.

We charge you in the name of God take heed.
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under *this conjuration speak, my lord:*
And we will hear, *note and believe in heart,*
That what you speak is, in your conscience, *washed*
As pure as sin with *baptism.*

Now Heminge and Condell claim, in the Folio, that the play of *Henry V.* was printed from the "true original" copy, and that it came from the mind of Shakspere without a blot; while here is proof conclusive that it was not printed from the first original copy; and that it did not come, heaven-born, from the soul of the creator; but that the writer, whoever he might be, was certainly a man of vast industry and immense adroitness, nimbleness and subtlety of mind.

False in one thing, false in all. Heminge and Condell did not have the author's original manuscripts, with all the interlineations and corrections, before them to print from, but a fair copy from some other pen. They do not seem to have known that there was that 1608 edition of the play. In fact, they do not even seem to know how to spell their own names. At the end of the introduction, from which I have quoted, they sign themselves, "John Heminge" and "Henrie Condell," while in the list of actors, published by themselves, they appear as "John Hemmings" and "Henry Condell;" and Shakspere calls them, in his will, "John Hemynge" and "Henry Cundell."

If the play-actor editors thus falsified the truth, or were themselves the victims of an imposition, what confidence is to be placed in any other statement they make? What assurance have we that they had collected the original manuscript copies; that they ever saw them; in short, that they were the work of Shakspere or in his handwriting? What assurance have we that the whole introduction and dedication to which their names are appended were not written

by some one else, and that they were but a mask for those "grand possessors" who, seven years before Shakspere's death, owned the play of *Troilus and Cressida?*

In fact, a skeptical mind can see, even in the verses which face the portrait of Shakspere in the Folio of 1623, the undercurrent of a double meaning. They commence:

> The figure that thou here seest put,
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut.

Is the word *gentle* here, a covert allusion to Shakspere's ridiculous and fraudulent pretensions to "gentle" blood, and to that bogus coat-of-arms which we are told he had engraved in stone over the door of New Place in Stratford?

> Wherein the graver had a strife[1]
> With Nature to out-doo the life.

No one can look at that picture and suppose that B. I. (Ben Jonson) was serious in this compliment to the artist.

Appleton Morgan says:

> In this picture the head of the subject is represented as rising out of an horizontal plane of collar appalling to behold. The hair is straight, combed down the sides of the face and bunched over the ears; the forehead is disproportionately high; the top of the head bald; the face has the wooden expression familiar in the Scotchmen and Indians used as signs for tobacconists' shops, accompanied by an idiotic stare that would be but a sorry advertisement for the humblest establishment in that trade.

If this picture "out-does the life," what sort of a creature must the original have been?

> O, could he but have drawn his wit
> As well in brass as he hath hit
> His face, the print would then surpass
> All that was ever writ in brass.

This thought of "drawing his wit" is singularly enough taken from an inscription around another portrait — not that of Shakspere, but of Francis Bacon. On the margin of a miniature of Bacon, painted by Hilliard in 1578, when he was in his eighteenth year, are found these words, "the natural ejaculation, probably," says Spedding, "of the artist's own emotion": *Si tabula daretur digna, animum mallem* — if one could but paint his mind![2]

[1] *The Shak. Myth*, p. 95.

[2] *Life and Works of Bacon*, Spedding, Ellis, etc., vol. i, p. 7.

Let us read again those lines:

> O, could he but have drawn his wit
> As well in *brass* as he hath hit
> His face, the print would then surpass
> All that was ever writ—*in brass!*

That is to say, his wit drawn *in brass* would surpass, *in brass*, all that was ever written. Is not this another way of intimating that only a brazen-faced man, like Shakspere, would have had the impudence to claim the authorship of plays which were not written by him?

And that this is not a forced construction we can see by turning to the Plays, where we will find the words *brass* and *brazen* used in the same sense as equivalents for impudence.

> Can any face of *brass* hold longer out?[1]
>
> Well said, *brazen*-face.[2]
>
> A *brazen*-faced valet.[3]

It seems to me there is even a double meaning to some of the introductory verses of the Folio of 1623, signed Ben Jonson. The verses are inscribed—

> To the memory of my beloved—the Author—Mr. William Shakespeare—and—*what he hath left us.*

What does this mean: "what he hath left us"? Does it mean his works? How could Ben Jonson inscribe verses to the *memory* of works—plays? We speak of the memory of persons, not of productions; of that which has passed away and perished, not of that which is but beginning to live; not of the

> Soul of the age!
> The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!

In the same volume, on the next page, we are told,

> For though his line of life went soon about,
> *The life yet of his lines will never out.*

Could Ben Jonson inscribe his verses to the *memory* of works which, he assures us in the same breath, were not "for an age, but for all time"? Can you erect a memorial monument over immortal life?

What did William Shakspere leave behind him that held any connection with the Plays? Was it the real author—Francis Bacon?

[1] *Love's Labor Lost*, v, 2. [2] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv, 2. [3] *Lear*, ii, 2.

And this thought seems to pervade the verses. Jonson says:

> *Thou art alive still*—while thy book doth live.

And again:

> Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
> To see thee in our waters *yet appear*,
> And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
> That so did take Eliza and our James.

That is to say, Ben Jonson expresses to the dead Shakspere the hope that he would reappear and make some more dramatic "flights"—that is, write some more plays. Such a wish would be absurd, if applied to the dead man, but would be very significant, if the writer knew that the real author was still alive and capable of new flights. And the closing words of the verses sound like an adjuration to Bacon to resume his pen:

> *Shine forth*, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage
> Or influence chide or *cheer* the drooping stage,
> Which, since thy flight from thence, hath mourned like night,
> And despaires day, but for thy volumes' light.

The play-houses had the manuscript copies of the Plays, and had been regularly acting them; it needed not, therefore, the publication of the Folio in 1623 to enable the poet to shine forth.

If the "drooping stage" "mourned like night," it was not for the Plays which appear in the Folio, for it possessed them; it had been acting them for twenty years; but it was because the supply of *new* plays had given out. Hugh Holland says on the next page:

> Dry'd is that vein, dry'd is the Thespian spring.

How comes it, then, that Ben Jonson expresses the hope that the author would reappear, and write new plays, and cheer the drooping stage, and shine forth again, if he referred to the man whose mouldering relics had been lying in the Stratford church for seven years?

X. Ben Jonson's Testimony.

It must not be forgotten that Ben Jonson was in the employment of Francis Bacon; he was one of his "good pens;" he helped him to translate his philosophical works into Latin. If there was a secret in connection with the authorship of the Plays, Ben Jonson, as Bacon's friend, as play-actor and play-writer, doubtless knew it. And it is very significant that at different periods, far apart, he employed precisely the same words in describing the genius of



Hos ego Versiculos feci.
Ben: Jonson.

William Shakspere and the genius of Francis Bacon. In these verses, from which I have been quoting, he says, speaking ostensibly of Shakspere:

> Or when thy socks were on,
> Leave thee alone, for the comparison
> Of all that *insolent Greece or haughty Rome*
> Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Jonson died in 1637. His memoranda, entitled *Ben Jonson's Discoveries*, were printed in 1640. One of these refers to the eminent men of his own and the preceding era. After speaking of Sir Thomas More, the Earl of Surrey, Challoner, the elder Wyatt, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Sir Philip Sydney, the Earl of Essex and Sir Walter Raleigh, he says:

> Lord Egerton, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked; but his learned and able but unfortunate successor (Sir Francis Bacon) *is he that hath filled up all numbers*, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either *to insolent Greece or haughty Rome*.

What a significant statement is this!

Francis Bacon had "filled up all numbers." That is to say, he had compassed all forms of poetical composition. Webster defines "numbers" thus:

> That which is regulated by count; poetic measure, as divisions of time or number of syllables; hence, poetry, verse — chiefly used in the plural.
> I lisped in *numbers*, for the *numbers* came.—*Pope*.
> Yet should the muses bid my *numbers* roll.—*Pope*.

In *Love's Labor Lost*, Longaville says, speaking of some love verses he had written:

> I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move;
> O sweet Maria, empress of my love,
> These *numbers* will I tear, and write in *prose*.[1]

But when Ben Jonson, who had helped translate some of Bacon's prose works, comes to sum up the elements of his patron's greatness, he passes by his claims as a philosopher, a scholar, a lawyer, an orator and a statesman; and the one thing that stands out vividly before his mind's eye, that looms up above all other considerations, is that Francis Bacon is a *poet* — a great poet — a poet who has written in all measures, "has filled up all numbers" — the sonnet, the madrigal, rhyming verse, blank verse. And what had he written? Was it the translation of a few psalms in his old

[1] Act iv, scene 3.

age, the only specimens of his poetry that have come down to us, in his acknowledged works? No; it was something great, something overwhelming; something that is to be "compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome."

And what was it that "insolent Greece and haughty Rome" had accomplished to which these "numbers" of Bacon could be preferred? We turn to Jonson's verses in the Shakespeare Folio and we read:

> And though thou hadst small Latine and less Greek,
> From thence to honor thee I would not seeke
> For names, but call forth thundering Æschilus,
> Euripides and Sophocles to us,
> Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
> To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
> And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,
> Leave thee alone, for the comparison
> Of all that *insolent Greece or haughty Rome*
> Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

The "numbers" of Bacon are to be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome — that is to say, to the best poetical compositions of those nations. And when Ben Jonson uses this expression we learn, from the verses in the Folio, what kind of Greek and Roman literary work he had in his mind; it was not the writings of Homer or Virgil, but of Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, etc.— that is to say, the *dramatic writers.* Is it not extraordinary that Jonson should not only assert that Bacon had produced poetical compositions that would challenge comparison with the best works of Greece and Rome, but that he should use the same adjectives, and in the same order, that he had used in the Folio verses, viz.: *insolent Greece and haughty Rome?* It was not haughty Greece and insolent Rome, or powerful Rome and able Greece, or any other concatenation of words; but he employs precisely the same phrases in precisely the same order. How comes it that when his mind was dwelling on the great poetical and secret works of Bacon — for they must have been secret — he reverted to the very expressions he had used years before in reference to the Shakespeare Plays?

And it is upon Ben Jonson's testimony that the claims of William Shakspere, of Stratford, to the authorship of the Plays, principally rest.

If the Plays are not Shakspere's then the whole make-up of the Folio of 1623 is a fraud, and the dedication and the introduction are probably both from the pen of Bacon.

Mr. J. T. Cobb calls attention to a striking parallelism between a passage in the dedication of the Folio and an expression of Bacon:

> *Country hands* reach forthe milk, cream and *fruits*, or what they have.[1]

Bacon writes to Villiers:

> And now, because I am in the country, I will send you some of *my country fruits*, which with me are good meditations, which when I am in the city are choked with business.[2]

And in the "discourse touching the plantation in Ireland," he asks his majesty to accept "*the like poor field-fruits.*"

We can even imagine that in the line,

> And though thou hadst small Latine and less Greek,

Ben Jonson has his jest at the man who had employed him to write these verses. For Jonson, it will be remembered, was an accurate classical scholar, while Bacon was not. The latter was like Montaigne, who declared he could never thoroughly acquire any language but his own. Dr. Abbott, head master of the City of London school, in his introduction to Mrs. Pott's great work,[3] refers to "several errors which will make Latin and Greek scholars feel uneasy. For these in part Bacon himself, or Bacon's amanuensis, is responsible; and many of the apparent Latin solecisms or misspellings arise . . . from the manuscripts of the *Promus.*" He adds in a foot-note:

> I understand that it is the opinion of Mr. Maude Thompson, of the British Museum manuscript department, that all entries, except some of the French proverbs, are in Bacon's handwriting; so that no amanuensis can bear the blame of the numerous errors in the Latin quotations.

How "rare old Ben" must have enjoyed whacking Bacon over Shakespeare's shoulders, in verses written at the request of Bacon!

XI. A Greater Question.

When the crushing blow of shame and humiliation fell upon Francis Bacon in 1621, and he expected to die under it, he hurriedly drew a short will. It does not much exceed in length one page of Spedding's book, and yet in this brief document he found time to say:

[1] *Dedication*, Folio 1623. [2] Montagu, iii, p. 20. [3] *Promus*, p. 13.

My compositions unpublished, or the fragments of them, I require my servant Harris to deliver to my brother Constable, to the end that if any of these be fit, in his judgment, to be published, he may accordingly dispose of them. And in particular I wish the Elogium I wrote, *In felicem memoriam Reginæ Elizabethæ*, may be published. And to my brother Constable I give all my books; and to my servant Harris for this his service and care fifty pieces in gold, pursed up.

He disposed of all his real property in five lines, for the payment of his debts.

And when Bacon came to draw his last will and testament,[1] he devoted a large part of it to the preservation of his writings. He says:

For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages. But as to the *durable part of my memory, which consisteth of my works and writings*, I desire my executors, and especially Sir John Constable, and my very good friend Mr. Bosvile, to take care that of all my writings, both of English and of Latin, there may be books fair bound and placed in the King's library, and in the library of the University of Cambridge, and in the library of Trinity College, where myself was bred, and in the library of the University of Oxonford, and in the library of my lord of Canterbury, and in the library of Eaton.

Then he bequeaths his register books of orations and letters to the Bishop of Lincoln; and he further directs his executors to "take into their hands all my papers whatsoever, which are either in cabinets, boxes or presses, and them to seal up until they may at their leisure peruse them."

We are asked to believe that William Shakspere was, necessarily, as the author of the Plays, a man of vast learning, the owner of many books, and that he left behind him, unpublished at the time of his death, such marvelous and mighty works as *The Tempest*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Timon of Athens*, *Coriolanus*, *Henry VIII.* and many more; and that, while he carefully bequeathed his old clothes and disposed of his second-best bed, he made no provision for the publication of his works, "*the durable part of his memory.*"

Is it reasonable? Is it probable? Is it not grossly improbable? What man capable of writing *Macbeth* and *Julius Cæsar*, and knowing their value to mankind — knowing that they lay in his house, in some "cabinet, box or press," probably in but one manuscript copy each, and that they might perish in the hands of his illiterate family and "bookless" neighbors — would, while carefully remembering

[1] *Life and Works*, vol. vii, p. 539.

so much of the litter and refuse of the world, have died and made no provision for their publication?

But it may be said he did not own them; he may have sold them. It seems not, for Heminge and Condell, in their introduction to the first Folio, say that they received the original copies which they published from Shakespeare himself:

> And what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce *received from him* a blot in his papers.

And again:

> It has been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings.

What right would he have had to set them forth if they belonged to some one else?

> But since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care.

If this introduction means anything, it means that Shakspere owned these Plays; that he would have had the right to publish them if death had not interfered; that his friends and fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, had, "to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare," assumed the task of publishing them; that they had received the original manuscripts from him — that is, from his family — free from blot, and that they published from them, as all the quarto copies were "stolne and surreptitious, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors."

And yet these Plays, which belonged to Shakspere's wealthy family, as the heirs of the author, which were printed by his "fellows" to sell to make money — for they say in their introduction:

> The fate of all books depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone but of your purses. . . . Read and censure. Do so, but buy first.

— these Plays were not published or paid for by Shakspere's family, but, as the Folio itself tells us, were

> Printed at the charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley, 1623.

CHAPTER V.

THE WRITER OF THE PLAYS A LAWYER.

Why may that not be the skull of a lawyer?
Hamlet, v, 1.

NOTHING is more conclusively established than that the author of the Plays was a lawyer.

Several works have been written in England and America to demonstrate this. I quote a few extracts:

Franklin Fiske Heard says:

The Comedy of Errors shows that Shakespeare was very familiar with some of the most refined of the principles of the science of special pleading, a science which contains the quintessence of the law. . . . In the second part of *Henry IV.*, act v, scene 5, Pistol uses the term *absque hoc*, which is technical in the last degree. This was a species of traverse, used by special pleaders when the record was in Latin, known by the denomination of a *special traverse*. The subtlety of its texture, and the total dearth of explanation in all the reports and treatises extant in the time of Shakespeare with respect to its principle, seem to justify the conclusion that *he must have attained a knowledge of it from actual practice*.[1]

Senator Davis says:

We seem to have here something more than a sciolist's temerity of indulgence in the terms of an unfamiliar art. *No legal solecisms will be found.* The abstrusest elements of the common law are impressed into a disciplined service with every evidence of the right and knowledge of commanding. Over and over again, where such knowledge is unexampled in writers unlearned in the law, Shakespeare appears in perfect possession of it. In the law of real property, its rules of tenure and descents, its entails, its fines and recoveries, and their vouchers and double vouchers; in the procedure of the courts, the method of bringing suits and of arrests; the nature of actions, the rules of pleading, the law of escapes and of contempt of court; in the principles of evidence, both technical and philosophical; in the distinction between the temporal and spiritual tribunals; in the law of attainder and forfeiture; in the requisites of a valid marriage; in the presumption of legitimacy; in the learning of the law of prerogative; in the inalienable character of the crown, this mastership appears with surprising authority.[2]

And again the same writer says:

I know of no writer who has so impressed into his service the terms of any science or art. They come from the mouth of every personage: from the Queen; from the child; from the merry wives of Windsor; from the Egyptian fervor of Cleopatra; from the lovesick Paphian goddess; from violated Lucrece; from Lear;

[1] *Shakespeare as a Lawyer*, pp. 43, 48. [2] *The Law in Shakespeare*, p. 4.

Hamlet and Othello; from Shakespeare himself, soliloquizing in his sonnets; from Dogberry and Prospero; from riotous Falstaff and melancholy Jacques. Shakespeare utters them at all times as standard coin, no matter when or in what mint stamped. These emblems of his industry are woven into his style like the bees into the imperial purple of Napoleon's coronation robes.[1]

Lord Chief Justice Campbell sees the clearest evidences in the Plays that the writer was learned in the law. I quote a few of his expressions:

These jests cannot be supposed to arise from anything in the laws or customs of Syracuse; but they show the author to be *very familiar with some of the most abstruse proceedings in English jurisprudence.*[2]

Quoting the description of the arrest of Dromio in *The Comedy of Errors*, he says:

Here we have a most circumstantial and graphic account of an English arrest on *mesne process* ["before judgment"] in an action on *the case.*[3]

In act iii, scene 1 (of *As You Like It*) *a deep technical knowledge of the law is displayed.*[4]

It is likewise remarkable that Cleomenes and Dion (*The Winter's Tale*, Act iii, scene 2), the messenger who brought back the response from the oracle of Delphi, to be given in evidence, are sworn to the genuineness of the document they produce almost in the very words now used by the Lord Chancellor when an officer presents at the bar of the House of Lords the copy of a record of a court of justice:

> You here shall swear. . . .
> That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
> Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
> The sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered
> Of great Apollo's priest; and that since then
> You have not dared to break the holy seal
> Nor read the secrets in't.[5]

And again, Lord Chief Justice Campbell says:

We find in several of the Histories Shakespeare's fondness for law terms; and it is still more remarkable that *whenever he indulges this propensity he uniformly lays down good law.*[6]

While novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills and of inheritance, to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he propounds it, there can neither be demurrer, nor bill of exception, nor writ of error.[7]

If Lord Eldon could be supposed to have written the play, I do not see how he would be chargeable with having forgotten any of his law while writing it.[8]

The indictment in which Lord Say was arraigned, in act iv, scene 7 (*2d Henry VI.*), seems *drawn by no inexperienced hand.* . . . How acquired I know not, but it is quite certain that the drawer of this indictment must have had some acquaintance with *The Crown Circuit Companion*, and must have had *a full and accurate*

[1] *The Law in Shak.*, p. 51.
[2] *Shak. Legal Acquirements*, p. 38.
[3] Ibid., p. 39.
[4] Ibid., p. 42.
[5] Ibid., p. 60.
[6] Ibid., p. 61.
[7] Ibid., p. 108.
[8] Ibid., p. 73.

knowledge of that rather obscure and intricate subject—"Felony and Benefit of Clergy."[1]

Speaking of Gloster's language in *Lear*,[2] Lord Campbell says:

In forensic discussions respecting legitimacy the question is put, whether the individual whose *status* is to be determined is "capable," *i.e.*, capable of inheriting; but it is only a lawyer who could express the idea of legitimizing a natural son by simply saying:

I'll work the means
To make him *capable.*

Speaking of *Hamlet*, his Lordship says:

Earlier in the play[3] Marcellus inquires what was the cause of the warlike preparations in Denmark:

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Doth not divide the Sunday from the week?

Such confidence has there been in Shakespeare's accuracy that this passage has been quoted, both by text-writers and by judges on the bench, as an authority upon the legality of the *press-gang*, and upon the debated question whether *shipwrights* as well as common seamen are liable to be pressed into the service of the royal navy.[4]

Lord Campbell quotes sonnet xlvi, of which he says:

I need not go farther than this sonnet, which is so *intensely legal in its language and imagery that without a considerable knowledge of English forensic procedure it cannot be fully understood.*

SONNET XLVI.

Mine Eye and Heart are at a mortal war
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine Eye my Heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My Heart mine Eye the freedom of that right.
My Heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie
(A closet never pierced with crystal eyes),
But the Defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impaneled
A quest of Thoughts, all tenants of the Heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear Eye's moiety, and the dear Heart's part;
As thus: mine Eyes' due is thine outward part,
And my Heart's right, thine inward love of heart.

One is reminded, in reading this, of Brownell's humorous lines:

THE LAWYER'S INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Whereas on certain boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing;
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,
Hail to the coming on of spring!

[1] *Shak. Legal Acquirements*, p. 75.
[2] Act ii, scene 1.
[3] *Hamlet*, i, 1.
[4] *Shak. Legal Acquirements*, p. 83.

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid — happy pairs! —
Love, 'mid the aforesaid boughs, inshrines
In freehold nests; themselves their heirs,
Administrators and assigns.

Oh, busiest term of Cupid's court,
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring;
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail — as aforesaid — coming spring!

Lord Campbell says:

In *Antony and Cleopatra*,[1] Lepidus, in trying to palliate the bad qualities and misdeeds of Antony, uses the language of a conveyancer's chambers in Lincoln's Inn:

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; *hereditary*
Rather than *purchased.*

That is to say, they are taken by *descent*, not by *purchase*. *Lay gents* (viz., all except lawyers) understand by *purchase* buying for a sum of money, called the price, but lawyers consider that *purchase* is opposed to *descent;* that all things come to the owner either by *descent* or by *purchase*, and that whatever does not come through operation of law by *descent* is *purchased*, although it may be the free gift of a donor. Thus, if land be devised by will to A in fee, he takes by purchase; or to B for life, remainder to A and his heirs (B being a stranger to A), A takes by *purchase;* but upon the death of A, his eldest son would take by *descent*.[2]

Appleton Morgan says:

But most wonderful of all is the dialogue in the graveyard scene.

In the quarto the two grave-diggers are wondering whether Ophelia, having committed suicide, is to be buried in consecrated ground, instead of at a cross-road with a stake driven through her body, and clumsily allude to the probability that, having been of noble birth, a pretext will be found to avoid the law.

It happens that in the first volume of Plowden's Reports there is a case (Hales *vs.* Petit, I. Pl. 253) of which the facts bore a wonderful resemblance to the story of Ophelia.

Sir James Hales was a judge of the Common Pleas, who had prominently concerned himself in opposing the succession of Mary the Bloody. When Mary ascended the throne, he expected decapitation, and was actually imprisoned, but by some influence released. His brain, however, became affected by his vicissitudes, and he finally committed suicide by throwing himself into a water-course. Suicide was felony, and his estates became escheated to the crown. The crown in turn granted them to one Petit. But Lady Hales, instructed that the escheat might be attacked, brought ejectment against Petit, the crown tenant. The point was as to whether the forfeiture could be considered as having taken place in the lifetime of Sir James; for, if not, the plaintiff took the estate by survivorship. In other words, could Sir James be visited with the penalty for plunging into a

[1] Act 1, scene 4.

[2] *Shak. Legal Acquirements*, p. 94.

stream of water? For that was all he did actually do. The suicide was only the result of his act, and can a man die during his life? Precisely the point in Ophelia's case as to her burial in consecrated ground. If Ophelia only threw her self into the water, she was only a suicide by consequence, *non constat* that she proposed to die in the aforesaid water. So the case was argued, and the debate of the momentous questions—whether a man who commits suicide dies during his own life or only begins to die; whether he drowns himself, or only goes into the water; whether going into water is a felony, or only part of a felony, and whether a subject can be attainted and his lands escheated for only part of a felony—is so rich in serious absurdity, and the grave-diggers' dialogue over Ophelia's proposed interment in holy ground so literal a travesty, that the humor of the dialogue—entirely the unconscious humor of the learned counsel in Hales *vs.* Petit—can hardly be anything but proof that, admitting William Shakespeare to have written that graveyard scene, William Shakespeare was a practicing lawyer.

Especially since it is to be remembered that *Plowden's report was then, as it is to-day, accessible in Norman Latin law jargon and black-letter type, utterly unintelligible to anybody but an expert antiquarian, and utterly uninviting to anybody.* Law Norman or law Latin was just as unattractive to laymen in Elizabeth's day as it is to lawyers in ours; if possible, more so.

The decision in Hales *vs.* Petit—on account of the standing of parties-plaintiff—might have been town-talk for a day or two; but that the wearying, and, to us, ridiculous dialectics of the argument and decision were town-talk, seems the suggestion of a very simple or of a very bold ignorance as to town life and manners.

Besides, nobody sets the composition of *Hamlet* earlier than Nash's mention of "whole *Hamlets*" in 1587 or 1589—and every commentator of standing puts it about ten years later. That the hair-splitting of a handful of counsel would remain town-talk for twenty-five or thirty-six years is preposterous to suppose. Reference to the arguments in that case could only have been had from Plowden's report.

My friend Senator Davis[1] points out another curious fact, viz.: that a comparison of the *Hamlet* of the quarto of 1603, with the Folio of 1623, shows that part of the text was re-written, to make it more correct in a legal point of view. In the quarto we read:

> Who by a sealed compact, well ratified by law
> And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those
> His lands, which he stood seized of, to the conqueror,
> Against the which a moiety competent
> Was gaged by our king.

But to state this in legal form there is appended, when *Hamlet* comes to be printed in the Folio:

> —which had returned
> To the inheritance of Fortinbras
> Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same cov'nant
> The carriage of the article designed,
> His fell to *Hamlet*.[2]

[1] *The Law in Shakespeare.* [2] *Hamlet*, i, 1.

What poet, not a lawyer, would have stated the agreement in such legal phraseology; and what poet, not a lawyer, would have subsequently added the lines given, to show the *consideration* moving to Fortinbras for the contract? And this for the benefit of such an audience as commonly frequented the Globe!

Richard Grant White says:

No dramatist of the time, not even Beaumont, who was a younger son of a judge of the Common Pleas, and who, after studying in the inns of court, abandoned law for the drama, used legal phrases with Shakespeare's readiness and exactness. And the significance of this fact is heightened by another, that it is only to the language of the law that he exhibits this inclination. The phrases peculiar to other occupations serve him on rare occasions by way of description, comparison or illustration, generally when something in the scene suggests them; but legal phrases *flow from his pen as part of his vocabulary and parcel of his thought.* The word *purchase*, for instance, which in ordinary use meant, as now it means, to acquire by giving value, applies in law to all legal modes of obtaining property, except inheritance or descent. And in this peculiar sense the word occurs five times in Shakespeare's thirty-four plays, but only in a single passage in the fifty-four plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. And in the first scene of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* the father of Hermia begs the ancient privilege of Athens, that he may dispose of his daughter either to Demetrius or to death,

> According to our law
> Immediately provided in that case.

He pleads the statute; and the words run off his tongue in heroic verse, as if he was reading them from a paper.

As the courts of law in Shakespeare's time occupied public attention much more than they do now, it has been suggested that it was in attendance upon them that he picked up his legal vocabulary. But this supposition not only fails to account for Shakespeare's peculiar freedom and exactness in the use of that phraseology — it does not even place him in the way of learning those terms, his use of which is most remarkable, which are not such as he would have heard at ordinary proceedings at *nisi prius*, but such as refer to the tenure or transfer of real property — "fine and recovery," "statutes merchant," "purchase," "indenture," "tenure," "double voucher," "fee simple," "fee farm," "remainder," "reversion," "forfeiture," etc. This conveyancer's jargon could not have been picked up by hanging around the courts of law in London 250 years ago, when suits as to the title to real property were comparatively so rare. And besides, Shakespeare uses his law just as freely in his early plays, written in his first London years, as in those produced at a later period. Just as exactly, too; for the correctness and propriety with which these terms are introduced have compelled the admiration of a chief justice and a lord chancellor.[1]

And again Mr. White says:

Genius, although it reveals general truth and facilitates all acquirement, does not impart facts or acquaintance with general terms; how then can we account for the fact that, in an age when it was the common practice for young lawyers to write plays, one playwright left upon his plays a stronger, a sharper legal stamp than

[1] R. G. White, *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 74.

appears upon those of any of his contemporaries, and that the characters of this stamp are those of the complicated law of real property.[1]

And the same man who wrote this, and who still believed the deer-stealer wrote the Plays, said, shortly before his death, in the *Atlantic Magazine:*

The notion that he was once an attorney's clerk is blown to pieces.

The first to suggest that Shakspere might, at some time, have been a lawyer's clerk, was Malone, who, in 1790, said:

His knowledge of legal terms is not merely such as might be acquired by the casual observation of even his all-comprehending mind; it has the appearance of *technical* skill, and he is so fond of displaying it on all occasions, that I suspect he was early initiated in at least the forms of law, and was employed, while he yet remained at Stratford, in the office of some country attorney, who was at the same time a petty conveyancer, and perhaps also the seneschal of some manor court.

But even Lord Chief Justice Campbell, who, as we have seen, asserts that the writer of the Plays was familiar with the abstrusest parts of the law, is forced to abandon this theory. He says, writing to J. Payne Collier, who favored the law-clerk theory:

Resuming the judge, however, I must lay down that your opponents are not called upon to prove a negative, and that the *onus probandi* rests upon you. You must likewise remember that you require us implicitly to believe a fact, which, were it true, positive and irrefragable evidence, in Shakespeare's own handwriting, might have been forthcoming to establish it. Not having been actually enrolled as an attorney, neither the records of the local court at Stratford, nor of the superior courts at Westminster, would present his name, as being concerned in any suits as an attorney; but it might have been reasonably expected that there would have been deeds or wills witnessed by him still extant; and, *after a very diligent search, none such can be discovered.* Nor can this consideration be disregarded, that between Nash's Epistle, in the end of the sixteenth century, and Chalmers' suggestion, more than two hundred years afterwards, there is no hint, by his foes or his friends, of Shakespeare having consumed pens, paper, ink and pounce in an attorney's office at Stratford.[2]

The Nash Epistle here referred to was an "Epistle to the Gentlemen Students of the Two Universities, by Thomas Nash," prefixed to the first edition of Robert Green's *Menaphon*, published, according to the title-page, in 1589. In it Nash says:

It is a common practice now-a-days, amongst a sort of shifting companions that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavors of art, that could scarcely Latinize their neck verse if they should have need; yet English Seneca, read by candle-light, yields many good sentences, as *Blood is a beggar*, and so forth; and if you entreat him fair, in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets;* I should say handfuls of tragical speeches.

[1] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 76.

[2] *Shak. Legal Acquirements*, p. 110.

This epistle has been cited to prove that Shakspere was a lawyer. In Elizabeth's reign deeds were in the Latin tongue; and all deeds poll, and many other papers, began with the words: "NOVERINT *universi per presentes*"—"Be it known to all men by these presents;"—and hence the business of an attorney was known as "the trade of *noverint.*"

But here are the difficulties that attend this matter: In the first place Nash charges that the party he has in view, "the shifting companion" who could afford whole *Hamlets*, was not only a lawyer, but *born a lawyer;*—"the trade of noverint *whereto they were born.*" In other words, that the party who wrote *Hamlet* had *inherited* the trade of lawyer. We say of one "he was born a gentleman," and we mean, thereby, that his father before him was a gentleman. Now, it is within the possibilities that Shakespeare might have studied for a few months, or a year or two, in some lawyer's office, but assuredly his father was not a lawyer; he could not even write his own name; he was a glover, wool-dealer or butcher. But the description applies precisely to Bacon, whose father had been an eminent lawyer, and who was therefore born a *noverint.*

But there is another mystery about this Nash Epistle.

It is universally conceded, by all the biographers and commentators, that Shakespeare did not begin to write for the stage until 1592. Our highest and most recent authority, J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps,[1] fixes the date of the appearance of Shakespeare's first play as the third of March, 1592, when *Henry VI.* was put on the boards for the first time; and this same Nash tells us that between March 3d, 1592, and the beginning of July, it had been witnessed by "ten thousand spectators at least." And yet we are asked to believe that when Nash, in 1589, or, as some will have it, in 1587, wrote his epistle, and mocked at some lawyer who had written *Hamlet*, he referred to the butcher's apprentice, who did not commence to write until three or five years subsequently!

And there are not wanting proofs, as we will see hereafter, that *Hamlet* appeared in 1585, the very year Shakspere's wife was delivered of the twins, Hamnet and Judith; the very year probably, when Shakspere, aged twenty-one, whipped, scourged and imprisoned for poaching, fled from Stratford to London.

[1] *Outlines of the Life of Shak.*, p. 64.

We can conceive the possibility of a rude and ignorant peasant-boy coming to London, and, conscious of his defects and possessing great powers, applying himself with superhuman industry to study and self-cultivation; but we will find that *Hamlet*, that most thoughtful and scholarly production, was on the boards in 1587, if not in 1585; and *Venus and Adonis*, the "first heir of his invention," must have antedated even this.

Richard Grant White says:

> It has most unaccountably been assumed that this passage [in Nash's Epistle] refers to Shakespeare. . . . That Shakespeare had written this tragedy in 1586, when he was but twenty-two years old, is improbable to the verge of impossibility.[1]

Halliwell-Phillipps says:

> The preceding notices may fairly authorize us to infer that the ancient play of *Hamlet* was written either by an attorney or an attorney's clerk.[2]

The Shakspereans, to avoid the logical conclusions that flow from this Epistle of Nash, are forced to suggest that there must have been an older play of *Hamlet*, written by some one else—"the ancient *Hamlet*," to which Halliwell-Phillipps alludes. But there is no evidence that any other playwright wrote a play of *Hamlet*. It is not probable.

The essence of a new play is its novelty. We find Augustine Phillips, one of the members of Shakspere's company, objecting to playing *Richard II.*, in 1600, for the entertainment of the followers of Essex, because it was an old play, and would not draw an audience, and thereupon Sir Gilly Merrick pays him forty shillings extra to induce him to present it.

The name of a new play has sometimes as much to do with its success as the name of a new novel. Is it probable that a playwright, having written a new play and desirous to draw a crowd and make money, would affix to it the name of some old play, written by some one else, which had been on the boards for ten years or more, and had been worn threadbare? Fancy Dickens publishing a new novel and calling it *Roderick Random*. Or Boucicault bringing out a new drama under the name of *Othello*. The theory is absurd.

We have now two forms of the play of *Hamlet*, published within a year of each other, both with Shakespeare's name on the title-

[1] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 71. [2] *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 270.

page; and one is the crude, first form of the play, and the other is its perfected form, "enlarged to almost twice as much again." Is this first form "the ancient *Hamlet*" to which Nash alluded in 1589? or is it the successor of some still earlier edition? Bacon said of himself: "I never alter but I add." He re-wrote his *Essays*, we are told, thirty times. Says his chaplain, Rawley:

> I have myself at least twelve copies of his *Instauration*, revised year after year, one after another, and every year altered and amended in the frame thereof, till at last it came to that model in which it was committed to the press, as many living creatures do lick their young ones till they bring them to the strength of their limbs.

Why is it not probable that the young *noverint*, "born a lawyer," Francis Bacon, of age in 1582, may, in 1585, when twenty-three years of age, having been "put to all the learning that his time could make him master of," have written a play for the stage, called *Hamlet*, at a time when William Shakspere, three years his junior in age, and fifty years his junior in opportunities, was lying drunk under the crab-tree, or howling under the whips of the beadles?

Hamlet, then, was written by a lawyer; and Shakspere never was a lawyer.

This fact must also not be forgotten, that the knowledge of the law shown in the Plays is not such as could be acquired during a few months spent in a lawyer's office in the youth of the poet, and which would constitute such a species of learning as might be recalled upon questioning. It is evident that the man who wrote the Plays was a thorough lawyer, a learned lawyer, a lawyer steeped in and impregnated with the associations of his profession, and who bubbled over with its language whenever he opened his mouth. For he did not use law terms only when speaking upon legal subjects: the phraseology of the courts rose to his lips even in describing love scenes. He makes the fair Maria, in *Love's Labor Lost*, pun upon a subtle distinction of the law:

> *Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me.
> *Offering to kiss her.*
> *Maria.* Not so, gentle beast:
> My lips are no *common* though *several* they be.
> *Boyet.* Belonging to whom?
> *Maria.* To my fortunes and me.[1]

[1] Act ii, scene 1.

Grant White gives this explanation:

> Maria's meaning and her first pun are plain enough; the second has been hitherto explained by the statement that the several or severall in England was a part of the common, set apart for some particular person or purpose, and that the town bull had equal rights of pasture in common and several. It seems to me, however, that we have here another exhibition of Shakespeare's familiarity with the law, and that the allusion is to tenancy in common by several (*i.e.*, divided, distinct) title. Thus: "Tenants in Common are they which have Lands or Tenements in Fee-simple, fee-taile, or for terme of life, &c., and they have such Lands or Tenements by severall Titles and not by a joynt Title, and none of them know by this his severall, but they ought by the Law to occupie these Lands or Tenements in common and *pro indiviso*, to take the profits in common."[1] . . . Maria's lips were several, as being two, and (as she says in the next line) as belonging in common to her fortunes and to herself, but they were no common pasturage.[2]

There was no propriety in placing puns on law phrases in the mouth of a young lady, and still less in representing a French lady as familiar with English laws and customs as to the pasturage of the town-bull. These phrases found their way to the fair lips of Maria because the author was brimming full of legal phraseology.

Take another instance. We read of —

> A *contract* of *eternal bond* of love,
> *Confirmed* by *mutual joinder* of your *hands*,
> *Attested* by the holy close of lips,
> Strengthened by *interchangement* of your rings;
> And all the ceremony of this *compact*
> *Sealed* in my function by my *testimony*.[3]

To be so saturated with the law the writer must have been in daily practice of the law, and in hourly converse with men of the same profession. He did not seek these legal phrases; they burst from him involuntarily and on all occasions.

Gerald Massey well says:

> The worst of it, for the theory of his having been an attorney's clerk, is that it will not account for his insight into law. His knowledge is not office-sweepings, but ripe fruits, mature, *as though he had spent his life in their growth*.[4]

But it is said that a really learned lawyer could not have written the Plays, because the law put forth in the great trial scene of *The Merchant of Venice* is not good law.

Lord Chief Justice Campbell, however, reviews the proceedings in the case, and declares that "the trial is duly conducted according to the strict forms of legal procedure. . . . Antonio is made to

[1] Co. Litt., lib. iii, cap. 4, sec. 292.
[2] *Shakespeare*, vol. iii, p. 453.
[3] *Twelfth Night*, v, 1.
[4] *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, p. 504.

confess that Shylock is entitled to the pound of flesh . . . according to *the rigid strictness of the common law of England.*"

It is claimed that Shylock could not enforce the penalty of his bond, but was entitled only to the sum loaned and legal interest; and that Antonio should have applied for an injunction to restrain Shylock from cutting off the pound of flesh.

Imagine the play so reformed. The audience are looking forward with feelings of delight to the great trial scene, with its marvelous alternations of hope and despair; with Portia's immortal appeal for mercy while the Jew whets his knife; and anticipating the final triumph of virtue and the overthrow of cruelty. The curtain rolls up, and a dapper lawyer's-clerk steps forward to the footlights to inform the expectant audience that Antonio has procured an injunction, with proper sureties, from the Court of Equity, and that they will find the whole thing duly set forth in the next number of the *Law Reporter!*

In the first place, it is absurd to try a Venetian lawsuit by the antique and barbarous code of England.

In the next place, it is not clear that, even by the rules of the Court of Equity of England, Antonio could have been relieved of the penalty without good cause shown.

> There seems to be a distinction taken in equity between penalties and forfeitures. . . . In the latter, although compensation can be made, relief is not always given.[1]

In the case of Antonio, the pound of flesh was to be *forfeited.*

> If you repay me not on such a day,
> In such a place, such sum or sums as are
> Expressed in the condition, let the *forfeit*
> Be nominated for an equal pound
> Of your fair flesh.[2]

And in the court scene Shylock says:

> My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
> The penalty and *forfeit* of my bond.[3]

And Portia says:

> Why, this bond is *forfeit.*

Certain it is, Bacon, a thorough lawyer, did not understand that *he* could escape the penalty of a bond, even under the laws of Eng-

[1] 3 Daniel's *Chan. Plead. and Prac.*, p. 1946; 2 Story's *Equity Jur.*, § 1321, etc.
[2] Act i, scene 3. [3] Act iv, scene 1.

land, by simply paying the debt and interest. In July, 1603, he was arrested at the suit of a Jew (the original probably of Shylock), and thrown into a sponging-house, and we have his letter to his cousin Robert, Lord Cecil, Secretary of State, begging him to use his power to prevent his creditors from "taking any part of the penalty [of his bond] but principal, interest and costs."

The Judge says:

> There is no power in Venice
> Can alter a decree established.
> *'Twill be recorded for a precedent,*
> And many an error by the same example
> Will rush into the state.

Before a writ of error can be taken from Portia's ruling, it must be shown by some *precedent*, or "decree established," of the Venetian chancery, that Antonio had the right to avoid the forfeiture by tendering the amount received and simple interest; and as no such man as Shylock ever lived, and no such case as that in question was ever tried, it will puzzle the critics to know just how far back to go to establish the *priority* of such a decision.

Again, the point is made that, if Shylock was entitled to his pound of flesh, he was entitled to the blood that would necessarily flow in cutting it; upon the principle, it is said, that if I own a piece of land I have the right to a necessary roadway over another man's land to reach it. True. But in case I can only reach my land by committing murder (for that was what Shylock was undertaking), my lesser property right must be subordinated to the greater natural right of the other man to his life.

But all this reasoning, if it be intended to show that the writer of the play was but partially learned in the law, must give way to the fact that *Shylock* vs. *Antonio* is a dramatic representation, for popular entertainment, and not a veritable law-suit. The plot of *The Merchant of Venice* was taken from the Italian romance *Il Pecorone*, of Giovanni Fiorentino, written in 1378; and there we have the decision of the judge, that the Jew must cut a precise pound of flesh, neither more nor less, and that, if he draw a drop of Christian blood in so doing, he must die for it.

It would be absurd to suppose that a dramatic writer, even though a lawyer, would be obliged to leave out these striking incidents, and substitute a tamer something, in accordance with

that barbarous jumble of justice and injustice called law in England.

But the question after all is to be decided by Venetian, not English precedents. The scene is laid in Venice.

John T. Doyle, Esq., of California, writes a letter to Lawrence Barrett, Esq., the celebrated actor, which has been published in the *Overland Monthly*, in which he discusses "The Case of Shylock." He says:

> The trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice* has, however, always seemed inconsistent with his [Bacon's] supposed legal learning, for the proceedings in it are such as never could have occurred in any court administering English law. Lord Campbell, in his letter to Payne Collyer, has attempted to gloss over the difficulty, but to all common lawyers the attempt is a failure. Save in the fact that the scene presents a plaintiff, a defendant and a judge—characters essential to litigation under any system of procedure—there is no resemblance in the proceedings on the stage to anything that could possibly occur in an English court, or any court administering English law. No jury is impaneled to determine the facts, no witnesses called by either side; on the contrary, when the court opens, the duke who presides is already fully informed of the facts, and has even communicated them, in writing, to Bellario, a learned doctor of Padua, and invited him to come and render judgment in the case.

Mr. Doyle then proceeds to give his experience of a lawsuit he had in the Spanish-American republic of Nicaragua in 1851–2. After describing the verbal summons he received from the *alguazil* to the *alcalde* in his court, Mr. Doyle says:

> Proceedings of some sort were going on at the moment, but the *alcalde* suspended them, received me very courteously, and directed some one present to go and call Don Dolores Bermudez, the plaintiff, into court. The substance of Mr. Bermudez' complaint against the company was then stated to me, and I was asked for my answer to it. I sent for my counsel, and the company's defense was stated orally. The contract out of which the controversy arose was produced, and perhaps a witness or two examined, and some oral discussion followed; those details I forget, for there was nothing in them that struck me as strange. There was, in fact, little, if any, dispute about the facts of the case, the real controversy being as to the company's liability and its extent. We were finally informed that on a given day we should be expected to attend again, when the judge would be prepared with his decision.
>
> At the appointed time we attended accordingly, and the judge read a paper in which all the facts were stated, at the conclusion of which he announced to us that he proposed to submit the question of law involved to Don Buenaventura Silva, a practicing lawyer of Granada, as a "jurisconsult," unless some competent objections were made to him. I learned then that I could challenge the proposed jurisconsult for consanguinity, affinity or favor, just as we challenge a juror. I knew of no cause of challenge against him; my counsel said he was an unexceptionable person; and so he was chosen, and the case was referred to him. Some days after, he returned the papers to the *alcalde* with his opinion, which was in my favor, and the plaintiff's case was dismissed.

In the course of the same afternoon, or next day, I received an intimation that Don Buenaventura expected from me a gratification — the name in that country for what we call a gratuity — and I think the sum of $200 was named. This did not harmonize with my crude notions of the administration of justice, and I asked for explanations. They were given in the stereotyped form used to explain every other anomaly in that queer country, "*Costumbre del pais.*" I thought it a custom more honored in the breach than the observance.

Here we find that the writer of the Plays followed, in all probability, the exact course of procedure usual in Venice, and in all countries subject to the civil law. We even have, as in Portia's case, the expectation that the judge should be rewarded with a gratuity.

The only difference between the writer of the Plays and his critics is, that he knew what he was talking about, and they did not.

My friend Senator Davis, of Minnesota, as a crowning proof that Francis Bacon did not write the Plays, says:

. . . Again, Bacon was actively engaged in the court of chancery many years before he became Lord Chancellor. It was then that the memorable war of jurisdiction was waged between Ellesmere and Coke — and yet there is not in Shakespeare a single phrase, word or application of any principle peculiar to the chancery.[1]

To this my friend John A. Wilstach, Esq., the learned translator of Virgil,[2] and an eminent lawyer, says in a letter addressed to me:

In the English courts, ancient and modern — as even laymen know — the practice at common law and in chancery were and are severed, although the barriers between the two are now, by the gradual adoption of chancery rules in common law practice, largely broken down. In the time of Bacon and Shakespeare the division was distinct: the common-law lawyer was not a chancery practitioner; the chancery practitioner was not a practitioner in the courts of common law. But the general language of both branches of the profession was necessarily (for in history and method they intertwined), if even superficially, known to the followers of both, and the probability is that a practitioner of the one would easily use the current verbiage of the other; indeed it would be strange if either should hold away from the other. A Lord Coke, in the wide scope of literature, would relax his common-law exclusiveness and enlarge the narrow circuit of his professional prepossessions. A Lord Bacon, a student or a judge in chancery, would delight to turn aside from the roses and lilies of equity — some of them exotic plants — and become, for the time, a gratified wanderer in an historic common of pasture, among the butterflies and bees of an indigenous jurisprudence. Hence my suggestion, opposed to that of the learned jurist, is, that this very scope and freedom of law in literature is what the writer of the Shakespeare Plays has given himself. And I find in the rambling pasture of the common law, according to his own outgivings, he has met, besides its attractive features, other and repelling ones — thorns, quagmires and serpents. I find that, on a close examination of

[1] *Law in Shakespeare*.

[2] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

the Shakespeare Plays, the averment of the learned jurist as to the want of chancery features therein is not proven. I find that there *are* passages wherein, in the most evident manner, chancery principles and the equity practice are recognized and extolled; and, further yet, that among passages tolerant or praiseful of the common law are also found passages wherein *its* principles and practice are held up to derision and even to scorn. And while it is true that phrases are not proofs, but only grounds whence inferences may be drawn, yet the citations I shall offer will be of as high a grade as those which are offered to support the propositions which I contest. Nor is the argument weakened in its application to the Baconian question by the establishment of the fact that the participation in the production of the Shakespeare Plays on the part of Bacon was the work of his *early* manhood. Coleridge well formulates the general experience when he says that "a young author's first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuit."

He is, at this early age, too, more conversant with the literature of his art; is more recently from the books and sometimes is observed to carry a head inflated with pride in that branch of the profession which his bent of mind has led him to favor. First let me recall some of those passages wherein derision and censure are visited upon the common law — the "biting" severity of its principles, the "hideous" deformity of its practice.

The most superficial reader of these dramas will need no reminder of the satires conveyed in the conversation of Justices Dogberry and Shallow, Constable Elbow and the clowns in *Twelfth Night*, and the more dignified broadsides of Wolsey and Queen Katharine, and Hamlet and Portia, and their interlocutors. As my reading goes, puerility, pedantry, corruption and chicanery, in legal practice, have found in all literature no denunciations so severe, no ridicule so effective.

In *1st Henry IV.*, i, 2, the derision takes, in the mouth of Falstaff, the form of "the rusty curb of old Father Antic, the Law," the metaphor being that of a superannuated clown who, with rusty methods, methods old and lacking polish, cheats the people out of the attainment of their cherished desires.

> When law can do no right,
> Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.[1]
>
> Since law itself is perfect wrong,
> How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?[2]
>
> The state of law is bond-slave to the law.[3]
>
> But in these nice, sharp quillets of the law, etc.[4]
>
> The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power,
> Have checked theft.[5]
>
> The bloody book of law, etc.[6]
>
> Crack the lawyer's voice,
> That he may nevermore false title plead.[7]
>
> My head to my good man's hat,
> These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.[8]

Parolles, the lawyer in *All's Well that Ends Well*, uses contemptuously the legal machinery applicable to English estates in describing how Dumain would convey away a title in fee-simple to his salvation; and, with the same contemptuous reference to the same machinery, Mrs. Page describes the devil's titles to Falstaff.

Now let us take up the praises of chancery.

[1] *King John*, iii, 1. [2] *Ibid.*, iii, 1. [3] *Richard II.*, ii, 1.
[4] *1st Henry VI.*, ii, 4. [5] *Timon of Athens*, iv, 3. [6] *Othello*, iii, 1.
[7] *Timon of Athens*, v, 3. [8] *Love's Labor Lost*, i, 1.

And, first, I cite a passage which the learned jurist himself quotes. My italics will indicate my impression that, in his bent for common law, he has failed to give emphasis to the most important feature of the passage.

> In the corrupted currents of this world
> Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice,
> And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
> Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
> There is no shuffling, *there the action lies*
> *In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd*
> *Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,*
> *To give in evidence.*[1]

And, to pass to others:

> Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous;
> *Virtue* is choked with foul ambition,
> And *charity* chased hence by rancor's hand,
> Fell subornation is predominant,
> And *equity* exiled your highness' land.[2]

What a trinity is here: Virtue, Charity, Equity! Opposed, too, to the hellish trio of ambition, rancor and subornation.

A larger definition of equity jurisprudence could not well be had than that it is "strong authority looking into the blots and stains of right."

> *King John.* From whom hast thou this great commission,
> To draw mine answer from thine articles?
>
> *King Philip.* From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts
> In any breast of *strong authority*,
> *To look into the blots and stains of right.*
> That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
> Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
> And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

This passage is also cited by the learned jurist, but it is only to remark upon the words *warrant* and *impeach*. It contains, as I have observed, the very definition of chancery jurisprudence, and besides employs terms technical in chancery practice, *commission articles* and *answer*.

Themes which, in an especial manner, engage the intellect and the heart of the student and practitioner of chancery principles are "Charity," "Mercy," "Conscience."

In contrast with the evasions and chicanery which are, in the Shakespeare Plays and elsewhere, the reproach of the practice at common law, chancery decides from considerations of what is right and just between man and man, *ex æquo et bono*. Chancery jurisdiction enters the breast of the party himself, and there sets up its forum in his conscience. The interrogatories authorized by the chancery practice arraign and search that conscience, and, upon an oath binding upon it, "compel" the reluctant litigant, "even to the teeth and forehead of his faults, to give in evidence."

> Every man's conscience is a thousand swords.[3]
> My conscience hath a thousand several tongues.[4]
> The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul![5]
>
> Well, believe this,
> No ceremony that to great ones 'longs
> Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
> The marshal's truncheon, nor *the judge's robe*,
> Becomes them with one-half so good a grace
> As *mercy* does.[6]

[1] *Hamlet*, iii, 3.
[2] *2nd Henry VI.*, iii, 1.
[3] *Richard III.*, v, 2.
[4] Ibid., v, 3.
[5] Ibid., i, 3.
[6] *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
. . . . . .
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.[1]

In addition to these citations, touching Shakespeare's use of the terms of the equity courts, I would quote the following from Judge Holmes:

Indeed, it is clear that Portia's knowledge extended even to chancery practice, and continued to the end of the piece:

Portia. Let us go in
And charge us there upon int'rogatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.[2]

The terms of chancery practice, *charges*, *interrogatories* and *answer*, are dragged in by the heels despite the protests of the refractory meter.

But passing from this point, I will add a few more extracts which bespeak the lawyer:

Sir, for a *quart d'écu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail for all remainder.[3]

And again:

If the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.[4]

And again:

Time stays still with lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term.[5]

Judge Holmes says:[6]

Mr. Rushton cites the statute 16 Richard II., which was leveled against the Pope's usurpations of sovereignty in England, and enacted that "if any do bring any translation, process, sentence of excommunication, bulls, instruments, etc., within the realm, or receive them, *they shall be put out of the King's protection, and their lands, tenements, goods and chattels forfeited to the King*," and compares it with the speech of Suffolk in the play of *Henry VIII.*, thus:

Suff. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a præmunire,
That therefore such a writ be sued against you:
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.[7]

[1] *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1.
[2] *Authorship of Shak.*, 3d ed., p. 637.
[3] *All's Well that Ends Well*, iv, 3.
[4] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv, 2.
[5] *As You Like It*, iii, 2.
[6] *Authorship of Shak.*, 3d ed., p. 630.
[7] *Henry VIII.*, iii, 2.

It is manifest here, as Mr. Rushton thinks, that the author of the Plays was exactly acquainted with the very language of this old statute.

This, then, is the syllogism which faces the Shakspereans:

1. The man who wrote the Plays was a lawyer.

2. William Shakspere was not a lawyer.

3. Therefore, William Shakspere did not write the Plays.

But if they shift their ground, and fall back upon the *supposition* that Shakspere might have been a lawyer's clerk during his pre-London residence in Stratford, they encounter these difficulties:

1. There is not the slightest proof of this fact; and if it was true, proof could not fail to be forthcoming.

2. There is not a scrap of tradition that points to it.

3. Granting it to be possible, it would not explain away the difficulty. It would not have been sufficient for Shakspere to have passed a few months in a lawyer's office in Stratford in his youth. The man who wrote the Plays must have lived and breathed in an atmosphere of the law, which so completely filled his whole being that he could not speak of war or of peace, of business or of love, of sorrow or of pleasure, without scintillating forth legal expressions; and these he placed indifferently in the mouths of young and old, learned and unlearned, Greeks, Romans, Italians, Frenchmen, Scotchmen and Englishmen.

Having, as I hope, demonstrated to the satisfaction of my readers that William Shakspere could not have written the Plays which go abroad in his name, we come to the second branch of my argument, to-wit: that FRANCIS BACON, of St. Albans, son of Queen Elizabeth's Lord Keeper, Nicholas Bacon, was their real author.

PART II.

FRANCIS BACON THE AUTHOR OF THE PLAYS.

CHAPTER I.

FRANCIS BACON WAS A POET.

Mount, eagle, to thy palace crystalline.
Cymbeline, v., 4.

WE come now to an important branch of this inquiry.

It will be said: Granted that Francis Bacon possessed a great and mighty genius; granted that he was master of the vast learning revealed in the Plays; granted that he had the laborious industry necessary for their preparation; granted that they reveal a character and disposition, political, social and religious views, studies and investigations, identical with his own; granted that we are able to marshal a vast array of parallel thoughts, beliefs, expressions and even errors: the great question still remains, Was Francis Bacon a poet? Did he possess the imagination, the fancy, the sense of the beautiful—in other words, the divine faculty, the fine phrensy, the capacity to "give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name"? Was he not merely a philosopher, a dry and patient investigator of nature, a student of things, not words; of the useful, not the beautiful?

I. The Universal Mind.

Ralph Waldo Emerson grasped the whole answer to this question when he said: "The true poet and the true philosopher are one." The complete mind (and we are reminded of Ulysses' application of the word to Achilles, "thou great and *complete* man") enfolds in its orb all the realms of thought; it perceives not alone

the nature of things, but the subtle light of beauty which irradiates them; it is able not only to trace the roots of facts into the dead, dull, material earth, but to follow the plant as it rises into the air and find in the flower thoughts too deep for tears. The purpose of things, the wherefore of things and the glory of things are all one to the God who made them, and to the great broad brain to which He has given power enough to comprehend them. But such minds are rare. Science tells us that the capacity of memory underlies those portions of the brain that perceive, but only a small share of them, and that if you excise a part of the brain, but not all of any particular department, the surrounding territory, which theretofore lay dormant, will now develop the faculty which was formerly exercised by the part removed. So it would seem that in all brains there is the capacity for universal intelligence, but there is lacking some power which forces it into action. The intellect lies like a mass of coals, heated, alive, but dormant; it needs the blow-pipe of genius to oxygenate and bring it to a white heat; and it rarely happens, in the history of mankind, that the whole brain is equally active, and the whole broad temple of the soul lighted up in every part. The world is full of men whose minds glow in spots. The hereditary blood-force, or power of nutrition, or purpose of God, or whatever it may be, is directed to a section of the intelligence, and it blazes forth in music, or poetry, or painting, or philosophy, or action, or oratory. And the world, as it cannot always behold the full orb of the sun, is delighted to look upon these stars, points of intense brilliancy, glorious with a fraction of the universal fire.

II. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

But occasionally there is born into the world a sun-like soul, the orb of whose brain, as Bacon says, "is concentric with the universe."

One of these was Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, the great spirit of German literature. Like Bacon, he sprang from the common people; but, like him, not directly from them. His father was an imperial councilor, his mother was the daughter of the chief magistrate of the city. Like Bacon, he was thoroughly educated. Like him, his intellectual activity manifested itself in his early

years. "Before he was ten years of age he wrote several languages, meditated poems, invented stories and had considerable familiarity with works of art." He began to write verse while yet at college. He associated with actors, free-thinkers and jovial companions. When twenty-three years of age he published his first play, *Götz von Berlichingen;* two years later he wrote *The Sorrows of Werther*, and *Clavigo*, a drama. He also projected a drama on Mohammed and another on Prometheus, and began to revolve in his mind his greatest work, *Faust.* At the same time, while he was astonishing the world with his poetical and dramatic genius, he was engaged in a profound study of natural science. When forty-three years of age, he published his *Beiträge zur Optik*, and his *Farbenlehre*, in the latter of which he questioned the correctness of the Newtonian theory of colors. "He wrote also on the metamorphosis of plants, and on topics of comparative anatomy. In all these he displayed remarkable penetration and sagacity, and his remarks on the morphology of plants are now reckoned among the earlier enunciations of the theory of evolution." *Faust* was not finished until he was fifty-six years old.

We see here, as in the case of Bacon, a vivacious, active youth, full of emotion and poetry; the dramatic faculty forcing itself out in great dramas; wide learning; some capacity for affairs of state (he was privy councilor of legation at the court of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar); and, running through all, profound studies in philosophy and natural science. Goethe was always in easy circumstances. We have only to imagine him living in poverty, forced to maintain appearances, and yet to earn his living by his pen, with no avenue open to him but the play-house, and we have all the conditions, with added genius and philanthropic purposes, to make a Bacon.

If the poetical works of Goethe had been published anonymously, or in the name of some friend, it would have been difficult to persuade the world, in after years, that the philosopher and the poet were one.

III. Had Bacon the Poetic Temperament?

First, let us inquire whether Bacon possessed the poetic temperament.

Bacon says:

For myself, I found that I was fitted for nothing so well as for the study of truth; as having a mind *nimble and versatile* enough to catch the resemblances of things.[1]

But, it may be asked, had he that fine sensibility which accompanies genius; did he possess those delicate chords from which time and chance and nature draw their most exquisite melodies—those chords which, as Burns says,

Vibrate sweetest pleasure,

and

Thrill the deepest notes of woe?

The answer is plain.

Macaulay speaks of Bacon's mind as

The most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men.[2]

Montagu says:

His imagination was fruitful and vivid. He was of a temperament *of the most delicate sensibility:* so excitable as to be affected by the slightest alterations in the atmosphere.[3]

And remember that neither Macaulay nor Montagu dreamed of the possibility of Bacon being the author of the Shakespeare Plays.

Emerson calls the writer of the Plays, as revealed therein, "the most susceptible of human beings."

Bacon's chaplain and biographer, Dr. Rawley, says:

It may seem the moon had some principal place in the figure of his nativity, for the moon was never in her passion or eclipsed but he was surprised with a sudden fit of fainting; and that though he observed not nor took any previous knowledge of the eclipse thereof; and as soon as the eclipse ceased he was restored to his former strength again.

IV. Was he a Lover of Poetry?

Many things might be quoted from his writings to show his love of poetry and his profound study of it. He says it "elevates the mind from the dungeon of the body to the enjoying of its own divine essence."

He even contemplated the improvement of poetry by the invention of new measures or meters. He says:

[1] Preface to *The Interpretation of Nature.* [2] *Essays, Bacon,* p. 263.
[3] Montagu's *Life of Bacon.*

For though men with learned tongues do tie themselves to the ancient measures, yet in modern languages it seemeth to me as free to make new measures of verses as of dances; for a dance is a measured pace, as a verse is a measured speech.[1]

The basis of Bacon's mind was the imagination. This is the eye of the soul. By it the spirit sees into the relations of objects. This it is gives penetration, for it surveys things as the eagle does — from above. And this is Bacon's metaphor. He says:

Some writings have more of the *eagle* in them than others.[2]

It was this descending sight, commanding the whole landscape, that enabled him to make all knowledge his province, and out of this vast scope of view grew his philosophy. It was but a higher poetry. Montaigne says:

Philosophy is no other than a falsified poesie. . . . Plato is but a poet unript. All superhuman sciences make use of the poetic style.

V. The Character of Bacon's Mind.

Alfred H. Welsh says of Bacon:

He belongs to the realm of the imagination, of eloquence, of history, of jurisprudence, of ethics, of metaphysics; the investigation of the powers and operations of the human mind. His writings have the gravity of prose, *with the fervor and vividness of poetry*. . . . Shakespeare, with greater variety, contains no more vigorous or expressive condensations.

Edmund Burke says:

Who is there that, hearing the name of Bacon, does not instantly recognize everything of genius the most profound, of literature the most extensive, of discovery the most penetrating, of observation of human life the most distinguishing and refined?

Macaulay says:

The poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind, but not, like his wit, so powerful as occasionally to usurp the place of his reason, and to tyrannize over the whole man. No imagination was ever at once so strong and so thoroughly subjugated. It never stirred but at a signal from good sense; it stopped at the first check of good sense. Yet, though disciplined to such obedience, it gave noble proofs of its vigor. In truth, much of Bacon's life was passed in a visionary world, amidst things as strange as any that are described in the Arabian tales.[3]

Montagu says:

His mind, like the sun, had both light and agility; it knew no rest but in motion, no quiet but in activity; it did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object. . . . His understanding could almost pierce into future contingents, his

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii. [2] Ibid. [3] *Essays, Bacon*, p. 285.

conjectures improving even to prophecy; he saw consequences yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn in the womb of their causes.[1]

Macaulay speaks of his

Compactness of expression and richness of fancy.[2]

Addison said of his prayer, composed in the midst of his afflictions, in 1621:

For elevation of thought and greatness of expression, it seems rather the devotion of an angel than a man.[3]

Fowler says:

His utterances are not infrequently marked with a grandeur and solemnity of tone, a majesty of diction, which renders it impossible to forget, and difficult even to criticise them. . . . There is no author, unless it be Shakespeare, who is so easily remembered or so frequently quoted. . . . The terse and burning words issuing from the lips of an irresistible commander.[4]

R. W. Church speaks of

The bright torch of his incorrigible imaginativeness.[5] . . . He was a genius second only to Shakespeare. . . . He liked to enter into the humors of a court; to devote *brilliant imagination* and *affluence of invention* to devising a pageant which should throw all others into the shade.[6]

That he was master of the dramatic faculty will be made plain to any one who reads that interesting dialogue entitled *An Advertisement Touching an Holy War*, and observes the skill with which the conversation is carried on, and the separate characters of the parties maintained.

VI. Did Bacon Claim to be a Poet?

Let us next ask ourselves this question: Did Bacon *claim* to be a poet?

Certainly. We have among his acknowledged works a series of translations, the Psalms of David, made in his old age, and composed upon a sick-bed.

Mr. Spedding says of these translations:

It has been usual to speak of them as a ridiculous failure; a censure in which I cannot concur. . . . I should myself infer from this sample that Bacon had all the natural faculties which a poet wants: a fine ear for meter, a fine feeling for imaginative effect in words, and a vein of poetic passion. . . . The thought could not well be fitted with imagery, words and rhythm more apt and imaginative; and there is a tenderness of expression which comes manifestly out of a heart in sensitive sympathy with nature. The heroic couplet could hardly do its work better in

[1] Montagu's *Life of Bacon*.
[2] *Essays, Bacon*, p. 240.
[3] Fowler's *Bacon*, p. 57.
[4] Ibid., p. 202.
[5] *Francis Bacon*, p. 208.
[6] Ibid., p. 214.

the hands of Dryden. The truth is that Bacon was not without the fine phrensy of the poet.[1]

I quote a few passages from these Psalms, selected at random:

> There do the stately ships plough up the floods;
> The greater navies look like walking woods.

This reminds us of the walking wood in *Macbeth:*

> As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
> I looked toward Birnam, and, anon, methought,
> The wood began to move.[2]

He speaks of

> The sappy cedars, tall like stately towers.

Again:

> The vales their hollow bosoms opened plain,
> The streams ran trembling down the vales again.

He speaks of the birds—

> Stroking the gentle air with pleasant notes.

He describes life as

> This bubble light, this vapor of our breath.

He says:

> So that, with present griefs and future fears,
> Our eyes burst forth into a stream of tears.

Again:

> Why should there be such turmoil and such strife,
> To spin in length this feeble line of life?

It must be remembered, in extenuation of any defects in these translations, that they were the work of sickness and old age, when his powers were shrunken. They were written in his sixty-fifth year—one year before his death. We will see that they are not equal in scope and vigor even to his prose writings. He himself noted this difference between youth and age.

He says:

> There is a youth in thoughts as well as in age; and yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old, and *imaginations stream into their minds better*, and as it were *more divinely*.[3]

VII. The Exaltations of Genius.

Neither can we judge what great things genius can do in the blessed moments of its highest exaltation by the beggarly dregs of daily life. Lord Byron said, in a letter to Tom Moore:

[1] *Works*, vii, 269. [2] *Macbeth*, v, 4. [3] Essay *Of Youth and Age.*

A man's poetry has no more to do with the every-day individual than the inspiration with the Pythoness, when removed from the tripod.

Richard Grant White ridicules "the great inherent absurdity — the unlikeness of Bacon's mind and style to those of the writer of the Plays," to which William D. O'Connor well replies:

Of all fudge ever written this is the sheerest. Methinks I see a critic with his sagacious right eye fixed upon the long loping alexandrines of Richelieu, and his sagacious left eye fixed upon Richelieu's *Maxims of State*, oracularly deciding from the unlikeness of mind and style that the great Cardinal could not have written the tragi-comedy of *Mirame!* Could he inform us (I will offer the most favorable instance possible) what likeness of "mind and style" he could detect between Sir William Blackstone's charming verses, *A Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse*, and the same Sir William Blackstone's *Commentaries?* What likeness of "mind and style" could he establish between the famous treatise by Grotius, on *The Rights of Peace and War*, and the stately tragedy by Grotius entitled *Adam in Exile?* Where is the identity of "mind and style" between Sir Walter Raleigh's dry-as-dust *Cabinet Council* and Sir Walter Raleigh's magnificent and ringing poem, *The Soul's Errand?* What likeness of "mind and style" could he find between Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* and the unearthly melody and magian imagery of Coleridge's *Kubla Khan?* What likeness of "mind and style" exists between the exquisite riant grace, lightness and Watteau-color of Milton's *Allegro*, the gracious andante movement and sweet cloistral imagery of Milton's *Penserosa*, and the *Tetrachordon*, or the *Areopagitica* of the same John Milton? Are the solemn, rolling harmonies of *Paradise Lost* one in "mind and style" with the trip-hammer crash of the reply to Salmasius by Cromwell's Latin secretary? Could the most astute reviewer discover likeness of "mind and style" between *Peregrine Pickle* or *Roderick Random* and the noble and majestic passion of the *Ode to Independence?* —

> Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
> Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye!
> Thy steps I'll follow with my bosom bare,
> Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.[1]

VIII. Bacon's Court Mask.

Let us go a step farther and prove that Bacon wrote verse, and mastered the difficulties of rhythm and rhyme, in other productions besides the translation of a few psalms.

Messrs. Spedding and Dixon brought to light, in their researches, two fragments of a court mask which is believed to be unquestionably Bacon's, and in it, as an oracle, occur these verses, spoken of a blind Indian boy. The queen, of course, is Elizabeth:

> Seated between the Old World and the New,
> A land there is no other land may touch,
> Where reigns a queen in peace and honor true;
> Stories or fables do describe no such.

[1] *Hamlet's Note Book*, p. 56, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

Never did Atlas such a burden bear,
As she in holding up the world oppress;
Supplying with her virtue everywhere
Weakness of friends, errors of servants best.
No nation breeds a warmer blood for war,
And yet she calms them by her majesty;
No age hath ever wits refined so far,
And yet she calms them by her policy:
To her thy son must make his sacrifice
If he will have the *morning of his eyes*.

Certainly this exhibits full possession of the powers requisite in metrical composition, while the closing expression for restoration from blindness, "the morning of his eyes," is eminently poetical.

IX. Other Verses by Bacon.

There are also some other verses which go under the name of Bacon. They are worthy of the pen that wrote Shakespeare:

Mr. Spedding publishes in his great edition of *Bacon's Works*,[1] a poem, which he calls "a remarkable performance." It is a paraphrase of a Greek epigram, attributed by some to Poseidippus, by others to Plato, the comic poet, and by others to Crates, the cynic. In 1629, only three years after Bacon's death, Thomas Farnaby, a contemporary and scholar, published a collection of Greek epigrams. After giving the epigram in question, with its Latin translation on the opposite page, he adds: "*Huc elegantem V. C. L. Domini Verulamii παρωδιαν adjicere adlubuit;*" and then prints the English lines below (the only English in the book), with a translation of his own opposite in rhyming Greek. A copy of the English lines was also found among Sir Henry Wotton's papers, with the name *Francis Lord Bacon* at the bottom. Spedding says, "Farnaby's evidence is direct and strong," and he expresses the opinion that the internal evidence is in favor of the poem being the work of Bacon. Spedding says:

> The English lines which follow are not meant for a translation, and can hardly be called a paraphrase. They are rather another poem on the same subject and with the same sentiment; and though the topics are mostly the same, the treatment of them is very different. The merit of the original consists almost entirely in its compactness; there being no special felicity in the expression, or music in the meter. In the English, compactness is not aimed at, and a tone of plaintive melody is imparted, which is due chiefly to the metrical arrangement, and has something very pathetic in it to the ear.

[1] Vol. xiv, p. 115, Boston ed.

The world's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span;
In his conception wretched, from the womb
So to the tomb;
Cursed from his cradle and brought up to years
With cares and fears:
Who, then, to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns the water, or but writes in dust.

Yet, whilst with sorrow here we live oppress,
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools,
To dandle fools;
The rural parts are turned into a den
Of savage men;
And where's the city from foul vice so free
But may be termed the worst of all the three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head.
Those that live single take it for a curse,
Or do things worse.
Some would have children; those that have them moan,
Or wish them gone.
What is it, then, to have or have no wife,
But single thraldom or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please
Is a disease:
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Perils and toil.
Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease,
We're worse in peace.
What then remains, but that we still should cry
Not to be born, or, being born, to die?

I differ with Mr. Spedding. These verses are exceedingly terse and compact. They exhibit a complete mastery over rhythm and rhyme. Those two lines,—

Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns the water, or but writes in dust,—

are worthy of any writer in the language. We are reminded of the pathetic utterance of poor Keats, who requested that his friends should place upon his tomb the words:

Here lies one whose name was writ in water.

Mr. Spedding also gives us[1] the following lines, inferior to the above, found in a volume of manuscript collections now in the British Museum:

[1] Vol. xiv, p. 114.

VERSES MADE BY MR. FRANCIS BACON.

The man of life upright, whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds and thoughts of vanity;
The man whose silent days in harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude, nor fortune discontent:
That man needs neither towers, nor armor for defense,
Nor secret vaults to fly from thunder's violence;
He only can behold with unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep and terrors of the skies;
Thus scorning all the care that Fate or Fortune brings,
He makes the Heaven his book, his wisdom heavenly things;
Good thoughts his only friends, his life a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn,—a quiet pilgrimage.

Mrs. Pott[1] quotes a poem entitled *The Retired Courtier*, from Dowland's *First Book of Songs*, published 1600; and she gives many very good reasons for believing that it was from the pen of Bacon. Certain it is that the verses are of extraordinary excellence, and were claimed by no one else, and they afford numerous parallels with the Plays:

THE RETIRED COURTIER.

I.

His golden locks hath Time to silver turned;
O time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen,
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

II.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' sonnets turn to holy psalms.
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers which are age's alms;
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

III.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song:
Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well!
Curst be the soul that thinks her any wrong!
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

What a beautiful and poetical conception is that:

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees!

[1] *Promus*, appendix D, p. 528.

If Bacon did not write this, who was the unknown poet to whom it can be ascribed?

His saint is sure of his *unspotted heart*,

says the poem.

A pure, *unspotted heart*,

says Shakespeare.[1]

Allow this aged man his right
To *be your beadsman* now.

Says Bacon to Lord Burleigh (1597):

I will still *be your beadsman*.

X. Bacon's Concealed Writings.

Let us next inquire: Were these extracts all of Bacon's poetical works? Is there any evidence that he was the author of any *concealed* writings?

Yes. Mrs. Pott says:

There are times noted by Mr. Spedding when Bacon wrote with closed doors and when the subject of his studies is doubtful; and there is one long vacation of which the same careful biographer remarks that he cannot tell what work the indefatigable student produced during those months, for that he knows of none whose date corresponds with the period. Perhaps it was at such a time Bacon took recreation in the form in which he recommended it to others, not by idleness, but by bending the bow in an opposite direction; for he says: "I have found now twice, upon amendment of my fortunes, disposition to melancholy and distaste, especially the same happening against the long vacation, when company failed and business both." The same distaste to what he in a letter calls the "dead vacation" is seen in *As You Like It*, act iii, scene 2:

Who stays it [time] still withal?
With lawyers in the vacation.

Bacon says in a letter to Tobie Matthew:

I have sent you some copies of my book of the *Advancement*, which you desired; and a little work *of my recreation*, which you desired not. My *Instauration* I reserve for conference; it sleeps not. Those works of the *alphabet* are in my opinion of less use to you where you now are than at Paris. [1607-9.]

Mr. Spedding cannot guess what those works of the *alphabet* may have been, unless they referred to Bacon's experiments at cipher-writing.

When he has become *Sir* Francis, Bacon writes to Tobie Matthew:

I send my desire to you in this letter that you will *take care not to leave the writing* which I left with you last *with any man so long that he may be able to take a copy of it.*

And that this was evidently some composition of his own appears by the fact that he asks his friend's criticism upon it, and to

[1] *1st Henry VI.*, v, 4.

"point out where I do perhaps *indormiscere*, or where I do *indulgere genio;* or where, in fine, I give any manner of disadvantage to myself."

Does this mean that he fears he will reveal himself by his style?

Again, he writes to the same friend:

You conceive aright, that in this and the other, you have commission to impart and communicate them to others, according to your discretion; *other matters I write not of.*[1]

What was the meaning of all this mystery?

Bacon refers to some unnamed work which he sends to his friend as "a work of his recreation." And in *The Advancement of Learning*[2] he says:

As for poesy, it is rather a pleasure or play of the imagination than a work or duty thereof.

And in *Macbeth* we have:

The labor we delight in physics pain.[3]

And in *Antony and Cleopatra* we have:

The business that we love, we rise betimes
And go to it with delight.[4]

Bacon in his *Apology* says:

It happened, a little before that time, that her Majesty had a purpose to dine at Twickenham Park, at which time I had (although I *profess* not to be a poet) prepared a sonnet directly tending and alluding to draw on her Majesty's reconcilement to my Lord, which I remember I also showed to a great person.

Mr. William Thompson[5] calls attention to the fact that this sonnet has never been found among Bacon's papers, or elsewhere, and suggests that this is one of the sonnets that go under the name of Shakespeare.

When James I., after the death of Elizabeth, was about to come to England, to assume the crown, Master John Davis, afterward Sir John Davis, the poet and courtier, went to meet him, whereupon Bacon sent after him this significant letter:

Master Davis:

Though you went on the sudden, yet you could not go before you had spoken with yourself to the purpose which I will now write. And, therefore, I know it shall be altogether needless, save that I meant to show you that I was not asleep.

[1] Letter to Tobie Matthew, 1609. [2] Book ii. [3] Act ii, scene 3. [4] Act iv, scene 4.
[5] *The Renascene Drama; or, History Made Visible.* By William Thompson, F.R.C.S., F.L.S. Melbourne, 1880.

Briefly, I commend myself to your love and the well-using of my name, as well in repressing and answering for me, if there be any biting or nibbling at it, in that place; as by imprinting a good conceit and opinion of me, chiefly in the King (of whose favor I make myself comfortable assurance), and otherwise in that court. And, not only so, but generally to perform to me all the good offices which the vivacity of your wit can suggest to your mind, to be performed to one with whose affection you have so great sympathy, and in whose fortune you have so great interest. *So desiring you to be good to all concealed poets*, I continue, etc.

This letter is very significant. It is addressed to a poet; it anticipates that there will be "biting and nibbling" at his good name; it begs the friendly services of Davis; and it concludes by asking him to be good "*to all concealed poets.*" This plainly refers to himself. The whole context shows it. We know that Bacon was a poet. Here he admits that he is a *concealed* poet. That is to say, that he was the author of poetical writings which he does not acknowledge—"which go about in others' names."

This pregnant admission half proves my case; for if the "concealed" poetical writings were not the Shakespeare Plays, what were they? Are there any other poetical writings in that age whose authorship is questioned? If so, what are they?

And we have another proof of this in a letter of Sir Tobie Matthew to Bacon, which, being addressed to him as the Viscount St. Albans, must necessarily have been written subsequent to the 27th January, 1621, when his Lordship was invested with that title. Judge Holmes says:

It appears to be in answer to a letter from Lord Bacon, dated "the 9th of April" (year not given), accompanying some great and noble token of his "Lordship's favor," which was in all probability a newly printed book; for Bacon, as we know from the letters, was in the habit of sending to Mr. Matthew a copy of his books as they were published. . . . Neither is there anything in the way of the supposition that this date may actually have been the 9th of April, 1623; and there was no publication of any work of Bacon, during that spring, which he would be sending to Mr. Matthew unless it were precisely this Folio of 1623.[1]

The postscript is as follows:

P. S. The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, *is of your Lordship's name*, THOUGH HE BE KNOWN BY ANOTHER.

If we suppose that "the great and noble token" was the Shakespeare Folio of 1623, we can understand this. If Tobie Matthew, Bacon's intimate friend and correspondent, his "other self" as he calls him, to whom he wrote about the mysterious works of the

[1] *Authorship of Shak.*, p. 172.

alphabet, and to whom he sent "the works of his recreation" (not to be left where any one could take a copy of them)—if Tobie Matthew knew that "the great and noble token" was written by "the concealed poet," Bacon, and if he desired, as part of his thanks, to compliment him upon the mighty genius manifested in it, what is more natural than that he should allude to the hidden secret in the way he does? He says, in effect, writing from abroad: "Thanks for the Folio. Your Lordship is the greatest wit of our nation, and of this side of the sea (that is, in all Europe), though your noblest work is published under another name."

In another letter Tobie Matthew writes him:

> I shall give you "*Measure for Measure*."

He was familiar with the Plays of Shakespeare. After Shakespeare's death, he wrote a letter, in which he refers to Falstaff as the author of a speech which he quotes. And in 1598 he writes to Dudley Carleton, again quoting from Falstaff: "Well, honour pricks them on, and the world thinckes that honour will quickly prick them off againe."

That there were concealed poets in London among the gentlemen scholars, and the lawyers in the inns of court, we know in another way: In Webb's *Discourse of Poetry*, published in 1586, after enumerating the writers of the day, Whetstone, Munday, etc., he adds:

> I am humbly to desire pardon of the learned company of *gentlemen scholars* and students of the universities and *inns of court*, if I omit their several commendations in this place, which I know a great number of them have worthily deserved, *in many rare devices and singular inventions of poetry;* for neither hath it been my good hap to have seen all which I have heard of, neither is my abiding in such place where I can with facility get knowledge of their works.[1]

In Spenser's *Teares of the Muses*, printed in 1591, there is a passage beginning:

> And he the man whom Nature's self had made
> To mock her selfe and Truth to imitate,
> With kindly counter under mimic shade,
> Our pleasant Willy, ah, is dead of late!

This has been held to refer to Shakspere, chiefly, it would seem, because of the name Willy. "But," says Richard Grant White,[2] "'Willy,' like 'shepherd,' was not uncommonly used merely to mean a poet, and was distinctly applied to Sir Philip

[1] Knight, *Shak. Biography*, p. 428. [2] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 95.

Sidney, in an eclogue preserved in Davidson's *Poetical Rhapsody*, published in 1602. And *The Teares of the Muses* had certainly been written before 1590, when Shakspere could not have arisen to the position assigned, by the first poet of the age, to the subject of this passage, and probably before 1580, when Shakspere was a boy of sixteen at Stratford."

And if these lines referred to Shakspere, what is meant by the words, "with kindly counter under mimic shade"? Certainly Shakspere never appeared under any mimic shade or disguise; while, if the lines referred to Bacon, old enough even in 1580 to be a poet and a friend of Spenser, there might be an allusion here to his use of some play-actor's name as a disguise for his productions, just as we find him in the sonnets referring to himself as

> Keeping invention in a *noted weed*
> *Till every word does almost speak my name.*

But I shall discuss this matter more at length hereafter.

And Bacon, in a prayer made while Lord Chancellor, refers to the same weed or disguise:

> The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart. I have, *though in a despised weed*, procured the good of all men.

We will see hereafter that the purpose of the Plays was the good of all men.

And we find in the following sentence proof that Bacon used the word *weed* to signify a disguise:

> This fellow, when Perkin took sanctuary, chose rather to take a holy habit than a holy place, and clad himself like a hermit, and in that *weed* wandered about the country until he was discovered and taken.[1]

We find many evidences that Bacon's pursuits were poetical. He writes to the Earl of Essex on one occasion:

> Desiring your good Lordship, nevertheless, not to conceive out of this my diligence in soliciting this matter, that I am either much in appetite or much in hope. For, as for appetite, *the waters of Parnassus* are not like the waters of the Spa, that give a stomach, but rather they quench appetite and desires.

And when, after Essex was released from confinement in 1600, Bacon wrote him a congratulatory letter, Essex replied, evidently somewhat angry at him, as follows:

[1] *History of Henry VII.*

I can neither expound nor censure your late actions, being ignorant of them all save one, and having directed my sight inward only to examine myself. . . . I am a stranger to all *poetical conceits*, or else *I should say somewhat of your poetical example*.[1]

And we have many proofs that Bacon was engaged in some studies which absorbed him to the exclusion of law and politics.

He says:

I do confess, since I was of any understanding, my mind hath, in effect, been absent from that I have done, and in absence errors are committed, which I do willingly acknowledge; and amongst the rest this great one which led the rest: that knowing myself by inward calling to be fitter to hold a book than to play a part, I have led my life in civil causes, for which I was not very fit by nature, and more unfit *by the preoccupation of my mind*.[2]

And he makes this apology for the failure of his life:

This I speak to posterity, not out of ostentation, but because I judge it may somewhat import the dignity of learning, to have a man *born for letters* rather than anything else, who should by a certain fatality, and against the bent of his own genius, be compelled into active life.[3]

XI. The Imagination Revealed in Bacon's Acknowledged Writings.

But, after all, the best evidence of the fact that Bacon possessed the imagination, the fancy and the wit necessary for the production of the Plays, must be found in his acknowledged writings.

I assert, first, that he had all the fancy, vivacity and sprightliness of mind necessary for the task.

Let me give a few proofs of this. He says:

Extreme self-lovers will set a man's house on fire, though it were but to roast their eggs.[4]

Money is like muck, not good unless it be spread.[5]

You have built an ark to save learning from deluge.[6]

He calls the great conquerors of history "the troublers of the world;" he speaks of "the tempest of human life."

He says:

A full heart is like a full pen; it can hardly make any distinguished work.[7]

He says:

For as statues and pictures are dumb histories, so histories are speaking pictures.[8]

[1] Letter from Essex to Bacon, 1600.
[2] Letter to Sir Thomas Bodley.
[3] *Advancement of Learning*, viii, 3.
[4] *Coll. Sene.*
[5] Essay *Of Seditions.*
[6] Letter to Sir Thomas Bodley.
[7] Letter to the King.
[8] Letter to the Chancellor.

In so grave and abstract a matter as the dedication of *The Arguments of Law*, he says:

For the reasons of municipal laws, severed from the grounds of nature, manners and policy, are like wall-flowers, which, though they grow high upon the crests of states, yet have no deep roots.

How figurative, how poetical is this! Not only the municipal laws are compared to wall-flowers, but they grow upon the *crests* of states!

He says also:

Fame hath swift swings, especially that which hath black feathers.[1]

Meaning, by black feathers, slanders.

He also says:

For, though your Lordship's fortunes be above the thunder and storms of inferior regions, yet, nevertheless, to hear the wind and not to feel it, will make one sleep the better.[2]

He says:

Myself have ridden at anchor all your Grace's absence, and my cables are now quite worn.[3]

We also find this:

The great labor was to get entrance into the business; but now the portcullis is drawn up.[4]

He says:

Hereupon presently came forth swarms and volleys of libels, which are the gusts of liberty of speech restrained, and the females of sedition, containing bitter invectives and slanders.[5]

Again:

I shall perhaps, before my death, have rendered the age a light unto posterity, by kindling this new torch amid the darkness of philosophy.[6]

Again:

Time, like a river, hath brought down all that was light and inflated, and hath sunk what was weighty and solid.[7]

Again:

I ask for a full pardon, that I may *die out of a cloud*.[8]

Again:

As for gestures, they are as transitory hieroglyphics.[9]

[1] Letter to Sir George Villiers, 1615.
[2] Letter to Buckingham, April, 1623.
[3] Letter to Buckingham, October 12, 1623.
[4] Letter to Buckingham, 1619.
[5] *History of Henry VII.*
[6] Letter to King James.
[7] Preface to *Great Instauration.*
[8] Letter to Buckingham, November 25, 1623.
[9] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.

He says:

Words are the footsteps and prints of reason.[1]

Again:

Hope is a leaf-joy, which may be beaten out to a great extension, like gold.[2]

Again:

The reason of this omission I suppose to be that hidden rock whereupon both this and many other barks of knowledge have been cast away.[3]

Again he speaks of

The Georgics of the mind, concerning the husbandry and tillage thereof.[4]

Again:

Such men are, as it were, the very suitors and lovers of fables.[5]

This reminds us of Shakespeare:

The very beadle to a humorous sigh.[6]

Speaking of the then recent voyages in which the earth was circumnavigated, he uses this poetical expression:

Memorable voyages, after the manner of heaven, about the globe of the earth.[7]

Did ever grave geographer use such a simile as this?

He says:

Industrious persons . . . do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time.[8]

Also:

Remnants of history which have casually escaped the shipwreck of time.[9]

Again:

Times answerable, like waters after a tempest, full of working and swelling.[10]

He says:

The corrupter sort of politicians . . . thrust themselves into the center of the world, as if all lines should meet in them and their fortunes; never caring, in all tempests, what becomes of the ship of state, so they may *save themselves in the cock-boat of their own fortune.*[11]

Again:

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.[12]

He says:

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them.[13]

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[2] *History of Life and Death.*
[3] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[4] Ibid.
[5] *Novum Organum*, book ii.
[6] *Love's Labor Lost*, iii, 1.
[7] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[8] Ibid.
[9] Ibid.
[10] Ibid., book ii.
[11] Ibid., book i.
[12] Essay *Of Beauty.*
[13] Essay *Of Goodness.*

He says:

It is sport to see a bold fellow out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and wooden posture.[1]

Again:

Suspicions among thoughts are like bats among birds — they ever fly by twilight.[2]

Again:

Some men's behavior is like a verse, wherein every syllable is measured.[3]

He says:

Certainly there be whose fortunes are like Homer's verses, that have a slide and an easiness more than the verses of other poets.[4]

Speaking of those studies that come home to the hearts of men, or, to use his phrase, "their business and bosoms," he says:

So men generally take well knowledges that are drenched in flesh and blood.[5]

He says:

Duty, though my state lie buried in the sands, and my favors be cast upon the waters, and my honors be committed to the wind, yet standeth surely built upon the rock, and hath been, and ever shall be, unforced and unattempted.[6]

Speaking of the Perkin Warbeck conspiracy, Bacon says:

After such time . . . she began to cast with herself *from what coast this blazing star should first appear*, and at what time it must be *upon the horizon* of Ireland, for there had been the like *meteor strong* influence before. The time of the *apparition* to be when the King should be engaged into a war with France.[7]

Again he says:

Honor that is gained and broken upon another hath the quickest reflection, *like diamonds cut with facets*.[8]

Again:

In fame of learning the flight will be slow without some feathers of ostentation.[9]

Again:

Pope Alexander . . . was desirous to trouble the waters in Italy, that he might fish the better; casting the net not out of St. Peter's, but out of Borgia's bark.[10]

He uses this expression:

Their preposterous, fantastic and hypothetical philosophies which have led experience captive.[11]

[1] Essay *Of Goodness*.
[2] Essay *Of Suspicion*.
[3] Essay *Of Praise*.
[4] Essay *Of Fortune*.
[5] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[6] Letter written in Essex' name to the Queen, 1600.
[7] *History of Henry VII*.
[8] Essay *Of Honor and Reputation*.
[9] Essay *Of Vain Glory*.
[10] *History of Henry VII*.
[11] *Novum Organum*.

Speaking again of the Perkin Warbeck conspiracy, he expresses it in this most figurative manner:

At this time the King began to be haunted with spirits, by the magic and curious arts of the Lady Margaret, who raised up the ghost of Richard, Duke of York, second son to King Edward the Fourth, to walk and vex the King.[1]

Again:

Every giddy-headed humor keeps, in a manner, revel-rout in false religions.[2]

Again:

It is the extremity of evil when mercy is not suffered to have commerce with misery.[3]

When he would say that the circumstances were favorable for the inauguration of the Perkin Warbeck conspiracy, he puts it thus:

Now did the sign reign, and the constellation was come, under which Perkin should appear.[4]

[We find the Duke telling Viola:

I know thy *constellation* is right apt
For this affair.[5]]

And again:

But all this upon the French King's part was but a trick, the better to bow King Henry to peace. And therefore upon the first grain of incense that was sacrificed upon the altar of peace, at Boloign, Perkin was smoked away.[6]

When Bacon would say that King Henry VII. used his wars as a means and excuse to fill his treasury, he expresses it in this picturesque fashion:

His wars were always to him as a mine of treasure of a strange kind of ore; iron at the top and gold and silver at the bottom.[7]

Again he says:

And Perkin, *for a perfume before him* as he went, caused to be published a proclamation.[8]

Again:

So certainly, if a man meditate much upon the universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it (the divineness of souls except) will not seem much other than an ant-hill, where, as some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all — to and fro — a little heap of dust.[9]

He uses this expression after his downfall:

Here I live upon the sword-point of a sharp air.[10]

[1] *History of Henry VII.*
[2] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Dionysius.*
[3] Ibid. — *Diomedes.*
[4] *History of Henry VII.*
[5] *Twelfth Night*, i, 4.
[6] *History of Henry VII.*
[7] Ibid.
[8] Ibid.
[9] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[10] Petition to the House of Lords.

Alluding to Perkin Warbeck, he says:

But it was ordained that this winding-ivy of a Plantagenet should kill the true tree itself.[1]

Again:

It was a race often dipped in their own blood.[2]

Speaking of the crowds of rabble who followed Perkin Warbeck after his capture, to mock and deride him, Bacon uses this poetical figure:

They flocked about him as he went along: that one might know afar off where the owl was by the flight of birds.[3]

After his downfall he writes:

I desire to do, for the little time God shall send me life, like the merchants of London, which, when they give over trade, lay out their money upon land. So being freed from civil business, I lay forth my poor talent upon those things which may be perpetual.[4]

Again:

And as in the tides of people once up, there want not commonly stirring winds to make them more rough.[5]

Speaking of Henry VII., after he had overcome the rebellions of Simnell and Warbeck, Bacon says:

This year also, though the King was no more haunted with sprites, for that by the sprinkling, partly of blood, and partly of water, he had chased them away.[6]

Again he says:

As if one were to employ himself poring over the dissection of the dead carcass of nature, rather than to set himself to ascertain the powers and properties of living nature.[7]

He says:

Nothing appears omitted for preparing the senses to inform the understanding, and we shall no longer dance, as it were, within the narrow circles of the enchanter, but extend our march around the confines of the world itself.[8]

Again:

A fellow that thinks with his magistrality and goosequill to give laws and menages to crowns and scepters.[9]

This is rather a long list of examples to prove that Bacon possessed in a preëminent degree fancy, vivacity and imagination, but I feel that no man can say his time is wasted in reading such a catalogue of gems.

[1] *History of Henry VII.*
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Letter to the King, Oct. 8, 1621.
[5] *History of Henry VII.*
[6] Ibid.
[7] *Nature of Things.*
[8] *Exper. History.*
[9] Charge against Talbot.

XII. Had he the Higher Genius?

We come now to another question. Granted that he had these humbler qualities of a vivacious mind, did he possess the loftier features of the imagination, those touches where heart and soul and sense of melody are fused together as in the great Plays?

Undoubtedly an affirmative answer must be given to this question. But as in the doings of daily life he was, as Byron says, "off the tripod," it is only when he is, as Prospero has it, "touched to the quick," by some great emotion, that he forgets the philosophical and political restraints he has imposed upon himself, and pours forth his heart in words. One of these occasions was his downfall, in utter disgrace, fined, imprisoned, exiled from the court. In his petition to the House of Lords he cries out from the depths of his soul:

> I am old, weak, ruined, in want, a very subject of pity.

We seem to hear the voice of Lear:

> A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man.[1]

And, still speaking of himself, he continues with this noble thought:

> It may be you will do posterity good, if out of the carcass of dead and rotten greatness, as out of Samson's lion, there may be honey gathered for the use of future times.[2]

What a noble, what a splendid image is this! How the metaphor is interwoven, Shakespeare-wise, not as a distinct comparison, but into the entire body of the thought. He is appealing for mercy, for time to finish his great works; he is himself already "dead and rotten greatness," but withal majestic greatness; he is Samson's lion, but in the carcass the bees have made their hive and hoarded honey for posterity. And what a soul! That in the hour of ruin and humiliation, sacrificed, as I believe, to save a dishonest King and a degraded favorite, he could still love humanity and look forward to its welfare.

Could that expression have come from any other source than the mind that wrote Shakespeare? The image was not unfamiliar to the writer of the Plays:

> 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
> In the dead carrion.[3]

[1] *Lear*, iii, 2. [2] Petition to the House of Lords. [3] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 4.

Take another instance. Bacon speaks of

The ocean, the solitary handmaid of eternity.[1]

If that thought was found in the Plays, would it not be on the tongues of all men as a magnificent image?

And what poetry is there in this?

But men must learn that in this theater of man's life it is reserved only for God and the angels to be lookers-on.[2]

If Shakespeare had written a prose essay, should we not expect him to speak something after this fashion?

But the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages; so that if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations and inventions, the one of the other.[3]

How poetical is the following:

Her royal clemency which as a sovereign and precious balm continually distilleth from her fair hands, and falleth into the wounds of many that have incurred the offense of the law.[4]

Again we have:

Sure I am that the treasure that cometh from you to her Majesty is but as a vapor which riseth from the earth and gathereth into a cloud and stayeth not there long, but upon the same earth it falleth again. It is like a sweet odor of honor and reputation to our nation throughout the world.[5]

We are reminded of Portia's:

> The quality of mercy is not strained,
> It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath.[6]

And also of the following:

> The heavens rain odors on you.[7]

How beautiful is this expression of Bacon:

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.[8]

[1] *The Nature of Things.*
[2] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[3] Ibid., book i.
[4] Discourse in Praise of the Queen; *Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 129.
[5] Bacon's Speech in Parliament, 1597-8, vol. ii, p. 86.
[6] *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1.
[7] *Twelfth Night*, iii, 1.
[8] Essay *Of Friendship.*

How figurative is this:

The King slept out the sobs of his subjects until he was awakened with the thunderbolt of a Parliament.[1]

What poet has written in prose anything more poetical than this?

The unfortunate destinies of hopeful young men, who, like the sons of Aurora, puffed up with the glittering show of vanity and ostentation, attempt actions above their strength. . . . For among all the disasters that can happen to mortals, there is none so lamentable, and so powerful to move compassion, as *the flower of virtue cropped with too sudden a mischance.* . . . Lamentation and mourning *flutter around their obsequies like those funereal birds.*[2]

How fine is this expression:

He took, as it were, the picture of words from the life of reason.[3]

There is a rhythm in this:

Bred in the cells of gross and solitary monks.[4]

How poetical is his conception when he speaks[5] of the preparation for the grand Armada and the Spanish invasion of England, as being "*like the travail of an elephant.*" And again, when he speaks of one of the Popes, who, by his labors, prevented the Mohammedanizing of the white race, as one who had "*put a ring in the snout of the Ottoman boar,*" whereby he was prevented from rooting up and ravaging the fair field of Europe. The words draw a picture for us which the memory cannot forget.

What a command of language does he exhibit! Take these sentences:

Words that come from wasted spirits and an oppressed mind are more safe in being deposited in a noble construction.[6]

Neither doth the wind, as far as it carrieth a voice, with a motion thereof, confound any of the *delicate and figurative articulations of the air,* in variety of words.[7]

Who taught the bee to sail through such a vast *sea of air?*[8]

The first of these expeditions invasive was achieved with great felicity, ravished a strong and famous port in the lap and bosom of their high countries.[9]

Whilst I live, my affection to do you service shall remain quick under the ashes of my fortune.[10]

He speaks of Catiline as

A very fury of lust and blood.[11]

[1] Report of Spanish Grievances.
[2] *Wisdom of the Ancients—Memnon.*
[3] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[4] Ibid., book ii.
[5] *In Praise of the Queen.*
[6] His Submission to Parliament.
[7] *Natural History*, cent. ii, §125.
[8] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[9] Bacon's Speech in Parliament, 39 Eliz. (1597) *Life and Works*, ii, 88.
[10] Letter to Earl of Bristol.
[11] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.

Take these sentences:

Religion sweetly touched with eloquence.[1]

The admirable and exquisite subtility of nature.[2]

Have you never seen a fly in amber more beautifully entombed than an Egyptian monarch?

When it has at last been clearly seen what results are to be expected from the nature of things and the nature of the mind, we consider that we shall have prepared and adorned a nuptial couch for the mind and the universe, the Divine Goodness being our bridesmaid.

The blustering affection of a wild and naked people.[3]

Sweet, ravishing music. . . .
The melody and delicate touch of an instrument.[4]

But these blossoms of unripe marriages were but friendly wishes and the airs of loving entertainments.[5]

To dig up the sepulchers of buried and forgotten impositions.[6]

But the King did much to overcast his fortunes, which proved for many years together full of broken seas, tides and tempests.[7]

Neither was the song of the sirens plain and single, but consisting of such a variety of melodious tunes, so fitting and delighting the ears that heard them, as that it ravished and betrayed all passengers.[8]

We might make a book of such citations.

Mr. John H. Stotsenburg, of New Albany, Indiana, has put together, in a newspaper article, a number of extracts from Bacon, and arranged them as if they were blank verse. I give a few of these. It is surprising to observe how much, in this shape, they resemble the poetry of the Shakespeare Plays, and how readily they would deceive an ordinary reader:

Truth may come, perhaps,
To a pearl's value that shows best by day,
But rise it will not to a diamond's price
That showeth always best in varied lights.

Yet it is not death man fears,
But only the stroke of death.

Virtue walks not in the highway
Though she go heavenward.

Why should we love our fetters, though of gold?

When resting in security, man is dead;
His soul is buried within him
And his good angel either forsakes his guard or sleeps.

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[2] *Novum Organum*, book ii.
[3] *History of Henry VII.*
[4] *Wisdom of the Ancients.*
[5] *History of Henry VII.*
[6] Speech in Parliament, 39 Elizabeth, 1597.
[7] *History of Henry VII.*
[8] *Wisdom of the Ancients- Sireus.*

There is nothing under heaven
To which the heart can lean, save a true friend.

Why mourn, then, for the end which must be
Or spend one wish to have a minute added
To the uncertain date which marks our years?
Death exempts not man from being,
But marks an alteration only.
He is a guest unwelcome and importunate
And he will not, must not be said nay.
Death arrives gracious only
To such as sit in darkness
Or lie heavy-burdened with grief and irons.
To the poor Christian that sits slave-bound
In the galleys;
To despairful widows, pensive pensioners and deposed kings;
To them whose fortune runneth backward
And whose spirits mutiny:
Unto such death is a redeemer,
And the grave a place of retiredness and rest.
These wait upon the shore, and waft to him
To draw near, wishing to see his star
That they may be led to him,
And wooing the remorseless sisters
To wind down the watch of life
And break them off before the hour.

It is as natural to die
As to be born.

In many of these there are scarcely any changes, except in arranging them as blank verse instead of in the form of prose; and they have been taken as prose simply because Bacon so first wrote them.

No man, I think, can have followed me thus far in this argument without conceding that Bacon was a poet. If a poet, "the greatest of mankind" would be the greatest poet of mankind. Whatever such a mind strove to accomplish would be of the highest. Nothing commonplace could dwell in such a temple.

We must admit that he possessed everything needed for the preparation of the Shakespeare Plays. Learning, industry, ambition for immortality; command of language in all its heights and depths; the power of compressing thought into condensed sentences; wit, fancy, imagination, feeling and the temperament of genius.

XIII. His Wit.

But it will be said, Was he not lacking in the sense of humor?

By no means. It was the defect of his public speeches that his wit led him aside from the path of dignity. Ben Jonson says his oratory was "nobly censorious when he could spare or pass by a jest." Sir Robert Naunton says, "He was abundantly facetious, which took much with the Queen." The Queen said, "He hath a great wit." "I wish your Lordship a good Easter," says the Spanish Jew, Gondomar, about to cross the Channel. "I wish you a good Pass-over," replied Bacon. Queen Elizabeth asked Bacon whether he had found anything that smacked of treason in a certain book. "No," said Bacon, "but I have found much felony." "How is that?" asked the Queen. "The author," said Bacon, "has stolen many of his conceits from Cornelius Tacitus."

In the midst even of his miseries, after his downfall, he writes (1625) to the Duke of Buckingham:

> I marvel that your Grace should think to pull down the monarchy of Spain without my good help. *Your Grace will give me leave to be merry, however the world goeth with me.*

I have just quoted Macaulay's declaration that Bacon's sense of wit and humor was so powerful that it oftentimes usurped the place of reason and tyrannized over the whole man.

We find in the author of the Shakespeare Plays the same inability to restrain his wit.

Says Carlyle:

> In no point does Shakespeare exaggerate but only in laughter. Fiery objurgations, words that pierce and burn, are to be found in Shakespeare; yet he is always in measure here, never what Johnson would remark as a specially "good hater." But his laughter seems to pour from him in floods. . . . Not at mere weakness, at misery or poverty, never.

CHAPTER II.

THE WRITER OF THE PLAYS A PHILOSOPHER.

First, let me talk with this philosopher.
Lear, iii, 4.

IN the attempt to establish identity I have shown that Bacon was a poet as well as a philosopher. I shall now try to establish that the writer of the Plays was a philosopher as well as a poet. In this way we will come very near getting the two heads under one hat.

The poet is not necessarily a philosopher; the philosopher is not necessarily a poet. One may be possessed of marvelous imaginative powers, with but a small share of the reasoning faculty. Another may penetrate into the secrets of nature with a brain as dry as grave-dust.

The crude belief about Shakespeare is that he was an inspired plow-boy, a native genius, a Cornish diamond, without polishing; a poet, and nothing but a poet. I propose to show that his mind was as broad as it was lofty; that he was a philosopher, and more than that, a *natural* philosopher; and more than that, that he held precisely the same views which Bacon held.

Let us see what some of the great thinkers have had to say upon this subject:

Carlyle makes this most significant speech:

There is an *understanding* manifested in the construction of Shakespeare's Plays equal to that in Bacon's *Novum Organum*.

Hazlitt has struck upon the same pregnant comparison:

The wisdom displayed in Shakespeare was equal in profoundness to the great Lord Bacon's *Novum Organum*.

Coleridge said:

He was not only a great poet, but a great philosopher.

Richard Grant White calls him

The greatest philosopher and the worldly-wisest man of modern times.

Says Emerson:

He was inconceivably wise. The others conceivably.[1]

Barry Cornwall says:

He was not a mere poet in the vulgar sense of the term. . . . On the contrary, he was a man eminently acute, logical and philosophical. His reasoning faculty was on a par with his imagination and pervaded all his works completely.[2]

Landor calls Shakespeare

The *wisest* of men, as well as the greatest of poets.

Pope calls Bacon

The *wisest* of mankind.

Jeffrey says of Shakespeare:

He was more full of wisdom and sagacity than all the moralists and satirists that ever lived.

Coleridge says:

Shakespeare's judgment equaled, if it did not surpass, his creative faculty.

Dr. Johnson says:

From his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence

Swinburne calls Shakespeare:

The wisest and mightiest mind that ever was informed with the spirit or genius of creative poetry.

Richard Grant White says of Shakespeare:

He was the most observant of men.

On the other hand, Edmund Burke said of Bacon:

He possessed the most distinguished and refined observation of human life.

Alfred H. Welsh says of Bacon:

Never was observation at once more recondite, better-natured and more carefully sifted.

Surely these two men, if we can call them such, ran in closely parallel lines.

And it must be remembered that these witnesses are not advocates of the Baconian authorship of the Plays. Many of them never heard of it.

I. Bacon's Philosophy.

But there are two kinds of philosophy — the transcendental and the practical. Naturally, the first has most relation to the imagination; the latter tends to drag down the mind to the base details

[1] *Representative Men*, p. 209. [2] Preface to *Works of Ben Jonson*.

of life. The mind must be peculiarly constructed that can at the same time grapple with the earth and soar in the clouds. It was the striking peculiarity of Bacon's system of philosophy that it tended to make great things little and little things great.

It was the reverse of that old-time philosophy to which Shakespeare sneeringly alluded when he said:

> We have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless.[1]

Says Macaulay:

> Some people may think the object of the Baconian philosophy a low object.[2]

And again he observes:

> This persuasion that nothing can be too insignificant for the attention of the wisest which is not too insignificant to give pleasure or pain to the meanest, is the essential spirit of the Baconian philosophy.[3]

Bacon cared nothing for the grand abstrusenesses: he labored for the "betterment of men's bread and wine"—the improvement of the condition of mankind in their worldly estate. This was the gospel he preached. Like Socrates, he "dragged down philosophy from the clouds." He said:

> The evil, however, has been wonderfully increased by an opinion, or inveterate conceit, which is both vainglorious and prejudicial, namely, that the dignity of the human mind is lowered by long and frequent intercourse with experiments and particulars, which are the objects of sense and confined to matter, especially since such matters are *mean* subjects for meditation.[4]

And again, in his *Experimental Natural History*, he says:

> We briefly urge as a precept, that there be admitted into this (natural) history: 1. The most common matters, such as one might think it superfluous to insert, from their being well known; 2. Base, illiberal and filthy matters, and also those which are trifling and puerile, . . . nor ought their worth to be measured by their intrinsic value, but by their application to other points and their influence on philosophy.

And again:

> This was a false estimation that it should be a diminution to the mind of man to be much conversant in experiences and particulars, subject to sense and bound in matter, and which are laborious to search, ignoble to meditate, harsh to deliver, illiberal to practice, infinite as is supposed in number, and noways accommodate to the glory of arts.[5]

And, strange to say, when we turn to Shakespeare we find embalmed in poetry, where one would think there would be the

[1] *All's Well that Ends Well*, ii, 3.
[2] Essay *Bacon*, p. 278.
[3] Ibid., p. 272.
[4] *Novum Organum*, book i.
[5] *Filum Labyrinthi.*

least chance to find it, and with which it would seem to have no natural kindred or coherence, this novel philosophy.

Shakespeare says:

> Some kinds of *baseness*
> Are nobly undergone, and most poor *matters*
> *Point to rich ends.*[1]

And again:

> Nature, what things there are,
> Most *abject in regard and dear in use!*
> What things again most dear in the esteem
> And poor in worth![2]

This is the very doctrine taught by Bacon, which I have just quoted:

> *Base*, illiberal and filthy *matters*, and also those which are trifling and puerile, . . . nor ought their worth to be measured by their intrinsic value, but by their application to other points and their influence on philosophy.

Why did not Bacon quote that sentence from the *Tempest?*

> Some kinds of *baseness*
> Are nobly undergone, and most poor *matters*
> Point to rich ends.

No wonder Birch is reminded of Bacon when he reads Shakespeare. He says:

> Glendower is very angry at the incredulity of Hotspur, and reiterates again and again the signs that he thought marked him extraordinary. Hotspur not only replies with badinage, but ascribes, *with Baconian induction*, all that Glendower thought miraculous and providential to nature and the earth.[3]

Dowden describes the philosophy of Shakespeare in words that fully fit the philosophy of Bacon. He says:

> The noble positivism of Shakespeare. . . . Energy, *devotion to the fact*, self-government, tolerance, . . . an indifference to externals in comparison with that which is of the invisible life, and a resolution to judge of all things *from a purely human standpoint.*[4]

The same writer says:

> The Elizabethan drama is essentially mundane. To it all that is upon this earth is real, and it does not concern itself greatly about the reality of other things. Of heaven or hell it has no power to sing. It finds such and such facts here and now, and does not invent or discover supernatural causes to explain these facts.[5]

Richard Grant White says:

> For although of all poets he is most profoundly psychological, as well as most fanciful and most imaginative, yet with him philosophy, fancy and imagination

[1] *Tempest*, iii, 1.
[2] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3.
[3] Birch, *Philos. and Relig. of Shak.*, p. 238.
[4] Dowden, *Shak. Mind and Art*, p. 34.
[5] Ibid., p. 23.

are penetrated with the spirit of that unwritten law of reason which we speak of as if it were a faculty — common sense. *His philosophy is practical and his poetical views are fused with philosophy and poetry.* He is withal the sage and the oracle of this world. . . . There is in him the constant presence and rule of reason in his most exalted flights.[1]

Jeffrey says:

When the object requires it he is always keen and *worldly* and *practical*, and yet, without changing his hand or stopping his course, he scatters around him as he goes all sounds and shapes of sweetness.

It needs no further argument to demonstrate:

1. That the writer of the Plays was a philosopher.
2. That he was a practical philosopher.

I shall now go farther, and seek to show that, like Bacon, he was a *natural philosopher*, a student of nature, a materialist

Bacon says:

Divine omnipotence was required to create anything out of nothing, so also is that omnipotence to make anything lapse into nothing.[2]

The writer of the Plays had grasped the same thought:

O anything of nothing first created.[3]

Bacon says:

Nothing proceeds from nothing.[4]

Shakespeare says:

Nothing will come of nothing.[5]

Nothing can be made out of nothing.[6]

We see the natural philosopher also in those reflections as to the indestructibility of matter and its transmutations in these verses:

Full fadom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
These are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.[7]

Hamlet's meditations run in the same practical direction. He perceives that the matter of which Alexander was composed was indestructible:

Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned to dust; the dust is earth, of earth we make loam, and why of that loam (whereto he was converted) might they not stop a beer barrel?

[1] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 293.
[2] *Thoughts on the Nature of Things.*
[3] *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 1.
[4] *Novum Organum*, book ii.
[5] *Lear*, i, 1.
[6] Ibid., i, 4.
[7] *Tempest*, i, 2.

Illustrious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

And when we turn again to Bacon we find him considering how

All things pass through an appointed circuit and succession of transformations. . . . All things change; nothing really perishes.[1]

And again Bacon says:

For there is nothing in nature more true . . . than that nothing is reduced to nothing.[2]

Henry IV. delivers what Birch calls "an episode proper to a geological inquirer, and savoring of the theory of the materialist with regard to the natural and not providential alteration of the globe," when he says:

O Heaven! that one might read the book of fate
And see the revolution of the times;
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and other times to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean,
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances, mocks
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors.[3]

Birch adds:

When he returns to politics, and makes them a consequence, as it were, of the preceding philosophical reflections, we do not see the connection, except in that *materialistic* view of things, and *necessitarian way of thinking*, in which Shakespeare frequently indulges, and which involved all alike, physical and human effects, *in the causes and operations of nature.* We either see the unavoidable tendency of Shakespeare's mind to drag in some of his own thoughts at the expense of situation or probability, or we must admit them so mixed up in his philosophy as not to be divided.[4]

We find the man of Stratford (if we are to believe he wrote the Plays), while failing to teach his daughter to read and write, urging that the *sciences* should be taught in England!

Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The *sciences* that should become our country.[5]

We see the natural philosopher also in Shakespeare's reflections in *Measure for Measure:*

Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust.[6]

[1] *Thoughts on the Nature of Things.*
[2] *Novum Organum*, book ii.
[3] *Henry IV.*, iii, 1.
[4] Birch, *Philosophy and Religion of Shak.*, p. 240.
[5] *Henry V.*, v, 2.
[6] Act iii, scene 1.

Here we find the same mind, that traced the transmutations of the dust of Alexander and Cæsar, following, in reverse order, the path of matter from the inorganic dust into the organic plant, thence into fruit or grain, thence into the body, blood and brain of man. Man is not himself; he is simply a congeries of atoms, brought together by a power beyond himself.

And Shakespeare says:

> It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover.[1]

The natural philosopher is shown also in that wise and merciful reflection:

> For the poor beetle that we tread upon
> In corporal sufferance finds as great a pang
> As when a giant dies.[2]

And we turn to Bacon, and we find him indulging in a similar thought:

> But all violence to the organization of animals is accompanied with a sense of pain, according to their different kinds and peculiar natures, owing to that sentient essence which pervades their frames.[3]

Observe the careful student of nature also in this:

> Many for many virtues excellent,
> None but for some, and yet all different.
> O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
> In herbs, plants, stones and their true qualities:
> For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
> But to the earth some special good doth give;
> Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
> Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.[4]

Here, again, we see the Baconian idea that the humble things of earth, even the vilest, have their noble purposes and uses.

And the same study of plants is found in the following:

> Checks and disasters
> Grow in the veins of actions highest reared;
> As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
> Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
> Tortive and errant from his course and growth.[5]

And in the very direction of Bacon's curious investigations into life is this reference to the common belief of the time, that a horse-hair, left in the water, turns into a living thing:

[1] *As You Like It*, iii, 2.
[2] *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1.
[3] *The Nature of Things.*
[4] *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 3.
[5] *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 3.

Much is breeding
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison.[1]

It has even been noted by others that in that famous description of the hair, "standing on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine," the writer hints at the fact that the quills of that animal are really modified hairs.[2]

And when Lady Macbeth says:

I know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his *boneless* gums
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn,
As you have done to this[3]—

we perceive that the writer had thought it out that the teeth are but modified bones.

The student of natural phenomena is also shown in these sentences:

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth.[4]

Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out![5]

I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid, indeed,
Within the center.[6]

While Bacon, seeming to anticipate the Newtonian speculations, says:

Heavy and ponderous bodies tend toward the center of the earth by their peculiar formation. . . . Solid bodies are borne toward the center of the earth.[7]

And here we perceive that the poet and the play-writer had even considered the force of the sun's heat in producing agitations of the atmosphere.

He says:

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun.[8]

Bacon observed that

All kind of heat dilates and extends the air, . . . which produces this breeze as the sun goes forward . . . and thence thunders and lightnings and storms.[9]

[1] *Antony and Cleopatra.*
[2] *American Cyclopedia*, vol. viii, p. 384.
[3] *Macbeth*, i, 7.
[4] Sonnet cxlvi.
[5] *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 1.
[6] *Hamlet*, ii, 2.
[7] *Novum Organum*, book ii.
[8] *Troilus and Cressida*, v, 2.
[9] *Author of Shak.*, p. 310.

And Judge Holmes calls attention to the following parallel thought in Shakespeare:

> As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
> Ship-wrecking storms and direful thunders break.[1]

And that all-powerful preponderance of the sun in the affairs of the planet, which modern science has established, was realized by the author of the Plays, when he speaks, in the foregoing, of "the almighty sun," "constringing" the air and producing the hurricane. It is no wonder that Richard Grant White exclaims:

> The entire range of human knowledge must be laid under contribution to illustrate his writings.[2]

And the natural philosopher is shown in the question of Lear (for Shakespeare's lunatics ask many questions that wise men cannot answer):

> Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?[3]

In his *Natural History*, we find Bacon occupying himself with kindred thoughts. He discusses the casting-off of the shell of the lobster, crab, cra-fish, the snail, the tortoise, etc., and the making of a new shell:

> The cause of the casting of the skin and shell should seem to be the great quantity of matter that is in those creatures that is fit to *make* skin or *shell*.[4]

And again says Lear:

> First let me talk with this philosopher:
> What is the cause of thunder?[5]

And Bacon had considered this question also. He says:

> We see that among the Greeks those who first disclosed the natural *causes of thunder* and storms, to the yet untrained ears of man, were condemned as guilty of impiety towards the gods.[6]

Shakespeare says:

> And do but see his vice;
> 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
> The one as long as the other.[7]

In this we have another observation of a natural phenomenon. And here is another:

> Know you not
> The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
> In seeming to augment it, wastes it.[8]

[1] *Macbeth*, i, 1.
[2] *Shak. Genius*, p. 252.
[3] *Lear*, i, 5.
[4] Century viii, § 732.
[5] *Lear*, iii, 4.
[6] *Novum Organum*, book i.
[7] *Othello*, ii, 3.
[8] *Henry VIII.*, i, 1.

The poet had also studied the causes of malaria. He says:

> All the infections that the sun sucks up
> From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
> By inch-meal a disease.[1]

And again:

> Infect her beauty,
> Yon fen-sucked fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
> To fall and blast her pride.[2]

And in the following the natural philosopher is clearly apparent:

> The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
> Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
> And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
> The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
> The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief
> That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
> From general excrement.[3]

I shall hereafter show, in the chapter on "Identical Comparisons," that both Bacon and Shakespeare compared man to a species of deputy God, a lesser Providence, with a power over nature that approximated in kind, but not in degree, to the creative power of the Almighty. He says in one place:

> For in things artificial nature takes orders from man and works under his authority; without man such things would never have been made. But by the help and ministry of man a new force of bodies, another universe, or theater of things, comes into view.

And in Shakespeare we have the following kindred reflections:

> *Perdita.* For I have heard it said,
> There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
> With great creating nature.
>
> *Pol.* Say there be;
> Yet nature is made better by no mean,
> But nature makes that mean; so o'er that art
> Which you say adds to nature, is an art
> That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
> A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
> And make conceive a bark of baser kind
> By bud of nobler race: this is an art
> Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
> The art itself is nature.[4]

[1] *Tempest*, ii, 2. [2] *Lear*, ii, 4. [3] *Titus Andronicus*, iv, 3. [4] *Winter's Tale*, iv, 3.

And again:

'Tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.[1]

And we have a glimpse in the following of the doctrine that nature abhors a vacuum.

The air, which, *but for vacancy*,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra, too,
And made a gap in nature.[2]

And here we find them, again, thinking the same thought, based on the same observation. Bacon says:

As for the inequality of the pressure of the parts, it appeareth manifestly in this, that if you take a body of stone or iron, and another of wood, of the same magnitude and shape, and throw them with equal force, you cannot possibly throw the wood so far as the stone or the iron.[3]

And we find the same thought in Shakespeare:

The thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed.[4]

And here is a remarkable parallelism. Shakespeare says:

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it.[5]

Bacon says:

Take an arrow and hold it in flame for the space of ten pulses, and when it cometh forth you shall find those parts of the arrow which were on the outside of the flame more burned, blackened, and turned almost to a coal, whereas that in the midst of the flame will be as if the fire had scarce touched it. This . . . showeth manifestly that flame burneth more violently towards the sides than in the midst.[6]

And here is another equally striking. Bacon says:

Besides snow hath in it a secret warmth; as the monk proved out of the text: "*Qui dat nivem sicut lanam, gelu sicut cineres spargit.*" Whereby he did infer that snow did warm like wool, and frost did fret like ashes.[7]

Shakespeare says:

Since frost itself as actively doth burn.[8]

Bacon anticipated the discovery of the power of one mind over another which we call mesmerism; and we find in Shakespeare Ariel saying to the shipwrecked men:

If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And *will not be uplifted*.[9]

[1] *All's Well that Ends Well*, i, 3.
[2] *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 2.
[3] *Natural History*, § 791.
[4] *2d Henry IV.*, i, 1.
[5] *Hamlet*, iv, 7.
[6] *Natural History*, § 32.
[7] *Natural History*, § 788.
[8] *Hamlet*, iii, 4.
[9] *Tempest*, iii, 3.

I conclude this chapter with the following citations, each of which shows the profound natural philosopher:

That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues *shining upon others*
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.[1]

Again:

The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself.[2]

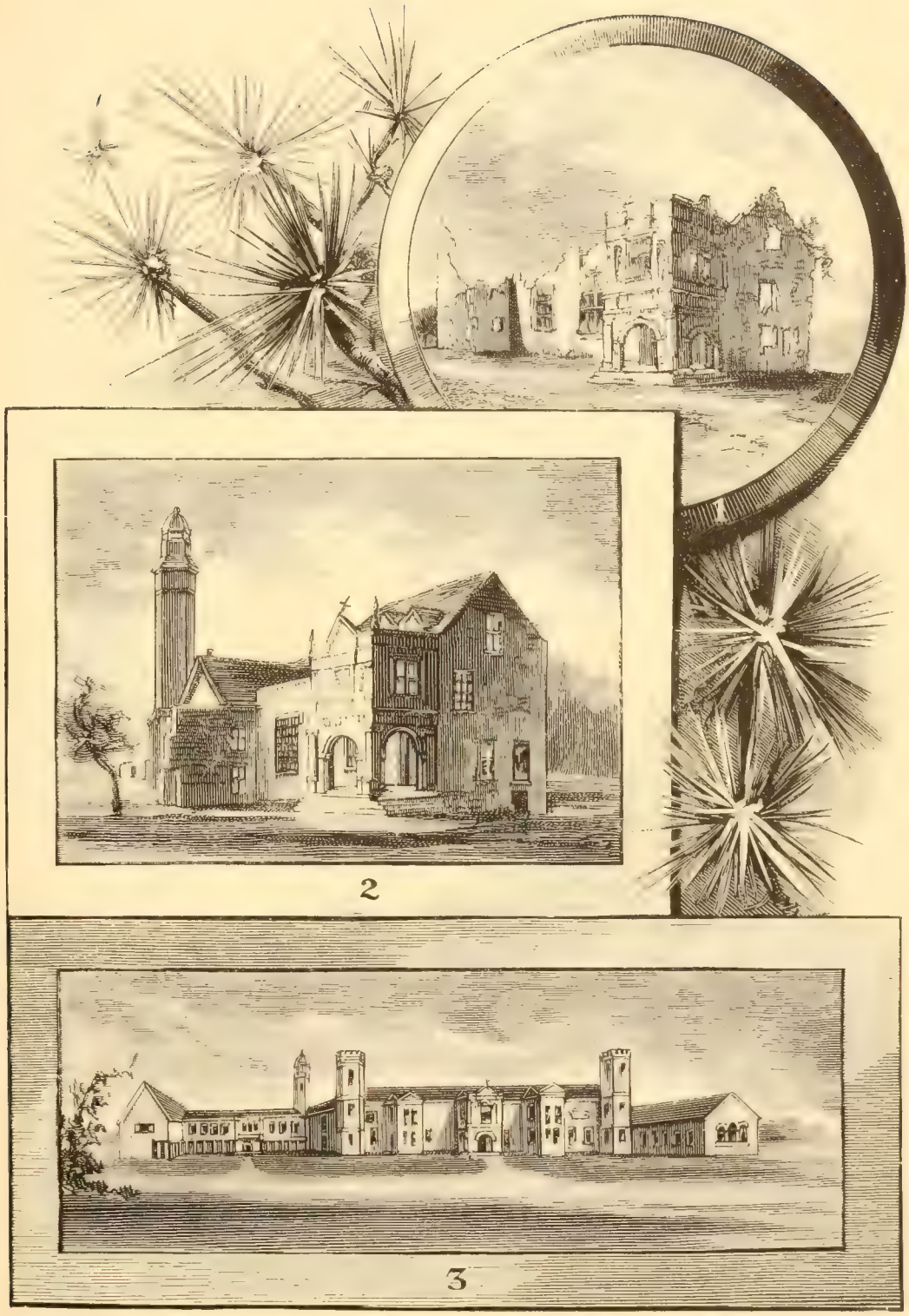
Again:

No man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others.[3]

Again:

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for ourselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.[4]

[1] *Troilus and Cressida*, III, 3. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] *Measure for Measure*, I, 1.



GORHAMBURY

1. A. D. 1821. 2. A. D. 1795. 3. A. D. 1568.

CHAPTER III.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE PLAYS.

Dear earth! I do salute thee with my hand.
Richard II., iii, 2.

GENIUS, though its branches reach to the heavens and cover the continents, yet has its roots in the earth; and its leaves, its fruit, its flowers, its texture and its fibers, bespeak the soil in which it was nurtured. Hence in the writings of every great master we find more or less association with the scenes in which his youth and manhood were passed — reflections, as it were, on the camera of the imagination of those landscapes with which destiny had surrounded him.

In the work of the peasant-poet, Robert Burns, we cannot separate his writings from the localities in which he lived. Take away

"Bonnie Doon;"

"Auld Alloway's witch-haunted kirk;"

"Ye banks and braes and streams around,
The castle of Montgomery;"

"Auld Ayr, which ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses;"

"Sweet Afton,
Amid its green braes,"

and the thousand and one other references to localities with which his life was associated, and there is very little left which bears the impress of his genius.

If we turn to Byron, we find the same thing to be true. We have his "Elegy on Newstead Abbey;" his poem "On Leaving Newstead Abbey;" his lines on "Lachin y Gair" in the Highlands, where "my footsteps in infancy wandered;" his verses upon "Movren of Snow;" his "Lines written beneath an Elm in the Churchyard of Harrow on the Hill;" his verses "On Revisiting Harrow," and his poem addressed "To an Oak at Newstead;" while "Childe Harold" is full of allusions to scenes with which his life-history was associated.

The same is true, to a greater or less extent, of all great writers who deal with the emotions of the human heart.

I. Stratford-on-Avon is not Named in the Plays.

In view of these things it will scarcely be believed that in all the voluminous writings of Shakespeare there is not a single allusion to Stratford, or to the river Avon. His failure to remember the dirty little town of his birth might be excused, but it would seem most natural that in some place, in some way, in drama or sonnet or fugitive poem, he should remember the beautiful and romantic river, along whose banks he had wandered so often in his youth, and whose natural beauties must have entered deeply into his soul, if he was indeed the poet who wrote the Plays. He does, it is true, refer to Stony-Stratford,[1] a village in the County of Bucks, and this makes the omission of his own Stratford of Warwickshire the more surprising.

II. St. Albans Referred to Many Times.

On the other hand, we find repeated references to St. Albans, Bacon's home, a village of not much more consequence, so far as numbers were concerned, than Stratford.

Falstaff says:

> There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; . . . and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of *Saint Albans*.[2]

In the *2d Henry IV.* we have this reference:

> *Prince Henry.* This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.
> *Poins.* I warrant you, as common as the road between *Saint Albans* and London.[3]

In *The Contention between the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster*, which is conceded to be the original form of some of the Shakespeare Plays, we have:

> For now the King is riding to *Saint Albans*.[4]
>
> My lord, I pray you let me go post unto the King,
> Unto *Saint Albans*, to tell this news.[5]
>
> Come, uncle Gloster, now let's have our horse,
> For we will to *Saint Albans* presently.[6]

In the same scene (in *The Contention*), of the miracle at *Saint Albans*:

[1] *Richard III.*, ii, 4.
[2] *1st Henry IV.*, iv, 3.
[3] *2d Henry IV.*, ii, 2.
[4] 1st Part of *Contention*, i, 2.
[5] Ibid., ii, 3.
[6] Ibid.

Come, my lords, this night we'll lodge in *Saint Albans*.[1]

In the play of *Richard III.* we have this allusion to Bacon's country seat:

Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at *Saint Albans* slain?[2]

We have numerous references to St. Albans in the *2d Henry VI.*:

Messenger. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto *Saint Albans*.[3]

And again:

Duchess. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from *Saint Albans* we do make return.[4]

And again:

York. The King is now in progress toward *Saint Albans*.[5]

III. Three Scenes in the Plays Laid at St. Albans.

Scene 1, act ii, *2d Henry VI., is laid at Saint Albans;* scene 2, act v, of the same is *also laid at Saint Albans;* scene 3, act v, is laid in *Fields, near Saint Albans.*

Note the following:

Forsooth, a blind man at *Saint Alban's* shrine,
Within this half-hour hath received his sight.[6]

Again:

Enter the Mayor of *Saint Albans*.

Again:

Being called
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep
By good *Saint Alban*.[7]

Again:

Glos. Yet thou seest not well.
Simpcox. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and *Saint Alban*.[8]

Again:

Gloster. My lord, *Saint Alban* here hath done a miracle.[9]

Gloster. My masters of *Saint Albans*, have you not beadles in your town?[10]

And again:

For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The castle in *Saint Albans*, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.[11]

[1] *1st Contention*, ii, 1.
[2] *Richard III.*, i, 3.
[3] *2d Henry VI.*, i, 2.
[4] *2d Henry VI.*, i, 2.
[5] Ibid., i, 3.
[6] Ibid., ii, 1.
[7] Ibid., ii, 1.
[8] Ibid., ii, 1.
[9] Ibid., ii, 1.
[10] Ibid., ii, 1.
[11] *2d Henry VI.*, v, 1.

Now by my hand, lords 'twas a glorious day,
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eternized in all age to come.[1]

In the *3d Henry VI.* we find St. Albans referred to as follows:

Marched toward *Saint Albans* to intercept the Queen.[2]

Again:

Short tale to make — we at *Saint Albans* met.[3]

Again:

When you and I met at *Saint Albans* last.[4]

Again:

Brother of Gloster at *Saint Albans'* field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain.[5]

Here is St. Albans referred to in the Shakespeare Plays twenty-three times, and Stratford not once!

Is not this extraordinary? What tie connected the Stratford man with the little village of Hertfordshire, that he should drag it into his writings so often?

We are told that he loved the village of Stratford, and returned, when rich and famous, to end his days there. We have glowing pictures, in the books of the enthusiastic commentators, of his wanderings along the banks of the lovely Avon. Why did he utterly blot them both out of his writings?

IV. Warwickshire Ignored in the Plays.

But he ignored the county of Warwickshire — his own beautiful county of Warwickshire — in like fashion.

Michael Drayton, poet and dramatist, a contemporary of Shakspere, was, like him, born in Warwickshire, but he did not forget his native shire. He thus invocates the place of his birth:

My native country, then, which so brave spirits hath bred,
If there be virtues yet remaining in thy earth,
Or any good of thine thou bred'st into my birth,
Accept it as thine own, whilst now I sing of thee,
Of all thy later brood th' unworthiest though I be.

The county of Warwickshire is only referred to once in the Plays (*1st Henry IV.*, iv, 2), and "the lord of Warwickshire" is mentioned twice. The only reference that I know of to localities in Warwickshire is in the introduction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, where *Wincot* is named. It is assumed that this is Wilmecote, three

[illegible]

miles distant from Stratford-on-Avon. But of this there is no certainty.

There is a Woncot mentioned in *2d Henry IV.*—

William Visor of Woncott;[1]

and so eager have the Shakspereans been to sustain the Warwickshire origin of the Plays that they have converted this into *Wincot*. As, however, Master Robert Shallow, Esquire, dwelt in Gloucestershire

[He through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow Esquire,]

and William Visor was one of his tenants or underlings, this Woncot could not have been Wincot, near Stratford, in Warwickshire.

V. St. Albans the Central Point of the Historical Plays.

Mrs. Pott has pointed out how much of the action of the Shakespeare Plays finds its turning-point and center in St. Albans:

To any one who sees in it one of the inciting causes for the composition of the historical plays called Shakespeare's, and especially the second part of *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.*, St. Albans and its neighborhood are in the highest degree suggestive and instructive. Gorhambury was one of the boyish homes of Francis Bacon. When, at the age of nineteen, he was recalled from his gay life at the court of the French embassador on account of the sudden death of his father, it was to Gorhambury that he retired with his widowed mother. Thus he found himself on the very scene of the main events which form the plot of the second part of *Henry VI.* . . . The play culminates in the great battle of St. Albans, which took place in a field about one and a half miles from Gorhambury. As a boy, Francis must have heard the battle described by old men whose fathers may even have witnessed it. He must frequently have passed "the alehouse' paltry sign" beneath which Somerset was killed by Richard Plantagenet (*2d Henry VI.*, v, 2). He must have trodden the Key Field where the battle was fought, and in which the last scene of the play is laid. It was a scene not likely to be forgotten. The Lancastrians lost five thousand men, including the detested Duke of Somerset and other nobles, and the poor, weak King, Henry VI., was taken prisoner by the Yorkists. Considering the mildness and moderation which was invariably exercised by the Duke of York, and the violent and bloodthirsty course pursued by Queen Margaret, it is no wonder that this, the first Yorkist victory of the Wars of the Roses, should be kept green on the spot where it took place.

"Twas a glorious day,
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.

Before entering the abbey, let the visitor glance around. To the north of the town stands the old church of St. Peter, and in its graveyard lie the bodies of many of those who were slain in the great battles between the rival houses of York and Lancaster. To the left is Bernard's heath, the scene of the second battle of St.

[1] Act v, scene 1.

Albans, where the Yorkist army was defeated, as related in *3d Henry VI.*, ii, 1. In the distance may be seen Hatfield house, the noble residence of the Marquis of Salisbury, but formerly the property of William of Hatfield, second son of Edward III. (*2d Henry VI.*, ii, 2). Within a short distance is King's Langley, the birthplace and burial place of the "famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York" (*1st Henry VI.*, ii, 5), and, as we are further told, "fifth son" of Edward III. (*2d Henry VI.*, ii, 2). On the east of the town lay Key Field, the arena of the first battle of St. Albans. Across it may be seen the ancient manor-house, formerly inhabited by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. To the right is Sopwell nunnery, where Henry VIII. married Anne Boleyn. The history of the monastery to which the abbey was attached is intimately associated with English history. To go back no farther than the fourteenth century, there Edward I. held his court; there Edward II. was a frequent visitor; thither, after the battle of Poictiers, Edward III. and the Black Prince brought the French King captive. After the insurrection of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, Richard II. and his Chief Justice came in person and tried the rioters. A conspiracy to dethrone Richard began at the dinner table of the Abbot, when Gloucester and the Prior of Westminster were his guests. This Gloucester was "Thomas of Woodstock," described in *2d Henry VI.*, ii, 2, as "the sixth son of Edward the Third." At a subsequent meeting of members of the conspiracy, the Duke of Gloucester, "Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby" (*Richard II.*, i, 3), the Earl Marshal (ibid.), Scroop, Archbishop of Canterbury (*Richard II.*, iii, 2), the Abbot of St. Albans and the Prior of Westminster (*Richard II.*, iv, 1) were present, and the perpetual imprisonment of the King was agreed upon. In the play of *Richard II.* every name mentioned in the old manuscript which records this meeting is included, except one — namely, the Abbot of St. Albans; and yet in the old records priority over Westminster is always given to him. It is conjectured that the omission was intentional, and that the author did not wish by frequent repetition to give prominence to a name which would draw attention to the neighborhood of his own home. At the monastery of St. Albans rested the body of John, Duke of Lancaster (*1st Henry IV.*, vol. 4), on the way to London for interment. His son Henry, afterward Cardinal Beaufort (*1st Henry VI.*, i, 3, etc.), performed the exequies. Richard II. lodged at St. Albans on his way to the Tower, whence, having been forced to resign his throne to Bolingbroke, he was taken to Pomfret, imprisoned and murdered. Meanwhile, the resignation of the King being read in the House, the Bishop of Carlisle arose from his seat and stoutly defended the cause of the King. Upon this the Duke of Lancaster commanded that they should seize the Bishop and carry him off to prison at St. Albans. He was afterward brought before Parliament as a prisoner, but the King, to gratify the pontiff, bestowed on him the living of Tottenham. These events are faithfully rendered or alluded to in the Plays, the only notable omission being, as before, any single allusion to the Abbot of St. Albans (See *Richard II.*, vol. vi, 22–29).

Passing over many similar points of interest, let us enter the Abbey church by its door on the south side. There the visitor finds himself close to the shrine erected over the bones of the martyred saint. To this shrine, after the defeat of the Lancastrians, at the first battle of St. Albans, the miserable King, having been discovered at the house of a tanner, was conducted, previous to his removal as a prisoner to London. In the shrine is seen the niche in which handkerchiefs and other garments used to be put, in order that the miraculous powers attributed to the saint should be imparted to the sick and diseased who prayed at his shrine, and thereby hangs a tale. Close by the shrine is the tomb of good Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, who plays such a prominent part in *Henry VI.* The inscrip-

tion on his tomb is not such as most persons might expect to find as an epitaph on the proud and pugnacious, but popular warrior. No hint is conveyed of his struggles with the Duke of Burgundy, or of his warlike contests for the possession of Holland and Brabant. Three points are noted concerning him: That he was protector to Henry VI.; that he "exposed the impostor who pretended to have been born blind," and that he founded a school of divinity at Oxford. The story of the pretended blind man is the subject of *2d Henry VI.*, ii, 8, where it is introduced with much detail. Sir Thomas More quoted the incident as an instance of Duke Humphrey's acuteness of judgment, but the circumstance which seems to connect the epitaph not only with the play, but with Francis Bacon himself, is that it was not written immediately after the death of the Duke, but tardily, as the inscription hints, and it is believed to be the composition of John Westerham, head-master of the St. Albans grammar school in 1625—namely, during the lifetime of Bacon, and at a date when Gorhambury was his residence. A phrase in the inscription applies to Margaret of Anjou, Henry's "proud, insulting queen," whose tomb, with her device of "Marguerites," or daisies, is not far from the shrine of St. Alban. It was by the intrigues of Margaret and her partisans that Duke Humphrey was arrested at Bury. The following night he was found dead in his bed—slain, as some old writers record, by the hand of Pole, Duke of Suffolk. (*2d Henry VI.*, iii, 1; 223-281, ii, 1, 1-202.) Not far from these tombs are two more of peculiar interest to students of Shakespeare. One is the resting-place of Sir Anthony de Grey, grandson of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. The inscription says that he married "the fourth sister to our sovraine lady, the queen;" that is, Elizabeth Woodville, queen of Edward IV. She had been formerly married.

> At St. Albans' field
> This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
> His lands then seized on by the conqueror.[1]

Her suit to Edward to restore her confiscated property, and her subsequent marriage with him, form a prominent portion of the plot of the third part of *Henry VI.*

Last, but not least, let us not overlook the mausoleum of "the Nevils' noble race," the family of the great Earl of Warwick, the "king-maker." In *2d Henry IV.*, v, 2, Warwick swears by his

> Father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
> The rampant bear chained to the ragged staff.

The passage is vividly brought to the mind by the sight of a row of rampant bears, each chained to his ragged staff, and surmounting the monument erected over the grave of that great family of warriors.

In fact, St. Albans seems to be the very center from which the eye surveys, circling around it, the grand panorama of the historical Plays; while far away to the north lies the dirty little village of Stratford-on-Avon, holding not the slightest relation with anything in those Plays, save the one fact that the man who is said to have written them dwelt there.

[1] *3d Henry VI.*, iii, 2.

VI. York Place.

There was one other spot in England tenderly associated in Bacon's heart with loving memories; that was the royal palace of "York Place," in London, in which he was born. In the day of his success he purchased it, and it was at last, after his downfall, torn from his reluctant grasp by the base Buckingham. Bacon says of it:

> York House is the house wherein my father died, and where I first breathed, and there will I yield my last breath, if so please God.[1]

We turn to the play of *Henry VIII.*, and we find York Place *depicted as the scene where Cardinal Wolsey entertains the King and his companions*, masked as shepherds, with "good company, good wine, good welcome."

And farther on in the play we find it again referred to, and something of its history given:

> *3d Gentleman.* So she parted,
> And with the same full state paced back again
> To *Yorke-Place*, where the feast is held.
> *1st Gentleman.* You must no more call it *Yorke-Place*, that's past;
> For since the Cardinal fell that title's lost;
> 'Tis now the King's, and called White-hall.
> *3d Gentleman.* I know it;
> But 'tis so lately altered, that the old name
> Is fresh about me.[2]

How lovingly the author of the Plays dwells on the history of the place!

VII. Kent.

Bacon's father was born in Chislehurst; and we find many touches in the Plays which show that the writer, while he had not one good word to say for Warwickshire, turned lovingly to Kent and her people. He makes the double-dealing Say remark:

> *Say.* You men of Kent.
> *Dick.* What say you, Kent?
> *Say.* Nothing but this: 'tis *bona terra, mala gens.* . . .
> Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
> Is termed the civil'st place of all this isle:
> Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
> The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.[3]

[1] Letter to the Duke of Lenox, 1621. [2] *Henry VIII.*, iv, 1. [3] *2d Henry VI.*, iv, 7.

What made the Warwickshire man forget his own county and remember Cæsar's praise of Kent? What tie bound William Shakspere to Kent?

And again, in another play, he comes back to this theme

> The Kentishmen will willingly rise.
> In them I trust: for they are soldiers,
> Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.[1]

The first scene of act iv of *2d Henry VI.* is laid upon the seashore of Kent.

It is in Kent that much of the scene of the play of *King Lear* is laid. Here we have that famous cliff of Dover, to the brow of which Edgar leads Gloucester:

> Come on, sir:
> Here's the place; stand still: how fearful
> And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low.
> The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
> Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire: dreadful trade:
> Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
> The fishermen that walked upon the beach
> Appear like mice: and yon tall anchoring bark
> Diminished to her cocke; her cocke a buoy
> Almost too small for sight.

"Jack Cade, the clothier," who proposed to dress the commonwealth and put new nap upon it, was a Kentishman. The insurrection was a Kentish outbreak. The play of *2d Henry VI.* largelv turns upon this famous rebellion.

Many of the towns of Kent are referred to in the Plays, and Goodwin Sands appears even in the Italian play of *The Merchant of Venice*, as the scene of the loss of one of Antonio's ships.

VIII. The Writer of the Plays had Visited Scotland.

There is some reason to believe that the author of *Macbeth* visited Scotland. The chronicler Holinshead narrates that Macbeth and Banquo, before they met the witches, "went sporting by the way together without other company, passing through the woods and fields, when suddenly, in the midst of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparel." "This description," says Knight, "presents to us the idea of a pleasant and

[1] *3d Henry VI.*, i, 3.

fertile place." But the poet makes the meeting with the witches "on the blasted heath." Knight tells us that "the country around Forres is wild moorland. . . . We thus see that, whether Macbeth met the weird sisters to the east or west of Forres, there was in each place that desolation which was best fitted for such an event, and not the woods and fields and launds of the chronicler."

This departure from Holinshead's narrative would strongly indicate that the poet had actually visited the scene of the play.

Again, it is claimed that the disposal of the portal "at the south entry" of the castle of Inverness is strictly in accordance with the facts, and could not have been derived from the chronicle. Even the pronunciation of Dunsináne, with the accent on the last syllable, is shown to have been in accordance with the custom of the peasantry.

Macbeth was evidently written after the accession of James I., and we find that Bacon paid a visit to King James before he came to London and probably while he was still in Scotland. In Spedding's *Life and Letters*[1] we find a letter from Bacon to the Earl of Northumberland, without date, referring to this visit. Spedding says:

> Meanwhile the news which Bacon received from his friends in the *Scotch court* appears to have been favorable: sufficiently so, at least, to encourage him to seek a personal interview with the King. I cannot find the exact date, but it will be seen from the next letter that, before the King arrived in London, he had gone to meet him, carrying a dispatch from the Earl of Northumberland; and that he had been admitted to his presence.

The letter speaks as follows:

> *It may please your good Lordship:*
>
> I would not have lost this journey, and yet I have not that for which I went. For I have had no private conference to any purpose with the King; and no more hath almost any other English. For the speech his Majesty admitteth with some noblemen is rather matter of grace than of business. With the attorney he spake, being urged by the Treasurer of Scotland, but yet no more than needs must. . . .

I would infer that this interview was held in Scotland. The fact that the Treasurer of Scotland was present and that the English could not obtain private audience with the King would indicate this.

[1] Volume iii, p. 76.

IX. The Writer of the Plays had been in Italy.

There are many reasons to believe that the writer of the Plays had visited Italy. In a note upon the passage,

> Unto the tranect to the common ferry
> Which trades to Venice,[1]

Knight remarks:

If Shakspere had been at Venice (which, from the extraordinary keeping of the play, appears the most natural supposition), he must surely have had some situation in his eye for Belmont. There is a common ferry at two places — Fusina and Mestre.

In the same play the poet says:

> This night methinks is but the daylight sick.
> It looks a little paler; 'tis a day
> Such as the day is when the sun is hid.[2]

Whereupon Knight says:

The light of the moon and stars (in Italy) is almost as yellow as the sunlight in England. . . . Two hours after sunset, on the night of a new moon, we have seen so far over the lagunes that the night seemed only a paler day—"a little paler."

Mr. Brown, the author of *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Plays*, strenuously maintained the opinion that Shakespeare must have visited Italy:

His descriptions of Italian scenes and manners are more minute and accurate than if he had derived his information wholly from books.

Mr. Knight, speaking of *The Taming of the Shrew*, says:

It is difficult for those who have explored the city [of Padua] to resist the persuasion that the poet himself had been one of the travelers who had come from afar to look upon its seats of learning, if not to partake of its "ingenious studies." There is a pure Paduan atmosphere hanging about this play.

Bacon, it is known, visited France, and it is believed he traveled in Italy.

X. The Writer of the Plays had been at Sea.

One other point, and I pass from this branch of the subject.

Richard Grant White says:

Of all negative facts in regard to his life, none, perhaps, is surer than that *he never was at sea;* yet in *Henry VIII.*, describing the outburst of admiration and loyalty of the multitude at sight of Anne Bullen, he says, as if he had spent his life on shipboard:

> Such a noise arose
> As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest;
> As loud, and to as many tunes.[3]

[1] *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 4. [2] Act v, scene 1. [3] *Life and Genius of Shakespeare*, p. 259.

More than this, we are told that this man, who had never been at sea, wrote the play of *The Tempest*, which contains a very accurate description of the management of a vessel in a storm.

The second Lord Mulgrave gives, in Boswell's edition, a communication showing that

> Shakespeare's technical knowledge of seamanship must have been the result of the most accurate personal observation, or, what is perhaps more difficult, of the power of combining and applying the information derived from others.

But no books had then been published on the subject. Dr. Johnson says:

> His naval dialogue is, perhaps, the first example of sailor's language exhibited on the stage.

Lord Mulgrave continues:

> The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could be devised for a chance of safety. . . . The words of command are strictly proper. . . . He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship.

Capt. Glascock, R. N., says:

> The Boatswain, in *The Tempest*, delivers himself in the true vernacular of the forecastle.

All this would, indeed, be most extraordinary in a man who had never been at sea. Bacon, on the other hand, we know to have made two voyages to France; we know how close and accurate were his powers of observation; and in *The Natural History of the Winds*[1] he gives, at great length, a description of the masts and sails of a vessel, with the dimensions of each sail, the mode of handling them, and the necessary measures to be taken in a storm.

XI. Conclusions.

It seems, then, to my mind, most clear, that there is not a single passage in the Plays which unquestionably points to any locality associated with the life of the man of Stratford, while, on the other hand, there are numerous allusions to scenes identified with the biography of Bacon; and, more than this, that the place of Bacon's birth and the place of his residence are both made the subjects of scenes in the Plays, and nearly all the historical Plays turn about St. Albans as a common center.

The geography of the Plays would all indicate that Francis Bacon wrote them.

[1] Section 29.

CHAPTER IV.

THE POLITICS OF THE PLAYS.

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes;
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

Measure for Measure, i, 1.

WE know what ought to have been the politics of William Shakspere, of Stratford.

He came of generations of peasants; he belonged to the class which was at the bottom of the social scale. If he were a true man, with a burning love of justice, he would have sympathized with his kind. Like Burns, he would have poured forth his soul in protests against the inequalities and injustice of society; he would have asserted the great doctrine of the brotherhood of man; he would have anticipated that noble utterance:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that.

If he painted, as the writer of the Plays did, an insurrection of the peasants, *of his own class*, he would have set forth their cause in the most attractive light, instead of burlesquing them. Such a genius as is revealed in the Plays, if he really came from the common people and was filled with their spirit, would have prefigured that great social revolution which broke out twenty years after his death, and which brought a king's head to the block. We should have had, on every page, passages breathing love of equality, of liberty; and other passages of the mockery of the aristocracy that would have burned like fire. He would have anticipated Pym, Hampden and Milton.

A man of an ignorant, a low, a base mind may refuse to sympathize with his own caste, because it is oppressed and downtrodden, and put himself in posture of cringe and conciliation to those whose whips descend upon his shoulders; but a really great

and noble soul, a really broad and comprehensive mind, never would dissociate himself from his brethren in the hour of their affliction. No nobler soul, no broader mind ever existed than that revealed in the Plays. Do the utterances of the writer of those Plays indicate that he came of the common people? Not at all.

I. The Writer of the Plays was an Aristocrat.

Appleton Morgan says:

He was a constitutional aristocrat who believed in the established order of things, and wasted not a word of all his splendid eulogy upon any human right not in his day already guaranteed by charters or by thrones.

Swinburne says:

With him the people once risen in revolt, for any just or unjust cause, is always the mob, the unwashed rabble, the swinish multitude.[1]

And again:

For the drovers, who guide and misguide at will the turbulent flocks of their mutinous cattle, his store of bitter words is inexhaustible; it is a treasure-house of obloquy which can never be drained dry.[2]

Walt Whitman says:

Shakespeare is incarnated, uncompromising feudalism in literature.[3]

Richard Grant White says:

He always represents the laborer and the artisan in a degraded position, and often makes his ignorance and his uncouthness the butt of ridicule.[4]

Dowden says:

Shakspere is not democratic. When the people are seen in masses in his Plays they are nearly always shown as factious, fickle and irrational.[5]

Walter Bagehot says:

Shakespeare had two predominant feelings in his mind. First, the feeling of loyalty to the ancient polity of this country, not because it was good, but because it existed. The second peculiar tenet is a disbelief in the middle classes. We fear he had no opinion of traders. You will generally find that when "a citizen" is mentioned he does or says something absurd. . . . The author of *Coriolanus* never believed in a mob, *and did something towards preventing anybody else from doing so.*

We turn to Bacon and we find that he entertained precisely the same feelings.

Dean Church says:

Bacon had no sympathy with popular wants and claims; of popularity, of all that was called popular, he had the deepest suspicion and dislike; the opinions and

[1] Swinburne, *Study of Shak.*, p. 54.
[2] Ibid., p. 54
[3] *Democratic Vistas*, p. 81.
[4] White's *Genius of Shak.*, p. 298.
[5] *Shak. Mind and Art*, p. 284.

the judgment of average men he despised, as a thinker, a politician and a courtier; the "malignity of the people" he thought great. "I do not love," he said, "the word *people*." But he had a high idea of what was worthy of a king.

II. He Despised the Class to which Shakspere Belonged.

Shakespeare calls the laboring people:

> Mechanic slaves.[1]
>
> The fool multitude that choose by show,
> Not learning, more than the fond eye doth teach.[2]
>
> The inundation of mistempered humor.[3]
>
> The rude *multitude*.[4]
>
> The multitude of hinds and peasants.[5]
>
> The *base* vulgar.[6]
>
> O *base* and obscure vulgar.[7]
>
> *Base* peasants.[8]
>
> A habitation giddy and unsure
> Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.[9]
>
> A sort of vagabonds, rascals and run-aways,
> A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants.[10]
>
> The blunt monster with uncounted heads,
> The still discordant, wavering multitude.[11]

We shall see hereafter that nearly every one of the Shakespeare Plays was written to inculcate some special moral argument; to preach a lesson to the people that might advantage them. *Coriolanus* seems to have been written to create a wall and barrier of public opinion against that movement towards popular government which not long after his death plunged England into a long and bloody civil war. The whole argument of the play is the unfitness of a mob to govern a state. Hence all through the play we find such expressions as these:

> The plebeian multitude.[12]
>
> You common cry of curs.[13]
>
> The mutable, rank-scented many.[14]
>
> You are they
> That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
> Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
> Coriolanus' exile.[15]

[1] *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 2.
[2] *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 9.
[3] *King John*, v, 1.
[4] *2d Henry VI.*, iii, 2.
[5] Ibid., iv, 4.
[6] *Love's Labor Lost*, i, 2.
[7] Ibid., iv, 1.
[8] *2d Henry VI.*, iv, 8.
[9] *2d Henry IV.*, i, 3.
[10] *Richard III.*, v, 3.
[11] *2d Henry IV.*, Ind.
[12] *Coriolanus*, ii, 1
[13] Ibid., iii, 3.
[14] Ibid., iv, 8.
[15] *Coriolanus*, iv, 6.

Again he alludes to the plebeians as "those measles" whose contact would "tetter" him.

III. He Despises Tradesmen of All Kinds.

But this contempt of the writer of the Plays was not confined to the mob. It extended to all trades-people. He says:

Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen.[1]

We turn to Bacon, and we find him referring to the common people as a *scum*. The same word is used in Shakespeare. Bacon speaks of

The vulgar, to whom nothing moderate is grateful.[2]

This is the same thought we find in Shakespeare :

What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war?[3]

Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil.[4]

Again Bacon says:

The ignorant and rude multitude.[5]

If fame be from the common people, it is commonly false and naught.[6]

This is very much the thought expressed in Shakespeare:

The fool multitude that choose by show,
Not learning, more than the fond eye doth teach.[7]

And also in

He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgments, but their eyes.[8]

Bacon says:

For in all times, in the opinion of the multitude, witches and old women and impostors have had a competition with physicians.[9]

And again he says:

The envious and *malignant* disposition of the vulgar, for when fortune's favorites and great potentates come to ruin, then do the common people rejoice, setting, as it were, a crown upon the head of revenge.[10]

[1] *Winter's Tale*, iv, 3.
[2] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Diomedes.*
[3] *Coriolanus*, i, 1.
[4] Ibid., i, 1.
[5] *Wisdom of the Ancients.*
[6] Essay *Of Praise.*
[7] *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 9.
[8] *Hamlet*, iv, 3.
[9] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[10] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Nemesis.*

And again he says:

The nature of the vulgar, always swollen and *malignant*, still broaching new scandals against superiors; . . . the same natural disposition of the people still leaning to the viler sort, being impatient of peace and tranquillity.[1]

Says Shakespeare:

That like not peace nor war.[2]

And Bacon says again:

He would never endure that the *base multitude* should frustrate the authority of Parliament.[3]

See how the same words are employed by both. Bacon says:

The *base multitude*.

Shakespeare says:

The rude *multitude*—the *base* vulgar.[4]

And the word *malignant* is a favorite with both. Shakespeare says:

Thou liest, *malignant* thing!

Malignant death.[5]

A *malignant* and turbaned Turk.[6]

Bacon says:

The envious and *malignant* disposition.

The vulgar always *swollen* and *malignant*.

Shakespeare says:

The *swollen* surge.[7]

Such *swollen* and hot discourse.[8]

But it must be remembered that Bacon was brought up as an aristocrat—connected by blood with the greatest men of the kingdom; born in a royal palace, York Place; son of Elizabeth's Lord Chancellor. And it must not be forgotten that the populace of London of that day had but lately emerged from barbarism; they were untaught in habits of self-government; worshiping the court, sycophantic to everything above them; unlettered, rude, and barbarous; and were, indeed, very different from the populace of the civilized world to-day. They doubtless deserved much of the unlimited contempt which Bacon showered upon them.

[1] *Wisdom of the Ancients.*
[2] *Coriolanus*, i, 1.
[3] *History of Henry VII.*
[4] *Tempest*, i, 2.
[5] *Richard III.*, ii, 2
[6] *Othello*, v, 2.
[7] *Tempest*, ii, 1.
[8] *Troilus and Cressida*, 3.

IV. He was at the Same Time a Philanthropist.

But while the writer of the Plays feared the mob and despised the trades-people, with the inborn contempt of an aristocrat, he had a broad philanthropy which took in the whole human family, and his heart went out with infinite pity to the wretched and the suffering.

Swinburne says:

> In *Lear* we have evidence of a sympathy with the mass of social misery more wide and deep and direct and bitter and tender than Shakespeare has shown elsewhere. . . . A poet of revolution he is not, as none of his country in that generation could have been; but as surely as the author of *Julius Cæsar* has approved himself in the best and highest sense of the word at least potentially a republican, so surely has the author of *King Lear* avowed himself, in the only good and rational sense of the word, a spiritual if not a political democrat and socialist.[1]

While Bacon's intellect would have revolted from such a hell-dance of the furies as the French Reign of Terror, whose excesses were not due to anything inherent in self-government, but to the degeneration of mankind, caused by ages of royal despotism; and while he abominated the acrid bigotry of the men of his own age, with whom liberty meant the right to burn those who differed from them: his sympathies were nevertheless upon the side of an orderly, well-regulated, intelligent freedom, and strongly upon the side of everything that would lift man out of his miseries.

Says Swinburne:

> Brutus is the very noblest figure of a typical and ideal republican in all the literature of the world.[2]

Bacon was ready to stand up against the whole power of Queen Elizabeth, and, as a member of Parliament, defended the rights of that great body, even to the detriment of his own fortunes; but he did not believe, as he says in his *History of Henry VII.*, that "the base multitude should control Parliament" any more than the Queen. And he gives us the same sentiment in *Coriolanus*. Menenius Agrippa, after telling the incensed Roman populace the fable of *The Belly and the Members*, draws this moral:

> The senators of Rome are this good belly,
> And you the mutinous members. . . .
> You shall find
> No public benefit which you receive
> But it proceeds, or comes, *from them to you*,
> *And no way from yourselves.*[3]

[1] Swinburne, *A Study of Shak.*, p. 175. [2] Ibid., p. 158. [3] *Coriolanus*, i. 1.

And he teaches us an immortal lesson in *Troilus and Cressida:*

> Then everything includes itself in *power*,
> Power into will, will into appetite:
> And appetite, an *universal wolf*.
> So doubly seconded with will and power,
> Must make perforce an universal prey,
> And last, eat up itself.

And in *Hamlet* he says:

> By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken notice of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier that he galls his kibe.[1]

Here we have one of Bacon's premonitions of the coming tempest which so soon broke over England; or, as he expresses it in *Richard III.:*

> Before the days of change, still it is so;
> By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
> Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
> The water swell before a boisterous storm.[2]

And again:

> And in such indexes, although small pricks
> To their subsèquent volumes, there is seen
> The baby figure of the giant mass
> Of things to come at large.[3]

Here, then, was indeed a strange compound:—an aristocrat that despised the mob and the work-people, but who, nevertheless, loved liberty; who admired the free oligarchy of Rome, and hated the plebeians who asked for the same liberty their masters enjoyed; and who, while despising the populace, grieved over their miseries and would have relieved them. We read in *Lear:*

> Take physic, pomp;
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel:
> *So may'st thou shake the superflux to them,*
> *And show the heavens more just.*

And again:

> Heavens, deal so still!
> Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
> That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
> Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly;
> *So distribution should undo excess,*
> *And each man have enough.*

And we turn to Bacon, and we find that through his whole life the one great controlling thought which directed all his labors was

[1] *Hamlet*, v, 1. [2] *Richard III.*, ii, 3. [3] *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 3.

a belief that God had created him to help his fellow-men to greater comfort and happiness.

He says:

Believing that I was born for the service of mankind, and regarding the care of the commonwealth as a kind of common property, which, like the air and water, belongs to everybody, I set myself to consider in what way *mankind might be best served.*[1]

Again he says:

This work, which is for the bettering of men's bread and wine, which are the characters of temporal blessings and sacraments of eternal, I hope, by God's holy providence, may be ripened by Cæsar's star.[2]

Again he says:

The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes: I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart.[3]

And in one of his prayers he says:

To God the Father, God the Word, God the Holy Ghost, I address my most humble and ardent prayers, that, *mindful of the miseries of man*, and of this pilgrimage of life, of which the days are few and evil, they would open up yet new sources of refreshment from the fountains of good *for the alleviation of our sorrows.*[4]

He also says that any man who "kindleth a light in nature," by new thoughts or studies, "seems to me to be a propagator of the empire of man over the universe, *a defender of liberty, a conqueror of necessities.*" [5]

It would be indeed strange if two men in the same age should hold precisely the same political views, with all these peculiar shadings and modifications. It would be indeed strange if the butcher's apprentice of Stratford should be filled with the most aristocratic prejudices against the common people; if the "vassal actor," who was legally a vagabond, and liable to the stocks and to branding and imprisonment, unless he practiced his degraded calling under the shadow of some nobleman's name, should bubble over with contempt for the tradesmen who were socially his superiors. And it would be still stranger if this butcher's apprentice, while cringing to a class he did not belong to, and insulting the class he did belong to, would be so filled with pity for the wretchedness of the many, that he was ready to advocate a redis-

[1] Preface to *The Interpretation of Nature.*
[2] Letter to the King.
[3] Prayer while Lord Chancellor.
[4] *The Masculine Birth of Time.*
[5] *The Interpretation of Nature.*

tribution of the goods of the world, so that each man might have enough!

V. The Writer of the Plays Belonged, like Bacon, to the Essex Faction.

But we go a step farther. While we find this complete identity between the views of Bacon and the writer of the Plays as to the generalities of political thought, we will see that they both belonged to the same political faction in the state.

It is well known that Bacon was an adherent of the Essex party and opposed to the party of his uncle Burleigh, who had suppressed him all through the reign of Elizabeth. These two factions divided the politics of the latter portion of Elizabeth's reign. The first gathered to itself all the discontented elements of the kingdom, the *young men*, the able, the adventurous, who flocked to Essex as to the cave of Adullam. They were in favor of brilliant courses, of wars, of adventures; as opposed to "the canker of a calm world and a long peace," advocated by the great Lord Treasurer. Bacon was undoubtedly for years the brains of this party.

The writer of the Plays belonged to this party also. He was a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company of actors. The Lord Chamberlain's theater represented the aristocratic side of public questions; the Lord Admiral's company (Henslowe's) the plebeian side: the one was patronized by *the young bloods*, the gallants; the other by the tradesmen and 'prentices. It was a time when, in the words of Simpson,

> The civil and military elements were pleading for precedence at the national bar: the one advocating age and wisdom in council and industry and obedience in the nation; the other crying out for youthful counsel, a dashing policy, a military organization and an offensive war. The one was the party of the Cecils, the other that of the Earl of Essex.[1]

Rümelin argues that

> Shakespeare wrote for the *jeunesse dorée* of the Elizabethan theater, and that he already saw the Royalist and Roundhead parties in process of formation, and was opposed to the Puritan *bourgeoisie*. Shakespeare was a pure Royalist, and an adherent of the purest water to the court party and the nobles.

The relations of Shakespeare to Essex, as manifested in the Plays, were as close as those of Bacon. Simpson says of the play

[1] *School of Shak.*, vol. i, p. 155.

of Sir Thomas Stuckley, which he believes to have been an early work of Shakspere:

> The play is a glorification of Stuckley as an idol of the military or Essex party, *to which Shakspere is known to have leant.* . . . The character of Lord Sycophant, contained therein, is a stinging satire on Essex' (Shakspere's hero and patron) great enemy, Lord Cobham.[1]

Speaking of the Plays which appeared at Shakspere's theater, Simpson says:

> When we regard them as a whole, those of the Lord Chamberlain's company are characterized by common sense, moderation, naturalness, and the absence of bombast, and by a great artistic liberty of form, of matter and of criticism; at the same time they favor *liberty in politics and toleration in religion*, and are consistently *opposed to the Cecilian ideal in policy*, while they as consistently *favor that school to which Essex is attached.*[2]

And it must not be forgotten that these striking admissions are made by one who had not a doubt that Shakspere was Shakespeare.

When we turn to the Plays we find a distinct attempt to glorify Essex. Camden says:

> About the end of March (1599) the Earl of Essex set forward for Ireland, and was accompanied out of London with a fine appearance of nobility and gentry, and the most cheerful huzzas of the common people.

Essex returned to London on the 28th of September of the same year; and in the meantime appeared the play of *Henry V.*, and in the chorus of the fifth act we have these words:

> But now behold,
> In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
> How London doth pour out her citizens!
> The mayor and all his brethren, in best sort —
> Like to the senators of antique Rome,
> With the plebeians swarming at their heels —
> Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
> As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
> Were now the general of our gracious empress,
> (As in good time he may), from Ireland coming,
> Bringing rebellion broachèd on his sword,
> How many would the peaceful city quit
> To welcome him?

The play of *2d Henry IV.* and that of *Henry V.* constitute a deification of military greatness; and the representation of that splendid English victory, Agincourt — the Waterloo of the olden age — was meant to fire the blood of the London audiences with admira-

[1] *School of Shak.*, vol. 1, p. 10. [2] Ibid., vol. 1, p. 19.

tion for that spirit of military adventure of which Essex was the type and representative.

Neither must it be forgotten that it was Southampton, the bosom friend of Essex, who shared with him in his conspiracy to seize the person of the Queen, and who nearly shared the block with him, remaining in the Tower until after the death of Elizabeth. And it was to Southampton that Shakespeare dedicated *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece.* Bacon was the intimate friend and correspondent of Southampton; they were both members of the law-school of Gray's Inn, and Shakespeare dedicated his poems to him.

VI. The Writer of the Plays, like Bacon, Hated Coke.

If there was any one man whom, above all others, Bacon despised and disliked it was that great but brutal lawyer, Coke. And in the Plays we find a distinct reference to Coke:

> *Sir Toby.* Go write it in a martial hand, be curst and brief; . . . taunt him with the license of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice it shall not be amiss. . . . Let there be gall enough in thy ink though thou write with a goose pen, no matter.[1]

Theobald and Knight, and all the other commentators, agree that this is an allusion to Coke's virulent speech against Sir Walter Raleigh, on the trial for treason. The Attorney-General exclaimed to Sir Walter:

> All he did was by thy instigation, *thou* viper; for I *thou* thee, *thou* traitor.

Here is the *thou* thrice used. Theobald says it shows Shakespeare's "detestation of Coke."

Let us pass to another consideration.

VII. The Writer of the Plays, like Bacon, Disliked Lord Cobham.

Lord Cobham was one of the chief enemies of Essex. Spedding says:

> About the same time another quarrel arose upon the appointment of the wardenship of the Cinque Ports, vacant by the death of Lord Cobham, whose eldest son, an enemy of the Earl, was one of the competitors. Essex wished Sir Robert Sydney to have the place, but, finding the Queen resolute in favor of the new Lord Cobham, and "seeing he is likely to carry it away, I mean (said the Earl) resolutely to stand for it myself against him. . . . My Lord Treasurer is come to court, and

[1] *Twelfth Night*, iii, 1.

we sat in council this afternoon in his chamber. I made it known unto them that I had just cause to hate the Lord Cobham, for his villainous dealing and abusing of me; that he hath been my chief persecutor most unjustly; that in him there is no worth."[1]

This was in the year 1597.

And when we turn to the Plays we find that the writer sought to cover the family of Lord Cobham with disgrace and ridicule.

Halliwell-Phillipps says:

The first part of *Henry IV.*, the appearance of which on the stage may be confidently assigned to *the spring of the year 1597*, was followed immediately, or a few months afterward, by the composition of the second part. It is recorded that both these plays were very favorably received by Elizabeth; the Queen especially relishing the character of Falstaff, and they were most probably amongst the dramas represented before that sovereign in the Christmas holidays of 1597–8. At this time, or then very recently, the renowned hero of the Boar's Head Tavern had been introduced as Sir John Oldcastle, but the Queen ordered Shakespeare to alter the name of the character. This step was taken in consequence of the representations of *some member or members of the Cobham family*, who had taken offense at *their illustrious ancestor, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, the Protestant martyr, being disparagingly introduced on the stage;* and, accordingly, in or before the February of the following year, Falstaff took the place of Oldcastle, the former being probably one of the few names invented by Shakespeare. . . . The subject, however, was viewed by the Cobhams in a very serious light. This is clearly shown, not merely by the action taken by the Queen, but by the anxiety exhibited by Shakespeare, in the Epilogue to the second part, to place the matter beyond all doubt, by the explicit declaration that there was in Falstaff no kind of association, satirical or otherwise, with the martyr Oldcastle.[2]

The language of the Epilogue is:

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France, where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; *for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.*

And yet, there seems to have been a purpose, despite this retraction, to affix the stigma of Falstaff's disreputable career to the ancestor of the Cobham family; for in the first part of *Henry IV.* we find this expression:

Falstaff. Thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince Henry. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the Castle.[3]

Says Knight, as a foot-note upon this sentence:

The passage in the text has given rise to the notion that Sir John Oldcastle was pointed at in the character of Falstaff.

[1] *Letters and Life*, vol. ii, p. 48. [2] *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 98. [3] Act ii, scene 2.

Oldys remarks:

> Upon whom does the horsing of a dead corpse on Falstaff's back reflect? Whose honor suffers, in his being forced, by the unexpected surprise of his armed plunderers, to surrender his treasure? Whose policy is impeached by his creeping into a bucking basket to avoid the storms of a jealous husband?

Fuller says, in his *Church History:*

> Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place.

It seems to me, there can be no doubt that the author of the Plays disliked the Cobham family, and sought to degrade them, by bringing their ancestor on the stage, in the guise of a disreputable, thieving, cowardly old rascal, who is thumped, beaten and cast into the Thames "like a litter of blind puppies." And even when compelled by the Queen to change the name of the character, the writer of the Plays puts into the mouth of Prince Hal the expression, "My old lad of the castle," to intimate to the multitude that Falstaff was still, despite his change of name, Sir John Oldcastle, the ancestor of the enemy of Bacon's great friend and patron, the Earl of Essex.

VIII. The Writer of the Plays was Hostile to Queen Elizabeth.

Let us turn to another point.

We have seen that the writer of the Plays was, by his family traditions and alliances, and his political surroundings, a Protestant. Being such, it would follow that he would be an admirer of Elizabeth, the representative and bulwark of Protestantism in England and on the continent. But we find that, for some reason, this Protestant did not love Elizabeth; and although he sugars her over with compliments in *Henry VIII.*, just as Bacon did in his letters, and probably in his sonnets, yet there was beneath this fair show of flattery a purpose to deal her most deadly blows.

If the divorce of Henry VIII. was based on vicious and adulterous motives, the marriage of the King with Anne Boleyn was discreditable, to say the least. And remembering this we find that

the play represents Anne as a frivolous person to whom the King was drawn by his passions.

We read:

Suffolk. How is the King employed?
Chamberlain. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Norfolk. What's the cause?
Chamberlain. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suffolk. *No, his conscience*
Has crept too near another lady.
Norfolk. 'Tis so;
This is the Cardinal's doing.[1]

Birch says:

The scene between the Old Lady and Anne Boleyn seems introduced to make people laugh at the hypocrisy and Protestant conscience of Anne, mixed up with the indecency abjured in the prologue.[2]

The Old Lady says:

And so would you
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts,
(Saving your mincing), the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive
If you might please to stretch it.[3]

Knight argues that the play could not have been produced during the reign of Elizabeth. He says:

The memory of Henry VIII., perhaps, was not cherished by her with any deep affection; but would she, who in her dying hour is reported to have said, "My seat has been the seat of kings," allow the frailties, and even the peculiarities of her father, to be made a public spectacle? Would she have borne that his passion for her mother should have been put forward in the strongest way by the poet — that is, in the sequence of the dramatic action — as the impelling motive for the divorce from Katharine? Would she have endured that her father . . . should be represented in the depth of his hypocrisy gloating over his projected divorce with—

But *conscience, conscience,* —
Oh! 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her?

Would she have been pleased with the jests of the Old Lady to Anne, upon her approaching elevation — her title — her "thousand pound a year" — and all to be instantly succeeded by the trial-scene — that magnificent exhibition of the purity, the constancy, the fortitude, the grandeur of soul, the self-possession of the "most poor woman and a stranger" that her mother had supplanted?

[1] Act ii, scene 2. [2] *Philosophy and Religion of Shak.*, p. 340. [3] *Henry VIII.*, ii, 3.

Nothing could be grander than the light in which Katharine is set. Henry himself says:

> Thou art, alone,
> (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
> Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government—
> Obeying in commanding—and thy parts
> Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out),
> The queen of earthly queens.[1]

Anne is made to say of her:

> Here's the pang that pinches.
> His highness having lived so long with her; and she
> So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
> Pronounce dishonor of her—by my life
> She never knew harm-doing . . . after this process
> To give her the avaunt! *it is a pity*
> *Would move a monster.*[2]

And then we have that scene, declared by Dr. Johnson to be the grandest Shakespeare ever wrote, in which angels come upon the stage, and, in the midst of heavenly music, crown Katharine with a garland of saintship, the angelic visitors bowing to her:

> *Katharine.* Saw you not, even now, a blessed troupe
> Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
> Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun?
> They promised me eternal happiness,
> And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
> I am not worthy yet to wear; I shall
> Assuredly.[3]

In the epilogue Shakespeare says:

> I fear
> All the expected good we're like to hear
> For this play at this time, is only in
> The merciful construction of good women,
> *For such a one we showed them.*

Upon this Birch says:

> This was honest in Shakespeare. He did not put the success of the play upon the flattery of the great or of Protestant prejudices, but upon the exhibition of one good woman, of the opposite party, a Roman Catholic, a Spaniard, and the mother of bloody Mary.

In fact, Shakespeare, strange to say, introduces into the play high praise of this same "bloody Mary," long after she was dead and her sect powerless. He puts it in the mouth of Queen Kath-

[1] *Henry VIII.*, ii, 4. [2] Ibid., ii, 3. [3] Act iv, scene 2.

arine, who, telling Capucius the contents of her last letter to the King, says:

> In which I have commended to his goodness
> The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:
> The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
> Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;
> (She is young *and of a noble, modest nature;*
> I hope she will deserve well); and a little
> To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him
> Heaven knows how dearly.

The words of praise of Mary are not found in the letter which Katharine actually sent to the King: *they are an interpolation of the poet!*

If Henry put away his true wife, not for any real scruples of conscience, but simply from an unbridled, lustful desire to possess the young and beautiful but frivolous Anne; and if to reach this end he overrode the limitations of the church to which he belonged, then, indeed, Elizabeth was little more than the bastard which her enemies gave her out. A play written to make a saint of Katharine, and a sensual brute of Henry, could certainly bring only shame and disgrace to Anne and her daughter.

What motive could the man of Stratford have to thus contrive debasement for Elizabeth's memory? Why should he follow her beyond the grave for revenge? What wrongs had she inflicted on him? He came to London a poor outcast; during her reign he had risen to wealth and respectability. If tradition is to be believed, she had noticed and honored him. What grievance could he carry away with him to Stratford? Why should it be noticed by contemporaries that when Elizabeth died the muse of Shakespeare breathed not one mournful note of divine praise over her tomb? Chettle, in his *England's Mourning Garment*, thus reproaches Shakespeare that his verse had not bewailed his own and England's loss:

> Nor doth the silver-tongued Melicert
> Drop from his honied muse one sable tear,
> To mourn her death that gracèd his desert,
> And to his lines opened her royal eare.
> Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth,
> And sing her rape, done by the Tarquin, Death.

But as soon as the Tarquin Death had taken Elizabeth, Shakespeare proceeded to show that she was conceived in lust and born

in injustice; that her father was a powerful and hypocritical brute; her mother an ambitious worldling; and that the woman she had supplanted was a saint, who passed, upon the wings of cherishing angels, directly to the portals of eternal bliss.

And it will be noted that, although Bacon wrote an essay called *The Felicities of Queen Elizabeth*, it was rather, as its name implies, a description of the happy circumstances that conjoined to make her reign great and prosperous, than a eulogy of her character as admirable or beautiful. He mentions the fact that she

> Was very willing to be courted, wooed and to have sonnets made in her commendation, and that she continued this longer than was decent for her years.

And he says, in anticipation of such a criticism as I make:

> Now, if any man shall allege that against me, which was once said to Cæsar, "we see what we may admire, but we would fain see what we could commend;" certainly, for my part, I hold true admiration to be the highest degree of commendation.

But he did not commend her.

And if we turn to the career of Bacon, we shall find that he had ample cause to hate Elizabeth.

Macaulay says:

> To her it was owing that, while younger men, not superior to him in extraction, and far inferior to him in every kind of personal merit, were filling the highest offices of the state, adding manor to manor, rearing palace after palace, he was lying at a sponging-house for a debt of three hundred pounds [1]

So long as Elizabeth lived, Bacon was systematically repressed and kept in the most pitiful poverty. The base old woman, knowing his condition, would see him embarrass himself still further with costly gifts, given her on her birthdays, and rewarded him with empty honors that could not keep bread in his mouth, or the constable from his door. Beneath the poor man's placid exterior of philosophical self-control, there was a very volcano of wrath and hate ready to burst forth.

Dean Church says:

> But she still refused him promotion. He was without an official position in the Queen's service, and he never was allowed to have it.[2]

And again:

> Burleigh had been strangely niggardly in what he did to help his brilliant nephew. . . . . But it is plain that he [his son] early made up his mind to keep

[1] *Macaulay's Essays, Bacon*, p. 254. [2] *Bacon*, p. 52.

Bacon in the background. . . . Nothing can account for Bacon's strange failure for so long a time to reach his due place in the public service, but the secret hostility, whatever may be the cause, of Cecil.[1]

This adverse influence kept Bacon in poverty and out of place as long as Cecil lived, which was for some years after the death of Elizabeth. Bacon writes to the King upon Cecil's death a letter, of which Dean Church says:

Bacon was in a bitter mood, and the letter reveals, for the first time, what was really in Bacon's heart about "the great subject and great servant," of whom he had just written so respectfully, and with whom he had been so closely connected for most of his life. The fierceness which had been gathering for years of neglect and hindrance, under that placid and patient exterior, broke out.[2]

How savagely does Bacon's pent-up wrath burst from him when writing to King James about his cousin's death:

I protest to God, though I be not superstitious, when I saw your Majesty's book against Vorstius and Arminius, and noted your zeal to deliver the majesty of God from the vain and indign comprehensions of heresy and degenerate philosophy, as you had by your pen formerly endeavored to deliver kings from the usurpations of Rome, *perculsit illico animum* that God would set shortly upon you *some visible favor, and let me not live if I thought not of the taking away of that man.*[3]

The Cecils ruled Elizabeth, and we may judge from this passionate outburst how deeply and bitterly, for many years, Bacon hated the Virgin Queen and her advisers; how much more bitterly and deeply because his wretched poverty had constrained him to cringe and fawn upon the objects of his contempt and wrath. He expressed his own inmost feelings when he put into the mouth of Hamlet as the strongest of provocations to suicide:

> The law's delay,
> *The insolence of office, and the spurns*
> *That patient merit of the unworthy takes.*

How bitterly does he break forth in *Lear:*

> Behold the great image of authority! *A dog's obeyed in office!*

And again, in *Measure for Measure:*

> Man, proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> . . . Like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
> As make the angels weep.

[1] Ibid., p. 59. [2] Ibid., p. 90. [3] Letter to the King, 1612.

And we seem to hear the cry of his own long disappointed heart in the words of Wolsey:

> O, how wretched
> Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!
> There is, between that smile he would aspire to,
> That sweet aspéct of princes, and their ruin,
> More pangs and fears than wars or women have.

And Hamlet, his *alter ego*, expresses the self-loathing with which he contemplated the abasements of genius to power:

> No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
> And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
> Where thrift may follow fawning.

These words never came from the smooth surface of a prosperous life: they were the bitter outgrowth of a turbulent and suffering heart. When you would find words that sting like adders — expletives of immortal wrath and hate — you must seek them in the depths of an outraged soul.

What was there in the life of the Stratford man to justify such expressions? He had his bogus coat-of-arms to make him respectable; he owned the great house of Stratford, and could brew beer in it, and sue his neighbors, to his heart's content. He fled away from the ambitions of the court to the odorous muck-heaps and the pyramidal dung-hills of Stratford; and if any grief settled upon his soul he could (as tradition tells us) get drunk for three days at a time to assuage it.

IX. Richard III. Represented Robert Cecil.

There is another very significant fact.

The arch-enemy of Bacon and of Essex was Sir Robert Cecil, Bacon's first cousin, the child of his mother's sister. He was the chief means of eventually bringing Essex' head to the block. We have just seen how intensely Bacon hated him, and with what good reason.

He was a man of extraordinary mental power, derived, in part, from the same stock (the stock of Sir Anthony Cook, tutor to King Edward IV.) from which Bacon had inherited much of his ability. But, in his case, the blood of Sir Anthony had been crossed by the shrewd, cunning, foxy, cold-blooded, selfish, persistent stock of his father, Sir William Burleigh, Elizabeth's Lord Treasurer; and

hence, instead of a great poet and philosopher, as in Bacon's case, the outcome was a statesman and courtier of extraordinary keenness and ability, and a very sleuth-hound of dissembling persistency and cunning.

He had the upper hand of Bacon, and he kept it. He sat on his neck as long as he lived. Even after the death of Elizabeth and the coming-in of the new King, he held that mighty genius in the mire. He seemed to have possessed some secret concerning Bacon, discreditable to him, which he imparted to King James, and this hindered his advancement after the death of the Queen, notwithstanding the fact that Bacon had belonged to the faction which, prior to Elizabeth's death, was in favor of James as her successor. This is intimated by Dean Church; he says:

> Cecil had, indeed, but little claim on Bacon's gratitude; he had spoken him fair in public, and no doubt in secret distrusted and thwarted him. But to the last Bacon did not choose to acknowledge this. *Had James disclosed something of his dead servant* [Cecil], *who left some strange secrets behind him, which showed his hostility to Bacon?*[1]

Was it for this that Bacon rejoiced over his death? Was the secret an intimation to King James that Bacon was the real author of the Plays that went about in the name of Shakespeare? Whatever it was, there was something potent enough to suppress Bacon and hold him down, even for some time after Cecil's death.

Dean Church says:

> He was still kept out of the inner circle of the council, but from the moment of Salisbury's [Cecil's] death, he became a much more important person. He still sued for advancement, and still met with disappointment; the "mean men" still rose above him. . . . But Bacon's hand and counsel appear more and more in important matters.[2]

Now it is known that Cecil was a man of infirm health, and that *he was a hump-back.*

We turn to the Shakespeare Plays, and we ask: What is the most awful character, the most absolutely repulsive and detestable character, the character without a single redeeming, or beautifying, or humanizing trait, in all the range of the Plays? And the answer is: The crook-backed monster, Richard III.

Richard III. was a satire on Bacon's cousin, Robert Cecil.

To make the character more dreadful, the poet has drawn it in colors even darker than historical truth would justify.

[1] *Bacon*, p. 92.

[2] Ibid., p. 93.

Like Cecil, Richard is able, shrewd, masterful, unscrupulous, ambitious; determined, rightly or wrongly, to rule the kingdom. Like Cecil, he can crawl and cringe and dissemble, when it is necessary, and rule with a rod of iron when he possesses the power.

Here we have a portrait of Cecil.



SIR ROBERT CECIL.

Was the expression of that face in Bacon's mind when he wrote those lines, which I have just quoted?

> Man, proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> . . . *like an angry ape*,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As makes the angels weep.

The expression of Cecil's countenance is, to my mind, actually ape-like.

The man who has about him any personal deformity never ceases to be conscious of it. Byron could not forget his club-foot. What a terrible revenge it was when Bacon, under the disguise of the irresponsible play-actor, Shakspere, set on the boards of the Curtain Theater the all-powerful courtier and minister, Sir Robert Cecil, in the character of that other hump-back, the bloody and loathsome Duke of Gloster? How the adherents of Essex must have whispered it among the multitude, as the crippled Duke, with his hump upon his

shoulder, came upon the stage—"That's Cecil!" And how they must have applied Richard's words of self-description to another?

I that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

And these last lines express the very thought with which Bacon opens his essay *On Deformity*.

Deformed persons are commonly even with nature; for as nature hath done ill by them, so do they by nature, being for the most part (as the Scripture saith) "void of natural affection;" and so they have their revenge of nature.

And we seem to see the finger of Bacon pointing toward his cousin, in these words:

Whoever hath any thing fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn; therefore all deformed persons are extreme bold, first, as in their own defense, as being exposed to scorn, but in process of time by a general habit. Also it stirreth in them industry, and especially of this kind, to watch and observe the weaknesses of others, that they may have somewhat to repay. Again, in their superiors it quencheth jealousy towards them, as persons that they think they may at pleasure despise; and it layeth their competitors and emulators asleep, as never believing they should be in possibility of advancement till they see them in possession, so that upon the matter, in a great wit, deformity is an advantage to rising.

Speaking of the death of Cecil, Hepworth Dixon says:

And when Cecil passes to his rest, a new edition of the *Essays*, under cover of a treatise on Deformity, paints in true and bold lines, but without one harsh touch, the genius of the man. . . . Every one knows the portrait; yet no one can pronounce this picture of a small, shrewd man of the world, a clerk in soul, without a spark of fire, a dart of generosity in his nature, unfair or even unkind.[1]

One can conceive how bitterly the dissembling, self-controlled Cecil must have writhed under the knowledge that the Essex party, in the Essex theater, occupied by the Essex company of actors, and filled daily with the adherents of Essex, had placed him on the

[1] *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, pp. 193, 204.

boards, with all his deformity upon his back, and made him the object of the ribald laughter of the swarming multitude, "the scum" of London. As we will find hereafter Queen Elizabeth saying, "Know ye not I am Richard the Second?" so we may conceive Cecil saying to the Queen: "Know ye not that I am Richard the Third?"

And if he knew, or shrewdly suspected, that his cousin, Francis Bacon, was the real author of the Plays, and the man who had so terribly mocked his physical defects, we can understand why he used all his powers, as long as he lived, to hold him down; and, as Church suspects, even blackened him in the King's esteem, so that his revenge might transcend the limits of his own frail life. And we can understand the exultation of Bacon when, at last, death loosened from his throat the fangs of his powerful and unforgiving adversary.

In conclusion and recapitulation I would say that I find the political identities between Bacon and the writer of the Plays to be as follows:

Both were aristocrats.

Both despised the mob.

Both contemned tradesmen.

Both loved liberty.

Both loved feudalism.

Both pitied the miseries of the people.

Both desired the welfare of the people.

Both foresaw and dreaded an uprising of the lower classes.

Both belonged to the military party.

Both hated Lord Cobham.

Both were adherents of Essex.

Both tried to popularize Essex.

Both were friends of Southampton.

Both hated Coke.

Both, although Protestant, had some strong antipathy against Queen Elizabeth.

Both refused to eulogize her character after death.

Both, though aristocratic, were out of power and bitter against those in authority.

Both hated Robert Cecil.

Surely, surely, we are getting the two heads under one hat—and that the hat of the great philosopher of Verulam.

CHAPTER V.

THE RELIGION OF THE PLAYS.

I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not.
As You Like It, v, 4.

THE religious world of Elizabeth was divided into two great and antagonistic sects: Catholics and Protestants; and the latter were, in turn, separated into the followers of the state religion and various forms of dissent.

Religion in that day was an earnest, palpable reality: society was set against itself in hostile classes; politics, place, government, legislation—all hinged upon religion. In this age of doubt and indifference, we can hardly realize the feelings of a people to whom the next world was as real as this world, and who were ready to die agonizing deaths, in the flames of Smithfield, for their convictions upon questions of theology.

We are told that William Shakspere of Stratford died a Catholic. We have this upon the authority of Rev. Mr. Davies, who says, writing after 1688, "he died a Papist." Upon the question of the politics of a great man, the leader of either one of the political parties of his neighborhood is likely to be well informed; it is in the line of his interests and thoughts. Upon the question of the religion of the one great man of Stratford, we may trust the testimony of the clergyman of the parish. He could hardly be mistaken. There can be little doubt that William Shakspere of Stratford-on-Avon died a Catholic.

But of what religion was the man who wrote the Plays?

This question has provoked very considerable discussion. He has been claimed alike by Protestants and Catholics.

To my mind it is very clear that the writer of the Plays was a Protestant. And this is the view of Dowden. He says:

> Shakespeare has been proved to belong to each communion to the satisfaction of contending theological zealots. . . . But, tolerant as his spirit is, it is certain that the spirit of Protestantism animates and breathes through his writings.[1]

What are the proofs?

[1] Dowden, *Shak. Mind and Art*, p. 33.

I. He is Opposed to the Papal Supremacy.

The play of *King John* turns largely upon the question of patriotic resistance to the temporal power of the Pope; and this is not a necessary incident of the events of the time, for the poet, to point his moral, antedates the great quarrel between John and the Pope by six years.

He represents King John, upon Ascension Day, yielding up his crown to Pandulph, the Pope's legate, and receiving it back, with these words:

> Take again
> From this, my hand, as holding of the Pope,
> Your sovereign greatness and authority.[1]

In scene 3 of act iii, he makes Pandulph demand of the King why he keeps Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, out of his see; and King John replies:

> What earthly name to interrogatories
> Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
> Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
> So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
> To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
> Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
> Add this much more: That no Italian priest
> Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
> But as we under heaven are supreme head,
> So under him, that great supremacy,
> Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
> Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
> So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart,
> To him and his usurped authority.
>
> *King Philip.* Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.
>
> *King John.* Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
> Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
> Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
> And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
> Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
> Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
> Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
> This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
> Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose,
> Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

It is scarcely to be believed that a Catholic could have written these lines.

[1] *King John*, v, 1.

And it must be remembered that King John is depicted in the play as a most despicable creature; and his eventual submission of the liberties of the crown and the country, to the domination of a foreign power, is represented as one of the chief ingredients in making up his shameful character.

It is needless to say that Bacon had very strong views upon this question of the Pope's sovereignty over England. He says in the *Charge against Talbot:*

> Nay all princes of both religions, for it is a common cause, do stand, at this day [in peril], by the spreading and enforcing of this furious and pernicious opinion of the Pope's temporal power.

II. He Honored and Respected Cranmer.

But it is in the play of *Henry VIII.* that the religious leanings of the writer are most clearly manifested.

It is to be remembered that it was in this reign that Protestantism was established in England, and the man who above all others was instrumental in bringing about the great change was Thomas Cranmer, the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury. He, above all other men, was hated by the Catholics. He it was who had sanctioned the divorce of Henry from Katharine; he it was who had delivered the crown to Anne upon the coronation; he had supported the suppression of the monasteries; he had persecuted the Catholic prelates and people, sending numbers to the stake; and when the Catholics returned to power, under Mary, one of the first acts of the government was to burn him alive opposite Baliol College. It is impossible that a Catholic writer of the next reign could have gone out of his way to defend and praise Cranmer, to represent him as a good and holy man, and even as an inspired prophet. And yet all this we find in the play of *Henry VIII.;* the play is, in fact, in large part, an apotheosis of Cranmer.

In act fifth we find the King sending for him. He assures him that he is his friend, but that grave charges have been made against him, and that he must go before the council for trial, and he gives him his ring, to be used in an appeal, in case the council find him guilty. The King says:

> Look, the good man weeps!
> He's honest on mine honor. God's blest mother!
> I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
> None better in my kingdom.

The council proceed to place Cranmer under arrest, with intent to send him to the Tower, when he exhibits the King's ring and makes his appeal. The King enters frowning, rebukes the persecutors of Cranmer, and says to him:

> Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest,
> He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee. . . .
> Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
> This good man (few of you deserve that title),
> This honest man, wait like a lousy foot-boy
> At chamber-door? . . .
> Well, well, my lords, respect him.
> Take him and use him well, he's worthy of it.
> I will say thus much for him, if a prince
> May be beholden to a subject, I
> Am, for his love and service, so to him.

All this has no necessary coherence with the plot of the play, but is dragged in to the filling up of two scenes.

And, in the last scene of the play, Cranmer baptizes the Princess Elizabeth, and is inspired by Heaven to prophesy:

> Let me speak, sir,
> For Heaven now bids me.

And he proceeds to foretell her future long life and greatness. He says:

> In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
> Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
> The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors;
> *God shall be truly known.*

It is not conceivable that one who was a Catholic, who regarded with disapproval the establishment of the new religion, and who looked upon Cranmer as an arch-heretic, worthy of the stake and of hell, could have written such scenes, when there was nothing in the plot of the play itself which required it.

The passages in the play which relate to Cranmer are drawn from Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and the prose version is followed almost literally in the drama; but, strange to say, there is in the historical work no place wherein the King speaks of Cranmer as a "good" man. All this is *interpolated by the dramatist.* We have in the play:

> Good man, sit down.
>
> This good man.
>
> This honest man.
>
> Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart. Etc.

There is not in Fox's narrative one word of indorsement, by the King, of Cranmer's goodness or honesty.

A Catholic writing a play based on Protestant histories might have followed the text, even against his own prejudices, but it is not to be believed that he would alter the text, and inject words of compliment of a man who held the relations to the Catholics of England that Cranmer did.

We cannot help but believe that the man who did this was a Protestant, educated to believe that the Reformation was right and necessary, and that Cranmer was a good and holy man, the inspired instrument of Heaven in a great work.

The family of Bacon was Protestant. They rose out of the ranks, on the wave of the Reformation. His father was an officer of Henry VIII.; his grandfather was tutor to the Protestant King Edward. During the reign of Mary, the Bacons lived in retirement; they conformed to the Catholic Church and heard mass daily; but, upon the coming in of Elizabeth, they emerged from their hiding-place, and Bacon's father and uncle, Burleigh, were at the head of the Protestant party of England during the rest of their lives. All the traditions of the family clustered around the Reformation. They faithfully believed that "God was truly known" in the religion of Elizabeth, and they were as violently opposed to the Papal supremacy as King John or the Bastard.

It is a curious fact that Bacon alludes, in his prose works, to the reign of Elizabeth, in words very similar to those placed in the mouth of Cranmer. He says:

> This part of the island never had forty-five years of better times. . . . For if there be considered of the one side *the truth of religion established*, the constant *peace and security*, the good administration of justice, etc.[1]

III. The Writer of the Plays was Tolerant of Catholicity.

But how does it come to pass that in the face of such evidence it has been claimed that the writer of the Plays was a Catholic?

Because, in an age of violent religious hatreds, when the Catholics were helpless, suspected and persecuted, the author of the Plays never uttered a word, however pleasing it might be to the court and the time-serving multitude, to fan the flame of animosity

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.

against the Catholics. On the other hand, whenever a Catholic priest is introduced on the scene, he is represented as honest, benevolent and venerable.

"His friars," says one of his commentators, "are all wise, holy and in every respect estimable men. Instance Friar Lawrence, in *Romeo and Juliet*, and the friar in *Much Ado About Nothing*."

When we turn to the writings of Bacon, we find the same broad spirit of religious liberality, as contradistinguished from the bigotry of the age.

Bacon's mind was too great to be illiberal. Bigotry is a burst of strong light, through the crevice of a narrow mind, lighting only one face of its object and throwing all the rest into hideous and grotesque shadows. Bacon's mind, like the sun in the tropics, illuminated all sides of the object upon which it shone, with a comprehensive and vivifying light.

Macaulay says of him:

> In what he wrote on church government, he showed, as far as he dared, a tolerant and charitable spirit. . . . He was in power at the time of the Synod of Dort, and must for months have been deafened with talk about election, reprobation and final perseverance. Yet we do not remember a line in his works from which it can be inferred that he was either a Calvinist or an Armenian.[1]

Speaking of Shakespeare, White says:

> Nowhere does he show leaning toward any form of church government, or toward any theological tenet or dogma. No church can claim him.[2]

Bacon looked with pity upon the differences that distracted the religious world of his time. He says, speaking of a conspiracy against the crown, organized by Catholics:

> Thirdly, the great calamity it bringeth upon Papists themselves, of which the more moderate sort, as men misled, *are to be pitied*.

Again he says:

> A man that is of judgment and understanding shall sometimes hear ignorant men differ, and know well within himself that those which so differ mean one thing, and yet they themselves would never agree. And if it came to pass in that distance of judgment which is between man and man, shall we not think that God above, that knows the heart, doth not discern that frail men, in some of their contradictions, intend the same thing, and accepteth of both.[3]

He turned with abhorrence from the burnings of men for conscience' sake. He said:

[1] *Essays, Bacon*, p. 280. [2] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 188. [3] Essay *Of Unity in Religion*.

We may not take up the third sword, which is Mahomet's sword, or like unto it, that is, to propagate religion by wars, or by *sanguinary persecutions to force consciences;* . . . much less to authorize conspiracies and rebellions; to put the sword into the people's hands, and the like, tending to the subversion of all government.[1]

And we find the same sentiment in Shakespeare:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in it.[2]

IV. The Writer of the Plays Disliked the Puritans.

In both writers we find a profound dislike of the Puritans.

"Shakespeare," says one of his commentators, "never omits an opportunity of ridiculing the Puritan sect."

He says:

There is but one Puritan among them, and he sings songs to hornpipe.[3]

Sir Andrew Aguecheek says:

I would as lief be a Brownist as a politician.[4]

And again:

Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt.[5]

The mocking Falstaff tells the Chief Justice that he lost his voice "singing of anthems."

Says one commentator:

In the introduction of Sir Oliver Mar-text our poet indulges in a sly hit against the Puritan and itinerant ministers, whom he appears to have regarded with aversion.

The play of *Measure for Measure* is an attempt to burlesque the virtue-loving principles of the Puritans; and in the cross-gartered Malvolio of *Twelfth Night* we have the

Sharp, cross-gartered man,
Whom their loud laugh may nickname Puritan.

And the immortal question,

Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?

is universally accepted as a sneer at the asceticism of that grave sect.

Wherever Shakespeare introduces a Dissenting preacher he makes him an ignoramus or a mountebank.

[1] Essay *Of Unity in Religion.*
[2] *Winter's Tale*, ii, 3.
[3] Ibid., iv, 1.
[4] *Twelfth Night*, iii, 2.
[5] *All's Well that Ends Well*, i, 3.

Similar views we find in Bacon. He says:

For as the temporal sword is to be drawn with great circumspection in cases of religion, so it is a thing monstrous to put it into the hands of the common people; *let that be left unto the Anabaptists and other furies.*[1]

In another place he says:

Besides the Roman Catholics, there is a generation of sectaries, the Anabaptists, Brownists and others of their kinds; they have been several times very busy in this kingdom under the color of zeal for reformation of religion; the King your master knows their disposition very well; a small touch will put him in mind of them; he had experience of them in Scotland. I hope he will beware of them in England; a little countenance or connivancy sets them on fire.[2]

And, like Shakespeare, he ridicules the manners of the Puritans. He says:

There is a master of scoffing that in his catalogue of books of a feigned library sets down this title of a book, *The Morris-Dance of the Heretics;* for, indeed, every sect of them hath a diverse posture, or cringe, by themselves, which cannot but move derision in worldlings and depraved politics, who are apt to contemn holy things.[3]

Bacon looked with the profoundest apprehension upon the growing numbers and power of that grave, sour, serious sect, with its strong anti-royal tendencies and its anti-social feelings. "They love no plays, as you do, Anthony." They threatened, in his view, by their malignant intolerance, the very existence of civilization. He says:

Nor am I discouraged from it because I see signs in the times of the decline and overthrow of that knowledge and erudition which is now in use. . . . But the civil wars which may be expected, I think (judging from certain fashions which have come in of late), to spread through many countries, together with the malignity of sects, . . . seem to portend for literature and the sciences a tempest not less fatal, and one against which the printing-office will be no effectual security.[4]

He clearly foresaw the coming revolution which broke out, not long after his death, under the lead of Cromwell. He wrote the King, when he had been overthrown by the agitations in Parliament, that—

Those who strike at your Chancellor will yet strike at your crown. . . . I wish that, as I am the first, so I may be the last of sacrifices in your times.

Wise as he was, he could not see beyond the tempest which he felt was coming, but he feared that the literature of England would perish in the storm; and he was of course unable to do justice to

[1] Essay *Of Unity in Religion.*
[2] Advice to George Villiers.
[3] Essay *Of Unity in Religion.*
[4] Preface to *Interpretation of Nature.*

the real merits of the sect to whom England owes so much of Parliamentary liberty and moral greatness.

His premonitions of the immediate effects of the religious revolution were well founded. Birch says:

> The Bacons and the Shakespeares, the philosophers and scoffers, as well as the Papists, were extinguished by the Puritans. The theater gave way to the pulpit, the actor and dramatist to the preacher. The philosophical and political school of infidelity had no chance against the fanaticism of Cromwell, at the head of the religious spirit of the age.[1]

V. The Writer of the Plays a Free-Thinker.

But there was a deeper reason for the indifference of the real author of the Plays to the passions and quarrels of Catholics and Protestants. It was this: he did not believe in the doctrines of the Christian religion. This fact has not escaped the notice of commentators.

Swinburne says:

> That Shakespeare was in the genuine sense — that is, in the best and highest and widest meaning of the term — a free-thinker, this otherwise practically and avowedly superfluous effusion of all inmost thought appears to me to supply full and sufficient evidence for the conviction of every candid and rational man.[2]

Dowden says:

> Thus all through the play he wanders between materialism and spiritualism, between belief in immortality and disbelief, between reliance upon Providence and a bowing under fate. In presence of the ghost, a sense of his own spiritual existence and the immortal life of the soul grows strong within him. In presence of a spirit he is himself a spirit:
>
> I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
> And for my soul, what can it do to that,
> Being a thing immortal as itself?
>
> When left to his private thoughts, he wavers uncertainly to and fro; death is a sleep — a sleep, it may be, troubled with dreams. In the graveyard, in the presence of human dust, the base affinities of our bodily nature prove irresistibly attractive to the curiosity of Hamlet's imagination; and he cannot choose but pursue the history of human dust through all its series of hideous metamorphoses.[3]

West says:

> Though there is no reason to think that there was any paganism in Shakespeare's creed, yet we cannot help feeling that the spirit of his art is in many respects pagan. In his great tragedies he traces the workings of noble or lovely human characters on to the point — and no farther — where they disappear into the darkness of death, and ends with a look *back*, never on toward anything beyond.[4]

[1] *Philosophy and Religion of Shak.*, p. 9.
[2] *A Study of Shak.*, p. 165.
[3] *Shak. Mind and Art*, p. 118.
[4] E. B. West, *Browning as a Preacher*, Dark Blue Magazine, Oct. and Nov., 1871.

He seems to have been a fatalist. Take these passages as proof:

> But, O vain boast!
> Who can control his fate?[1]
>
> Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
> That our devices still are overthrown;
> Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.[2]
>
> Whom destiny
> That hath to instrument this lower world
> And what is in it.[3]
>
> All unavoided is the doom of destiny.[4]
>
> 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.[5]

But apart from this predestinarian bent there does not seem to be in the Plays any theological preference or purpose. All the plays which preceded the Shakespearean era were of a religious character—they were miracle plays, or moralities, in which Judas and the devil and the several vices shone conspicuously. Some of these plays continued, side by side with the Shakespeare Plays, down to the end of the sixteenth century, and into the beginning of the seventeenth. In Lupton's "moral and pitiful comedy," *All for Money*, the catastrophe represents Judas "like a damned soul in black, painted with flames of fire and a fearful visard, followed by Dives, 'with such like apparel as Judas hath,' while Damnation (another of the *dramatis personæ*), pursuing them, drives them before him, and they pass away, 'making a pitiful noise,' into perdition."

The mouth of hell, painted to represent flames of fire, was a very common scene at the back of the stage.

Birch says:

> What a transition to the Plays of Shakespeare, while these miracle and moral plays were fresh in the recollection of the people, and might still be seen. These supernatural, historical and allegorical personages superseded by *a material and philosophical explanation of things!*[6]

VI. The Causes of Infidelity in that Age.

The "malignity of sects" drove many men to infidelity. They saw in religion only monstrous and cruel forces, which lighted horrible fires in the midst of great cities, and filled the air with the stench of burning flesh and the shrieks of the dying victims. They

[1] *Othello*, v, 2. [3] *Tempest*, iv, 3. [5] *Othello*, iii, 3.
[2] *Hamlet*, iii, [illegible]. [4] *Richard III.*, iv, 4 [6] Birch, *Philosophy and Religion of Shak.*, p. 11

held religion to account for those excesses of fanaticism in a semi-barbarous age, and they doubted the existence of a God who could permit such horrors. They were ready to exclaim with Macduff, when told that "the hell-kite," Macbeth, had killed all his family, "all his pretty ones," at one fell swoop:

> Did heaven look on,
> And would not take their part?

They came to conceive of God as a cruel monster who relished the sufferings of his creatures. Shakespeare puts this thought into the mouth of Lear:

> As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods:
> They kill us for their sport.[1]

Mankind could only *endure* this divine injustice:

> Arming myself with patience,
> To stay the providence of some high powers
> That govern us below.[2]

But, whatever conclusions men might reach on these questions, it was perilous to express them. The stake and the scaffold awaited the skeptical. If their thoughts were to reach the light it must be through the mouths of madmen, like Lear or Hamlet; and to fall, as Bacon said, like *seeds*, that, by their growth in the minds of generations to come, would mitigate the wrath of sects and prepare the way for an age of toleration.

Birch says:

> The spectacle of Brownists, among the Protestants, and of Papists, suffering capital punishment for opinion's sake, alternately presented to the eyes of the public, would create a party hostile to all religion; whilst an occasional atheist burnt would teach the irreligious to keep their opinions to themselves, or caution them in administering infidelity as "medicinable."[3]

However strongly we may be convinced of the great and fundamental truths of religion, it must be conceded that freedom of conscience and governmental toleration are largely the outgrowth of unbelief and indifference.

In an age that realized, without doubt or question, that life was but a tortured hour between two eternities; a thread of time across a boundless abyss; that hell and heaven lay so close up to this breathing world that a step would, in an instant, carry us over the shadowy line into an ocean of flame or a paradise of endless de-

[1] *Lear* iv, 1 [2] *Julius Cæsar*, v, 1. [3] Birch, *Philosophy and Religion of Shak.*, p. 8.

lights, it followed, as a logical sequence, that it was an act of the greatest kindness and humanity to force the skeptical, by any torture inflicted upon them during this temporary and wretched existence, to avoid an eternal hell and obtain an eternal heaven. But so soon as doubt began to enter the minds of men; so soon as they said to one another, "Perchance these things may not be exactly as we have been taught; perchance the other world may be but a dream of hope; perchance this existence is all there is of it," the fervor of fanaticism commenced to abate. Not absolutely positive in their own minds as to spiritual things, they were ready to make some allowance for the doubts of others. Thus unbelief tamed the fervor even of those who still believed, and modified, in time, public opinion and public law.

But in Bacon's era every thoughtful soul that loved his fellow-man, and sought to advance his material welfare, would instinctively turn away from a system of belief which produced such holocausts of martyrs, and covered the face of the earth with such cruel and bloody wars.

I have no doubt that Bacon in his youth was a total disbeliever in Christianity. He himself said:

> A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

There was found among his writings a curious essay, called *The Characters of a Believing Christian, in Paradoxes and Seeming Contradictions.* It is a wholesale burlesque of Christianity, so cunningly put together that it may be read as a commendation of Christians.

I give a few extracts:

> 1. A Christian is one that believes things his reason cannot comprehend; he hopes for things which neither he nor any man alive ever saw; he labors for that which he knoweth he shall never obtain; yet, in the issue, his belief appears not to be false; his hopes make him not ashamed; his labor is not in vain.
>
> 2. He believes three to be one and one to be three; a father not to be elder than his son; a son to be equal with his father, and one proceeding from both to be equal with both; he believing three persons in one nature and two natures in one person. . . .
>
> 11. . . . He knoweth if he please men he cannot be the servant of Christ, yet for Christ's sake he pleaseth all men in all things. He is a peace-maker, yet is a continual fighter, and an irreconcilable enemy.
>
> 18. . . . He professeth he can do nothing, yet as truly professeth he can do all things; he knoweth that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, yet believeth he shall go to heaven, both body and soul.

20. . . . He knoweth he shall not be saved by or for his good works, yet he doth all the good works he can.

21. . . . He believes beforehand that God hath purposed what he shall be and that nothing can make him alter his purpose; yet prays and endeavors as if he would force God to save him forever.

24. . . . He is often tossed and shaken, yet is as Mount Zion; he is a serpent and a dove, a lamb and a lion, a reed and a cedar. He is sometimes so troubled that he thinks nothing to be true in religion, yet if he did think so he could not at all be troubled.

We turn to Shakespeare and we find in *Richard II.* a similar unbelieving playing upon seeming contradictions in Christianity. It reads like a continuation of the foregoing put into blank verse. Richard is in prison. He says:

> I have been studying how to compare
> This prison, where I live, unto the world:
> And, for because the world is populous,
> And here is not a creature but myself
> I cannot do it: yet I'll hammer 't out.
> My braine, I'll prove the female to my soul,
> My soul, the Father: and these two beget
> A generation of still breeding thoughts;
> And these same thoughts people this little world,
> In humors, like the people of this world,
> For no thought is contented. The better sort,
> As thoughts of things divine, are intermixt
> With scruples, *and do set the Faith itself*
> *Against the Faith:*
> As thus — "Come, little ones;" and then again,
> "It is as hard to come as for a camel
> To thread the postern of a needle's eye."

No one can doubt that these thoughts, showing the same irreligious belief, and the same subtle way of propounding it, came from the same mind. And observe the covert sarcasm of this, among many similar utterances of Bacon:

For those bloody quarrels for religion were unknown to the ancients, the heathen gods not having so much as a touch of that jealousy which is an attribute of the true God.[2]

Through all the Shakespeare Plays we find the poet, by the mouths of all sorts of people, representing death as the end of all things. Macbeth says:

> Duncan is in his grave;
> After life's fitful fever, he *sleeps* well;
> Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
> Malice domestic, foreign levy, *nothing*
> *Can touch him further.*

[1] *Richard II.*, v, 5. [2] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Diomedes.*

Titus Andronicus thus speaks of the grave:

> Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells;
> Here grow no damnéd grudges, here no storms;
> No noise, *but silence and eternal sleep.*

In the sonnets, Shakespeare speaks of

> Death's *dateless* night.

We are also told in the sonnets that we leave "this vile world" "with vilest worms to dwell." In *The Tempest* we are reminded that "our little life is rounded by a sleep"; that is to say, we are surrounded on all sides by total oblivion and nothingness. Iachimo sees in sleep only "the ape of death."

The Duke says, in *Measure for Measure:*

> Thy best of rest is sleep,
> And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
> *Thy death, which is no more.*

Dr. Johnson says:

> I cannot, without indignation, find Shakespeare saying that death is only sleep, lengthening out his exhortation by a sentence which in the friar is impious, in the reasoner is foolish, and in the poet trite and vulgar.

In the same play the writer mocks at the idea of an immortal soul:

> But man, proud man!
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> *Most ignorant of what he's most assured,*
> *His glassy essence,* like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
> As make the angels weep.[1]

In this same play of *Measure for Measure*, while he gives us the pagan conception of the future of the soul, he directly slaps in the face the Christian belief in hell. Speaking of death, he says:

> The delighted spirit
> To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
> In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
> To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
> And blown with restless violence round above
> The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
> *Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts*
> *Imagine howling!*[2]

This is not the language of one who believed that God had said: "Depart from me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire!"

[1] *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2. [2] Ibid., iii, 1.

And, we find the mocking Falstaff talking, in a jesting fashion, about the "primrose way to the *everlasting bonfire!*"

No wonder Birch says, speaking of *Measure for Measure:*

There are passages of infidelity in this play that staggered Warburton, made Johnson indignant, and confounded Coleridge and Knight.[1]

VII. Conclusions.

Thus, then, I decipher the religion of the Plays:

1. They were written by a man of Protestant training, who believed in the political changes brought about by Cranmer and the Reformation. Such a man was Bacon.

2. They were written by one who was opposed to the temporal power of the Pope in England. As I have shown, this was Bacon's feeling.

3. They were written by one who, while a Protestant in politics, did not feel bitterly toward the Catholics, and had no desire to mock or persecute them. We have seen that Bacon advocated the most liberal treatment of the followers of the old faith; he was opposed to the marriage of the clergy; he labored for the unity of all Christians.

4. They were written by one whom the world in that age would have called "an infidel." Such a man, we have reason to believe, was Bacon.

I shall not say that as he advanced in life his views did not change, and that depth of philosophy did not, to use his own phrase, "bring his mind about to religion," even to the belief in the great tenets of Christianity. Certain it is that no man ever possessed a profounder realization of the existence of God in the universe. How sublime, how unanswerable is his expression:

I would rather believe all the fables in the *Talmud* and the *Koran than that this universal frame is without a mind!*

Being himself a mighty *spirit*, he saw through "the muddy vesture of decay" which darkly hems in ruder minds, and beheld the shadowy outlines of that tremendous Spirit of which he was himself, with all created things, but an expression.

He believed that God not only was, but was all-powerful, and all-merciful; and that he had it in his everlasting purposes to

[1] *Philosophy and Religion of Shak.*, p. 353.

lift up man to a state of perfection and happiness on earth; and (as I have shown) he believed that he had created him — even him, Francis Bacon — as an instrument to that end; and to accomplish that end he toiled and labored almost from the cradle to the grave.

He was — in the great sense of the words — a priest and prophet of God, filled with the divine impulses of good. If he erred in his conceptions of truth, who shall stand between the Maker and his great child, and take either to account?

We breathe an air rendered sweeter by his genius; we live in a world made brighter by his philosophy; his contributions to the mental as well as to the material happiness of mankind have been simply incalculable. Let us, then, thank God that he sent him to us on this earth; let us draw tenderly the mantle of charity over his weaknesses, if any such are disclosed by the unpitying hand of history; let us exult that one has been born among the children of men who has removed, on every side for a thousand miles, the posts that experience had set up as the limitations of human capacity.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PURPOSES OF THE PLAYS.

I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men.
Bacon.

THE first question asked by every thoughtful mind, touching the things of sense, is: Who made this marvelous world? The second is: *Why* did He make it?

The purpose of the thing must always be greater than the thing itself: it encloses, permeates and maintains it. The result is but a small part of the preëxistent intention. All things must stand or fall by their purposes, and every great work must necessarily be the outgrowth of a great purpose.

Were these wonderful, these oceanic Shakespeare Plays the unconscious outpourings of an untutored genius, uttered with no more method than the song of a bird; or were they the production of a wise, thoughtful and profound man, who wrote them with certain well-defined objects in view?

I. Bacon's Aims and Objects.

We are first to ask ourselves, If Francis Bacon wrote the Plays, what were the purposes of his life? For, as the Plays constitute a great part of his life-work, the purposes of his life must envelop and pervade them.

No man ever lived upon earth who possessed nobler aims than Francis Bacon. He stands at the portal of the opening civilization of modern times, a sublime figure—his heart full of love for man, his busy brain teeming with devices for the benefit of man; with uplifted hands praying God to bless his work, the most far-extending human work ever set afoot on the planet.

He says:

I am a servant of posterity; for these things require some ages for the ripening of them.[1]

[1] Letter to Father Fulgentio, the Venetian.

Again he says, speaking of himself:

Always desiring, with extreme fervency (such as we are confident God puts into the minds of men), to have that which was never yet attempted, now to be not attempted in vain, to-wit: to release men out of their necessities and miseries.[1]

Again he says:

This work [the *Novum Organum*] is for the bettering of men's bread and wine, which are the characters of temporal blessings and sacraments of eternal.[2]

Macaulay says:

The end which Bacon purposed to himself was the multiplying of human enjoyments and the mitigating of human sufferings. . . . This was the object of his speculations in every department of science — in natural philosophy, in legislation, in politics, in morals.[3]

And, knowing the greatness of God and the littleness of man, he prays the source of all goodness for aid:

God, the maker, preserver and renewer of the universe, guide and protect this work, both in its ascent to his own glory, and in its descent to the good of man, through his good will toward man, by his only begotten son, God with us.[4]

And, speaking of his own philosophy, he says:

I am thus persuaded because of its *infinite usefulness*; for which reason it may be ascribed to divine encouragement.[5]

He speaks of himself as "a servant of God." He seems to have had some thought of founding, not a new religion, but a new system of philosophy, which should do for the improvement of man's condition in this world what religion strove to do for the improvement of his condition in the next world.

And Birch says of Shakespeare:

He had a system, which may be drawn from his works, which he contrasts with the notions of mankind taken from Revelation, and which he represents as doing what revelation and a future state purpose to do for the benefit of mankind, and which he thinks sufficient to supply its place.[6]

In his prayer, written at the time of his downfall, Bacon says:

Remember, O Lord, how thy servant hath walked before thee, remember what I have *first* sought, and what hath been principal in mine intentions. . . . The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes: I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have, *though in a despised weed*, procured the good of all men.[7]

How did he "at *first*" (that is to say in his youth) seek and procure the good of all men? And what was the "*despised weed*"?

[1] *Exper. History.*
[2] Letter to King James, October 19, 1620.
[3] *Essays, Bacon*, p. 370.
[4] *Exper. History.*
[5] Letter to Father Fulgentio.
[6] *Philosophy and Religion of Shak.*, p. 10.
[7] *Life and Works*, Spedding, etc., vol. vii, p. 239.

II. Did he Regard the Drama as a Possible Instrumentality for Good?

Do we find any indications that Bacon, with this intent in his heart to benefit mankind, regarded the stage as a possible instrumentality to that end? That it was capable of being so used — in fact *was* so used — there can be no doubt. Simpson says:

> During its palmy days the English stage was the most important instrument for making opinions heard, its literature the most popular literature of the age, and on that account it was used by the greatest writers for making their comments on public doings and public persons. As an American critic says, "it was newspaper, magazine, novel — all in one."[1]

A recent English writer, W. F. C. Wigston, says:

> Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defense of Poesy*, maintains that the old philosophers disguised or embodied their entire cosmogonies in their poetry, as, for example, Thales, Empedocles, Parmenides, Pythagoras, and Phocyclides, *who were poets and philosophers at once.*[2]

But did Bacon entertain any such views? Unquestionably. He says:

> Dramatic Poesy is as *History made visible;* for it represents actions as if they were present, whereas History represents them as past. Parabolical Poesy is typical History, by which *ideas that are objects of the intellect are represented in forms that are objects of the sense.* . . .
>
> Dramatic Poesy, which has the theater for its world, *would be of excellent use if well directed. For the stage is capable of no small influence*, both of discipline and of corruption. Now, of corruptions in this kind we have enough; but the discipline has, in our times, been plainly neglected. And though in modern states play-acting is esteemed but as a toy, except when it is too satirical and biting; yet *among the ancients it was used as a means of educating men's minds to virtue.* Nay, it has been regarded by learned men and great philosophers *as a kind of musician's bow by which men's minds may be played upon.* And certainly it is true, and one of the great secrets of nature, that the minds of men are more open to impressions and affections when many are gathered together than when they are alone.[3]

The reader will note some suggestive phrases in the above: "dramatic poesy, which has the theater for its world." We are reminded of Shakespeare's "All the world's a stage." "A kind of musician's bow, by which men's minds may be played upon." This recalls to us *Hamlet's:*

> Why, do you think that I am easier to *be played on than a pipe?* Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot *play upon me.*[4]

[1] *School of Shak.*, vol. i, p. xviii.
[2] *A New Study of Shak.*, p. 42.
[3] *De Augmentis*, book ii, chap. 13.
[4] *Hamlet*, iii, 2.

III. Was he Associated with Plays and Players?

But it may be said: These are the utterances of a philosopher who contemplates these things with an aloofness, and Bacon may have taken no interest in play-houses or plays.

Let us see.

His loving and religious mother, writing of her sons, Anthony and Francis, in 1594, says:

> I trust they will not mum, nor mask, nor sinfully revel.[1]

In 1594 his brother Anthony had removed from Gray's Inn to a house in Bishopsgate Street, "much to his mother's distress," says Spedding, "who feared the neighborhood of the Bull Inn, where plays and interludes were acted."[2]

Bacon took part in the preparation of many plays and masks, for the entertainment of the court, some of which were *acted by Shakspere's company of players.*

The Queen seemed to have some suspicion of Bacon being a poet or writer of plays. The Earl of Essex writes him, May 18, 1594 — the Earl then urging Bacon for some law office in the gift of the crown:

> And she did acknowledge you had a great wit, and an excellent gift of speech, and much other good learning. But in law she rather thought you could make show to the uttermost of your knowledge, than that you were deep.[3]

And Bacon himself acknowledges that his mind is diverted from his legal studies to some contemplations of a different sort, and more agreeable to his nature. He says, in a letter to Essex:

> Your Lordship shall in this beg my life of the Queen; for I see well the bar will be my bier.

And he writes to his uncle, Lord Burleigh, in 1594:

> To speak plainly, though perhaps vainly, I do not think that the ordinary practice of the law will be admitted for a good account of the poor talent that God hath given me.[4]

Montagu says:

> Forced by the narrowness of his fortune into business, conscious of his own powers, aware of the peculiar quality of his mind, and disliking his pursuits, his heart was often in his study, while he lent his person to the robes of office.[5]

[1] Spedding's *Life and Letters*, vol. i, p. 326.
[2] *Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 314.
[3] *Life and Works*, Spedding, vol. i, p. 297.
[4] Letter to Burleigh, 1594.
[5] Montagu, *Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 117.

If, then, it is conceded that Bacon had great purposes for the benefit of mankind, purposes to be achieved by him, not by the sword or by the powers which flow from high positions, but by the pen, by working on "the minds of men;" and if it is conceded, as it must be, that he recognized the stage as an instrumentality that could be made of great force for that end, by which the minds of men could "be played upon;" and if it is conceded that he was the author of masks and the getter-up of other dramatic representations; and that his mind was not devoted to the dry details of his profession; and if it is conceded, as I think it must be, that he had the genius, the imagination, the wit and the industry to have prepared the Shakespeare Plays, what is there to negative the conclusion that he did so prepare them?

And does he not seem to be pointing at the stage, in these words, when, speaking of the obstructions to the reception of truth caused by the ignorance and bigotry of the age, he says, in *The Masculine Birth of Time:*

"And what," you will say, "is this legitimate method? Have done with artifice and circumlocution; show me the naked truth of your design, that I may be able to form a judgment for myself." I would, my dearest son, that matters were in such a state with you as to render this possible. Do you suppose that, when all the entrances and passages to the mind of all men are infested and obstructed with the darkest idols, and these seated and burned in, as it were, into their substance, that clear and smooth places can be found for receiving the true and natural rays of objects? A *new process* must be instituted by which to *insinuate ourselves into minds* so entirely obstructed. For, as the delusions of the insane are removed by art and ingenuity, but aggravated by opposition, so must we *adapt ourselves to the universal insanity.*

And again he says:

So men generally taste well knowledges that are *drenched in flesh and blood*, civil history, morality, policy about which men's affections, praises, fortunes do turn and are conversant.[1]

He not only discusses in his philosophical works dramatic literature and the influence of the stage, but he urges *in the translation* of the second book of the *Advancement of Learning* (but not in the English copy), "that the *art of acting* (*actio theatralis*) should be made a part of the education of youth."[2] "The Jesuits," he says, "do not despise it;" and he thinks they are right, for, "though it

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii. [2] *Works of Bacon*, vol. vi, p. 307.

be of ill repute as a profession, yet as a part of discipline it is of excellent use."

Spedding adds:

In Bacon's time, when masks acted by young gentlemen of the universities or inns of court were the favorite entertainment of princes, these things were probably better attended to than they are now.

And Bacon seemed to feel that there ought to be some great writings to show the affections and passions of mankind. He says:

And here again I find it strange that Aristotle should have written divers volumes of ethics and never handled the affections, which is the principal subject thereof. . . . But the poets and writers of histories are the best doctors of this knowledge: where we may find painted forth, with great life, how affections are kindled and incited, and how pacified and refrained; and how again contained from act and further degree; how they disclose themselves; how they work; how they vary; how they gather and fortify; how they are inwrapped, one within another, and how they do fight and encounter one with another, and other like particulars.[1]

And Barry Cornwall says, as if in echo of these sentiments:

If Bacon educated the reason, Shakespeare educated the heart.

The one work was the complement of the other, and both came out of the same great mind. They were flowers growing from the stalk of the same tremendous purpose.

IV. His Poverty.

But the reader may be fencing the truth out of his mind with the thought that Bacon was a rich man's son, and had not the incentive to literary labor. Richard Grant White puts this argument in the following form. Speaking of the humble, not to say vile, circumstances which surrounded Shakspere in his youth, he says:

If Shakespeare had been born at Charlecote, he would probably have had a seat in Parliament, not improbably a peerage; but we should have had no plays, only a few formal poems and sonnets, most likely, and possibly some essays, with all of Bacon's wisdom, set forth in a style more splendid than Bacon's, but hardly so incisive.

It is curious how the critical mind can hardly think of Shakespeare without being reminded of Bacon.

But was Bacon above the reach of poverty? Was he above the necessity of striving to eke out his income with his pen? No. Hepworth Dixon says:

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.

Lady Anne and her sons are poor. Anthony, the loving and beloved, with whom Francis had been bred at Cambridge and in France, has now come home. . . . The two young fellows have little money and expensive ways. . . . Lady Anne starves herself at Gorhambury that she may send to Gray's Inn ale from the cellar, pigeons from her dove-cote, fowls from her farm-yard—gifts which she seasons with a good deal of motherly love, and not a little of her best motherly advice.[1]

In 1612 Bacon writes King James:

My good old mistress [Queen Elizabeth] was wont to call me her watch-candle, because it pleased her to say I did continually burn (and yet she *suffered me to waste almost to nothing*), so I much more owe like duty to your Majesty.[2]

In a letter to Villiers, Bacon says:

Countenance, encourage and advance able men. *For in the time of the Cecils*, the father and son, *able men were by design and of purpose suppressed.*

The same story runs through all the years during which the Shakespeare Plays were written. Spedding says:

Michaelmas term [1593] passed, and still no solicitor appointed. Meanwhile, the burden of debt and the difficulty of obtaining necessary supplies was daily increasing. Anthony's correspondence during this autumn is full of urgent applications to various friends for loans of money, and the following memorandum shows that much of his own necessity arose from his anxiety to supply the necessities of his brother.[3]

Here Mr. Spedding inserts the memorandum, showing £5 loaned Francis September 12, 1593; £1 loaned him October 23, 1593; £5 loaned him November 19, 1593, with other loans of £10, £20 and £100.

Falstaff expressed Bacon's own experience when he said:

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.[4]

In the year 1594 Bacon describes himself, in a letter, as "*poor and sick, working for bread.*"

In 1597 it is the same story. Spedding says:

Bacon's fortunes are still as they were, only with this difference: that as the calls on his income are increasing, in the shape of interest for borrowed money, the income itself is diminishing through the sale of lands and leases.[5]

His grief and perplexity are so great that he cries out in a letter to his uncle, the Lord Treasurer, written in that year:

I stand indifferent whether God call me or her Majesty.

[1] *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, p. 32.
[2] Letter to King James, May 31, 1612.
[3] Spedding, *Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 321.
[4] *2d Henry IV.*, i, 2.
[5] Spedding, *Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 53.

In 1598 he is arrested for debt by Sympson, the goldsmith; in 1603 he is again in trouble and petitions the Secretary, Cecil, to intercede and prevent his creditors taking more than the principal of his bond, for, he adds, "a Jew can take no more."

He was constantly annoyed and pestered by his creditors. He writes Mr. Michael Hicks, January 21, 1600, that he proposes to clear himself from "the discontent, speech or danger of others" of his creditors. "Some of my debts, of *most clamor and importunity*, I have paid."

Again he says: "I do use to pay my debts *in time*"—not in money.

July 3, 1603, he writes his cousin Robert, Lord Cecil:

> I shall not be able to pay the money within the time by your Lordship under taken, which was a fortnight. Nay, money I find so hard to come by at this time, as I thought to have become an humble suitor to your Honor to have sustained me, . . . with taking up three hundred pounds till I can put away some land.

He hopes, by selling off "the skirts of my living in Hertfordshire," to have enough left to yield him three hundred pounds per annum income.

V. The Profit of Play-writing.

The price paid for a new play was from £5 to £20. This, reduced to dollars, is $25 to $100. But money, it is agreed, possessed a purchasing power then equal to twelve times what it has now; so that Bacon, for writing a new play, would receive what would be the equivalent of from $300 to $1,200 to-day. But in addition to this the author was entitled to all the receipts taken in, above expenses, on the second or third day of the play,[1] and this, in the case of a successful play, might be a considerable sum. And probably in the case of plays as popular as were the Shakespeare Plays, special arrangements were made as to the division of the profits. It was doubtless from dividing with Bacon these sums that Shakspere acquired his large fortune.

Such sums as these to a man who was borrowing one pound at a time from his necessitous brother, Anthony, and who was more than once arrested and put in sponging-houses for debt, were a matter of no small moment.

[1] See Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. iii, pp. 224, 229, 230, etc.

He seems, from a letter to Essex, to have had some secret means of making money. He says:

For means I value that most: and the rather because *I am purposed not to follow the practice of the law; . . .* and my reason is only because it drinketh too much time, *which I have dedicated to better purposes.* But, even for that point of estate and means, I partly lean to Thales' opinion, "*that a philosopher may be rich if he will.*"

This is very significant. Even Spedding perceives the traces of a mystery. He says:

So enormous were the results which Bacon anticipated from such a renovation of philosophy as he had conceived the possibility of, that the reluctance which he felt to devote his life to the ordinary practice of a lawyer cannot be wondered at. It is easier to understand why he was resolved not to do that, than *what other plan he had to clear himself of the difficulties which were accumulating upon him, and to obtain means of living and working.* . . . What course he betook himself to at the crisis at which he had now arrived, I cannot positively say. I do not find any letter of his which can be probably assigned to the winter of 1596; nor have I met among his brother's papers anything which indicates *what he was about.* . . . I presume, however, that he betook himself to his studies.[1]

In the last years of the sixteenth century and the first of the seventeenth Bacon seems to have given up all hope of rising to office in the state. He was under some cloud. He says:

My ambition is quenched. . . . My ambition now I shall only put upon my pen, whereby I shall be able to maintain memory and merit of the times succeeding.[2]

He was hopeless; he was powerless; he was poor. He had felt

> The whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the poor man's contumely,
> . . . the law's delay,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

He wrote to the Queen that he had suffered

The contempt of the contemptible, that measure a man by his estate.[3]

What could he make money at? There was no great novel-reading public, as at present. There were no newspapers to employ ready and able pens. There was little sale for the weightier works of literature. There was but one avenue open to him — the play-house.

Did he combine the more sordid and pressing necessity for money with those great, kindly, benevolent purposes toward man-

[1] Spedding, *Works of Bacon — Letters and Life*, vol. ii, p. 1.
[2] Letter to R. Cecil, July 3, 1603.
[3] Letter to the Queen, 1599-1600 — *Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 160.

kind which filled his heart? Did he try to use the play-house as a school of virtue and ethics? Let us see.

VI. Great Moral Lessons.

In the first place, the Plays are great sermons against great evils. They are moral epics.

What lesson does *Macbeth* leave upon the mind? It teaches every man who reads it, or sees it acted, the horrors of an unscrupulous ambition. It depicts, in the first place, a brave soldier and patriot, defending his country at the risk of his life. Then it shows the agents of evil approaching and suggesting dark thoughts to his brain. Then it shows us, as Bacon says, speaking of the passions as delineated by the poets and writers of histories:

> Painted forth, with great life, how affections (passions) are kindled and incited; and how pacified and refrained; and how again contained from act and further degree; how they disclose themselves; how they work; how they vary; how they gather and fortify; how they are inwrapped one within another; and how they do fight and encounter one with another.

All this is revealed in *Macbeth*. We see the seed of ambition taking root; we see it "disclosed;" we see self-love and the sense of right warring with each other. We see his fiendish wife driving him forward to crime against the promptings of his better nature. It depicts, with unexampled dramatic power, a cruel and treacherous murder. Then it shows how crime begets the necessity for crime:

> To be thus is nothing,
> But to be safely thus.

It shows one horror treading fast upon another's heels: the usurper troubled with the horrible dreams that "shake him nightly;" the mind of the ambitious woman giving way under the strain her terrible will had put upon it, until we see her seeking peace in suicide; while Macbeth falls at last, overthrown and slaughtered.

Have all the pulpits of all the preachers given out a more terrible exposition and arraignment of ambition? Think of the uncountable millions who, in the past three hundred years, have witnessed this play! Think of the illimitable numbers who will behold it during the next thousand years!

What an awful picture of the workings of a guilty conscience is that exhibited when Macbeth sees, even at the festal board, the blood-boltered Banquo rising up and regarding him with glaring

and soulless eyes. And how like the pitiful cry of a lost soul is this utterance?

> I have lived long enough: my way of life
> Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
> And that which should accompany old age,
> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
> Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath
> Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Call the roll of all your pulpit orators! Where is there one that has ever preached such a sermon as that? Where is there one that has ever had such an audience—such an unending succession of million-large audiences—as this man, who, in a "despised weed, sought the good of all men"?

And, remember, that it was not the virtuous alone, the church-goers, the elect, who came to hear this marvelous sermon, but the high, the low; the educated, the ignorant; the young, the old; the good, the vicious; the titled lord, the poor 'prentice; the high-born dame, the wretched waste and wreck of womankind.

A sermon preached almost nightly for nigh three hundred years! Not preached with robe or gown, or any pretense of virtue, but in those living pictures, "that history made visible," of the mighty philanthropist. Not coming with the ostentation and parade of holiness, with swinging censer and rolling organ, but conveyed into the minds of the audience insensibly, insinuated into them, through the instrumentality of a lot of poor players. Precisely as we have seen Bacon suggesting that, by "a new process," truth should be *insinuated* into minds obstructed and infested—a process "*drenched in flesh and blood*," as surely Macbeth is; a process that the ancients used to "educate men's minds to virtue;" by which the minds of men might be "played upon," as if with a "musician's bow," with the greater force because (as he had observed a thousand times in the Curtain Theater) the minds of men are more acted upon when they are gathered in numbers than when alone.

VII. Ingratitude.

Turn to *Lear*. What is its text? Ingratitude. Another mighty sermon.

The grand old man who gave all, with his heart in it. The viciousness of two women; the nobleness of a third—for the gentle

heart of the poet would not allow him to paint mankind altogether bad; he saw always "the soul of goodness in things evil." And mark the moral of the story. The overthrow of the wicked, who yet drag down the good and noble in their downfall.

VIII. Jealousy and Intemperance.

Turn to *Othello*. What is the text here? The evils of jealousy and the power for wrong of one altogether iniquitous. The overthrow of a noble nature by falsehood; the destruction of a pure and gentle woman to satisfy the motiveless hate of a villain. And there is within this another moral. The play is a grand plea for temperance, expressed with jewels of thought set in arabesques of speech. Can all the reformers match that expression:

> O thou invisible spirit of wine! If thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

The plot of the play turns largely on Cassio's drunkenness; for it is Desdemona's intercession for poor Cassio that arouses Othello's suspicions. And how pitiful are Cassio's exclamations:

> Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform ourselves *into beasts*. . . . To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently *a beast!* O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

It is impossible to sum up a stronger appeal in behalf of a temperate use of the good things of this world than these words contain. And, remember, they were written, not in the nineteenth century, but in an age of universal drunkenness, practiced by both men and women; and uttered at first to audiences nine-tenths of whom probably had more ale and sack in them than was good for them, even while they witnessed the play.

And we find the great teacher always preaching the same lesson of temperance to the people, and in much the same phrases. He says:

> When he is best, he is little worse than a man; and when he is worst he is little better than a beast.[1]

And again he says:

> A howling monster; a drunken monster.[2]

[1] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i, 2. [2] *Tempest*, iii, 2.

And in the introduction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, his Lordship, looking at the drunken Christopher Sly, says:

> Oh, monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies.

IX. Timon of Athens.

In this play, the moral is the baseness of sycophants and mammon-worshipers. Its bitterness and wrath came from Bacon's own oppressed heart, in the day of his calamities; when he had felt all "the contempt of the contemptible, who measure a man by his estate."

Mr. Hallam says:

> There seems to have been a period of Shakespeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience; the memory of hours mis-spent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates by choice or circumstance peculiarly teaches;—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of *Lear* and *Timon*, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind.[1]

X. Shylock the Usurer.

In 1594 Bacon was the victim of a Jew money-lender. In 1595 appeared *The Merchant of Venice*, in which, says Mrs. Pott:

> Shylock immortalizes the hard Jew who persecuted Bacon; and Antonius the generous brother Anthony who sacrificed himself and taxed his credit in order to relieve Francis. Antonio in *Twelfth Night* is of the same generous character.

And it will be observed that both Bacon and the writer of the Plays were opposed to usury.

Says Bacon:

> It is against nature for money to *breed* money.[2]

And again he speaks of

> The devouring trade of usury.[3]

While in Shakespeare we have the conversation between Shylock and Antonio, the former justifying the taking of interest on money by the case of Jacob, who "grazed his uncle Laban's sheep" and took "all the yearlings which were streaked and pied." Says Antonio:

> Was this inserted to make interest good?
> Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
> *Shylock.* I cannot tell. I make it *breed* as fast.

[1] *Literature of Europe*, vol. iii, p. 508. [2] Essay *Of Usury*. [3] Essay *Of Seditions*.

And again we have the same idea of money *breeding* money, used by Bacon, repeated in this conversation. Antonio says:

> I am as like to call thee so again,
> To spit on thee again, to spurn thee, too.
> If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
> As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
> A *breed* of barren metal from his friend?

And it will be remembered that the whole play turns on the subject of usury. The provocation which Antonio first gave Shylock was that

> He lends out money gratis, and brings down
> The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

And again:

> Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me
> About my monies and my usances.

The purpose of the play was to stigmatize the selfishness manifested in the taking of excessive interest; which is, indeed, to the poor debtor, many a time the cutting-out of the very heart. And hence the mighty genius has, in the name of Shylock, created a synonym for usurer, and has made in the Jew money-lender the most terrible picture of greed, inhumanity and wickedness in all literature.

Bacon saw the necessity for borrowing and lending, and hence of moderate compensation for the use of money. But he pointed out, in his essay *Of Usury*, the great evils which resulted from the practice. He contended that if the owners of money could not lend it out, they would have to employ it themselves in business; and hence, instead of the "lazy trade of usury," there would be enterprises of all kinds, and employment for labor, and increased revenues to the kingdom. And his profound wisdom was shown in this utterance:

> It [usury] bringeth the treasures of a realm or state into a few hands; for the usurer being at certainties, and others at uncertainties, at the end of the game most of the money will be in his box; and ever a state flourisheth most when wealth is more equally spread.

XI. Mobocracy.

The moral of *Coriolanus* is that the untutored multitude, as it existed in Bacon's day, the mere mob, was not capable of self-government. The play was written, probably, because of the many indications which Bacon saw that "the foot of the peasant was

treading close on the kibe of the courtier," as Hamlet says; and that a religious war, accompanied by an uprising of the lower classes, was at hand, which would, as he feared, sweep away all learning and civility in a deluge of blood. The deluge came shortly after his death, but the greatness and self-control of the English race saved it from ultimate anarchy. At the same time Bacon, in his delineation of the patriot Brutus, showed that he was not adverse to a republican government of intelligent citizens.

XII. The Deficiencies of the Man of Thought.

Hamlet is autobiographical. It is Bacon himself. It is the man of thought, the philosopher, the poet, placed in the midst of the necessities of a rude age.

Bacon said:

> I am better fitted to hold a book than to play a part.

He is overweighted with the thought-producing faculty: in his case the cerebrum overbalances the cerebellum. He laments in his old age that, being adapted to contemplation and study, his fortune forced him into parts for which he was not fitted. He makes this his apology to posterity:

> This I speak to posterity, not out of ostentation, but because I judge it may somewhat import the dignity of learning, to have a man *born for letters rather than anything else*, who should, by a certain fatality, and against the bent of his own genius, *be compelled into active life*.[1]

This is Hamlet. He comes in with book in hand, speculating where he should act. He is "holding a book" where he should "play a part."

Schlegel says of *Hamlet*:

> The whole is intended to show that a calculating consideration, which exhausts all the relations and possible consequences of a deed, must cripple the power of acting.

Coleridge says of *Hamlet*:

> We see a great, an enormous intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it.

Dowden says:

> When the play opens he has reached the age of thirty years — the age, it has been said, when the ideality of youth ought to become one with and inform the practical tendencies of manhood — and he has received culture of every kind

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book viii, p. 3.

except the culture of active life. He has slipped on into years of full manhood still a haunter of the university, a student of philosophies, an amateur in art, a ponderer on the things of life and death, who has never formed a resolution or executed a deed.

These descriptions fit Bacon's case precisely. His ambition drags him into the midst of the activities of the court; his natural predisposition carries him away to St. Albans or Twickenham Park, to indulge in his secret "contemplations;" and to compose the "works of his recreation" and "the works of the alphabet." He was, as it were, two men bound in one. He aspired to rule England and to give a new philosophy to mankind. He would rival Cecil and Aristotle at the same time.

And this play seems to be autobiographical in another sense. Hamlet was robbed of his rights by a relative — his uncle. He "lacked advancement." Bacon, who might naturally hope to rise to a place in Elizabeth's court similar to that held by his father, "lacks advancement;" and it is his uncle Burleigh and his uncle's son who hold him down. Hamlet is a philosopher. So is Bacon. Hamlet writes verses to Ophelia. Bacon is a poet. Hamlet writes a play, or part of one, for the stage. So, we assert, did Bacon. Hamlet puts forth the play as the work of another. So, we think, did Bacon. Hamlet cries out:

> The play's the thing
> Wherewith I'll catch the conscience of the King.

And it is our theory that Bacon sought with his plays to catch the conscience of mankind. Hamlet has one true, trusted friend, Horatio, to whom he opens the secrets of his heart, and to whom he utters a magnificent essay on friendship. Bacon has another such trusted friend, Sir Tobie Matthew, to whom he opened *his* heart, and for whom, we are told, he wrote his prose essay *Of Friendship*. Hamlet is supposed to be crazy. Bacon is charged by his enemies with being a little daft — with having "a bee in his head" — and each herein, perhaps, illustrates the old truth, that

> Great minds to madness are quite close allied,
> And thin partitions do the bounds divide.

XIII. The Tempest.

The great drama of *The Tempest* contains another personal story. This has, in part, been perceived by others. Mr. Campbell says:

The Tempest has a sort of sacredness as the last work of a mighty workman. Shakespeare, as if conscious that it would be his last, and as if inspired *to typify*

himself, has made his hero a natural, a dignified and benevolent magician, who could conjure up spirits from the vasty deep, and command supernatural agency by the most seemingly natural and simple means. . . . Here Shakespeare himself is Prospero, or *rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel.* But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and bury it fathoms in the ocean,

Deeper than did ever plummet sound.[1]

What is the plot of the play?

Prospero was born to greatness, was a "prince of power."

Bacon was born in the royal palace of York Place, and expected to inherit the greatness of his father, Elizabeth's Lord Chancellor. "Bacon," says Hepworth Dixon,[2] "seemed born to power."

Prospero was cast down from his high place. So was Bacon. Who did it? His uncle Burleigh. And in *The Tempest*, as in *Hamlet*, an uncle is the evil genius of the play. Prospero says to his daughter Miranda:

Thy false uncle — . . .
Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping — new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed them,
Or else new formed them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleased his ear.

This might be taken to describe, very aptly, the kind of arts by which Bacon's uncle, Burleigh, reached and held power. Bacon wrote to King James:

In the time of Elizabeth the Cecils purposely oppressed all men of ability.

And why did Prospero lose power? Because he was a student. He neglected the arts of statecraft and politics, and devoted himself to nobler pursuits. He says:

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind.
. . . . me, poor man! my library
Was dukedom large enough!

"The bettering of my mind" is very Baconian. But where have we the slightest evidence that the man of Stratford ever strove to improve his mind?

And the labors of Prospero were devoted to the liberal arts and to *secret* studies. So were Bacon's. Prospero says:

[1] Knight's *Shakespeare*, introductory notice to *Tempest*.
[2] *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, p. 7.

> And Prospero, the prime duke, being so reputed
> In dignity; and for the liberal arts
> Without a parallel; those being all my study,
> The government I cast upon my brother,
> And to my state grew stranger, being transported
> And rapt in *secret* studies.

What happened? Prospero was dethroned, and with his little daughter, Miranda, was seized upon:

> In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
> Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
> A rotten carcase of a butt, not rigged,
> Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
> Instinctively had quit it.

This was the rotten butt of Bacon's fortunes, when they were at their lowest; when his friends deserted him, like the rats, and when he wrote *Timon of Athens.*

Miranda asks:

> How came we ashore?

Prospero replies:

> By Providence divine
> Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
> A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
> Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
> Master of this design), did give us, with
> Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries
> Which since have steaded much; so of his gentleness,
> Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me,
> From mine own library, with volumes that
> I prize above my dukedom.

How fully is all this in accord with the character of Francis Bacon:—the man who had "taken all knowledge for his province;" the "concealed poet;" the philanthropist; the student; the lover of books! How little is it in accordance with what we know of Shakspere, who does not seem to have possessed a library, or a single book—not even a quarto copy of one of the Plays.

But who was Miranda?

The name signifies *wonderful things.* Does it mean these wonderful Plays? She was Bacon's child—the offspring of his brain. And we find, as I have shown, in sonnet lxxvii these lines, evidently written in the front of a commonplace-book:

> Look what thy memory cannot contain,
> Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
> *Those children nursed, delivered from thy brain,*
> To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

Was Miranda the wonderful product of Bacon's brain—the child of the concealed poet?

When Ferdinand sees Miranda, he plays upon the name:

> My prime request,
> Which I do last pronounce, is, O! *you wonder!*
> If you be maid or no?

And it will be noted that Miranda was in existence before Prospero's downfall; and the Plays had begun to appear in Bacon's youth and before his reverses.

And we are further told that when Prospero and his daughter were carried to the island, the love he bore Miranda was the one thing that preserved him from destruction:

> *Miranda.* Alack! what trouble
> Was I then to you?
> *Prospero.* O! a cherubin
> Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
> Infusèd with a fortitude from heaven,
> When I have decked the sea with drops full salt,
> Under my burthen groaned; which raised in me
> An undergoing stomach, to bear up
> Against what should ensue.

That is to say, in the days of Bacon's miseries, his love for divine poetry saved him from utter dejection and wretchedness. And in some large sense, therefore, his troubles were well for him; and for ourselves, for without them we should not have the Plays. And hence we read:

> *Miranda.* O, the Heavens!
> What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
> Or blessed was't we did?
> *Prospero.* Both, both, my girl;
> By foul play, as thou sayst, were we heaved thence;
> But blessedly holp hither.

And the leisure of the retirement to which Bacon was driven enabled him to perfect the Plays, whereas success would have absorbed him in the trivialities of court life. And so Prospero says to Miranda:

> Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
> Here in this island we arrived; and here
> Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
> Than other princes can, that have more time
> For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

And on the island is Ariel. Who is Ariel? It is a tricksy spirit, a singer of sweet songs, "which give delight and hurt not;"

a maker of delicious music; a secretive spirit, given much to hiding in invisibility while it achieves wondrous external results. It is Prospero's instrumentality in his magic; his servant. And withal it is humane, gentle and loving, like the soul of the benevolent philosopher himself. If Pro-*sper-o* is Shake-*sper*, or, as Campbell says, "the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel," then Ariel is the genius of poetry, the constructive intellectual power of the drama-maker, which he found pegged in the knotty entrails of an oak, uttering the harsh, discordant sounds of the old moralities, until he released it and gave it wings and power. And, like the maker of the Plays, it sings sweet songs, of which Ferdinand says:

> This is no mortal business, nor no sound
> That the earth owns.

And, like the poet, it creates masks to work upon the senses of its audience — it is a play-maker.

And there is one other inhabitant of the island — Caliban —

> A freckled whelp, hag-born.

Who is Caliban? Is he the real Shakspere? He claims the ownership of the island. Was the island the stage, — the play-house, — to which Bacon had recourse for the means of life, when his fortune failed him; to which he came in the rotten butt of his fortunes, with his child Miranda, — the early plays?

Shakspere, be it remembered, was at the play-house before Bacon came to it. Prospero found Caliban on the island. Caliban claimed the ownership of it. He says, "This island's mine."

> When thou camest first,
> Thou strok'dst me, and made much of me;
> Would give me water with berries in't; and teach me how
> To name the bigger light, and how the less,
> That burn by day and night; and then I loved thee,
> And showed thee all the qualities of the isle,
> The fresh springs, brine springs, barren place and fertile.

That is to say, Shakspere gave Bacon the use of his knowledge of the stage and play-acting, and showed him the fertile places from which money could be extracted.

And do these lines represent Bacon's opinion of Shakspere?

> Abhorred slave,
> Which any print of goodness will not take,
> Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
> Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour

> One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
> Know thine own meaning, but would gabble like
> A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
> *With words that made them known.*

And again he says—and it will be remembered Shakspere was alive when *The Tempest* was written:

> A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
> Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
> Humanly taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
> And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
> So his mind cankers.

Prospero has lost his kingdom. He has had the leisure in the solitude of his "full poor *cell*" to bring *Miranda* to the perfection of mature beauty. The Plays are finished.

[Bacon, after his downfall, in 1623, applied for the place of Provost of Eaton; he says, "it was a pretty *cell* for my fortune."]

When Miranda was grown to womanhood an accident threw Prospero's enemies in his power. A most propitious star shone upon his fortunes. His enemies were upon the sea near him. With the help of Ariel he raised a mighty *tempest* and shipwrecked those who had deprived him of his kingdom, and brought them wretched and half-drowned to his feet. He had always wished to leave the island and recover his kingdom; and, his enemies being in his power, he forced them to restore him to his rights.

Is there anything in Bacon's life which parallels this story? There is.

Bacon, like Prospero, had been cast down. He desired to rise again in the state. And there came a time when he brought his enemies to his feet, in the midst of a tempest of the state, which he probably helped to create. And this very word *tempest*, so applied, is a favorite one with Bacon. He said, at the time of his downfall:

> When I enter into myself, I find not the materials for such a *tempest* as is now come upon me.

In June, 1606, Francis Bacon was out of place and without influence with the court, but he wielded great power in Parliament, of which he was a member, as a noble orator and born ruler of men. He had hoped that this influence would have secured him preferment in the state. He was disappointed. Hepworth Dixon shows that, upon the death of Sir Francis Gawdy and Coke's promotion

to the bench, Bacon expected to be made Attorney-General. But his malign cousin, Cecil, again defeated his just and reasonable hopes; and the great man, after all his years of patient waiting, had to step aside once more to make place for some small creature.

But there is trouble in the land. King James of Scotland came down to rule England, and hordes of his countrymen came with, or followed after him, to improve their fortunes in the fat land of which their countryman was monarch. King James desired Parliament to pass the bill of Union, to unite the Scots and English on terms of equality. His heart was set on this measure. But the English disliked the Scots.

Hepworth Dixon says:

> Under such crosses the bill on Union fares but ill. Fuller, the bilious representative of London, flies at the Scots. The Scots in London are in the highest degree unpopular. Lax in morals and in taste, they will take the highest place at table, they will drink out of anybody's can, they will kiss the hostess, or her buxom maid, without saying "by your leave." [1]

We have reason to think that Ariel is at work, invisibly, behind the scenes raising the Tempest. Dixon continues:

> Brawls fret the taverns which they haunt; *pasquins hiss against them from the stage. . . . Three great poets, Jonson, Chapman and Marston, go to jail for a harmless jest against these Scots.* Such acts of rigor make the name of Union hateful to the public ear.

Let Hepworth Dixon tell the rest of the story:

> When Parliament meets in November to discuss the bill on Union, Bacon stands back. The King has chosen his attorney; let the new attorney fight the King's battle. The adversaries to be met are bold and many. . . . Beyond the Tweed, too, people are mutinous *to the point of war*, for the countrymen of Andrew Melville begin to suspect the King of a design against the Kirk. . . . Melville is clapped into the Tower. . . . Hobart (the new Attorney-General) goes to the wall. James now sees that the battle is not to the weak, nor the race to the slow. Bacon has only to hold his tongue and make his terms.[2]

Prospero has only to wait for the Tempest to wash his enemies to his feet.

> Alarmed lest the bill of Union may be rejected by an overwhelming vote, Cecil suddenly adjourns the House. He must get strength. . . . Pressed on all sides, here by the Lord Chancellor, there by a mutinous House of Commons, Cecil at length yields to his cousin's claim; Sir John Doderidge bows his neck, and when Parliament meets, after the Christmas holidays, Bacon holds in his pocket a written engagement for the Solicitor's place.

[1] *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, p. 184. [2] Ibid., p. 183.

The Tempest is past; the Duke of Milan has recovered his kingdom; the poor scholar leaves his cell, at forty-six years of age, and steps into a place worth £6,000 a year, or $30,000 of our money, equal to probably $300,000 per annum to-day. There is no longer any necessity for the magician to remain upon his poor desert island, with Caliban, and write plays for a living. He dismisses Ariel. *The Plays cease to appear.*

But Prospero, when he leaves the island, takes Miranda with him. She will be well cared for. We will see hereafter that "the works of the alphabet" will be "set in a frame;" at heavy cost, and wedded to immortality.

The triumphant statesman *leaves Caliban in possession of the island!* He has crawled out from his temporary shelter:

> I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm.

He will devote the remainder of his life to statecraft and philosophy. He will write no more poetry,

> For at his age
> The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble
> And waits upon the judgment.

But Prospero will not be idle. Like Bacon, he has great projects in his head. He says:

> Welcome, sir;
> This cell's my court; here have I few attendants
> And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
> My dukedom since you have given me again,
> I will requite you with as good a thing;
> At least *bring forth a wonder to content ye*,
> As much as me my dukedom.

That is to say, relieved of the necessities of life, possessed of power and fortune he will give the world the *Novum Organum*, the new philosophy, which is to revolutionize the earth and lift up mankind.

And yet, turning, as he does, to these mighty works of his mature years, he cannot part, without a sigh, from the labors of his youth; from the sweet and gentle spirit of the imagination — his "chick," his genius, his "delicate Ariel":

> Why, that's my dainty Ariel: *I shall miss thee;*
> But yet thou shalt have freedom.

And then, casting his eyes backward, he exults over his mighty work:

> Graves, at my command,
> Have waked their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
> By my so potent art.

Indeed, a long and mighty procession! Lear, Titus Andronicus, Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Marc Antony, Cleopatra, Augustus Cæsar, Timon of Athens, Cymbeline, Alcibiades, Pericles, Macbeth, Duncan, Hamlet, King John, Arthur, Richard II., John of Gaunt, Henry IV., Hotspur, Henry V., Henry VI., Richard III., Clarence, Henry VIII., Wolsey, Cranmer, Queen Katharine, and Anne Boleyn.

> But this rough magic
> I here abjure: and, when I have required
> Some heavenly music (which even now I do)—

[that is to say, he retains his magic power a little longer to write one more play, this farewell drama, *The Tempest*]—

> To work mine end upon their senses that
> This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
> Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
> And, deeper than did ever plummet sound
> I'll drown my book.

What does this mean? Certainly that the magician had ended his work; that his rough magic was no longer necessary; that he would no longer call up the mighty dead from their graves. And he dismisses even the poor players through whom he has wrought his charm; they also are but spirits, to do his bidding:

> *Our revels now are ended:* these our *actors*,
> As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air:
> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

And this play of *The Tempest* is placed at the very beginning of the great Folio of 1623, as an introduction to the other mighty Plays.

And if this be not the true explanation of this play, where are we to find it? If Pro-*sper* is Shake-*sper* (as seems to be conceded), or the one *for* (*pro*) whom Shake-*sper* stood, what is the meaning

of his "abjuring his magic," giving up his work and "drowning his book?" And what is that "wonder" he — the man of Stratford — is to bring forth after he has drowned his book: — something more wonderful than Miranda — (the *wonderful things*) — and with which the dismissed Ariel is to have nothing to do? And why should Shakspere drown his book and retire to Stratford, and write no more plays, thus abjuring his magic? Do you imagine that the man who would sue a neighbor for two shillings loaned; or who would sell a load of stone to the town for ten pence; or who would charge his guest's wine-bill to the parish, would, if he had the capacity to produce an unlimited succession of *Hamlets*, *Lears* and *Macbeths*, worth thousands of pounds, have drowned his book, and gone home and brewed beer and sucked his thumbs for several years, until drunkenness and death came to his relief?

And is there any likeness between the princely, benevolent and magnanimous character of Prospero and that of the man of Stratford?

XIV. Kingcraft.

Bacon believed in a monarchy, but in a constitutional monarchy, restrained by a liberty-loving aristocracy, with justice and fair play for the humbler classes.

He, however, was utterly opposed to all royal despotism. He showed, as the leader of the people in the House of Commons, that he was ready to use the power of Parliament to restrain the unlimited arrogance of the crown. He saw that one great obstacle to liberty was the popular idea of the divine right of kings. We can hardly appreciate to-day the full force of that sentiment as it then existed. Hence, in the Plays, he labors to reduce the king to the level of other men, or below it. He represents John as a cowardly knave, a truckler to a foreign power, a would-be murderer, and an altogether worthless creature. Richard II. is little better — a frivolous, weak-witted, corrupt, sordid, dishonest fool.

He puts into his mouth the old-time opinion of the heaven-delegated powers of a king:

> Not all the water of the rough, rude sea
> Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
> The breath of worldly men cannot depose
> The deputy elected by the Lord:

For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel! then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right!

And then the poet proceeds to show that this is all nonsense: that the "breath of worldly men" can, and that it in fact does depose him; and that not an angel stirs in all the vasty courts of heaven to defend his cause.

And then he perforates the whole theory still further by making the King himself exclaim:

Let's choose executors and talk of wills;
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath
Save our deposèd bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For Heaven's sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping killed,
All murder'd. For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Death keeps his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit;
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable: and humored thus,
Comes at the last, and, with a little pin,
Bores through his castle walls, and,—farewell, king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends. Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king!

Surely this must have sounded strangely in the ears of a London audience of the sixteenth century, who had been taught to regard the king as anointed of Heaven and the actual viceregent of God on earth, whose very touch was capable of working miracles in the cure of disease, possessing therein a power exercised on

earth aforetime only by the Savior and his saints. And the play concludes with *the murder of Richard.*

And then comes Henry IV., usurper, murderer; and the poet makes him frankly confess his villainy:

> Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
> And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
> That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
> By what by-paths and indirect, crooked ways
> I met this crown.

And yet he lives to a ripe old age, and establishes a dynasty on the corner-stone of the murder of Richard II.

And we have the same lesson of contempt for kings taught in *Lear:*

> They told me I was everything. But when the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I smelt them out.[1]

And in *The Tempest* we have this expression:

> What care these roarers for the name of king?[2]

Is not the moral plain: — that kings are nothing more than men; that Heaven did not ordain them, and does not protect them; and that a king has no right to hold his place any longer than he behaves himself?

His son, Henry V., is the best of the lot — he is the hero-king; but even he rises out of a shameful youth; he is the associate of the most degraded; the companion of profligate men and women, of highwaymen and pick-pockets. And even in his mouth the poet puts the same declaration of the hollowness of royal pretensions. King Henry V. says, while in disguise:

> I think the King is but a man as I am; the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shews to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man.[3]

We turn to Henry VI., and we find him a shallow, empty imbecile, below the measure even of contempt.

In Richard III. we have a horrible monster; a wild beast; a liar, perjurer, murderer; a remorseless, bloody, man-eating tiger of the jungles.

[1] *Lear*, iv, 6. [2] *Tempest*, i, 1. [3] *Henry V.*, iv, 1.

In Henry VIII. we have a king divorcing a sainted angel, as we are told, under the plea of conscience, to marry a frivolous woman, in obedience to the incitements of sensual passion.

And this is the whole catalogue of royal representatives brought on the stage by Shakespeare!

And these Plays educated the English people, and prepared the way for the day when Charles I. was brought to trial and the scaffold.

If Bacon intended to strike deadly blows at the idea of divine right, and irresponsible royal authority, in England, certainly he accomplished his object in these "Histories" of English kings. It may be that the Reform he had intended graduated into the Revolution which he had not intended. He could not foresee Cromwell and the Independents; and yet, that storm being past, England is enjoying the results of his purposes, in its wise constitutional monarchy: — the spirit of liberty wedded to the conservative forms of antiquity.

XV. Teaching History.

But there is another motive in these Plays. They are teachers of history. It is probable that the series of historical dramas began with William the Conqueror, for we find Shakspere, in an obscene anecdote, which tradition records, referring to himself as William the Conqueror, and to Burbadge as Richard III. Then we have Shakespeare's *King John*. In Marlowe we have the play of *Edward II.* Among the doubtful plays ascribed to the pen of Shakespeare is the play of *Edward III.* Then follows *Richard II.;* then, in due and consecutive order, *Henry IV.*, first and second parts; then *Henry V.;* then *Henry VI.*, first, second and third parts; then *Richard III.;* there is no play of Henry VII. (*but Bacon writes a history of Henry VII.*, taking up the story just where the play of *Richard III.* leaves it); then the series of plays ends with *Henry VIII.;* and the cipher narrative probably gives us the whole history of the reign of Elizabeth.

All these plays tended to make history familiar to the common people, and we find testimony to that effect in the writings of the day.

XVI. Patriotism.

But there is another purpose transparently revealed in the Plays. It was to infuse the people with a sense of devotion to their native land. Speaking of national patriotism, Swinburne says:

> Assuredly, no poet ever had more than he (Shakespeare); not even the king of men and poets who fought at Marathon and sang at Salamis; much less had any or has any one of our own, from Milton on to Campbell and from Campbell to Tennyson. In the mightiest chorus of *King Henry V.* we hear the pealing ring of the same great English trumpet that was yet to sound over the battle of the Baltic.[1]

And the same writer speaks of

> The national side of Shakespeare's genius, the heroic vein of patriotism that runs, like a thread of living fire, through the world-wide range of his omnipresent spirit.[2]

We turn to Bacon, and we find the same great patriotic inspirations. His mind took in all mankind, but the love of his heart centered on England. His thoughts were bent to increase her glory and add to her security from foreign foes. To do this he saw that it was necessary to keep up the military spirit of the people. He says:

> But above all, for empire and greatness, it importeth most that a nation do profess arms as their principal honor, study and occupation. . . . No nation which doth not directly profess arms may look to have greatness fall into their mouths; and, on the other side, it is a most certain oracle of time that those nations that continue long in that profession (as the Romans and Turks principally have done) do wonders; and those that have professed arms but for an age have, notwithstanding, commonly attained that greatness in that age which maintaineth them long after, when the profession and exercise of arms hath grown to decay.[3]

And again he says:

> Walled towns, stored arsenals and armories, goodly races of horse, chariots of war, elephants, ordnance, artillery and the like; all this but a sheep in a lion's skin, except the *breed* and disposition of the people be stout and war-like.[4]

We turn to Shakespeare, and we find him referring to Englishmen as

> Feared for their *breed* and famous by their birth.

Here is the whole sentence. How exultantly does he depict his own country — "that little body with a mighty heart," as he calls it elsewhere:

> This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
> This other Eden, demi-paradise,
> This fortress built by Nature for herself

[1] Swinburne, *Study of Shak.*, p. 113.
[2] Ibid., p. 73.
[3] Essay xxix, *The True Greatness of Kingdoms.*
[4] Ibid.

Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy *breed of men*, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd for their *breed* and famous by their birth,
Renownèd for their deeds as far from home
(For Christian service and true chivalry),
As is the sepulcher in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world.[1]

And again he speaks of England as

Hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes.[2]

And again he says:

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he has given for fence impregnable.[3]

And again he says:

Which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters.[4]

And again:

Britain is
A world by itself.[5]

And again:

I' the world's volume,
Our Britain is as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest.[6]

And, while Shakespeare alludes to the sea as England's "water-walled bulwark," Bacon speaks of ships as the "walls" of England. And he says:

To be master of the sea is an abridgment of a monarchy.[7]

And he further says:

No man can by care-taking (as the Scripture saith) "add a cubit to his stature" in this little model of a man's body, but in the great fame of kingdoms and commonwealths it is in the power of princes, or estates, to add amplitude and greatness to their kingdoms; for by introducing such ordinances, constitutions and customs as we have now touched, *they may sow greatness to their posterity and succession;* but these things are commonly not observed, but left to take their chance.[8]

[1] *Richard II.*, ii, 1.
[2] *King John*, ii, 1.
[3] *3d Henry VI.*, iv, 1.
[4] *Cymbeline*, iii, 1.
[5] Ibid., iii, 1.
[6] Ibid., iii, 4.
[7] Essay, *True Greatness of Kingdoms.*
[8] Ibid.

And was he not, in these appeals to national heroism, "*sowing greatness to posterity*," and helping to create, or maintain, that warlike "breed" which has since carried the banners of conquest over a great part of the earth's surface? One can imagine how the eyes of those swarming audiences at the Fortune and the Curtain must have snapped with delight at the pictures of English valor on the field of Agincourt, as depicted in *Henry V.;* or at the representation of that tremendous soldier Talbot, in *Henry VI.*, dying like a lion at bay, with his noble boy by his side. How the 'prentices must have roared! How the mob must have raved! How even the gentlemen must have drawn deep breaths of patriotic inspiration from such scenes! Imagine the London of to-day going wild over the work of some great genius, depicting, in the midst of splendid poetry, Wellington and Nelson!

But there are many other purposes revealed in these Plays.

XVII. Dueling.

The writer of the Plays was opposed to the practice of dueling.

One commentator (H. T.), in a note to the play of *Twelfth Night*, says:

> It was the plainly evident intention of Shakespeare, in this play, to place the practice of dueling in a ridiculous light. Dueling was in high fashion at this period—a perfect rage for it existed, and a man was distinguished or valued in the select circles of society in proportion to his skill and courage in this savage and murderous practice. Our poet well knew the power of ridicule often exceeded that of the law, and in the combat between the valiant Sir Andrew Aguecheek and the disguised Viola, he has placed the custom in an eminently absurd situation. Mr. Chalmers supposes that his attention was drawn to it by an edict of James I., issued in the year 1613. From his remarks we quote the following:
>
> In *Twelfth Night* Shakespeare tried to effect by ridicule what the state was unable to perform by legislation. The duels which were so incorrigibly frequent in that age were thrown into a ridiculous light by the affair between Viola and Sir Andrew Aguecheek. *Sir Francis Bacon* had lamented, in the House of Commons, on the 3d of March, 1609–10, the great difficulty of redressing the evil of duels, owing to the corruption of man's nature. King James tried to effect what the Parliament had despaired of effecting, and in 1613 he issued "An edict and censure against private combats," which was conceived with great vigor, and expressed with decisive force; but whether with the help of Bacon or not I am unable to ascertain.

There can be no question that the *Proposition for the Repressing of Singular Combats or Duels*, in 1613, came from the hand of Bacon. We find it given as his in Spedding's *Life and Works*.[1] He proposed to exclude all duelists from the King's presence, because

[1] Vol. iv., p. 397.

"there is no good spirit but will think himself in darkness, if he be debarred . . . of access and approach to the sovereign." He also proposed a prosecution in the Star Chamber, and a heavy, irremissible fine. A proclamation to this effect was issued by the King. We also have the "charge of Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, His Majesty's Attorney-General, touching duels, upon an information in the Star Chamber against Priest and Wright." After commenting on his regret that the offenders were not greater personages, Bacon says:

> Nay, I should think, my lords, that men of birth and quality will leave the practice, when it begins to be vilified, and come so low as to barbers, surgeons and butchers, and such base mechanical persons.

In the course of the charge he says:

> It is a miserable effect when young men, full of towardness and hope, such as the poets call *auroræ filii*, sons of the morning, in whom the comfort and expectations of their friends consisteth, shall be cast away and destroyed in such a vain manner. . . . So as your lordships see what a desperate evil this is; it troubleth peace, it disfurnisheth war, it bringeth calamity upon private men, peril upon the state, and contempt upon the law.

And in this charge we find Bacon using the same sort of argument used by Shakespeare in *Othello*.

Bacon says:

> There was a combat of this kind performed by two persons of quality of the Turks, wherein one of them was slain; the other party was convented before the council of *Bassaes*. The manner of the reprehension was in these words:
>
> How durst you undertake to fight one with the other? Are there not Christians enough to kill? Did you not know that whether of you should be slain, the loss would be the great Seigneour's?

The writer of Shakespeare evidently had this incident in his mind, and had also knowledge of the fact that the Turks did not permit duels, when he put into the mouth of Othello these words:

> Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
> Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that
> Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
> For Christian shame! put by this barbarous brawl![1]

Bacon secured the conviction of Priest and Wright, and prepared a decree of the Star Chamber, which was ordered read in every shire in the kingdom.

And we find the same idea and beliefs in Shakespeare which are contained in this decree. He says:

[1] *Othello*, ii, 3.

If wrongs be evil, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill![1]

And again:

Your words have took such pains, as if they labored
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarreling
Upon the head of valor; which, indeed,
Is valor misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were but newly born.[2]

XVIII. Other Purposes.

I might go on and give many other instances to show that the purposes revealed in the Plays are the same which governed Francis Bacon. I might point to Bacon's disapprobation of superstition, his essay on the subject, and the very effective way in which one kind of superstition is ridiculed in the case of the pretended blind man at St. Albans, in the play of *Henry VI.*, exposed by the shrewdness of the Duke Humphrey.

I might further note that Bacon wrote an essay against popular prophecies; and Knight notes[3] that the Fool in *Lear* ridicules these things, as in:

Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
When going shall be used with feet.[4]

Says Knight:

Nor was the introduction of such a mock prophecy mere idle buffoonery. There can be no question, from the statutes that were directed against these stimulants to popular credulity, that they were considered of importance in Shakespeare's day. Bacon's essay *Of Prophecies* shows that the philosopher gravely denounced what our poet pleasantly ridiculed.

I might show how, in *Love's Labor Lost*, the absurd fashions of language then prevalent among the fastidious at court were mocked at and ridiculed in the very spirit of Bacon. I might note the fact that Bacon expressed his disapprobation of tobacco, and that no reference is had to it in all the Plays, although it is abundantly referred to in the writings of Ben Jonson and other dramatists of the period. I might refer to Bacon's disapprobation of the superstition connected with wedding-rings, and to the fact that no wedding-ring is ever referred to in the Plays. These are little things in themselves, but they are cumulative as matters of evidence.

[1] *Titus Andronicus*, iii, 5. [2] Ibid. [3] Notes of act iii of *Lear*, p. 440. [4] Act iii, scene 2.

In conclusion, I would call attention to the fact that nowhere in the Plays is vice or wickedness made admirable. Even in the case of old Sir John Falstaff, whose wit was as keen, sententious and profound as Bacon's own Essays; even in his case we see him, in the close of *2d Henry IV.*, humiliated, disgraced and sent to prison; while the Chief Justice, representing the majesty of law and civilization, is lifted up from fear and danger to the greatest heights of dignity and honor. The old knight "dies of a sweat," and every one of his associates comes to a dishonored and shameful death.

Lamartine says:

> It is as a moralist that Shakespeare excels. . . . His works cannot fail to elevate the mind by the purity of the morals they inculcate. They breathe so strong a belief in virtue, so steady an adherence to good principles, united to such a vigorous tone of honor as testifies to the author's excellence as a moralist; nay, as a Christian.

And everywhere in the Plays we see the cultured citizen of the schools and colleges striving to elevate and civilize a rude and barbarous age. The heart of the philosopher and philanthropist penetrates through wit and poetry and dramatic incident, in every act and scene from *The Tempest* to *Cymbeline.*

CHAPTER VII.

THE REASONS FOR CONCEALMENT.

> Some dear cause
> Will in concealment wrap me up awhile.
> When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
> Lending me this acquaintance.
>
> *Lear, iv, 3.*

IF Bacon wrote the Plays, why did he not acknowledge them? This is the question that will be asked by many.

I. Bacon's Social Position.

What was Francis Bacon in social position? He was an aristocrat of the aristocrats. His grandfather had been the tutor of the King. His father had been for twenty years Lord Keeper of the Seal under Elizabeth. His uncle Burleigh was Lord Treasurer of the kingdom. His cousin Robert was Lord Secretary, and afterward became the Earl of Salisbury. He also "claims close cousinry with Elizabeth and Anne Russell (daughters of Lord John Russell) and with the witty and licentious race of Killigrews, and with the future statesman and diplomatist Sir Edward Hoby."[1]

Francis aspired to be, like his father, Lord Chancellor of the kingdom. Says Hepworth Dixon:

> Bacon seemed born to power. His kinsmen filled the highest posts. The sovereign liked him, for he had the bloom of cheek, the flame of wit, the weight of sense, which the great Queen sought in men who stood about her throne. His powers were ever ready, ever equal. Masters of eloquence and epigram praised him as one of them, or one above them, in their peculiar arts. Jonson tells us he commanded when he spoke, and had his judges pleased or angry at his will. Raleigh tells us he combined the most rare of gifts, for while Cecil could talk and not write, Howard write and not talk, he alone could both talk and write. Nor were these gifts all flash and foam. If no one at the court could match his tongue of fire, so no one in the House of Commons could breast him in the race of work. He put the dunce to flight, the drudge to shame. If he soared high above rivals in his most passionate play of speech, he never met a rival in the dull, dry task of ordinary toil. Raleigh, Hyde and Cecil had small chance against him in debate; in committee Yelverton and Coke had none. . . .

[1] Hepworth Dixon, *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, p. 16.

He sought place, never man with more persistent haste; for his big brain beat with a victorious consciousness of parts; he hungered, as for food, to rule and bless mankind. . . . While men of far lower birth and claims got posts and honors, solicitorships, judgeships, embassies, portfolios, how came this strong man to pass the age of forty-six without gaining power or place?[1]

And remember, good reader, that it is precisely during this period, before Bacon was forty-six, and while, as I have shown, he was "poor and working for bread," that the Shakespeare Plays were produced; and that after he obtained place and wealth they ceased to appear; although Shakspere was still living in Stratford and continued to live there for ten years to come. Why was it that the fountain of Shakespeare's song closed as soon as Bacon's necessities ended?

II. The Lawyers then the Play-Writers.

Bacon took to the law. He was born to it. It was the only avenue open to him. Richard Grant White says — and, remember, he is no "Baconian":

There was no regular army in Elizabeth's time; and the younger sons of gentlemen not rich, and of well-to-do yeomen, flocked to the church and to the bar; and as the former had ceased to be a stepping-stone to power and wealth, while the latter was gaining in that regard, most of these young men became attorneys or barristers. But then, as now, the early years of professional life were seasons of sharp trial and bitter disappointment. Necessity pressed sorely or pleasure wooed resistlessly; and the slender purse wasted rapidly away while the young lawyer awaited the employment that did not come. He knew then, as now he knows, the heart-sickness that waits on hope deferred; nay, he felt, as now he sometimes feels, the tooth of hunger gnawing through the principles and firm resolves that partition a life of honor and self-respect from one darkened by conscious loss of rectitude, if not by open shame. Happy (yet, it may be, O unhappy) he who now in such a strait can wield the pen of a ready writer! For the press, perchance, may afford him a support which, though temporary and precarious, will hold him up until he can stand upon more stable ground. But in the reigns of Good Queen Bess and Gentle Jamie there was no press. There was, however, an incessant demand for new plays. Play-going was the chief intellectual recreation of that day for all classes, high and low. It is not extravagant to say that there were then more new plays produced in London in one month than there are now in both Great Britain and Ireland in a whole year. To play-writing, therefore, the needy and gifted young lawyer turned his hand at that day as he does now to journalism.

III. The Law-Courts and the Plays. "The Misfortunes of Arthur."

And the connection between the lawyers and the players was, in some sense, a close one. It was the custom for the great law-schools to furnish dramatic representations for the entertainment

[1] Hepworth Dixon, *Personal History of Lord Bacon.*

of the court and the nobility. Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, as I have shown, made its first appearance, not on the stage of the Curtain or the Fortune theater, but in an entertainment given by the students of Gray's Inn (Bacon's law-school); and Shakespeare's comedy of *Twelfth Night* was first acted before the "benchers" of the Middle Temple, who employed professional players to act before them every year. We know these facts, as to the two plays named, almost by accident. How many more of the so-called Shakespeare Plays first saw the light on the boards of those law students, at their great entertainments, we do not know.[1]

We find in *Dodsley's Old Plays* a play called *The Misfortunes of Arthur*. The title-leaf says:

Certaine Devises and Shews presented to her Majestie by the Gentlemen of Grave's-Inne, at her Highnesse Court in Greenewich, the twenty-eighth day of February, in the thirtieth year of her Majestie's most happy Raigne. At London. Printed by Robert Robinson. 1587.[2]

Mr. Collier wrote a preface to it, in which he says:

It appears that eight persons, members of the Society of Gray's Inn, were engaged in the production of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, at Greenwich, on the 28th day of February, 1587-8, viz.: Thomas Hughes, the author of the whole body of the tragedy; William Fullbecke, who wrote two speeches substituted on the representation and appended to the old printed copy; Nicholas Trotte, who furnished the introduction; Francis Flower, who penned choruses for the first and second acts; Christopher Yelverton, *Francis Bacon*, and John Lancaster, who devised the dumb-show, then usually accompanying such performances; and a person of the name of Penruddock, who, assisted by Flower and Lancaster, directed the proceedings at court. Regarding Hughes and Trotte no information has survived. . . . The "Maister Francis Bacon" spoken of at the conclusion of the piece was, of course, no other than (the great) Bacon; and it is a new feature in his biography, though not, perhaps, very prominent nor important, *that he was so nearly concerned in the preparation of a play at court*. In February, 1587-8, he had just commenced his twenty-eighth year. . . .

The Misfortunes of Arthur is a dramatic composition only known to exist in the Garrick Collection. Judging from internal evidence, it seems to have been *printed with unusual care, under the superintendence of the principal author*. . . . The mere rarity of this unique drama would not have recommended it to our notice; but it is not likely that such a man as Bacon would have lent his aid to the production of a piece which was not intrinsically good; and, *unless we much mistake, there is a richer and nobler vein of poetry running through it than is to be found in any previous work of the kind*. . . . It forms a sort of connecting link between such pieces of unimpassioned formality as *Ferrex and Porrex*, and rule-rejecting historical plays, as Shakespeare found them and left them.

[1] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 128. [2] Hazlitt, vol. iv. p. 249.

I will discuss this play and its merits at more length hereafter, and will make but one or two observations upon it at this time.

1. It does not seem to me probable, if eight young lawyers were preparing a play for the court, and one of them was Francis Bacon, with his ready pen and unlimited command of language, that he would confine himself to "the dumb-show." It will be remembered that he wrote the words of certain masks that were acted before the court.

And if it be true that this youthful performance reveals poetry of a higher order than anything that had preceded, is it more natural to suppose it the product of the mightiest genius of his age, who was, by his own confession, "a concealed poet," or the work of one Thomas Hughes, who never, in the remainder of his life, produced anything worth remembering? And we will see, hereafter, that the poetry of this play is most strikingly Shakespearean.

2. Collier says he knows nothing of Thomas Hughes and Nicholas Trotte. Can Thomas Hughes, the companion of Bacon in Gray's Inn, and his co-laborer in preparing this play, be the same Hughes referred to in that line in one of the Shakespeare sonnets which has so perplexed the commentators —

> A man in hue, all hues in his controlling;—

and which has been supposed by many to refer to some man of the name of Hughes?

3. As to the identity of Nicholas Trotte there can be no question. He is the same Nicholas Trotte with whom Bacon carried on a long correspondence on the subject of money loaned by him to Bacon at divers and sundry times.

But this is not the place to discuss the play of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*. I refer to it now only to show how naturally Bacon might drift into writing for the stage. As:

1. Bacon is poor and in need of money.

2. Bacon assists in getting up a play for his law-school, Gray's Inn, if he does not write the greater part of it.

3. *The Comedy of Errors* appears at Gray's Inn for the first time, acted by Shakspere's company.

4. It was customary for impecunious lawyers in that age to turn an honest penny by writing for the stage.

Here, then, we have the man, the ability, the necessity, the custom, the opportunity. Bacon and Shakspere both on the boards of Gray's Inn at the same time—one directing, the other acting.

If *The Misfortunes of Arthur* was really Bacon's work, and if it was a success on the stage, how natural that he should go farther in the same direction. Poetry is, as Bacon tells us, a "lust of the earth"—a something that springs up from the mind like the rank growths of vegetation from the ground; it is, as Shakespeare says:

> A gum which oozes
> From whence 'tis nourished.

We see a picture of the *poet* at this age in the description of Hepworth Dixon; it is not a description of a philosopher:

> Like the ways of all deep dreamers, his habits are odd, and vex Lady Anne's affectionate and methodical heart. The boy sits up late at night, drinks his ale-posset to make him sleep, starts out of bed ere it is light, or, may be, as the whimsy takes him, lolls and dreams till noon, musing, says the good lady, with loving pity, on—she knows not what![1]

IV. Why he Seeks a Disguise.

But if the poetical, the dramatical, the creative instinct is upon him, shall he venture to put forth the plays he produces in his own name? No: there are many reasons say him nay. In the first place, he knows they are youthful and immature performances. In the second place, it will grieve his good, pious mother to know that he doth "mum and mask and sinfully revel." In the third place, the reputation of a poet will not materially assist him up those long, steep stairs that lead to the seat his great father occupied. And, therefore, so he says, "I *profess not* to be a poet." Therefore will he put forth his attempts in the name of Thomas Hughes, or any other friend; or of Marlowe, or of Shakspere, or of any other convenient mask. Hath he it not in his mind to be a great reformer; to reconstruct the laws of the kingdom, and to recast the philosophy of mankind, hurling down Aristotle and the schoolmen from their disputatious pedestals, and erecting a system that shall make men better because happier, and happier because wiser in the knowledge of the nature which surrounds them? Poetry is but a "work of his recreation"—a something he cannot help but yield to,

[1] *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, p. 35.

but of which he is half-ashamed. He will write it because he is forced to sing, as the bird sings; because his soul is full; because he is obeying the purpose for which he was created. But publish his productions? No. And therefore he "professes" *not* to be a poet.

And, moreover, he is naturally given to secretiveness. There was a strong tendency in the man to subterranean methods. We find him writing letters in the name of Essex and in the name of his brother Anthony. He went so far, in a letter written by him, in the name of his brother, to Essex, to refer back to himself as follows (the letter and Essex's reply, *also written by him*, being intended for the Queen's eye):

> And to this purpose I do assure your Lordship that my brother, Francis Bacon, who is too wise (I think) to be abused, and too honest to abuse, though he be more reserved in all particulars than is needful, yet, etc.

And we positively know, from his letter to Sir John Davies, in which he speaks of himself as "a concealed poet," that he was the author of poetical compositions, of some kind, which he did not acknowledge, and which must certainly have gone about in the names of other men. And he says himself that, with a purpose to help Essex regain the good graces of the Queen, he wrote a sonnet which he passed off upon the Queen as the work of Essex.

We remember that Walter Scott resorted to a similar system of secretiveness. After he had established for himself a reputation as a successful poet, he made up his mind to venture upon the composition of prose romances; and fearing that a failure in the new field of effort might compromise his character as a man of genius, already established by his poems, he put forth his first novel, *Waverly*, without any name on the title-page; and then issued a series of novels as by "the author of *Waverly*." And in his day there were books written to show by parallel thoughts and expressions that Scott was really the author of those romances, just as books are now written on the Bacon-Shakespeare question.

And who does not remember that the author of *The Letters of Junius* died and made no sign of confession?

Bacon doubtless found a great advantage in writing thus under a mask. The man who sets forth his thoughts in his own name knows that the public will constantly strive to connect his utterances with his personal character; to trace home his opinions to

his personal history and circumstances; and he is therefore necessarily always on his guard not to say anything, even in a work of fiction, that he would not be willing to father as part of his own natural reflections.

Richard Grant White says:

> Shakespeare's freedom in the use of words was but a part of that conscious irresponsibility to critical rule which had such an important influence upon the development of his whole dramatic style. To the workings of his genius under this entire unconsciousness of restraint we owe the grandest and the most delicate beauties of his poetry, his poignant expressions of emotion, and his richest and subtlest passages of humor. For the superiority of his work is just in proportion to his carelessness of literary criticism. . . . His plays were mere entertainments for the general public, written not to be read, but to be spoken; written as business, just as Rogers wrote money circulars, or as Bryant writes leading articles. This freedom was suited to the unparalleled richness and spontaneousness of his thought, of which it was, in fact, partly the result, and itself partly the condition.[1]

The Anatomy of Melancholy was first published, not in the name of the alleged author, Robert Burton, but under the *nom de plume* of "Democritus, Junior," and in the address to the reader the author says:

> Gentle reader, I presume thou wilt be very inquisitive to know what antic or personate actor this is that so insolently intrudes upon this common theater, to the world's view, arrogating another man's name. . . . I would not willingly be known. . . . 'Tis for no such respect I shroud myself under his name; but *in an unknown habit to assume a little more liberty and freedom of speech.*

We will see hereafter that there are strong reasons for believing that Francis Bacon wrote *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, and that in these words we have his own explanation of one of the many reasons for his many disguises.

V. Low State of the Dramatic Art.

But there was another reason why an ambitious young aristocrat, and lawyer, and would-be Lord-Chancellor, should hesitate to avow that he was a writer of plays.

Halliwell-Phillipps says:

> It must be borne in mind that actors occupied an inferior position in society, and that even the vocation of a dramatic writer *was considered scarcely respectable.*[2]

The first theater ever erected in England, or, so far as I am aware, in any country, in modern times, was built in London in

[1] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 220. [2] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 6.

1575—five years before Bacon returned from the court of France, and six years before he reached the age of twenty-one years. The man and the instrumentality came together. A writer upon the subject says:

> The public authorities, more especially those who were inclined to Puritanism, exerted themselves in every possible way to repress the performance of plays and interludes. They fined and imprisoned the players, even stocked them, and harassed and restrained them to the utmost of their ability. . . . In 1575 the players were interdicted from the practice of their art (or rather their calling, for it was not yet an art), within the limits of the city.

The legal status of actors was the lowest in the country.

The act of 14th Elizabeth, "for the punishment of vagabonds," included under that name "all fencers, bearwards, *common players in interludes*, and minstrels, not belonging to any baron of this realm."

They traveled the country on foot, with packs on their backs, and were fed in the "buttery" of the great houses they visited.

I quote:

> Thus in Greene's *Never Too Late*, in the interview between the player and Robert (*i.e.*, Greene), on the latter asking how the player proposed to mend Robert's fortune:
>
> "Why, easily," quoth he, "and greatly to your benefit; for men of my profession get by scholars their whole living."
>
> "What is your profession?" said Roberto.
>
> "Truly, sir," said he, "I am a player."
>
> "A player!" quoth Roberto; "I took you rather for a gentleman of great living; for if by outward habit men should be answered [judged], I tell you, you would be taken for a *substantial man*."
>
> "So am I, where I dwell," quoth the player, "reported able at my proper cost to build a wind-mill."
>
> He then proceeds to say that at his outset in life he was fain to carry his "playing fardel," that is, his bundle of stage properties, "a foot back," but now his show of "playing apparel" would sell for more than £200. In the end he offers to engage Greene to write plays for him, "for which you will be well paid, if you will take the pains."

If the actors did not engage themselves as the servants of some great man, as "the Lord Chamberlain's servants," or "the Lord Admiral's servants," or "the Earl of Worcester's servants," they were liable under the law, as Edgar says in *Lear*,[1] to be "whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished and imprisoned;" for by the statute of 39 Elizabeth (1597) and 1st of James I. (1604), as I have shown, the vagabond's punishment was to be "stripped naked from the middle upward, and to be whipped until his body

[1] Act iii, scene 4.

was bloody, and to be sent from parish to parish the next straight way to the place of his birth."

Halliwell-Phillipps says:

Actors were regarded at court in the light of menials, and classed by the public with jugglers and buffoons.[1]

The play-houses were inconceivably low and rude. The Lord Mayor of London, in 1597, describes the theaters as:

Ordinary places for vagrant persons, maisterless men, thieves, horse-stealers, whoremongers, cozeners, cony-catchers, contrivers of treason, and other idele and dangerous persons.[2]

Taine says of Shakspere:

He was a comedian, one of "His Majesty's poor players"—a sad trade, degraded in all ages by the contrasts and the falsehoods which it allows: still more degraded then by the brutalities of the crowd, who not seldom would stone the actors; and by the severities of the magistrates, who would sometimes condemn them to lose their ears.[3]

Edmund Gayton says, describing the play-houses:

If it be on a holiday, when sailors, watermen, shoemakers, butchers and apprentices are at leisure, then it is good policy to amaze those violent spirits with some tearing tragedy, full of fights and skirmishes, as *The Guelphs and Ghibelines*, *Greeks and Trojans*, or *The Three London Apprentices*, which commonly ends in six acts, the spectators frequently mounting the stage and making a more bloody catastrophe among themselves than the players did. I have known, upon one of these festivals, . . . where the players have been appointed, notwithstanding their bills to the contrary, to act what the major part of the company had a mind to; sometimes *Tamburlane*, sometimes *Jugurth*, sometimes *The Jew of Malta*, and sometimes parts of all these; and at last, none of the three taking, they were forced to undress, and put off their tragic habits, and conclude the day with *The Merry Milkmaid*. And unless this were done, and the popular humor satisfied, as sometimes it so fortuned that the players were refractory, the benches, the tiles, the laths, the stones, oranges, apples, nuts flew about most liberally; and as there were mechanics of all professions, who fell every one to his own trade, and dissolved an house in an instant and made a ruin of a stately fabric.[4]

Taine thus describes the play-houses of Shakspere's time:

Great and rude contrivances, awkward in their construction, barbarous in their appointments; but a fervid imagination supplied all that they lacked, and hardy bodies endured all inconveniences without difficulty. On a dirty site, on the banks of the Thames, rose the principal theater, the Globe, a sort of hexagonal tower, surrounded by a muddy ditch, on which was hoisted a red flag. The common people could enter as well as the rich; there were six-penny, two-penny, even

[1] *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 256. [2] *City of London MS. Outlines*, p. 214.
[3] *History of English Literature*, book ii, chap. iv, p. 205.
[4] *Festivous Notes on Don Quixote*, 1654, p. 271.

penny seats; but they could not see it without money. If it rained, and it often rains in London, the people in the pit — butchers, mercers, bakers, sailors, apprentices — received the streaming rain upon their heads. I suppose they did not trouble themselves about it; it was not so long since they began to pave the streets of London, and when men, like these, have had experience of sewers and puddles, they are not afraid of catching cold.

While waiting for the piece, they amuse themselves after their fashion, drink beer, crack nuts, eat fruits, howl, and now and then resort to their fists; they have been known to fall upon the actors, and turn the theater upside down. At other times, when they were dissatisfied, they went to the tavern, *to give the poet a hiding, or toss him in a blanket.* . . . When the beer took effect, there was a great upturned barrel in the pit, a peculiar receptacle for general use. The smell rises, and then comes the cry, "Burn the juniper!" They burn some in a plate on the stage, and the heavy smoke fills the air. Certainly the folk there assembled could scarcely get disgusted at anything, and cannot have had sensitive noses. In the time of Rabelais there was not much cleanliness to speak of. Remember that they were hardly out of the Middle Ages, and that in the Middle Ages man lived on a dung-hill.

Above them, *on the stage*, were the spectators able to pay a shilling, the elegant people, the gentlefolk. These were sheltered from the rain, and, if they chose to pay an extra shilling, could have a stool. To this were reduced the prerogatives of rank and the devices of comfort; it often happened that there were not stools enough; then they lie down on the ground; this was not a time to be dainty. They play cards, smoke, insult the pit, who give it them back without stinting, and throw apples at them into the bargain.

The reader can readily conceive that the man must indeed have been exceedingly ambitious of fame who would have insisted on asserting his title to the authorship of plays acted in such theaters before such audiences. Imagine that aristocratic young gentleman, Francis Bacon, born in the royal palace of York Place; an ex-attaché of the English legation at the French court; the son of a Lord Chancellor; the nephew of a Lord Treasurer; the offspring of the virtuous, pious and learned Lady Anne Bacon; with his head full of great plans for the reformation of philosophy, law and government; and with his eye fixed on the chair his father had occupied for twenty years: — imagine him, I say, insisting that his name should appear on the play-bills as the poet who wrote *Mucedorus*, *Tamburlane*, *The Jew of Malta*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Fair Em*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, or *The Merry Devil of Edmonton!* Imagine the drunken, howling mob of Calibans hunting through Gray's Inn to find the son of the Lord Chancellor, in the midst of his noble friends, to whip him, or toss him in a blanket, because, forsooth, his last play had not pleased their royal fancies!

VI. Sharing in the Profits of the Play-House.

But suppose behind all this there was another and a more terrible consideration.

Suppose this young nobleman had eked out his miserable income *by writing plays to sell to the theaters.* Suppose it was known that he had his "second" and "third nights;" that he put into his pocket the sweaty pennies of that stinking mob of hoodlums, sailors, 'prentices, thieves, rowdies and prostitutes; and that he had used the funds so obtained to enable him to keep up his standing with my Lord of Southampton, and my Earl of Essex, and their associates, as a gentleman among gentlemen. Think of it!

And this in England, three hundred years ago, when the line of caste was almost as deep and black between the gentlemen and "the mutable, rank-scented many," as it is to-day in India between the Brahmin and the Pariah. Why, to this hour, I am told, there is an almost impassable gulf between the nobleman and the tradesman of great Britain. Then, as Burton says in *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, "idleness was the mark of nobility." To earn money in any kind of trade was despicable. To have earned it by sharing in the pennies and shillings taken in at the door, or on the stage of the play-house, would have been utterly damnable in any gentleman. It would have involved a loss of social position worse than death. One will have to read Thackeray's story of *Miss Shum's Husband* to find a parallel for it.

VII. Political Considerations.

But we have seen that the hiring of actors of Shakspere's company to perform the play of *Richard II.*, by the followers of the Earl of Essex, the day before the attempt to "rase the city" and seize the person of the Queen (even as Monmouth seized the person of Richard II.), and compel a deposition by like means, was one of the counts in the indictment against Essex, which cost him his head. In other words, the intent of the play was treasonable, and was so understood at the time. "Know you not," said Queen Elizabeth, "that *I* am Richard II.?" And I have shown good reason to believe that all the historical Plays, to say nothing of *Julius Cæsar*, were written with intent to popularize rebellion against tyrants.

"The poor player," Will Shakspere, might have written such plays solely for the pence and shillings there were in them, for he had nothing to do with politics: — he was a legal vagabond, a "vassal actor," a social outcast; but if Francis Bacon, the able and ambitious Francis Bacon, the rival of Cecil, the friend of Southampton and Essex; the lawyer, politician, member of Parliament, courtier, belonging to the party that desired to bring in the Scotch King and drive the aged Queen from the throne — if *he* had acknowledged the authorship of the Plays, the inference would have been irresistible in the mind of the court, that these horrible burlesques and travesties of royalty were written with malice and settled intent to bring monarchy into contempt and justify the aristocracy in revolution.

VIII. Another Reason.

But it must be further remembered that while Bacon lived the Shakespeare Plays were not esteemed as they are now. Then they were simply successful dramas; they drew great audiences; they filled the pockets of manager and actors. Leonard Digges, in the verses prefixed to the edition of 1640, says that when Jonson's "Fox and Subtle Alchymist"

> Have scarce defrayed the sea-coal fire
> And door-keepers: when, let but Falstaff come,
> Hal, Poins, the rest — you scarce shall have room,
> All is so pestered: let but Beatrice
> And Benedick be seen, lo! in a trice
> *The cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full,*
> To hear Malvolio, that cross-gartered gull.

There was no man in that age, except the author of them, who rated the Shakespeare Plays at their true value. They were admired for "the facetious grace of the writing," but the world had not yet advanced far enough in culture and civilization to recognize them as the great store-houses of the world's thought. Hence there was not then the same incentive to acknowledge them that there would be to-day.

IX. Still Another Reason.

If Francis Bacon had died full of years and honors, I can conceive how, from the height of preëminent success, he might have fronted the prejudices of the age, and acknowledged these children of his brain.

But the last years of his life were years of dishonor. He had been cast down from the place of Lord Chancellor for bribery, for selling justice for money. He had been sentenced to prison; he held his liberty by the King's grace. He was denied access to the court. He was a ruined man, "a very subject of pity," as he says himself.

For a man thus living under a cloud to have said, "In my youth I wrote plays for the stage; I wrote them for money; I used Shakspere as a mask; I divided with him the money taken in at the gate of the play-houses from the scum and refuse of London," would only have invited upon his head greater ignominy and disgrace. He had a wife; he had relatives, a proud and aristocratic breed. He sought to be the Aristotle of a new philosophy. Such an avowal would have smirched the *Novum Organum* and the *Advancement of Learning;* it would have blotted and blurred the bright and dancing light of that torch which he had kindled for posterity. He would have had to explain his, no doubt countless, denials made years before, that he had had anything to do with the Plays.

And why should he acknowledge them? He left his fame and good name to his "own countrymen after some time be past;" he believed the cipher, which he had so laboriously inserted in the Plays, would be found out. He would obtain all the glory for his name in that distant future when he would not hear the reproaches of caste; when, as pure spirit, he might look down from space, and see the winged-goodness which he had created, passing, on pinions of persistent purpose, through all the world, from generation to generation. In that age, when his body was dust; when cousins and kin were ashes; when Shakspere had moldered into nothingness, beneath the protection of his own barbarous curse; when not a trace could be found of the bones of Elizabeth or James, or even of the stones of the Curtain or the Blackfriars: then, in a new world, a brighter world, a greater world, a better world,—to which his own age would be but as a faint and perturbed remembrance,—he would be married anew to his immortal works. He would live again, triumphant, over Burleigh and Cecil, over Coke and Buckingham; over parasites and courtiers, over tricksters and panderers:—the magnificent victory of genius over power; of mind over time. And so living, he would live forever.

CHAPTER VIII.

CORROBORATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons.
Macbeth, *i*, 2.

WE sometimes call, in law, an instrument between two parties an *indenture*. Why? Because it was once the custom to write a deed or contract in duplicate, on a long sheet of paper or parchment, and then cut them apart upon an irregular or indented line. If, thereafter, any dispute arose as to whether one was the equivalent of the other, the edges, where they were divided, were put together to see if they precisely matched. If they did not, it followed that some fraud had somewhere been practiced.

Truth, in like manner, is serrated, and its indentations fit into all other truth. If two alleged truths do not thus dovetail into each other, along the line where they approximate, then one of them is not the truth, but an error or a fraud.

Let us see, therefore, if, upon a multitude of minor points, the allegation that Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespeare Plays fits its indentations — its teeth — precisely into what we know of Bacon and Shakspere.

In treating these questions, I shall necessarily have to be as brief as possible.

I. The Question of Time.

Does the biography of Bacon accord with the chronology of the Plays?

Bacon was born in York House, or Palace, on the Strand, January 22, 1561. William Shakspere was born at Stratford-on-Avon, April 23, 1564. Bacon died in the spring of 1626. Shakspere in the spring of 1616. The lives of the two men were therefore parallel; but Bacon was three years the elder, and survived Shakspere ten years.

Bacon's mental activity began at an early age. He was studying the nature of echoes at a time when other children are playing.

At twelve he outstripped his home tutors and was sent to join his brother Anthony, two years his senior, at Trinity College, Cambridge. At eighteen Hilliard paints his portrait and inscribes upon it, "if one could but paint his mind." We will hereafter see reasons to believe that there is extant a whole body of compositions written before he was twenty-one years of age. At about twenty he summarizes the political condition of Europe with the hand of a statesman.

II. Plays before Shakspere Comes to London.

The Plays antedate the time of the coming of Shakspere to London, which it is generally agreed was in 1587.

That high authority, Richard Simpson, in his *School of Shakespeare*,[1] in his article, "The Early Authorship of Shakespeare[2]" and in *Notes and Queries*,[3] shows that the Shakespeare Plays *commenced to appear in 1585!* That is to say, *while Shakspere was still living in Stratford*—in the year the twins were born! We are therefore to believe that in that "bookless neighborhood" the butcher's apprentice was, between his whippings, writing plays for the stage! Here are miracles indeed.

In 1585 Robert Greene both registered and published his *Planetomachia*, and in this work he denounces "some avaricious player, . . . who, not content with his own province [of acting], should dare to intrude into the field of authorship, which ought to belong solely to the professed scholars"—like Greene himself. And from that time forward Greene continued to gibe at this same somebody, who was writing plays for the stage. He speaks of "gentlemen poets" in 1588, who set "the end of scholarism in an English blank verse; . . . it is the humor of a *novice* that tickles them with self-love."

Thomas Nash says, in an epistle prefixed to Greene's *Arcadia*, published, according to Mr. Dyce, in 1587:

> It is a common practice, now-a-days, amongst a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art and thrive at none, *to leave the trade of noverint* [lawyer], *whereto they were born*, and busy themselves with the endeavors of art, that could scarcely Latinize their neck-verse, if they should have need. Yet English Seneca, read by candle-light, yields many good sentences, as "blood is a beggar," and so forth; and if you entreat him fair, in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches.

[1] Vol. ii, p. 342. [2] *North British Review*, vol. lii. [3] 4th series, vol. viii.

Here it appears that in 1587, the very year when Shakspere came to London, and while he was probably holding horses at the front door of the theater, the play of *Hamlet*, Shakespeare's own play of *Hamlet*, was being acted; and was believed by other playwrights to have been composed by some lawyer, who was born a lawyer.

And did not Nash's words, "if you entreat him fair of a frosty morning," allude to that early morning scene "of a frosty morning," where Hamlet meets the Ghost, for the first time, on the platform of the castle:

> *Hamlet.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
> *Horatio.* It is a nipping and an eager air.

But this lawyer, who was born a lawyer, to whom allusion is made by Nash, so far from being a mere-horse-holder, was something of a scholar, for Nash continues:

> But . . . what's that will last always? Seneca let blood line by line and page by page, at length must die to our stage, which makes his [Seneca's] famished followers . . . leap into a new occupation and *translate two-penny pamphlets from the Italian* without any knowledge even of its articles.[1]

We have seen that several of the so-called Shakespeare comedies were founded on untranslated Italian novels. Will the men who argue that Shakspere stood at the door of the play-house and held horses, and at the same time wrote the magnificent and scholarly periods of *Hamlet*, go farther and ask us to believe that the butcher's apprentice, the deer-stealer, the beer-guzzler, "oft-whipped and imprisoned," had, in the filthy, bookless village of Stratford, acquired even an imperfect knowledge of the Italian?

But Nash goes farther. He says:

> Sundry OTHER *sweet gentlemen* I do know, that we [sic] have *vaunted their pens in private-devices* and *tricked up a company of taffaty fools with their feathers*, whose beauty, if our poets had not pecked, with the supply of their perriwigs, they might have anticked it until this time, up and down the country with *The King of Fairies* and dined every day at the pease-poridge ordinary with *Delfrigius*.

What does all this mean? Why, that there were poets who were not actors, "sweet *gentlemen*" (and that word meant a good deal in 1587), who had written "private devices," as we know Bacon to have written "masks" for private entertainments; and these *gentlemen* were rich enough to have furnished out a company

[1] *School of Shak.*, vol. ii, p. 358.

of actors with feathers and periwigs, to take part in these private theatricals; and if the "gentlemen" had not pecked (objected?) the players would have anticked it, that is, played in this finery, all over the country.

Hamlet says to Horatio, after he has written the play and had it acted and thereby "touched the conscience of the King:"

> Would not this, sir, and a forest of *feathers* (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me), with two provincial roses on my ragged shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

And three years after Nash wrote the above, Robert Greene refers to Shakspere as the only "*Shake-scene* in the country," and as "an upstart crow beautified with our *feathers*."

III. A Pretended Play-Writer who Cannot Write English.

Simpson believes that *Fair Em* was written by Shakspere in 1587.

In 1587 Greene wrote his *Farewell to Folly*, published in 1591, in which he criticises the play of *Fair Em* and positively states that it was written by some gentleman of position, who put it forth in the name of a play-actor who was almost wholly uneducated. He says:

> Others will flout and over-read every line with a frump, and say 'tis scurvy, when they themselves are such scabbed lads that they are like to die of the *fazion;*[1] but if they come to write or publish anything in print, it is either distilled out of ballads, or borrowed of theological poets, which, for *their calling and gravity being loth to have any profane pamphlets pass under their hand*, get some other Batillus to *set his name to their verses.* Thus is the ass made proud by this underhand brokery. And he *that cannot write true English without the help of clerks of parish churches*, will needs make himself the father of interludes. O, 'tis a jolly matter when a man hath a familiar style, and can endite a whole year and not be beholding to art! But to bring Scripture to prove anything he says, and kill it dead with the text in a trifling subject of love, I tell you is no small piece of cunning. As, for example, two lovers on the stage arguing one another of unkindness, his mistress runs over him with this canonical sentence, "A man's conscience is a thousand witnesses;" and her knight again excuseth himself with that saying of the apostle, "Love covereth a multitude of sins."[2]

The two lines here quoted are from *Fair Em:*

> Thy conscience is a thousand witnesses.[3]
>
> Yet love, that covers multitude of sins.[4]

[1] A disease of horses, like glanders.
[2] *School of Shak.*, chap. xi, p. 377.
[3] Sc. xvii, l. 1308.
[4] Ibid., l. 1271.

What does this prove? That it was the belief of Greene, who was himself a playwright, that *Fair Em* was not written by the man in whose name it was put forth, but by some one of "calling and gravity," who had made use of another as a mask. And that this latter person was an ignorant man, who could not write true English without the help of the clerks of parish churches. But Simpson and many others are satisfied that *Fair Em* was written by the same mind which produced the Shakespeare Plays! But as the *Farewell to Folly* was written in 1587, and it is generally conceded that Shakspere did not commence to write until 1592, five years afterward, and as Shakspere was in 1587 hanging about the play-house either as a horse-holder or a "servitor," these words could not apply to him. We will see reason hereafter to conclude that they applied to Marlowe. But if they did apply to Shakspere, then we have the significant fact, as Simpson says,

> That Greene here pretends that Shakespeare could not have written the play himself; it was written by some theological poet, and fathered by him.

And Simpson, be it remembered, is no Baconian. It has been urged, as a strong point in favor of William Shakspere's authorship of the Plays, that his right to them was never questioned during his lifetime. If he wrote plays in 1587, then Greene *did* question the reality of his authorship, and boldly charged that he was an ignorant man, and the cover for some one else. If he did not write plays before 1592, — and a series of plays appeared between 1585 and 1592 which the highest critics contend were produced by the same mind which created the Shakespeare Plays, — then the whole series could not have been produced by the man of Stratford-on-Avon; and if the first of the series of identical works was not written by him, the last of the series could not have been. The advocates of Shakspere can take either horn of the dilemma they please.

Simpson thus sums up Greene's conclusions about Shakspere:

> That he appropriated and refurbished other men's plays; that he was a lack-latin, who had no acquaintance with any foreign language, except, perhaps, French, and lived from the translator's trencher, and such like. Throughout we see *Greene's determination not to recognize Shakspere as a man capable of doing anything by himself.* At first, Greene simply fathers some composition of his upon "two gentlemen poets," because he, in Greene's opinion, was *incapable of writing anything.* Then as to *Fair Em*, it is either distilled out of ballads, or it is written by some theological poet, who is ashamed to set his own name to it. It could not have been written by one who *cannot write English without the aid of a parish*

clerk. Then, at last, Greene owns that his rival might have written a speech or two, might have interpreted for the puppets, have indited a moral, or might be even capable of penning *The Windmill— The Miller's Daughter*—without help, for so I interpret the words before quoted, "reputed able at my proper cost to build a windmill," but Greene *will not own that the man is capable of having really done that which passe for his.*

And it seems to me the words, "reputed able at my proper cost to build a windmill," do not refer to the play, but to the wealth of the player.

IV. He Writes for Other Companies besides Shakspere's.

We turn now to another curious fact, quite incompatible with the theory that the man of Stratford wrote the Plays.

What do we know of him? That when he fled to London he acted at first, as tradition tells us, as a horse-holder, and was then admitted to the play-house as a servant. And the tradition of his being a horse-holder is curiously confirmed by the fact that when Greene alludes to him as "the only Shake-scene in the country," he advises his fellow-playwrights to prepare no more dramas for the actors, because of the predominance of that "Johannes-factotum," Shake-scene, and adds:

> Seek you better masters; for it is a pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasure of such rude *grooms.*

Certainly the man who had been recently taking charge of horses might very properly be referred to as a *groom.*

But here we stumble upon another difficulty. Not only did plays which are now attributed to Shakspere make their appearance on the London stage while he was still living in Stratford, whipped and persecuted by Sir Thomas Lucy, and subsequently, while he was acting as *groom* for the visitors to the play-house, but at this very time, we are told, he not only supplied his own theater with plays, but, with extraordinary fecundity, he *furnished plays to every company of actors in London!* Tradition tells us that during his early years in the great city he was "received into the play-house as a serviture." Is it possible that while so employed—a servant, a menial, a call-boy—in one company, he could furnish plays to other and rival companies? Would his profits not have lifted him above the necessity of acting as groom or call-boy? Simpson says:

Other prominent companies were those of the Earl of Sussex (1589), the Earl of Worcester (1590), and the Earl of Pembroke (1592). *For all these Shakspere can be shown to have written during the first part of his career.* According to the well-known epistle annexed to Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, Shakspere, by 1592, had become so absolute a *Johannes factotum*, for the actors of the day *generally*, that the man who considered himself the chief of the scholastic school of dramatists not only determined for his own part to abandon play-writing, but urged his companions to do the same. . . . It is clear that *before 1592* Shakspere must have been prodigiously active, and that plays wholly or partly from his pen must have been in the possession of many of the actors and companies. For the fruits of this activity *we are not to look in his recognized works.* Those, with few exceptions, *are the plays he wrote for the Lord Chamberlain's men.* . . . There are two kinds of Shaksperean remains which may be recorded, or rather assigned, to their real original author, by the critic and historian. First, the dramas prior to 1592, *which are not included in his works;* and secondly, the dramas over the production of which he presided, or with which he was connected as editor, reviser or adviser.[1]

And again Simpson says:

The recognized works of Shakspere contain scarcely any plays but those which he produced for the Lord Chamberlain's or King's company of actors. But in 1592 Greene tells us he had almost a monopoly of dramatic production, and had made himself necessary, *not to one company, but to the players in general.* It may be proved that he wrote for the Lord Strange's men, and for those of the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Sussex.[2]

But while this distinguished scholar tells us that Shakspere was "prodigiously active prior to 1592," and supplied all the different companies with plays, we turn to the other commentators and biographers, and they unite in assuring us that Shakspere did not appear as an author until 1592! Halliwell-Phillipps fixes the exact date as March 3d, 1592, when a new drama was brought out by Lord Strange's servants, to-wit, *Henry VI.*, "in all probability his earliest complete dramatic work."

Here, then, is our dilemma:

1. It is proved that Shakespeare did not begin to write until 1592.

2. It is proved that there is a whole body of compositions written by the mind which we call Shakespeare, and which were acted on the stage before 1592.

3. It is proved that Shakspere was a servant in or about one play-house.

4. It is proved that while so engaged he furnished plays to rival play-houses.

[1] *School of Shak.*, vol. i, p. 20—Introduction. [2] Ibid., vol. i, p. 8.

Is all this conceivable? Would the proprietor of one theater permit his *servant* to give to other theaters the means of drawing the crowd from his own doors and the shillings from his own pocket?

V. The Plays Cease to Appear Long before Shakspere's Death.

The poet Dryden stated, in 1680, that *Othello* was Shakespeare's last play.

Dryden was born only fifteen years after Shakspere's death. He was himself a play-writer; a frequenter of play-houses; the associate of actors; he wrote the statement quoted only sixty-four years after Shakspere died; he doubtless spoke the tradition common among the actors of London.

Now, it is well known that *Othello* was in existence in 1605, eleven years before Shakspere's death. Malone says, "*We know* it was acted in 1604."

Knight says:

> Mr. Peter Cunningham confirms this, by having found an entry in the *Revels at Court* of a performance of *Othello* in 1604.[1]

We can conceive that it may have been the last of the great Shakespearean tragedies, *The Tempest* being the last of the comedies.

Certain it is, however, that the Plays ceased to appear about the time Bacon rose to high and lucrative employment in the state, and several years before the death of their putative author.

All the Plays seem to have originated in that period of time during which Bacon was poor and unemployed. Take even those which are conceded to belong to Shakespeare's "later period."

Halliwell-Phillipps says:

> *Macbeth*, in some form, had been introduced on the English stage as early as 1600, for Kempe, the actor, in his "Nine Daies' Wonder performed in a Daunce from London to Norwich," alludes to a play of *Macdoel*, or *Macdobeth*, or *Macsomewhat*, for I am sure a *Mac* it was, though I never had the maw to see it.[2]

Hamlet, we have seen, first appeared, probably in some imperfect form, in 1585. *Lear* was acted before King James at Whitehall in the year 1606.

Halliwell-Phillipps says:

> The four years and a half that intervened between the performance of *The Tempest* in 1611, and the author's death, could not have been one of his periods of

[1] Knight, introd. notice *Othello*.

[2] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 291.

great literary activity. So many of his plays are known to have been in existence at the former date, it follows that there are only six which could by any possibility have been written after that time; and it is not likely that the whole of those belong to so late an era. These facts lead irresistibly to the conclusion that the poet abandoned literary occupation a considerable period before his decease.[1]

Knight says:

But when the days of pleasure arrived, is it reasonable to believe that the greatest of intellects would suddenly sink to the condition of an every-day man — cherishing no high plans for the future, looking back with no desire to equal and excel the work of the past? At the period of life when Chaucer began to write the *Canterbury Tales*, Shakspere, according to his biographers, was suddenly and utterly to cease to write. We cannot believe it. Is there a parallel case in the career of any great artist who had won for himself competence and fame?[2]

Here, therefore, is another inexplicable fact: Not only did Shakspere, as we are told, write plays for the London stage before he went to London; but after he had returned to Stratford, with ample leisure and the incentive to make money, the man who sued his neighbor for a few shillings, for malt sold, and who was, we are asked to believe, the most fecund of human intelligences, remained idly in his native village, writing nothing, doing nothing. Was there ever heard, before or since, of such a vast and laborious and creative mind, retiring thus into itself, into nothingness, — and locking the door and throwing away the key, — and vegetating, for from five to ten years, amid muck-heaps and filthy ditches? Would the author of *Lear* and *Hamlet* — the profound, the scholarly philosopher — be capable of such mental suicide; such death in life; such absorption of brain in flesh; such crawling into the innermost recesses of self-oblivion? Five or ten years of nothingness! Not a play; not a letter; not a syllable; nothing but three ignorant-looking signatures to a will, which appears to have been drawn by a lawyer who thought the testator could not write his name.

VI. The Sonnets.

And in the so-called "Shakespeare Sonnets" we find a whole congeries of mysteries. The critical world has racked all its brains to determine who W. H. was — "the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets;" and how any other man could "beget" them if they were Shakespeare's. Some one speaks of that collection of sonnets,

[1] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 155. [2] Knight's *Shak. Biography*, p. 525.

published in 1609, as "one of the most singular volumes ever issued from the press." Let us point at a few of its singularities:

Sonnet lxxvi says:

> Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
> So far from variation or quick change?
> Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
> To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
> Why write I still all one, ever the same,
> *And keep invention in a noted weed,*
> *That every word doth almost tell my name,*
> *Showing their birth and where they did proceed?*

What is the meaning of this? Clearly that the writer was hidden in a *weed*, a disguise; and we have already seen that Bacon employed the word *weed* to signify a disguise. But it is more than a disguise — it is a *noted* disguise. Surely the name *Shakespeare* was noted enough. And the writer, covered by this disguise, fears that every word he writes doth betray him; — doth "almost tell his name," their birth and where they came from. This is all very remarkable if Shakspere *was* Shakespeare. Then there was no *weed*, no disguise and no danger of the secret authorship being revealed.

But we find Francis Bacon, as I have shown, also referring to a *weed*.

> The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes. I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart. I have, *though in a despised weed*, procured the good of all men.

Marvelous, indeed, is it to find Shakespeare's sonnets referring to "a noted *weed*," and Bacon referring to "a despised *weed*"! — that is to say, Shakespeare admits that the writer has kept invention in a disguise; and Bacon claims that he himself, under a disguise, has procured the good of all men; and that this disguise was a *despised* one, as the name of a play-actor like Shakspere would necessarily be.

But there is another incompatibility in these sonnets with the belief that William Shakspere wrote them. In Sonnet cx we read:

> Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
> And made myself a motley to the view,
> Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear.

And in the next sonnet we have:

> Oh, for my sake do you with fortune chide,
> The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
> That did not better for my life provide
> Than public means, which public manners breeds.
> Thence comes it that *my name receives a brand*,
> And almost thence my nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

These lines have been interpreted to "refer to the bitter feeling of personal degradation allowed by Shakespeare to result from his connection with the stage."

But Halliwell-Phillipps says:

> Is it conceivable that a man who encouraged a sentiment of this nature, one which must have been accompanied with a distaste and contempt for his profession, would have remained an actor years and years after any real necessity for such a course had expired? By the spring of 1602 at the latest, if not previously, he had acquired a secure and definite competence, independently of his emoluments as a dramatist, and yet eight years afterward, in 1610, he is discovered playing in company with Burbadge and Heminge at the Blackfriars Theater.[1]

It is impossible that so transcendent a genius—a statesman, a historian, a lawyer, a philosopher, a linguist, a courtier, a natural aristocrat; holding the "many-headed mob" and "the base mechanical fellows" in absolute contempt; with wealth enough to free him from the pinch of poverty—should have remained, almost to the very last, a "vassal actor," liable to be pelted with decayed vegetables, or tossed in a blanket, and ranked in legal estimation with vagabonds and prostitutes. It is impossible that he should have continued for so many years to have acted subordinate parts of ghosts and old men, in unroofed enclosures, amid the foul exhalations of a mob, which could only be covered by the burning of juniper branches. Surely such a man, in such an age of unrest, when humble but ambitious adventurers rose to high places, would have carved out for himself some nobler position in life; or would, at least, have left behind him some evidence that he tried to do so.

Neither can we conceive how one who commenced life as a peasant, and worked at the trade of a butcher, and who had fled to London to escape public whipping and imprisonment, could feel that his name "received a brand" by associating with Burbadge and Nathaniel Field and the other actors. Was it not, in

[1] *Outlines Life of Shak.*, p. 110.

every sense, an elevation for him? And if he felt ashamed of his connection with the stage, why did he, in his last act on earth, the drawing of his will, refer to his "fellows," Heminge and Condell, and leave them presents of rings?

But all this feeling of humiliation here pictured would be most natural to Francis Bacon. The guilty goddess of his harmful deeds had, indeed, not provided him the necessaries of life, and he had been forced to have recourse to "public means," to-wit, play-writing; and thereby his name had been "branded," and his nature had been degraded to the level of the actors.

We turn now to another point.

VII. The Early Marks of Age.

There are many evidences that the person who wrote the sonnets began to show the marks of age at an early period. The 138th sonnet was published in 1599, in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, when William Shakspere was thirty-five years of age; and yet in it the writer speaks of himself as old:

> Although she knows my days are past the best . . .
> And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
> O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
> And age in love loves not to have years told.

And again he says in the 22d sonnet:

> My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
> So long as youth and thou are of one date.

Again, in the 62d sonnet, he speaks of himself as

> Bated and chopped with tanned antiquity.

And in the 73d sonnet he says:

> That time of year thou may'st in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

Now, all this would be unusual language for a man of thirty-five to apply to himself; but it agrees well with what we know of Francis Bacon in this respect.

John Campbell says:

> The marks of age were prematurely impressed upon him.

He writes to his uncle Burleigh in 1591:

I am now somewhat ancient; one and thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-glass.[1]

And again he says, about the same time:

I would be sorry she [the Queen] should estrange in my last years, for so I account them reckoning by health, not by age.[2]

VIII. The Writer's Life Threatened.

Then there is another passage in the sonnets which does not, so far as we know, fit into the career of the wealthy burgher of Stratford, but accords admirably with an incident in the life of Bacon. In the 74th sonnet we read:

> But be contented: when that fell arrest
> Without all bail shall carry me away,
> My life hath in this line some interest,
> Which for memorial still with thee shall stay. . . .
> The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
> My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
> So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
> The prey of worms, my body being dead;
> *The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,*
> Too base of thee to be remembered.

And again in the 90th sonnet we read:

> Then hate me if thou wilt, if ever now;
> *Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,*
> *Join with the spite of fortune,* make me bow
> And do not drop in for an after-loss:
> Ah! do not, when my heart hath scaped this sorrow,
> Come in the rearward of a conquered woe.

It seems to me the explanation of these lines is to be found in the fact that, after the downfall of Essex, Bacon was bitterly hated and denounced by the adherents of the Earl, and his life was even in danger from their rage. He writes to Queen Elizabeth in 1599:

My life has been threatened and my name libeled, which I count an honor.[3]

Again he says to Cecil:

As for any violence to be offered to me, wherewith my friends tell me I am threatened, I thank God I have the privy coat of a good conscience.

He also wrote to Lord Howard:

For my part I have deserved better than to have my name objected to envy or my life to a ruffian's violence.

[1] Letter to Burleigh. [2] Letter to Sir Robert Cecil.
[3] Letter to Queen Elizabeth, 1599. *Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 100.

IX. A Personal Gloom.

We find, too, in the sonnets, reference to a period of gloom in the life of the writer that is not to be explained by anything we know of in the history of William Shakspere. He had all the world could give him; he had wealth, the finest house in Stratford, lands, tithes, and malt to sell; to say nothing of that bogus coat-of-arms which assured him gentility. But the writer of the sonnets (see sonnet xxxvii) speaks of himself as unfortunate, as "made lame by fortune's dearest spite," as "lame, poor and despised." He is overwhelmed with some great shame:

> I all alone beweep my outcast state,
> And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
> And look upon myself and *curse my fate*.[1]

And the writer had experienced some great disappointment. He says:

> Full many a glorious morning have I seen
> Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
> Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
> Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
> Anon permit the basest cloud to ride,
> With ugly rack on his celestial face,
> And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
> Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace;
> *Even so my sun one early morn did shine,*
> But out! alack! *he was but one hour mine,*
> *The region cloud hath masked him from me now.*[2]

And the writer is utterly cast down with his disappointment. He cries out in sonnet lxvi:

> Tired of all these, for restful death I cry,
> As to behold *desert* a *beggar born*,
> And needy *nothing* trimmed in jollity,
> And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
> And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
> And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
> And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
> And *strength by limping sway disabled*,
> *And art made tongue-tied by authority*,
> And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
> And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
> And *captive Good attending captain Ill*—
> Tired with all these, from these I would be gone,
> Save that to die I leave my love alone.

[1] Sonnet xxix. [2] Sonnet xxxiii.

All these words seem to me to fit into Bacon's case. He was in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes. He writes to Essex in 1594:

> And I must confess this very delay has gone so near me as it hath almost overthrown my health. . . . I cannot but conclude that no man ever read a more exquisite disgrace.[1]

He proposed to travel abroad; he hopes her Majesty will not force him

> To pine here with melancholy, for though mine heart be good, yet mine eyes will be sore. . . . I am not an impudent man that would face out a disgrace.[2]

The bright morning sun of hope had ceased to shine upon his brow. He "lacked advancement," like Hamlet; he had been overridden by the Queen. He despaired. He writes: "I care not whether God or her Majesty call me." In the sonnet he says:

> Tired of all these, for restful death I cry.

And the grounds of his lamentation are those a courtier might entertain, but scarcely a play-actor. He beholds "desert" a beggar. Surely this was not Shakspere's case. He sees nothingness elevated to power; strength swayed by limping weakness; himself with all his greatness overruled by the cripple Cecil. He sees the state and religion tying the tongue of art and shutting the mouth of free thought. He sees evil triumphant in the world; "captive Good attending captain Ill." And may not the "maiden virtue rudely strumpeted" be a reflection on her of whom so many scandals were whispered; who, it was said, had kept Leicester's bed-chamber next to her own; who had for so many years suppressed Bacon, and for whom, on her death, "the honey-tongued Melicert" dropped not one pitying tear?

X. An Incomprehensible Fact.

Francis Bacon was greedy for knowledge. He ranged the whole amphitheater of human learning. From Greece, from Rome, from Italy, from France, from Spain, from the early English writers, he gathered facts and thoughts. He had his *Promus*, his commonplace-book, so to speak, of "formularies and *elegancies*" of speech. His acknowledged writings teem with quotations from the poets. And yet not once does he refer to William Shakspere or

[1] Letter to Essex, March 30, 1594. [2] Letter to Essex.

the Shakespeare writings! The man of Stratford acted in one of the Plays which go by his name, and on the same night, in the same place, was presented a "mask" written by Bacon. We thus have the two men under the same roof, at the same time, engaged in the same kind of work. Shakespeare, the play-writer, and Bacon, the mask-writer, thus rub elbows; but neither seems to have known the other.

Landor says:

> Bacon little knew or suspected that there was then existing (the only one that ever did exist) his superior in intellectual power.

Bacon was ravaging all time and searching the face of the whole earth for gems of thought and expression, and here in these Plays was a veritable Golconda of jewels, under his very nose, and he seems not to have known it.

XI. Bacon's Love of Plays.

But it may be said that Shakspere moved in a lower sphere of thought, beneath the notice of the great philosopher. This cannot be true; for we have seen that Bacon certainly wrote "masks," which were a kind of smaller plays, and that he united with seven other young lawyers of Gray's Inn to prepare a veritable stage-play, *The Misfortunes of Arthur;* but, more than that, he was very fond of theatricals.

Mrs. Pott says, speaking of the year 1594:

> The Calvinistic strictness of Lady Anne Bacon's principles receive a severe shock from the repeated and open proofs which Francis gives of his taste for stage performances. Anthony, about this time, leaves his brother and goes to live in Bishopsgate Street, near "Bull" Inn, where ten or twelve of the "Shakespeare" Plays were acted. Lady Anne "trusts that they will not mum, nor mask, nor sinfully revel at Gray's Inn."

Bacon's acknowledged writings overflow with expressions showing how much his thoughts ran on play-houses and stage-plays. I quote a few expressions, at random, to prove this:

> Therefore we see that there be certain "pantomimi" that will represent the voices of players of interludes so to life, as if you see them not you would think they were those players themselves.[1]

Alluding to "the prompter," or "book-holder," as he was then called, Bacon says of himself:

[1] *Natural History*, § 240.

Knowing myself to be fitter to hold a book than to play a part.[1]

Speaking of Essex' successes, he says:

Neither do I judge the whole play by the first act.[2]

He writes Lord Burleigh that

There are a dozen young gentlemen of Gray's Inn, that . . . will be ready to furnish a mask, wishing it were in their power to perform it according to their minds.

In the *De Augmentis* he speaks of "*the play-books of philosophical systems*" and "the play-books of this *philosophical theater*."[3]

He calls the world of art "a universe or *theater* of things."[4]

Speaking of the priest Simonds instructing Simnell to personate Lord Edward Plantagenet, Bacon says:

This priest, being utterly unacquainted with the true person, should think it possible to instruct his *player* either in gesture or fashions. . . . None could *hold the book* so well to prompt and instruct this *stage play* as he could. . . . He thought good, after the manner of *scenes in stage plays and masks*, to show it afar off.[5]

Referring to the degradation of the royal pretender, Lambert Simnell, to a position in the kitchen of the King, Bacon says:

So that in a kind of "matticina" of human force, he turned a broach who had worn a crown; whereas fortune does not commonly bring in a *comedy or farce after a tragedy*.[6]

Speaking of Warbeck's conspiracy, Bacon says:

It was one of the longest plays of that kind that hath been in memory.[7]

And here I group together several similar expressions:

Therefore, now, *like the end of a play*, a great many came upon the stage at once.[8]

He [Perkin Warbeck] had contrived with himself *a vast and tragical plot*.[9]

I have given the rule where a man cannot fitly *play his own part*, if he have not a friend he may *quit the stage*.[10]

But men must know that in *this theater of man's life*, it is reserved only for God and the angels to be lookers-on.[11]

As if they would make you like a king in a play, who, when one would think he standeth in great majesty and felicity, is *troubled to say his part*.[12]

With which speech he put the army into an infinite fury and uproar, whereas truth was he had no brother; neither was there any such matter, but he *played it merely as if he had been upon the stage*.[13]

Those friends whom I accounted no *stage friends*, but private friends.[14]

[1] Letter to Sir Thomas Bodley.
[2] Letter to Essex, Oct. 4, 1596.
[3] lxi, lxii.
[4] *History of Henry VII.*
[5] Ibid.
[6] Ibid.
[7] Ibid.
[8] Ibid.
[9] Ibid.
[10] Essay *Of Friendship*.
[11] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[12] *Gesta Grayorum* — *Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 339.
[13] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[14] Letter to Tobie Matthew.

All that would be but a *play upon the stage*, if justice went not on in the right course.[1]

Zeno and Socrates . . . placed felicity in virtue; . . . the Cyrenaics and Epicurians placed it in pleasure, and made virtue (as it is used in some *comedies of errors*, wherein the mistress and maid change habits) to be but as a servant.[2]

We regard all the systems of philosophy hitherto received or imagined as so many *plays* brought out and performed, creating fictitious and *theatrical worlds*.[3]

The plot of this our theater resembles those of the poetical, where the plots which are invented for the stage are more consistent, elegant and pleasurable than those taken from real history.[4]

I might continue these examples indefinitely, for Bacon's whole writings bubble and sparkle with comparisons drawn from plays, play-houses and actors; and yet, marvelous to relate, he never notices the existence of the greatest dramatic writings the world had ever known, which he must have witnessed on the stage a thousand times. He takes Ben Jonson into his house as an amanuensis, but the mightiest mind of all time, if Shakspere was Shakespeare, he never notices, even when he is uttering thoughts and preaching a philosophy identical with his own! How can all this be explained?

Mrs. Pott calls attention to the following:

Beaumont and Fletcher dedicated to Bacon the mask which was designed to celebrate the marriage of the Count Palatine with the Princess Elizabeth, February 14, 1612–13. The dedication of this mask begins with an acknowledgment that Bacon, with the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, and the Inner Temple, had "spared no pains nor travail in the setting forth, ordering and furnishing of this mask . . . and you, Sir Francis Bacon, especially, as you did then by your countenance and loving affection advance it, so let your good word grace it, which is able to add value to the greatest and least matters." "On Tuesday," says Chamberlain, writing on the 18th of February, 1612–13," it came to Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple's turn to come with their mask, *whereof Sir Francis Bacon was the chief contriver.*" (*Court and Times of James I.*, vol. i, p. 227; see Spedding, vol. iv, p. 344.)[5]

And we find Bacon writing an essay on *Masques*, in which he gave directions as to scenery, music, colors and trappings, and even speaks of the necessity of sweet odors "to drown the steam and heat" of the audience!

And he philosophizes, as I have shown, upon the drama, its usefulness, its purposes for good, its characteristics; and describes how, in a play, the different passions may be represented, and how

[1] Letter to Buckingham, 1619.
[2] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[3] *Novum Organum*.
[4] Ibid.
[5] *Did Francis Bacon Write "Shakespeare"?* part i, p. 8.

the growth and development of any special feeling or passion may be shown; and Macaulay writes (as if it were a foot-note to the passage) this in reference to the Shakespeare Plays:

> In a piece which may be read in three hours, we see a character gradually unfold all its recesses to us; we see it change with the change of circumstances. The petulant youth rises into the politic and war-like sovereign. The profuse and courteous philanthropist soars into a hater and scorner of his kind. The tyrant is altered by the chastisement of affliction into a pensive moralist.

And this student of the drama, this frequenter of the play-houses, this writer of plays and masks, this sovereign and penetrating intellect could not perceive that there stood at his elbow (the associate, "the fellow" of his clerk, Jonson) the vastest genius the human race had ever produced! This philosopher of prose could not recognize the philosopher of poetry; this writer of prose histories did not know the writer of dramatical histories; this writer of sonnets, this "concealed poet," this "greatest wit" of the world (although known by another name), took no notice of that other mighty intellect, splendid wit and sweet poet, who acted on the boards of his own law school of Gray's Inn! It is incomprehensible. It is incredible.

And, be it further remembered, Shakespeare dedicated both the *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece* to the Earl of Southampton, and the Earl was Bacon's particular friend and associate, and *a member of his law school of Gray's Inn;* and yet, while Shakespeare dedicates his poems to the Earl, he seems not to have known his friend and fellow, Francis Bacon. On the other hand, in the fact that Southampton was a student in Gray's Inn, we see the reason why the Shakespeare poems were inscribed to him, under the cover of the play-actor's name.

I have faith enough in the magnanimity of mind of Francis Bacon to believe that if he had really found, in humble life, a man of the extraordinary genius revealed in the Shakespeare Plays (supposing for an instant that they were not Bacon's work), he would have stooped down and taken him by the hand; he would have introduced him to his friends; he would have quoted from him in his writings, and we should have found among his papers numbers of letters to and from him. Their lives would have impinged on each other; they would have discussed poetry and philosophy in speech

and in correspondence. Bacon would have visited Stratford, and Shakspere St. Albans. "Poets," said Ben Jonson, "are rarer births than kings;" and the man who wrote the Plays was the king of poets. Was Francis Bacon—"the wisest of mankind"— so blind or so shallow as to be unaware of the greatness of the Shakespeare Plays? Who will believe it?

XII. Certain Incompatibilities with Shakspere.

Let me touch passingly on some passages in the Plays which it would seem that the man of Stratford could not have written.

Who can believe that William Shakspere, whose father followed the trade of a butcher, and who was himself, as tradition assures us, apprenticed to the same humble calling, could have written these lines in speaking of Wolsey?

> This *butcher's cur* is venom-mouthed, and I
> Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
> Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
> Outworths a noble's blood.[1]

Richard Grant White says:

> Shakespeare's works are full of passages, to write which, if he had loved his wife and honored her, would have been gall and wormwood to his soul; nay, which, if he had loved and honored her, he could not have written. The nature of the subject forbids the marshaling of this terrible array; but did the "flax-wench" whom he uses for the most degrading of comparisons (*Winter's Tale*, i, 2) do more, "before her troth-plight," than the woman who bore his name and whom his children called mother?[2]

But Grant White fails to see that it is not a question as to whether Shakspere loved and honored his wife or not. Even if he had not loved and honored her, he would, if a sensitive and high-spirited man, for his own sake and the sake of his family, have avoided the subject as if it carried the contagion of a pestilence.

Again we are told, in all the biographies, that Shakspere was cruelly persecuted and punished by Sir Thomas Lucy, and "forced to fly the country," and that for revenge he wrote a bitter ballad against the Knight; and that subsequently, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, he made Sir Thomas the object of his ridicule in the character of Justice Shallow. But if this be true, why did the writer of the Plays in the *1st Henry VI.* bring upon the stage the ancestor of this same Sir Thomas Lucy, Sir William Lucy, and

[1] *Henry VIII.*, i, 1.

[2] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 51.

paint him in honorable colors as a brave soldier and true patriot for the admiration of the public and posterity? But the son of Shakspere's Lucy, Sir Thomas Lucy, was the intimate friend and correspondent of Francis Bacon.

XIII. Shakspere was Falstaff.

But there follows another question. It is evident that Justice Shallow was intended to personate Sir Thomas Lucy, and the play of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* opens with an allusion to the stealing of his deer. I quote the beginning of the act:

Shallow. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star Chamber matter of it; if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire. . . .

Slender. . . . They may give the dozen white *luces* in their coat.

The coat-of-arms of the Lucy family was three *luces*, and from this the name was derived. So that herein it is placed beyond question that Justice Shallow is intended to represent Sir Thomas Lucy. This is conceded by all the commentators. It is also conceded that the deer which in this scene Sir John Falstaff is alleged to have killed were the same deer which Shakspere had slain in his youth.

Shallow. It is a riot. . . .

Page. I am glad to see your worships well; I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shallow. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart. I wished your venison better; *it was ill killed.* . . .

Enter Falstaff.

Falstaff. Now, Master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the King?

Shallow. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer and broken open my lodge.

Falstaff. But not kissed your keeper's daughter.

Therefore it follows that if Shallow was Sir Thomas Lucy, and if the deer that were killed were the deer Shakspere killed, then *Shakspere was Falstaff!*

And if Shakspere wrote the Plays, he deliberately represented himself in the character of Falstaff. And what was the character of Falstaff as delineated in that very play? It was that of a gross, sensual, sordid old liar and thief. The whole play turns on his sensuality united to sordidness. He makes love to Page's wife because "the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels." And Falstaff is also represented

as sharing in the thefts of his followers, as witness the following dialogue:

Falstaff. I will not lend thee a penny.
Pistol. Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.
Falstaff. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had looked through the grate like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows: and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honor thou hadst it not.
Pistol. Didst not thou share? Hadst thou not fifteen pence?
Falstaff. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis?*

Is it conceivable that the great man, the scholar, the philosopher, the tender-souled, ambitious, sensitive man who wrote the sonnets would deliberately represent himself as *Falstaff?*

But if some one else wrote the Plays, then this whole scene concerning the deer-stealing contains, probably, a cipher narrative of the early life of Shakspere; for it is in the same play, as we shall see hereafter, that we find the cipher words *William*, *Shakes*, *peere*, and *Francisco Bacon*. And when we read the obscene anecdotes which tradition has delivered down to us, touching Shakspere's sensuality and mother-wit, and then look at the gross face represented in the monument in the Stratford church, we can realize that William Shakspere may have been the original of Falstaff, and that it was not by accident he was represented as having killed the deer of that Justice Shallow who had the twelve white *luces* on his coat-of-arms.

Richard Grant White, earnest anti-Baconian as he is, says of that bust:

The monument is ugly; the staring, painted, figure-head-like bust hideous.[1]

It is the face of Falstaff.

XIV. A Curious Fact.

I proceed now to call the attention of the reader to a curious fact, revealed by a study of the copies of legal documents found in Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare.*

Shakspere purchased a house and lot in London, on the 10th day of March, 1612, "within the precinct of the late Black Fryers."

[1] *England Without and Within*, p. 521.

It has puzzled his biographers to tell what he wanted this property for. All his other purchases were in Stratford or vicinity. He did not need it for a home, for before this time he had retired to Stratford to live in his great house, New Place; and in the deed of purchase of the Blackfriars property he is described as "of Stratford-on-Avon, gentleman." The house and lot were close to the Blackfriars Theater, and property was falling in the neighborhood because of that proximity. Shakspere rented it to one John Robinson.

But there are three curious features in connection with this purchase:

1. Shakspere, although very rich at the time, did not pay down all the purchase-money, but left £60 standing upon mortgage, which was not extinguished until after his death.

2. Shakspere bought the property from Henry Walker, minstrel, for £140, while Walker in 1604 had bought it for £100. This represented an increase equal to $2,400 to-day. And yet we find the people of that vicinity petitioning in 1618–19 to have the theater closed, because of the great injury it did to property-holders around it.

3. Walker's grantor was Matthew BACON, of *Gray's Inn*, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, and included in the purchase was the following:

> And also all that plott of ground on the west side of the same tenement, which was lately inclosed with boordes, on two sides thereof, by *Anne* BACON, *widow*, so farre and in such sorte as the same was inclosed by the said *Anne* BACON and not otherwise.

Was this "Anne Bacon, widow," the mother of Francis Bacon? Her name was Anne. And who was Matthew Bacon, of Gray's Inn? Was he one of Francis Bacon's family? And is it not strange to find the names of *Bacon* and *Shakspere* coming together thus in a business transaction? And does it not look as if Shakspere had paid a debt to some one by buying a piece of property for $2,400 more than it was worth, and giving a mortgage for £60, equal to $3,600 of our money at the present time?

XV. THE NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE MANUSCRIPT.

There is one other instance where the name of Shakspere is found associated with that of Francis Bacon.

In 1867 there was discovered in the library of Northumberland House, in London, a remarkable MS., containing copies of several

papers written by Francis Bacon. It was found in a box of old papers which had long remained undisturbed. There is a title-page, which embraces a *table of contents* of the volume, and this contains not only the names of writings unquestionably Bacon's, but also the names of plays which are supposed to have been written by Shakespeare. But only part of the manuscript volume remains, and the portions lost embrace the following pieces enumerated on the title-leaf:

Orations at Graie's Inns revells
. . . . Queen's Mats . . . .
By Mr. Frauncis Bacon
Essaies by the same author.
Richard the Second.
Richard the Third.
Asmund and Cornelia.
Isle of Dogs frmnt.
By Thomas Nashe, inferior places.[1]

How comes it that the Shakespeare plays, *Richard II.* and *Richard III.*, should be mixed up in a volume of Bacon's manuscripts with his own letters and essays and a mask written by him in 1592? Judge Holmes says:

And then, the blank space at the side and between the titles is scribbled all over with various words, letters, phrases and scraps of verse in English and Latin, as if the copyist were merely trying his pen, and writing down whatever first came into his head. Among these scribblings, beside the name of Francis Bacon several times, *the name of William Shakespeare is written eight or nine times over.* A line from *The Rape of Lucrece* is written thus: "Revealing day through every crannie peeps and," the writer taking *peeps* from the next couplet instead of *spies.* Three others are *Anthony comfrt. and consort* and *honorificabilitudino* and *plaies* [plays]. . . . The word *honorificabilitudino* is not found in any dictionary that I know of, but in *Love's Labor's Lost.*[2]

Costard, the clown, bandying Latin with the tall schoolmaster and curate (who "had been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps"), exclaims:

Oh! they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinatibus.*[3]

Let those who are disposed to study this discovery turn to Judge Holmes' work. It is sufficient for me to note here, that in a collection of Bacon's papers, made undoubtedly by his aman-

[1] Holmes' *Authorship of Shakespeare*, vol. ii, p. 658, ed. 1886.
[2] Act v, scene 1.
[3] Ibid., 658–682.

uensis, plays that are recognized to be Shakespeare's are embraced; and the name of Francis Bacon and the name of *William Shakespeare* (spelled as it was spelled in the published quartos, but not as the man himself spelled it) are scribbled all over this manuscript collection, and at the same time sentences and words are quoted from the Shakespeare Plays and Poems.

And, while we find this association of the two names in Bacon's library and private papers, there is not one word in his published writings or his correspondence to show that he knew that such a being as William Shakspere ever existed.

"'Tis strange; 'tis passing strange."

XVI. Another Singular Fact.

Edmund Spenser visited London in 1590, and in 1591 he published his poem, *The Tears of the Muses*, in which Thalia, the muse of poetry, laments that a change has come over the playhouses; that

> The sweet delights of *learning's treasure*,
> That wont with comic sock to beautify
> The painted theaters, and fill with pleasure
> The listeners' eyes and ears with melody,

are "all gone."

> And all that goodly glee
> Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
> Is laid a-bed;

and in lieu thereof "ugly barbarism and brutish ignorance" fill the stage,

> And with vain joys the vulgar entertain.

> Instead thereof scoffing Scurrility
> And scornful Folly with Contempt is crept,
> Rolling in rhymes of shameless ribaldry
> Without regard or due decorum kept.

And Spenser laments that the author, who formerly delighted with "goodly glee" and "*learning's* treasure," has withdrawn — is temporarily dead.

> And he, the man whom Nature's self had made
> To mock herself and Truth to imitate,
> With kindly counter under mimic shade,
> Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late;
> With whom all joy and jolly merriment
> Is also deaded and in dolor drent.

But that this was not an actual death, but simply a retirement from the degenerate stage, is shown in the next verse but one:

> But that same gentle spirit from whose pen
> Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
> Scorning the boldness of such base-born men
> Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw,
> Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell
> Than so himself to mockery to sell.

It is conceded by all the commentators that these lines refer to the writer of the Shakespeare Plays: there was no one else to whom they could refer. But there are many points in which they are incompatible with the young man William Shakspere, of Stratford.

In the first place, they throw back the date of his labors, as I have shown in a former instance, long anterior to the year 1592, at which time it is conceded Shakespeare first began to write for the stage. In 1590, the writer referred to by Spenser had not only written one, but many plays; and had had possession of the stage long enough to give it a cast and character, until driven out by the rage for vulgar satires and personal abuse. White says:

> The *Tears of the Muses* had certainly been written before 1590, when Shakespeare could not have risen to the position assigned by the first poet of the age to the subject of this passage; and probably in 1580, when Shakespeare was a boy of sixteen, in Stratford.

In the next place, the man referred to by Spenser was a *gentleman.* The word *gentle* in these lines is clearly contradistinguished from *base-born.*

> That same *gentle* spirit . . .
> Scorning the folly of such *base-born* men.

No one will pretend that the Stratford fugitive was in 1590 "a gentleman."

Shakspere, we are told, produced his dramas to make money; "for gain, not glory, he winged his roving flight." Young, poor, just risen from the rank of horse-holder or call-boy, if not actually occupying it, it is not likely he could have resisted the clamors of his fellows for productions suitable to the degraded taste of the hour. But the man referred to by Spenser was a gentleman, a man of "learning," a man of refinement, and he

> Rather chose to sit in idle cell
> Than so himself to mockery to sell.

The comparison of the poet to the refined student in his "cell" is a very inapplicable one to apply to an actor, be he Marlowe or Shakspere, daily appearing on the boards in humble characters, and helping to present to vulgar audiences the very obscenities and scurrilities of which Spenser complained.

Again, if we examine that often-quoted verse:

> And he, the man whom Nature's self had made
> To mock herself and Truth to imitate,
> *With kindly counter, under mimic shade,*
> Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late.

The word *counter* is not known to our dictionaries in any sense that is consonant with the meaning of these lines. I take it to be a poetical abbreviation of "counterfeit," and this view is confirmed by the further statement that this gentle-born playwright, who despised the base-born play-makers, imitated truth under a *shade* or disguise; and this disguise was a *mimic* one, to-wit, that of a *mime*—an actor.

The name *Willy* in that day, as I have shown heretofore, was generally applied to all poets.

XVII. Another Extraordinary Fact.

It is sometimes said: How can you undertake to deny Shakspere the honor of his own writings, when the Plays were printed during his life-time with his name on the title-page of each and every one of them?

This is a mistake. According to the list of editions printed in Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, p. 533 (and there is no better authority), it seems that the name of *Shakespeare* did not appear upon the title-page of any of the Plays until 1598. The *Venus and Adonis* and *Rape of Lucrece* contained, it is true, dedicatory letters signed by Shakespeare; but the first play, *Titus Andronicus*, published in 1594, was without his name; the *First Part of the Contention of the two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, published in 1594; the *Tragedy of Richard, Duke of Yorke*, published in 1595; *Romeo and Juliet*, published in 1597; *Richard II.*, published in 1597, and *Richard III.*, printed in 1597, were all without the name of Shakspere or any one else upon the title-page. It was not until the publication of *Love's Labor Lost*, in *1598*, that we find him set forth

as having any connection with the play; and he does not then claim to be the author of it. The title-page reads:

As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. *Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere.*

In the same year the tragedy of *Richard II.* is published, and the name of "William Shake-speare" appears as the author.

It thus appears that during the six years from 1592 to 1598 eight editions of plays which now go by the name of Shakespeare were published without his name or any other name upon the title-page.

In other words, not only did the Shakespeare Plays commence to appear while Shakspere was still in Stratford, and were captivating the town while the author was holding horses or acting as call-boy; but for six years after the Plays which are distinctively known as his, and which are embraced in the Folio of 1623, had won great fame and profit on the stage, they were published in numerous quarto editions without his name or any other name on the title-page. This is mystery on mystery's head accumulate.

XVIII. When were the Plays Written?

But it will be argued by some that Francis Bacon had not the time to write the Shakespeare Plays; that he was too busy with politics, philosophy, law and statesmanship; that there was no time in his life when these productions could have been produced; and that it is absurd to think that he could act as Lord Chancellor and write plays for the stage at the same time.

In the first place, it must be remembered that Francis Bacon was a man of extraordinary and phenomenal industry. One has but to look at the twenty volumes of his acknowledged writings to concede this. In illustration of his industry, we are told that he re-wrote his Essays *thirty times!* His chaplain and biographer, Dr. Rawley, says:

I myself have seen at the least *twelve* copies of the *Instauration* [meaning, says Spedding,[1] the *Novum Organum*], revised year by year, one after another, and every year altered and amended in the frame thereof, till at last it came to that model in which it was committed to the press; as many living creatures do lick their young ones, till they bring them to the strength of their limbs. . . . He would suffer no moment of time to slip from him without some present improvement.

[1] *Works*, vol. i, p. 47, Boston ed.

As the *Novum Organum* embraces about three hundred and fifty octavo pages of the Boston edition, the reader can conceive the labor required to re-write this twelve times. Let these things be remembered when we come to consider the vastly laborious cipher-story written into the Plays.

But an examination of Bacon's biography will show that he had ample leisure to have written the Plays.

In the spring of 1579, Bacon, then eighteen years of age, returned from Paris, in consequence of the death of his father. He resided for a year or more at St. Albans. In 1581, then twenty years old, he "begins to keep terms at Gray's Inn." In 1582 he is called to the bar. For three years we know nothing of what he is doing. In 1585 he writes a sketch of his philosophy, entitled *The Greatest Birth of Time*, which, it is supposed, was afterwards broadened out into *The Advancement of Learning*. In 1585 the *Contention between the two Houses of York and Lancaster* is supposed to have appeared. In 1586 he is made a bencher. He is "*in umbra* and not in public or frequent action." "His seclusion is commented on." In this year, according to Malone, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Love's Labor Lost* appear, probably in imperfect forms, like the first of those thirty copies of the Essays. In 1587 (the year Shakspere is supposed to have come to London), Bacon helps in getting up a play, for the Gray's Inn revels, called *The Misfortunes of Arthur*. He also assists in some masks to be played before Elizabeth. Here certainly we have the leisure, the disposition and the kindred employment. In 1588 he becomes a member of Parliament for Liverpool. He writes a short paper called an *Advertisement Touching the Controversies of the Church*. To this year Dr. Delius attributes *Venus and Adonis* and Mr. Furnival *Love's Labor Lost*. Shakspere is, at this time, either holding horses at the door of the play-house or acting as call-boy, or in some other subordinate capacity about the play-house. In 1589–90 Bacon puts forth a letter to Walsingham, on *The Government and the Papists*. No one can tell what he is working at; and yet, knowing his industry and energy, we may be sure he is not idle; for in the next year he writes to his uncle Burleigh:

> I account my ordinary course of study and meditation to be more painful than most parts of action are.

And again he says in the same letter:

If your Lordship will not carry me on, . . . I will sell the inheritance I have and purchase some lease of quick revenue, or some office of gain, that shall be executed by deputy, and so give over all care of service and become some sorry *book-maker*, or a true pioneer in that mine of truth which, Anaxagoras said, lay so deep.

In 1591 the Queen visits him at his brother's place at Twickenham, and he *writes a sonnet in her honor.*

Mrs. Pott says:

To 1591 is attributed *1st Henry VI.*, of which the scene is laid in the same provinces of France which formed Bacon's sole experience of that country. Also *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (probably in its present form), which reflects Anthony's sojourn in Italy. Henceforth the "Shakespeare" Comedies continue to exhibit the combined influence of Anthony's letters from abroad, with Francis' studies in Gray's Inn.[1]

This *1st Henry VI.* is the play referred to by Halliwell-Phillipps, as acted for the first time March 3, 1592, and as *the first of the Shakespeare Plays.*

In 1592 Francis is in debt, borrowing one pound at a time, and cast into a sponging-house by a "hard" Jew or Lombard on account of a bond. His brother, Anthony, comes to his relief. Soon after appears *The Merchant of Venice*, in which Antonio relieves Bassanio. Does this last name contain a hint of Bacon, after the anagrammatic fashion of the times?

Dr. Delius attributes *Romeo and Juliet* to this date.

In 1593 Bacon composes for some festive occasion a device, or mask, called *A Conference of Pleasure.*

During all these years Bacon lives very much retired. He says, in 1594, he is "poor and sick and *working for bread.*" What at? He says, at another time, "The bar will be my bier." He writes his uncle Burleigh in 1595:

It is true, my life hath been so private as I have no means to do your Lordship service.

The *Venus and Adonis* appears in 1593, with a dedication from William Shakespeare to the Earl of Southampton, Bacon's fellow in Gray's Inn. When the fortunes of Bacon and Southampton afterward separate, because of Southampton's connection with the Essex treason, the poem is re-published *without the dedication.*

[1] *Did Francis Bacon Write Shakespeare?* p. 14.

In 1594 Lady Anne, Bacon's mother, is distressed about his devotion to plays and play-houses. In 1590 she had written to Anthony, complaining of his brother's irregular hours and poet-like habits:

I verily think your brother's weak stomach to digest hath been much caused and confirmed by untimely going to bed. and then musing *nescio quid* when he should sleep, and then, in consequence, by late rising and long lying in bed, whereby his men are made slothful and himself sickly.[1]

In 1594 Bacon begins his *Promus of Formularies and Elegancies*, which has been so ably edited by Mrs. Pott, of London,[2] which fairly bristles with thoughts, expressions and quotations found in the Shakespeare Plays. It is clearly the work of a poet who is studying the *elegancies* of speech, with a view to increase his capacity for the expression of beautiful thoughts. It is not the kind of work in which a mere philosopher would engage.

In this year 1594 "Shakespeare's" *Comedy of Errors* appears (for the first time), at Bacon's law school, Gray's Inn. In the same year *Lucrece* is published. In the same year Bacon writes a *Device*, or mask, which Essex presents to her Majesty on the "Queen's Day," called *The Device of an Indian Prince*. In this year, also, Bacon is defeated by Cecil for the place of Attorney or Solicitor-General, and, as Dr. Delius thinks, the play of *Richard III.*, in which the hump-backed tyrant is held up to the detestation of mankind, appears the same year!

In 1604 Bacon writes to Sir Tobie Matthew, speaking of some important matter, that he cannot recall what passed, "my head being then wholly employed upon *invention*," a word which he uses for works of the imagination.

Here, then, we have the proof that the Plays appeared during Bacon's unemployed youth. No one pretends that he wrote plays while he was holding great and lucrative offices in the state.

XIX. Some Secret Means of Income.

And we have evidences in Bacon's letters — although they seem to have been gone over carefully and excised and garbled — that he had some secret means of support.

In 1595 he writes Essex:

I am purposed not to follow the practice of the law, and my reason is only because it drinketh too much time, which I have dedicated to better purposes.

[1] Lady Bacon to Anthony Bacon, May 24, 1590 — *Life and Works*, vol. 1, p. 114.
[2] *Bacon's Promus*, by Mrs. Henry Pott. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Spedding says:

It is easier to understand why Bacon was resolved not to devote his life to the ordinary practice of a lawyer, than what plan he had to clear himself of the difficulties which were now accumulating upon him, and to obtain means of living and working. What course he betook himself to at the crisis which had now arrived, *I cannot possibly say.* I do not find any letter of his which can possibly be assigned to the winter of 1596, nor have I met among his brother's papers *with anything which indicates what he was about.*

And two years before, in April, 1593, we find Bacon writing to the Earl of Essex thus:

I did almost conjecture, by your silence and countenance, a distaste in the course I imparted to your Lordship touching mine own fortune. . . . And for the free and loving advice your Lordship hath given me, I cannot correspond to the same with greater duty than by assuring your Lordship that I will not dispose of myself without your allowance. . . . But notwithstanding I know it will be pleasing to your good Lordship that I use my liberty of replying, and I do almost assure myself that your Lordship will rest persuaded by the answer of those reasons which your Lordship vouchsafed to open. They were two; the one that I should include. . . .

Mr. Spedding says:

Here our light goes suddenly out, just as we are going to see how Bacon had resolved to dispose of himself at this juncture.[1]

Is it not very remarkable that this letter should be clipped off just at this point? We are forced to ask, first, what was the course which he intended to take "touching mine own fortune;" and secondly, if there was no mystery behind his life, why was this letter so emasculated?

And it seems he intimated to his mother that he had some secret means of obtaining money. Lady Bacon writes to Anthony at the same time, and in the same month and year:

Besides, your brother told me before you twice, then, that he intended not to part with Markes [an estate], and the rather because Mr. Mylls would lend him £900; and, as I remember, I asked him how he was to come out of debt. His answer was that *means would be made without that.*[2]

Remember that it was not until January, 1598, that Bacon published the first of his acknowledged formal works, his *Essays.* And these were not the forty long essays we now have, but ten short, condensed compositions, which occupied but thirteen double pages of the original quarto edition. These, with a few brief papers, are the only acknowledged fruits we have to *represent the nineteen years*

[1] *Life and Works*, vol. 1, p. 235. [2] Ibid., p. 244.

between the date of his return from Paris, in 1579, and the publication of his ten brief essays in January, 1598.

What was that most fecund, prolific, laborious writer doing during these nearly twenty years? He was brimful of energy, industry, genius, mirth and humor: how did he expend it? What was that painful course of study and meditation which he underwent daily, as he told his uncle Burleigh?

Read what Hepworth Dixon says of him at the age of twenty-four:

> How he appears in outward grace and aspect among these courtly and martial contemporaries, the miniature by Hilyard helps us to conceive. Slight in build, rosy and round in flesh, dight in sumptuous suit; the head well set, erect, and framed in a thick, starched fence of frill; a bloom of study and of travel on the fat, girlish face, which looks far younger than his years; the hat and feather tossed aside from the broad, white brow, over which crisps and curls a mane of dark, soft hair; an English nose—firm, open, straight; mouth delicate and small—a lady's or *a jester's mouth—a thousand pranks and humors, quibbles, whims and laughters lurking in its twinkling, tremulous lines.* Such is Francis Bacon at the age of twenty-four.[1]

Is this the description of a dry-as-dust philosopher? Is it not rather the picture of the youthful scholar, the gentleman, the wit, the poet, "fresh from academic studies," who wrote *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Love's Labor Lost?*

In brief, the Shakespeare Plays are the fruits of Bacon's youth; for it is in youth he tells us that the imagination streams with divine felicity into the mind; while his philosophical works are the product of middle life. It is not until 1603, when Bacon was forty-two years of age, that he published the first of his scientific works, entitled *Valerius Terminus; or, the Interpretation of Nature: with the Annotations of Hermes Stella.* And who, we ask passingly, was "Hermes Stella"? Was Bacon, with his usual secretiveness, seeking another *weed*—another Shakspere? Mrs. Pott says:

> There is something so mysterious about this strange title, and in the obscurity of the text itself as well as in the meaning of the astronomical and astrological symbols written on the blank outside of the volume, that Mr. Ellis and Mr. Spedding comment upon them, but can throw no real light upon them.

XX. Another Mystery.

W. A. A. Watts, in a paper read before the Bacon Society of London while this work is going through the press,[2] calls attention to the striking fact that Ben Jonson, besides stating that Bacon

[1] Dixon's *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, p. 25.

[2] *Journal of the Baconian Society*, Aug., 1887, p. 130.

had "filled all numbers' and was "the mark and acme of our language," in a poem entitled "Underwoods," addressed to Bacon on his birthday, says:

> In the midst,
> Thou stand'st as though *a mystery thou didst.*

This is certainly extraordinary. What was the mystery? Was it in connection with those "numbers" which excelled anything in Greek or Roman dramatic literature, and which were "the mark and acme of our language"? If not, what did Ben mean?

XXI. Coke's Insults.

We find all through that period of Bacon's life, between 1597 and his accession to the place of Lord Chancellor, that he was the subject of a great many slanders. But while he alludes to the slanders, he is careful not to tell us what they were. Did they refer to the Shakespeare Plays? Did they charge that he paid his debts with money taken in at the door of the play-house? For we may be sure that among the actors there were whisperings which it would be difficult to keep from spreading abroad; and

> Thus comes it that my name receives a brand,
> And almost thus my nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

But there has come down to us a letter of Bacon which gives us some account of the insults he was subjected to. In it Bacon complains, in 1601, to his cousin, Lord Secretary Cecil, that his arch-enemy, Mr. Attorney-General Coke, had publicly insulted him in the Exchequer. He tells that he moved for the reseizure of the lands of one George Moore, a relapsed recusant, fugitive and traitor He says:

> Mr. Attorney kindled at it and said: "Mr. Bacon, if you have any tooth against me pluck it out, for it will do you more hurt than all the teeth in your head will do you good." I answered coldly, in these very words: "Mr. Attorney, I respect you; I fear you not; and the less you speak of your own greatness the more will I think of it."
>
> He replied: "I think scorn to stand upon terms of greatness toward you, *who are less than little; less than the least;*" *and other such strange light terms he gave me*, with such insulting which cannot be expressed. Herewith I stirred, yet I said no more but this: "Mr. Attorney, do not depress me so far; for I have been your better, and may be again, when it please the Queen." With this he spake, neither I nor himself could tell what, as if he had been born Attorney-General; and in the end bade me not meddle with the Queen's business, but mine own. . . . *Then he said it were good to clap a capias utlegatum upon my back!* To which I only said he could not, and that he was at fault; *for he hunted upon an old scent.*

He gave me a *number of disgraceful words besides*, which I answered with silence.[1]

And Bacon writes Cecil, evidently with intent to have him silence Coke.

I will ask the reader to remember this letter when we come to the Cipher Narrative. It shows, it seems to me, that Cecil knew of something to Bacon's discredit, and that Coke, Cecil's follower, had heard of it and blurted it out in his rage in open court, and threatened Bacon with arrest; and Bacon writes to his cousin for protection against Coke's tongue. Spedding says the threat of the *capias utlegatum* may possibly have referred to a debt that Bacon owed in 1598; but what right would Coke have to arrest Bacon for a debt due to a third party, and which must have been paid three years before? And why should Bacon say "he was at fault." If Coke referred to the debt he was not "at fault," for Bacon certainly had owed it.

XXII. Conclusion.

In conclusion I would say that I have in the foregoing pages shown that, if we treat the real author of the Plays, and Francis Bacon, as two men, they belonged to the same station in society, to the same profession — the law; to the same political party and to the same faction in the state; that they held the same religious views, the same philosophical tenets and the same purposes in life. That each was a poet and a philosopher, a writer of dramatic compositions, and a play-goer. That Bacon had the genius, the opportunity, the time and the necessity to write the Plays, and ample reasons to conceal his authorship.

I proceed now to another branch of my argument. I shall attempt to show that these two men, if we may still call them such, pursued the same studies, read the same books, possessed the same tastes, enjoyed the same opinions, used the same expressions, employed the same unusual words, cited the same quotations and fell into the same errors.

If all this does not bring the brain of the poet under the hat of the philosopher, what will you have?

[1] Spedding, *Life and Works*, vol. iii, p. . London: Longmans.

PART III.

PARALLELISMS.

CHAPTER I.

IDENTICAL EXPRESSIONS.

As near as the extremest ends
Of parallels.

Troilus and Cressida, i, 3.

WHO does not remember that curious word used by Hamlet, to describe the coldness of the air, upon the platform where he awaits the Ghost:

It is very cold.
It is a nipping and an *eager* air.[1]

We turn to Bacon, and we find this very word used in the same sense:

Whereby the cold becomes more *eager*.[2]

∴

There is another strange word used by Shakespeare:

Light thickens,
And the crow makes wing to the rocky wood.[3]

We turn again to Bacon, and we find the origin of this singular expression:

For the over-moisture of the brain doth *thicken* the spirits visual.[4]

∴

In the same connection we have in Bacon this expression:

The cause of dimness of sight is *the expense of spirits*.[5]

We turn to Shakespeare's sonnets, and we find precisely the same arrangement of words:

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame.

∴

[1] *Hamlet*, i, 4.
[2] *Natural History*, § 688.
[3] *Macbeth*, iii, 2.
[4] *Natural History*, § 693.
[5] Ibid.

One of the most striking parallelisms of thought and expression occurs in the following. Bacon says:

Some noises help sleep, as . . . soft *singing*. The cause is, for that they move in the *spirits* a gentle *attention*.[1]

In Shakespeare we have:

I am never merry when I hear sweet music,
The reason is, your *spirits* are *attentive*.[2]

Here we have *the same words applied in the same sense to the same thing*, the effect of music; and in each case the philosopher stops to give the reason — "the cause is," "the reason is."

∴

Both are very fond of the expressions, "parts inward" and "parts outward," to describe the interior and exterior of the body.

Bacon says:

Mineral medicines have been extolled that they are safer for the *outward* than the *inward parts*.[3]

And again:

While the life-blood of Spain went *inward* to the heart, the *outward* limbs and members trembled and could not resist.[4]

Shakespeare has it:

I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and *things outward*
Do draw the *inward* quality after them,
To suffer all alike.[5]

Falstaff tells us:

But the sherris warms it and makes it course from the *inwards* to the *parts extreme*.[6]

∴

Bacon says:

Infinite variations.[7]

Shakespeare says:

Nor custom stale
Her *infinite variety*.[8]

∴

The word *infinite* is a favorite with both writers.

Bacon has:

Occasions are *infinite*.[9]

Infinite honor.[10]

The *infinite* flight of birds.[11]

[1] *Natural History*, § 745.
[2] *Merchant of Venice*, v, 1.
[3] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[4] Speech in Parliment, 30 Elizabeth (1597-8) — *Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 89.
[5] *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii, 2.
[6] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 3.
[7] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[8] *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 2.
[9] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Achelous*
[10] Speech.
[11] *New Atlantis*.

Shakespeare has:

Conclusion *infinite* of easy ways to die.[1]

Fellows of *infinite* tongue.[2]

A fellow of *infinite* jest.[3]

Infinite in faculties.[4]

Nature's *infinite* book of secrecy.[5]

Bacon says:

Man in his mansion, sleep, exercise, passions, hath *infinite* variations; . . . the *faculties* of the soul.[6]

Shakespeare says:

How *infinite* in *faculties*.[7]

Bacon speaks of

That gigantic state of mind which possesseth the *troublers of the world*, such as was Lucius Sylla.[8]

This is a very peculiar and unusual expression; we turn to Shakespeare, and we find Queen Margaret cursing the bloody Duke of Gloster, in the play of *Richard III.*, in these words:

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
Oh, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the *troubler of the* poor *world's* peace.[9]

In Shakespeare we find:

Which is to bring Signor Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a *mountain of affection*, the one with the other.[10]

This was regarded as such a strange and unusual comparison that some of the commentators proposed to change it into "a mooting of affection." But we turn to Bacon and we find the same simile:

Perkin sought to corrupt the servants of the lieutenant of the Tower by *mountains of promises*.[11]

Bacon says:

To fall from a discord, or harsh accord, upon *a concord of sweet* accord.[12]

[1] *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 2.
[2] *Henry V.*, v, 2.
[3] *Hamlet*, v, 1.
[4] Ibid., ii, 2.
[5] *Antony and Cleopatra*, i, 2.
[6] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[7] *Hamlet*, ii, 2.
[8] *Advancement of Learning.*
[9] *Richard III.*, i, 3.
[10] *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii, 2.
[11] *History of Henry VII.*
[12] *Advancement of Learning.*

Shakespeare says:

That is not moved with *concord of sweet* sounds.[1]

Here we have three words used in the same order and sense by both writers.

We find in Shakespeare this well-known but curious expression:

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.[2]

This word occurs only once in the Plays. George Stevens says:

Dr. Farmer informs me that these words are merely technical. A woolman, butcher and dealer in *skewers* lately observed to him that his nephew (an idle lad) could only assist him in making them. "He could *rough-hew* them, but I was obliged to shape their ends." Whoever recollects the profession of Shakspere's father will admit that his son might be no stranger to such terms. *I have frequently seen packages of wool pinn'd up with skewers.*

This is the sort of proof we have had that Shakspere wrote the Plays. It is very evident that the sentence means, that while we may hew out roughly the outlines of our careers, the ends we reach are shaped by some all-controlling Providence. And when we turn to Bacon we find the very word used by him, to indicate carved out roughly:

A *rough-hewn* seaman.[3]

And we find again in Shakespeare the same idea, that while we may shape our careers in part, the results to be attained are beyond our control:

Our thoughts are ours, their *ends* none of our own.[4]

Bacon says:

Instruct yourself in *all things between heaven and earth* which may tend to virtue, wisdom and honor.[5]

Shakespeare has:

Crawling *between heaven and earth.*[6]

There are more things *in heaven and earth*, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.[7]

Bacon refers to

The particular remedies which learning doth *minister* to all *the diseases of the mind.*

Shakespeare says:

Canst thou not *minister* to a *mind diseased?*[8]

[1] *Merchant of Venice*, v, 1. [2] *Hamlet*, v, 2. [3] *Apophthegms.* [4] *Hamlet*, iii, 2.
[5] Bacon's Letter to the Earl of Rutland, written in the name of the Earl of Essex—*Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 1[illegible]. [6] *Hamlet*, iii, 1. [7] *Hamlet*, i, 5. [8] *Macbeth*, v, 3.

Here the parallelism is complete. In each case it refers to remedies for mental disease, and in each case the word *minister* is used, and the "diseases of the mind" of the one finds its counterpart in "mind diseased" of the other, a change made necessary by the rhythm.

Surely the doctrine of accidental coincidences will not explain this.

Bacon says:

Men have their time, and *die many times*, in desire of some things which they principally take to heart.[1]

Shakespeare says:

Cowards *die many times* before their deaths.[2]

Bacon says:

The even carriage between two factions proceedeth not always of moderation, but of a *trueness to a man's self*, with end to make use of both.[3]

And again he says:

Be so *true* to *thyself* as thou be not *false to others*.[4]

Shakespeare says:

To *thine own self be true*,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be *false* to any man.[5]

Bacon says:

The *ripeness* or unripeness of the occasion must ever be well weighed.[6]

Shakespeare says:

Ripeness is all.[7]

In Shakespeare we have this singular expression:

O Heaven! a beast, that wants *discourse of reason*,
Would have mourned longer.[8]

This expression "discourse of reason" is a very unusual one. Massinger has:

It adds to my calamity that I have
Discourse *and* reason.

Gifford thought that Shakespeare had written "discourse *and* reason," and that the *of* was a typographical error; but Knight, in discussing the question, refers to the lines in *Hamlet*:

[1] Essay *Of Friendship*. [3] Essay *Of Faction*. [5] *Hamlet*, i, 3. [7] *Lear*, v, 2.
[2] *Julius Cæsar*, ii, 2. [4] Essay *Of Wisdom*. [6] Essay *Of Delays*. [8] *Hamlet*, i, 2.

> Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and god-like reason
> To fust in us unused.[1]

But when we turn to Bacon we find this expression, which has puzzled the commentators, repeatedly used. For instance:

> Martin Luther but in *discourse of reason*, finding, etc.[2]

Also:

> God hath done great things by her [Queen Elizabeth] past *discourse of reason.*[3]

And again:

> True fortitude is not given to man by nature, but must grow out of *discourse of reason.*[4]

Bacon has:

> But men . . . if they be not carried away with a *whirlwind* or *tempest* of ambition.[5]

Shakespeare has:

> For in the very torrent, *tempest*, and, as I may say, the *whirlwind* of your passion.[6]

Here we have not only the figure of a wind-storm used to represent great mental emotions, but the same word, nay, the same words, *tempest* and *whirlwind*, used in the same metaphorical sense by both.

Mr. James T. Cobb calls my attention, while this work is going through the press, to the following parallelism.

Macbeth says:

> *Life's but* a walking *shadow.*[7]

Bacon writes to King James:

> Let me live to serve you, else *life is but the shadow* of death to your Majesty's most devoted servant.

And, again, Mr. Cobb notes this.

Bacon says:

> It is nothing else but words, which rather *sound than signify anything.*

[1] Act iv, scene 4. [2] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[3] *History of Squires' Conspiracy—Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 116.
[4] Bacon's Letter to the Earl of Rutland, written in the name of the Earl of Essex—*Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 12. [5] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii. [6] *Hamlet*, iii, 2. [7] *Macbeth*, v, 5.

Shakespeare makes Macbeth say of human life:

'Tis a tale
Told by an idiot, full of *sound and fury,*
Signifying nothing.[1]

∴

A. J. Duffield, of Delaware Mine, Michigan, calls my attention to the following parallelism.

Shakespeare:

What a piece of work is man! . . . The paragon of animals; *the beauty of the world.*[2]

While Bacon has:

The souls of the living are *the beauty of the world.*[3]

∴

Both writers use the physical eye as a type or symbol of the intellectual faculty of perception.

Bacon says:

The *eyes* of his *understanding.*[4]

For everything depends on fixing the *mind's eye* steadily.[5]

Illuminate the *eyes* of our *mind.*[6]

While in Shakespeare we have:

Hamlet. My father,—methinks I see my father.
Horatio. Oh, where, my lord?
Hamlet. In my *mind's eye,* Horatio.

And again:

Mine eye is my mind.[7]

∴

Bacon says:

Pirates and impostors . . . are the *common enemies of mankind.*[8]

Shakespeare says:

And mine eternal jewel
Given to *the common enemy of man*
To make them kings.[9]

Shakespeare also says:

Consider, he's an *enemy* to *mankind.*[10]

Thou *common* whore *of mankind.*[11]

∴

Mrs. Pott[12] points out a very striking parallelism.

[1] Act v, scene 5.
[2] *Hamlet*, ii, 2.
[3] Essay *Pan.*
[4] *History of Squires' Conspiracy—Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 113.
[5] Introduction to *Novum Organum.*
[6] Prayer.
[7] Sonnet.
[8] *History of Henry VII.*
[9] *Macbeth*, iii, 1.
[10] *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4.
[11] *Timon of Athens*, iv, 3.
[12] *Promus*, p. 24.

In Bacon's letter to King James, which accompanied the sending of a portion of *The History of Great Britain*, he says:

This being but a leaf or two, I pray your pardon if I send it for your recreation, considering that *love must creep where it cannot go*.

We have the same thought in the same words in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in this manner:

Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that *love*
Must creep in service where it cannot go.[1]

We have in Bacon the word *varnish* used as a synonym for *adorn*, precisely as in Shakespeare.

Bacon:

But my intent is, without *varnish* or amplification, justly to weigh the dignity of knowledge.[2]

Shakespeare has:

I will a round, *unvarnished* tale deliver.[3]

And set a double *varnish* on the fame.[4]

Beauty doth *varnish* age.[5]

J. T. Cobb calls attention to the following parallelism. Bacon, in his letter of expostulation to Coke, says:

The arising to honor is arduous, the *standing slippery*, the descent headlong.

Shakespeare says:

Which, when they fall, as being *slippery standers*,
The love that leaned on them as *slippery*, too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.[6]

The image of passion devouring the body of the man is common to both.

Bacon says:

It causeth the spirit to *feed* upon the juices of the body.[7]

Envy *feedeth* upon the spirits.[8]

Shakespeare says:

If it will *feed* nothing else, it will *feed* my revenge.[9]

The thing that *feeds* their fury.[10]

[1] Act iv, scene 2.
[2] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[3] *Othello*, i, 3.
[4] *Hamlet*, iv, 7.
[5] *Love's Labor Lost*, iv, 3.
[6] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3.
[7] *History of Life and Death*.
[8] Ibid.
[9] *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 1.
[10] *Taming of the Shrew*, ii, 1.

Feed fat the ancient grudge.[1]

Advantage *feeds* him fat.[2]

To *feed* contention in a lingering act.[3]

∴

J. T. Cobb points out this parallelism.

Shakespeare:

Assume a *virtue* if you have it not.[4]

Bacon says:

All wise men, to decline the envy of their own *virtues*, use to ascribe them to Providence and Fortune; for so they may the better *assume* them.[5]

∴

Bacon speaks of

The *accidents* of life.[6]

The *accidents* of time.[7]

Shakespeare says:

As place, riches, favor,
Prizes of *accident* as oft as merit.[8]

With mortal *accidents* oppress't.[9]

The shot of *accident*, the dart of chance.[10]

∴

Bacon says:

And I do extremely desire there may be a full cry from *all sorts of people*.[11]

Macbeth says:

And I have bought
Golden opinions from *all sorts of people*.[12]

Here we have the same collocation of words.

∴

Bacon says:

Not only that it may be done, but that it may be well done.[13]

If that be done which I hope by this time is done, and that other matter shall be done which we wish may be done.[14]

Shakespeare says:

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.[15]

What's done cannot be undone.[16]

∴

[1] *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3.
[2] *1st Henry IV.*, iii, 2.
[3] *2d Henry IV.*, i, 1.
[4] *Hamlet*, iii, 4.
[5] Essay *Of Fortune*.
[6] Letter to Sir R. Cecil.
[7] Letter to Villiers, June 3, 1616.
[8] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3.
[9] *Cymbeline*, v, 4.
[10] *Othello*, iv, 1.
[11] Letter to Villiers, June 12, 1616.
[12] *Macbeth*, i, 7.
[13] Letter to Lord Chancellor.
[14] Letter to Sir John Stanhope — *Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 50.
[15] *Macbeth*, i, 7.
[16] Ibid., v, 1.

Bacon says:

But I will pray for you *to the last gasp*.[1]

Shakespeare says:

I will follow thee
To the last gasp.[2]

Fight *till the last gasp*.[3]

Here is another identical collocation of words.

∴

Bacon says:

The new company and the old company are but the *sons of Adam* to me.[4]

Shakespeare says:

Adam's sons are my brethren.[5]

∴

Bacon says:

The common lot of mankind.[6]

Shakespeare has:

The common curse of mankind.[7]

∴

Bacon:

The *infirmity* of the human understanding.[8]

Shakespeare:

The *infirmity* of sense.[9]

A friend should bear his friend's *infirmities*.[10]

∴

And Mr. J. T. Cobb has called my attention to this parallelism.

Bacon says:

All those who have in some measure committed themselves to the waters of experience, seeing they were *infirm of purpose*, etc.[11]

While in Shakespeare we have:

Infirm of purpose. Give me the daggers.[12]

∴

Bacon:

Every tangible body contains an *invisible* and intangible *spirit*.[13]

Shakespeare:

O, thou *invisible spirit* of wine.[14]

∴

[1] Letter to King James, 1021.
[2] *As You Like It*, ii, 3.
[3] *1st Henry VI.*, i, 1.
[4] Letter to Villiers.
[5] *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii, 1.
[6] Introduction to *Great Instauration*.
[7] *Troilus and Cressida*, ii, 3.
[8] *Novum Organum*, book ii.
[9] *Measure for Measure*, v, 1.
[10] *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3.
[11] *The Interpretation of Nature*, Montagu ed., vol. ii, p. 550.
[12] *Macbeth*, ii, 2.
[13] *Novum Organum*, book ii.
[14] *Othello*, ii, 3.

Bacon:

Flame, at the moment of its generation, is *mild and gentle*.[1]

Shakespeare:

As *mild and gentle* as the cradled babe.[2]

He was *gentle, mild* and virtuous.[3]

I will be *mild and gentle* in my words.[4]

∴

Bacon:

Custom . . . an *ape of nature*.[5]

Shakespeare:

This is the *ape of form*, monsieur the nice.[6]

O sleep, thou *ape of death*.[7]

∴

Bacon says:

Another precept of this knowledge is to *imitate nature*, which doth nothing in vain.[8]

In artificial works we should certainly prefer those which approach the nearest to an *imitation of nature*.[9]

We find the same expression in Shakespeare:

I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they *imitated humanity* so abominably.[10]

And in the preface to the Folio of 1623, which was probably written by the author of the Plays, we read:

He was a happy *imitator* of *nature*.

∴

Bacon speaks of a

Medicine . . . of secret *malignity* and disagreement toward man's body; . . . it worketh either by *corrosion* or by a secret *malignity* and *enmity* to nature.[11]

Shakespeare describes the drug which Hamlet's uncle poured into his father's ear as

Holding such *enmity* with blood of man.

And again we have:

A lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison.[12]

Though parting be a fretful *corrosive*,
It is applied to a deathful wound.[13]

∴

[1] *Novum Organum*, book ii.
[2] *Henry VI.*, iii, 2.
[3] *Richard III.*, i, 2.
[4] Ibid., iv, 4.
[5] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[6] *Love's Labor Lost*, v, 2.
[7] *Cymbeline*, ii, 2.
[8] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[9] *Novum Organum*, book ii.
[10] *Hamlet*, iii, 2.
[11] *Natural History*, cent. i, § 36.
[12] *Winter's Tale*, i, 2.
[13] *2d Henry VI.*, iii, 2.

Bacon says:

Of all substances which nature has produced, man's body is the most extremely *compounded*.[1]

Shakespeare says:

The brain of this foolish *compounded clay*, man.[2]

And Bacon, speaking of man, says:

Certain particles were taken from divers living creatures, and mixed and tempered with that *clayic* mass.[3]

∴

Bacon says:

The heavens turn about and . . . make an *excellent music*.[4]

Shakespeare says, in *Hamlet:*

And there is much *music, excellent* voice in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak.

∴

Bacon says:

The nature of sounds in general hath been superficially observed. It is one of the subtilest *pieces of nature*.[5]

Shakespeare has this precise collocation of words:

A ruined *piece of nature*.[6]

We also find:

When *nature* framed this *piece*.[7]

Thy mother was a *piece of virtue*.[8]

As pretty a *piece of flesh*.[9]

Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding *piece of earth*.[10]

∴

Bacon also says:

The *noblest piece* of justice.[11]

While Shakespeare says:

What a *piece* of work is man;
How *noble* in reason.[12]

∴

Bacon says:

A miracle of time.[13]

Shakespeare says:

O miracle of men.[14]

∴

[1] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Prometheus.*
[2] *2d Henry IV.*, i, 2.
[3] *Natural History*, cent. ii.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid.
[6] *Lear*, iv, 6.
[7] *Pericles*, iv, 3.
[8] *Tempest*, i, 2.
[9] *Much Ado about Nothing*, iv, 2.
[10] *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 1.
[11] Charge against St. John.
[12] *Hamlet*, ii, 2.
[13] *Of a War with Spain.*
[14] *2d Henry IV.*, ii, 3.

Bacon:

The fire maketh them *soft and tender*.[1]

Shakespeare:

The *soft and tender* fork of a poor worm.[2]

Beneath your *soft and tender* breeding.[3]

As *soft and tender* flattery.[4]

Here again it is identity not alone of a word, but of a phrase.

∴

Bacon says:

Where a rainbow seemeth to hang over or to touch, there *breatheth* forth a sweet smell.[5]

Shakespeare says:

Breathing to his breathless excellence
The *incense* of a vow.[6]
'Tis her *breathing*
That *perfumes* the chamber thus.[7]

∴

We find both Shakespeare and Bacon using the unusual word *disclose* for *hatch*.

Bacon says:

The ostrich layeth her eggs under the sand, where the heat of the sun *discloseth* them.[8]

Shakespeare:

Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are *disclosed*,
His silence will sit brooding.[9]

∴

Bacon speaks of

The elements and their conjugations, the *influences* of heaven.[10]

While Shakespeare speaks of

All the skiey *influences*.[11]

∴

Bacon says:

For those smells do . . . rather *woo* the sense than satiate it.[12]

While Shakespeare says:

The air smells *wooingly* here.[13]

∴

[1] *Natural History*, § 630.
[2] *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1.
[3] *Twelfth Night*, v, 1.
[4] *Pericles*, iv, 4.
[5] *Natural History*, § 832.
[6] *King John*, iv, 2.
[7] *Cymbeline*, ii, 2.
[8] *Natural History*, § 836.
[9] *Hamlet*, v, 1.
[10] *Natural History*, § 855.
[11] *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1.
[12] *Natural History*, § 853.
[13] *Macbeth*, i, 6.

Speaking of the smell where the rainbow rests, Bacon says:

But none are so *delicate* as the dew of the rainbow.[1]

Shakespeare says:

I have observed the air is *delicate*.[2]

We also have:

A *delicate* odor.[3]

Delicate Ariel.[4]

∴

Bacon speaks of

The *gentle dew*.[5]

Shakespeare, of

The *gentle rain*.[6]

∴

The word *fantastical* is a favorite with both.

Bacon says:

Which showeth a *fantastical* spirit.[7]

Fantastical learning.[8]

Shakespeare says:

High fantastical.[9]

A mad, *fantastical* trick.[10]

A *fantastical* knave.[11]

Telling her *fantastical* lies.[12]

∴

Bacon says:

A *malign aspect* and influence.[13]

Shakespeare says:

Malevolent to you in all *aspects*.[14]

∴

Bacon says:

So as your wit shall be whetted with conversing with many great wits, and you shall have the cream and *quintessence* of every one of theirs.[15]

Shakespeare says:

What is this *quintessence* of dust?[16]

The *quintessence* of every sprite.[17]

∴

[1] *Natural History*, § 832.
[2] *Macbeth*, i, 6.
[3] *Pericles*, iii, 2.
[4] *Tempest*, i, 2.
[5] *Natural History*, § 832.
[6] *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1.
[7] *Civil Conv.*
[8] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[9] *Twelfth Night*, i, 1.
[10] *Measure for Measure*, iii, 2.
[11] *As You Like It*, iii, 3.
[12] *Othello*, ii, 1.
[13] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[14] *1st Henry IV.*, i, 2.
[15] Bacon's Letter to the Earl of Rutland, written in the name of the Earl of Essex. *Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 13.
[16] *Hamlet*, ii, 2.
[17] *As You Like It*, iii, 2.

Bacon says:

I find envy *beating* so strongly upon me.[1]

This public envy seemeth to *beat* chiefly upon principal officers or ministers.[2]

Shakespeare says:

Nor the tide of pomp
That *beats* upon the high shore of this world.[3]

Bacon says:

To choose time is to save time; and an unseasonable motion is but *beating the air*.[4]

Shakespeare says:

Didst thou *beat* heaven with blessings.[5]

∴

Speaking of witchcrafts, *dreams* and divinations, Bacon says:

Your Majesty hath . . . with the two clear eyes of religion and natural philosophy looked deeply and wisely into these *shadows*.[6]

And again he says:

All whatsoever you have or can say in answer hereof are but *shadows*.[7]

While Shakespeare has:

A *dream* itself is but a *shadow*.[8]

To worship *shadows* and adore false shapes.[9]

Shadows to-night have struck more terror to the soul of Richard.[10]

Hence, horrible *shadow*.[11]

Life's but a walking *shadow*.[12]

∴

Bacon enters in his commonplace-book:

The *Mineral* wytts, strong *poison* yf they be not corrected.[13]

Shakespeare has:

The thought doth, like a *poisonous mineral*, gnaw my inwards.[14]

∴

Bacon says:

Fullness and *swellings* of the heart.[15]

[1] Bacon to Queen Elizabeth — *Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 160.
[2] Essay *Of Envy*.
[3] *Henry V.*, iv, 1.
[4] Essay *Of Despatch*.
[5] *2d Henry IV.*, i, 3.
[6] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[7] Speech at Trial of Essex.
[8] *Hamlet*, ii, 2.
[9] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv, 2,
[10] *Richard III.*, v, 3.
[11] *Macbeth*, iii, 4.
[12] Ibid., v, 5.
[13] *Promus*, § 1403, p. 454.
[14] *Othello*, ii, 1.
[15] Essay *Of Friendship*.

Shakespeare says:

Malice of thy *swelling heart.*[1]

Their *swelling* griefs.[2]

The *swelling* act of the imperial scene.[3]

∴

Bacon says:

The most *base, bloody* and envious persons.[4]

Shakespeare says:

Of *base and bloody* insurrection.[5]

∴

Bacon:

Matters of no use or *moment.*[6]

Shakespeare:

Enterprises of great pith and *moment.*[7]

∴

In both we have the word *sovereign* applied to medicines.

Bacon:

Sovereign medicines for the mind.[8]

Shakespeare:

The *sovereign'st* thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise.[9]

∴

In his letter of submission to Parliament, Bacon says:

This is the beginning of a *golden* world.

Shakespeare, in *The Tempest*, says:

I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the *golden* age.[10]

In former *golden* days.[11]

Golden times.[12]

∴

Bacon says:

This passion [love], which *loseth* not only other things, but *itself.*[13]

Shakespeare says:

A loan oft *loseth* both *itself* and friend.[14]

∴

Bacon:

A *kindly* and pleasant sleep.[15]

Shakespeare:

Frosty but *kindly.*[16]

∴

[1] *1st Henry VI.*, iii, 1.
[2] *3d Henry VI.*, iv, 8.
[3] *Macbeth*, i, 3.
[4] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[5] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 1.
[6] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[7] *Hamlet*, iii, 1.
[8] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[9] *1st Henry IV.*, i, 3.
[10] Act ii, scene 1.
[11] *3d Henry VI.*, iii, 3.
[12] *2d Henry IV.*, v, 3.
[13] Essay *Of Love.*
[14] *Hamlet*, i, 3.
[15] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[16] *As You Like It*, ii, 3.

Bacon says:

The *quality* of health and strength.[1]

Shakespeare says:

The *quality* of mercy is not strained.[2]

The *quality* of the flesh.[3]

The *quality* of her passion.[4]

∴

Bacon says:

The states of Italy be like little *quillets* of freehold.[5]

And he speaks of

A *quiddity* of the common law.[6]

Hamlet says:

Where be his *quiddets* now, his *quillets*, his cases, his tenures.[7]

∴

Bacon speaks of having one's mind

Concentric with the orb of the universe.

Shakespeare says:

His fame folds in this orb o' the earth.[8]

∴

Bacon refers to

The *top* of . . . workmanship.[9]

The *top* of human desires.[10]

The *top* of all worldly bliss.[11]

Shakespeare refers to

The *top* of sovereignty.[12]

The *top* of judgment.[13]

The *top* of all design.[14]

∴

On the other hand, Bacon says:

He might have known the *bottom of his danger*.[15]

Shakespeare says:

The *bottom of my place*.[16]

[1] Bacon's Letter to the Earl of Rutland, written in the name of the Earl of Essex — *Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 16.
[2] *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1.
[3] *Timon of Athens*, iv, 3.
[4] *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 1.
[5] Discourse in Praise of the Queen — *Life and Works*.
[6] *Arraignment*.
[7] *Hamlet*, v, 1.
[8] *Coriolanus*, v, 5.
[9] Prayer.
[10] *Advancement of Learning*.
[11] *History of Henry VII*.
[12] *Macbeth*, iv, 1.
[13] *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2.
[14] *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 1.
[15] *History of Henry VII*.
[16] *Measure for Measure*, i, 1.

The *bottom of your purpose.*[1]

The very *bottom of my soul.*[2]

Searches to the *bottom of the worst.*[3]

∴

Bacon has:

Actions of great peril and motion.[4]

Shakespeare has:

Enterprises of great pith and moment.[5]

∴

Bacon speaks of

The abuses of the times.[6]

Shakespeare speaks of

The poor *abuses of the times.*[7]

Here the identity is not in a word, but in a series of words.

∴

Bacon says:

I will shoot my *fool's bolt* since you will have it so.[8]

Shakespeare says:

A *fool's bolt* is soon shot.[9]

According to the *fool's bolt*, sir.[10]

∴

Bacon expresses the idea of the mind being in a state of rest or peace by the words, "The mind is *free*," as contradistinguished from "the mind is *agitated.*"[11]

Shakespeare uses the same expression:

When the mind's *free*
The body's delicate.[12]

The doctor refers to Lady Macbeth's mental agony, expressed even in sleep, as "this slumbery *agitation.*"

∴

Bacon says:

In the midst of the greatest *wilderness of waters.*[13]

Shakespeare has:

Environed with a *wilderness of sea.*[14]

[1] *All's Well that Ends Well*, iii, 7.
[2] *Henry V.*, ii, 2.
[3] *Troilus and Cressida*, ii, 2.
[4] Speech in Parliament, 39 Elizabeth.
[5] *Hamlet*, iii, 1.
[6] Letter to the King.
[7] *1st Henry IV.*, 1, 2.
[8] Letter to the Earl of Essex, 1598.
[9] *Henry V.*, iii, 7.
[10] *As You Like It*, v, 4.
[11] *Novum Organum.*
[12] *Lear*, iii, 4.
[13] *New Atlantis.*
[14] *Titus Andronicus*, iii, 1.

And again:

A *wilderness of monkeys.*[1]

A *wilderness of tigers.*[2]

∴

Bacon says, in a speech in Parliament:

This *cloud* still hangs over the *House.*[3]

Shakespeare has:

And all the *clouds* that lowered upon our *House.*

∴

Bacon speaks of

Any expert *minister* of nature.[4]

Shakespeare says:

Angels and *ministers* of grace.[5]

∴

That familiar but curious expression used by Mark Antony in his speech over the dead body of Cæsar can also be traced back to Bacon:

Lend me your ears.[6]

Bacon, describing Orpheus' power over the wild beasts, paints them as

Standing all at a gaze about him, and *lend their ears* to his music.[7]

∴

Again Bacon says, referring to the power of music:

Orpheus drew the woods and *moved the* very *stones* to come.[8]

Shakespeare, referring to the power of eloquence, says that it

Should *move*
The *stones* of Rome to rise and mutiny.[9]

∴

Bacon says:

The nature of the vulgar is always *swollen* and *malignant.*[10]

Shakespeare speaks of

The *malice* of my *swelling* heart.[11]

∴

Bacon says:

With an *undaunted* and bold *spirit.*[12]

Shakespeare speaks of an

Undaunted spirit in a dying breast.[13]

∴

[1] *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 1.
[2] *Titus Andronicus*, iii, 1.
[3] Speech about Undertakers.
[4] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Proteus.*
[5] *Hamlet*, i, 4.
[6] *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2.
[7] *Wisdom of the Ancients.*
[8] Ibid.
[9] *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2.
[10] *Wisdom of the Ancients.*
[11] *Titus Andronicus*, v, 3.
[12] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Sphynx.*
[13] *1st Henry VI.*, iii, 2.

The phrase "mortal men" is a favorite with both. Bacon says:

Ravish and rap *mortal men.*[1]

Shakespeare says:

Tush, man, *mortal men, mortal men.*[2]

O momentary grace of *mortal men.*[3]

∴

Bacon says:

The state of man.[4]

Shakespeare says:

The state of man.[5]

∴

Bacon speaks of

The *vapors* of ambition.[6]

Shakespeare speaks of

The *vapor* of our valor.[7]

The *vapor* of my glory.[8]

∴

Bacon says:

She was most affectionate of her kindred, even *unto faction.*[9]

Shakespeare says:

And drove great Mars *to faction.*[10]

∴

We find Bacon using the word *engine* for a device, a stratagem. Speaking of the Lambert Simnell conspiracy to dethrone King Henry VII., he says:

And thus delivered of this so strange an *engine*, and new invention of fortune.[11]

Iago says to Roderigo:

Take me from this world with treachery and devise *engines* for my life.[12]

∴

Bacon says:

Whereupon the *meaner sort routed* together.[13]

Shakespeare says:

Choked with ambition of the *meaner sort.*[14]

Cheering a *rout* of rebels.[15]

All is on the *rout.*[16]

∴

[1] *Wisdom of the Ancients—Sphynx.*
[2] *1st Henry IV.*, iv. 2.
[3] *Richard III.*, iii, 4.
[4] *Wisdom of the Ancients—Prom.*
[5] *Julius Cæsar*, ii, 1.
[6] *History of Henry VII.*
[7] *Henry V.*, iv, 2.
[8] *Richard III.*, iii, 7.
[9] *History of Henry VII.*
[10] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3.
[11] *History of Henry VII.*
[12] *Othello*, iv, 2.
[13] *History of Henry VII.*
[14] *1st Henry VI.*, ii, 5.
[15] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 2.
[16] *2d Henry VI.*, v, 2.

Bacon says:

And such superficial speculations they have; like *prospectives*, that show things inward, when they are but *paintings*.[1]

The same figure occurs in Shakespeare:

Divides one thing entire to twenty objects,
Like *perspectives*, which rightly gazed upon
Show nothing but confusion; eyed awry
Distinguish form.[2]

∴

And Bacon, in describing a rebellion in Scotland against King James III., tells that the rebels captured the King's son — Prince James — and used him

To shadow their rebellion, and to be the titular and *painted* head of those arms.[3]

This is a very peculiar expression, and reminds us of Lady Macbeth's words:

'Tis the eye of childhood
That fears a *painted* devil.[4]

And again Shakespeare says:

Men are but gilded loam or *painted* clay.[5]

Than is the deed to my most *painted* word.[6]

∴

Bacon says:

He raised up the ghost of Richard . . . to *walk* and vex the King.[7]

Shakespeare says:

Thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to *walk* the night.[8]

Spirits oft *walk* in death.[9]

∴

Bacon says:

The news thereof came *blazing* and *thundering* over into England, that the Duke of York was sure alive.[10]

Shakespeare says:

What act
That roars so loud and *thunders* in the index?[11]

He came in *thunder;* his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell.[12]

Hast thou not spoke like *thunder* on my side?[13]

[1] *Sylva Sylvarum.*
[2] *Richard II.*, ii, 2.
[3] *History of Henry VII.*
[4] *Macbeth*, ii, 2.
[5] *Richard II.*, i, 1.
[6] *Hamlet*, iii, 1.
[7] *History of Henry VII.*
[8] *Hamlet*, i, 5.
[9] Ibid., i, 1.
[10] *History of Henry VII.*
[11] *Hamlet*, iii, 4.
[12] *Cymbeline*, v, 4.
[13] *King John*, iii, 1.

The fierce *blaze* of riot.[1]

The *blaze* of youth.[2]

Every *blazing* star.[3]

∴

Bacon says:

A *spice* of madness.[4]

Shakespeare says:

This *spice* of your hypocrisy.[5]

∴

Bacon speaks of

Our *sea-walls* and good shipping.[6]

Shakespeare describes England as

Our *sea-walled* garden.[7]

∴

The word *pregnant*, signifying full of consequence or meaning, is a common one with both writers. Bacon says:

Many circumstances did feed the ambition of Charles with *pregnant* and apparent hopes of success.[8]

Shakespeare says:

Crook the *pregnant* hinges of the knee.[9]

Pregnant instruments of wealth.[10]

Were very *pregnant* and potential spurs.[11]

∴

Bacon says:

His people were *hot* upon the *business*.[12]

Shakespeare says:

It is a *business* of some *heat*.[13]

∴

Bacon says, speaking of old age:

He promised himself money, *honor*, *friends* and peace in the end.[14]

Shakespeare says:

And that which should accompany *old age*,
As *honor*, love, obedience, troops of *friends*,
I must not look to have.[15]

∴

[1] *Richard II.*, ii, 1.
[2] *All's Well that Ends Well*, v, 3.
[3] Ibid., i, 3.
[4] *Of War with Spain.*
[5] *Henry VIII.*, ii, 3.
[6] Speech on Subsidy.
[7] *Richard II.*, iii, 4.
[8] *History of Henry VII.*
[9] *Hamlet*, iii, 2.
[10] *Pericles*, iv, Gower.
[11] *Lear*, ii, 1.
[12] *History of Henry VII.*
[13] *Othello*, i, 2.
[14] *History of Henry VII.*
[15] *Macbeth*, v, 3.

Bacon says:

This bred a *decay* of people.[1]

Shakespeare speaks of

Decayed men.[2]

∴

Bacon says:

Divers things that were *predominant* in the King's *nature*.[3]

Macbeth says to the murderers:

Do you find
Your patience so *predominant* in your *nature?*[4]

∴

Bacon says:

As if he had heard the news of some strange and fearful *prodigy*.[5]

Shakespeare says:

A *prodigy* of fear and a portent
Of broachèd mischief to the unborn times.[6]

Now hath my soul brought forth her *prodigy*.[7]

∴

Bacon says:

Turned law and justice into *wormwood*.[8]

Shakespeare says:

Weed this *wormwood* from your fruitful brain.[9]

∴

Bacon says:

His ambition was so exorbitant and *unbounded*.[10]

And again:

Being a man of *stomach*, and hardened by his former troubles, he refused to pay a mite.[11]

God seeth that we have unbridled *stomachs*.[12]

While in Shakespeare we have the vastly ambitious Wolsey referred to as

A man of *unbounded stomach*.[13]

∴

Bacon says:

As for her memory, it hath gotten such life, *in the mouths* and hearts *of men*, as that envy, being put out by her death, etc.[14]

[1] *History of Henry VII.*
[2] *Comedy of Errors*, iv, 3.
[3] *History of Henry VII.*
[4] *Macbeth*, iii, 1.
[5] *History of Henry VII.*
[6] *1st Henry IV.*, v, 1.
[7] *Richard II.*, ii, 2.
[8] *History of Henry VII.*
[9] *Love's Labor Lost*, v, 2.
[10] *History of Henry VII.*
[11] Ibid.
[12] Letter to Lord Coke.
[13] *Henry VIII.*, iv, 2.
[14] *Felic. Queen Elizabeth.*

Shakespeare says:

So shalt thou live — such power hath my pen —
Where breath most breathes, *even in the mouths of men.*[1]

Bacon says:

Vain pomp and outward shows of power.[2]

Shakespeare says:

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye.[3]

In both the thought of retirement is expressed in the word *cell* — referring to the monastic *cells.*

Bacon says:

The *cells* of gross and solitary monks.[4]

Again:

For it was time for me to go to a *cell.*[5]

It were a pretty *cell* for my fortune.[6]

In Shakespeare we have:

Nor that I am much better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor *cell,*
And thy no greater father.[7]

O proud death!
What feast is forward in thine eternal *cell.*[8]

Bacon says:

The spark that first *kindled* such fire and *combustion.*[9]

And again he says:

The King chose rather not to satisfy than to *kindle coals.*[10]

Shakespeare has:

Your breath first *kindled* the dead *coal* of wars.[11]

Constance would not cease
Till she had *kindled* France and all the world.[12]

For *kindling* such *combustion* in the state.[13]

As dry *combustious* matter is to fire.[14]

Bacon says:

If the rules and maxims of law, in the first raising of tenures *in capite,* be weakened, *this nips the flower in the bud.*[15]

[1] Sonnet.
[2] *Char. Julius Cæsar.*
[3] *Henry VIII.*, iii, 2.
[4] *Advancement of Learning.*
[5] Letter.
[6] Ibid.
[7] *Tempest*, i, 2.
[8] *Hamlet*, v, 2.
[9] *History of Henry VII.*
[10] Ibid.
[11] *King John*, v, 2.
[12] Ibid., i, 1.
[13] *Henry VIII.*, v, 3.
[14] *Venus and Adonis.*
[15] Argument, Law's Case of Tenures.

Shakespeare says:

Nip not the gaudy *blossoms* of your love.[1]

Nips his root.[2]

Bacon, after his downfall, speaks of

This *base court* of adversity, where scarce any will be seen stirring.

Shakespeare puts the same expression into the mouth of Richard II. after his downfall:

In the *base court?* *Base court*, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
In the *base court*, come down.[3]

Bacon says:

He *strikes terror*.[4]

Shakespeare says:

And *strike such terror* to his enemies.[5]

Have *struck more terror* to the soul of Richard.[6]

Bacon says:

It is greatness in a man to be the care of the *higher powers*.[7]

In Shakespeare we have:

Arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of *some high powers*
That govern us below.[8]

In his letter to Sir Humphrey May, 1625, speaking of his not having received his pardon, Bacon says:

I deserve not to be the only *outcast*.

While Shakespeare has:

I all alone bewail my *outcast* state.[9]

Bacon says:

And successions to great place will wax vile; and then his Majesty's prerogative goeth *down the wind*.[10]

[1] *Love's Labor Lost*, v, 2.
[2] *Henry VIII.*, iii, 2.
[3] *Richard II.*, iii, 3.
[4] Bacon's Letter to Sir Foulke Greville — *Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 24.
[5] *1st Henry VI.*, ii, 3.
[6] *Richard III.*, v, 2.
[7] Essay *Of Fortune*.
[8] *Julius Cæsar*, v, 1.
[9] Sonnet.
[10] Letter relating to Lord Coke.

Othello says:

If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her *down the wind*,
To prey at fortune.[1]

∴

And here we have a singular parallelism occurring in connection with the same sentence.

Bacon says:

For in consent, where tongue-strings and not *heart-strings* make the music that harmony may end in discord.

Shakespeare has:

Though that her jesses were my dear *heart-strings*.[2]

Also:

He grieves my very *heart-strings*.[3]

∴

Shakespeare says:

My love
Was builded far from *accident*.[4]

Mr. J. T. Cobb points a similar expression in Bacon:

Another precept of this knowledge is not to engage a man's self too peremptorily in anything, though it seem not liable to *accident*.[5]

∴

The wheel was, curiously enough, a favorite image with both.

Bacon says:

My mind doth not move on the *wheels* of profit.[6]

The *wheels* of his mind keep away with the *wheels* of his fortune.[7]

Shakespeare says:

Then can I set the world on *wheels*.[8]

Let go thy hold, when a great *wheel* runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after.[9]

∴

Bacon says:

It is a rule, that whatsoever science is not consonant to presuppositions, must *pray in aid* of similitudes.[10]

Shakespeare says:

A conqueror that will *pray in aid* for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneeled to.[11]

[1] *Othello*, iii, 3.
[2] Ibid., iii, 2.
[3] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv, 2.
[4] Sonnet cxxiv.
[5] *Advancement of Learning.*
[6] Letter.
[7] Essay *Of Fortune.*
[8] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii, 1.
[9] *Lear*, ii, 4.
[10] *Advancement of Learning.*
[11] *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 2.

Franklin Fiske Heard says:

Praying in aid is a law term, used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another, that hath an interest in the cause in question.[1]

How came the non-lawyer, Shakspere, to put this English law phrase into a Roman play?

∴

J. T. Cobb draws attention to this parallelism.

Bacon says:

For *the poets feigned that Orpheus* . . . did call and assemble the beasts and birds . . . to stand about him, as in a theater; and soon after called likewise the *stones* and *woods* to remove.[2]

Shakespeare says:

Therefore *the poet*
Did *feign that Orpheus* drew *trees*, *stones* and floods.[3]

∴

Bacon says:

Let him commend his inventions, not ambitiously or spitefully, but first in a manner most vivid and fresh, that is most fortified against *the injuries of time*.[4]

Shakespeare says, in one of the sonnets:

Injurious time, blunt thou the lion's paws.

∴

Bacon says:

A man that hath no virtue in himself.[5]

Shakespeare says:

The man that hath no music in his soul.[6]

Here the resemblance is not in the words, but in the rhythm and balance of the sentence.

∴

Bacon speaks of

Justice mixed with *mercy*.[7]

Says Shakespeare:

Let *mercy* season *justice*.[8]

∴

Bacon says:

These *winds* of rumors could not be *commanded* down.[9]

Shakespeare says:

Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast
Upon the *winds command*, bind them in brass.[10]

∴

[1] *Shakespeare as a Lawyer*, p. 82.
[2] *The Plantation of Ireland.*
[3] *Merchant of Venice*, v, 1.
[4] *Interpretation of Nature.*
[5] Essay *Of Envy.*
[6] *Merchant of Venice*, v, 1.
[7] Proceedings York House.
[8] *Merchant of Venice.*
[9] Letter in name of Anthony Bacon to Essex, 1600.
[10] *Pericles*, iii, 1.

But it may be urged, by the unbeliever, that there is a vast body of the Shakespearean writings, and a still vaster body of Bacon's productions; and that it is easy for an ingenious mind, having these ample fields to range over, to find a multitude of similarities. In reply to this, I will cite a number of quotations from Bacon's essay *Of Death*, the shorter essay on that subject, not published until after his death, and which is found in the first volume of Basil Montagu's edition of *Bacon's Works*, on pages 131, 132 and 133. It is a small essay, comprising about two pages of large type, and does not exceed in all fifteen hundred words. And yet I find hundreds of instances, in this short space, where the expressions in this essay are paralleled in the Plays. Let me give you a few of the most striking examples.

Bacon, arguing that men should be content to die, says:

And as others have given place to us, so we must in the end give place to others.

Shakespeare says, speaking of death:

Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolvèd from my hive,
To give some laborers room.[1]

We find a kindred thought in *Hamlet:*

But, you must know, your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow.[2]

Bacon says:

God sends men into this wretched *theater*, where being arrived, their first language is that of mourning.

This comparison of life and the world to a theater, and a melancholy theater, runs all through Shakespeare:

This wide and universal *theater*
Presents more *woeful* pageants.[3]

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A *stage* where every man must play his part,
And mine a *sad* one.[4]

All the world's a *stage*,
And all the men and women merely players.[5]

[1] *All's Well that Ends Well*, i, 2.
[2] *Hamlet*, i, 2.
[3] *As You Like It*, ii, 7.
[4] *Merchant of Venice*, i, 1.
[5] *As You Like It*, ii, 7.

But let us look a little farther into this expression of Bacon.

God sends men headlong into this wretched *theater*, where being arrived, *their first language is that of mourning.*

In Shakespeare we have precisely the same thought:

When we are born we *cry* that we are come
To this great *stage* of fools.[1]

Thou knowest the first time that we smell the air
We wawl and *cry*.[2]

We came *crying* hither.[3]

∴

The word *wretched*, here applied by Bacon to the *theater*, is a favorite one with Shakespeare:

A *wretched* soul bruised with adversity.[4]

Art thou so bare and full of *wretchedness*,
And fear'st to die?[5]

To see *wretchedness* o'ercharged.[6]

∴

Bacon says:

I compare men to the Indian fig-tree, which, being ripened to his full height, is said to decline his branches down *to the earth.*

Says Shakespeare:

They are not kind;
And nature, *as it grows again towards earth*,
Is fashioned for the journey, dull and heavy.[7]

∴

Bacon says:

Man is made *ripe* for *death.*

We turn to Shakespeare and we have:

So from hour to hour we *ripe* and *ripe*,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot.[8]

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither;
Ripeness is all.[9]

∴

Bacon continues:

He is sowed again in his *mother the earth.*

Shakespeare says:

Where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his *mother earth?*[10]

∴

[1] *Lear*, iv, 6.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.
[4] *Comedy of Errors*, ii, 1.
[5] *Romeo and Juliet*, v, 1.
[6] *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v, 1.
[7] Titus Andronicus, ii, 2.
[8] *As You Like It*, ii, 7.
[9] *Lear*, v, 2.
[10] *As You Like It*, i, 2.

Bacon says:

So man, having derived his being from the earth, first lives the life of a tree, drawing his *nourishment* as a *plant*.

We have a kindred, but not identical, thought in Shakespeare:

Pericles. How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
Helicanus. How dare the *plants* look up to heaven, from whence
They have their *nourishment?*

The eighth paragraph of the essay *Of Death* is so beautiful, pathetic and poetical, and has withal so much of the true Shakespearean ring about it, that I quote it entire, notwithstanding the fact that I have made use of part of it heretofore:

Death arrives gracious only to such as sit in darkness, or lie heavy-burdened with grief and irons; to the poor Christian that sits bound in the galley; to despairful widows, pensive prisoners and deposed kings; to them whose fortunes run back and whose spirits mutiny: unto such death is a redeemer, and the grave a place for retiredness and rest.

These wait upon the shore of Death and waft unto him to draw near, wishing above all others to see his star, that they might be led to his place, wooing the remorseless sisters to wind down the watch of their life, and to break them off before the hour.

What a mass of metaphors is here! Fortune running backward, spirits mutinying; despairful widows and deposed kings waiting on the shores of death, beckoning to him, watching for his star, wooing the remorseless sisters to wind down the watch of their life, and break them off before the hour? And how many suggestions are in all this of Shakespeare? In the word *gracious* we are reminded of:

There was not such a *gracious* creature born.[1]

So hallowed and so *gracious* is the time.[2]

The association of sitting with sorrow is common in Shakespeare:

Wise men ne'er *sit* and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.[3]

Sitting on a bank,
Weeping against the king, my father's, loss.[4]

Here can I *sit* alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my *woes*.[5]

Let us *sit* upon the ground
And tell *sad stories* of the death of kings —
How some have been *deposed*, some slain in war.[6]

[1] *King John*, iii, 4.
[2] *Hamlet*, i, 1.
[3] *3d Henry VI.*, v, 4.
[4] *Tempest*, i, 2.
[5] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, v, 4.
[6] *Richard II.*, iii, 2.

Sit thee down, *sorrow*.[1]

Woe doth the heavier *sit*
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.[2]

And when we find Queen Constance, in *King John*,

Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman naturally born to fears,[3]

crying out in her despair:

Here I and sorrows *sit;*
Here is my throne, let kings come bow to it,

we seem to read again the words of Bacon:

Death arrives gracious only to such as sit in darkness, . . . to despairful widows, pensive prisoners and deposed kings.

And in Shakespeare we have another *deposed king* saying:

Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes,
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.[4]

And another, a deposed queen, *wafts* to Death to come and take her away, and cries out:

Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars.[5]

. . .

Says Bacon:

To them whose *fortunes run back.*

Shakespeare says:

The fated sky
Gives us free scope; only *doth backward pull*
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.[6]

My *fortune runs* against the bias.[7]

. . .

Says Bacon:

Whose spirits *mutiny.*

This peculiar metaphor is common in Shakespeare:

Where will doth *mutiny* with wit's regard.[8]

There is a *mutiny* in his mind.[9]

That should move
The stones of Rome to rise and *mutiny.*[10]

My very hairs do *mutiny.*[11]

. . .

[1] *Love's Labor Lost*, i, 1.
[2] *Richard II.*, i, 3.
[3] *King John*, iii, 1.
[4] *Richard II.*, iii, 2.
[5] *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 2.
[6] *Julius Cæsar*, i, 2.
[7] *Richard II.*, iii, 4.
[8] Ibid., ii, 1.
[9] *Henry VIII.*, iii, 2.
[10] *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2.
[11] *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii, 2.

Bacon says:

Unto such death is a *redeemer.*

The sick King Edward IV., nigh unto death, says:

I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to *redeem* me hence.[1]

∴

Bacon says:

And the grave a place of *retiredness* and *rest.*

Shakespeare says:

That their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet *retire.*[2]

Again:

His new kingdom of perpetual *rest.*[3]

Oh, here
Will I set up my everlasting *rest.*[4]

∴

Says Bacon:

Wooing the remorseless sisters to wind down the watch of their life, and to break them off before the hour.

Wooing is a favorite word with Shakespeare, and applied, as here, in a peculiar sense.

That *woo'd* the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.[5]

More inconstant than the wind which *woos*
Even now the frozen bosom of the north.[6]

The heavens' breath
Smells *wooingly* here.[7]

∴

Says Bacon:

To wind down the watch of their life.

Says Shakespeare:

He is winding up the watch of his wit.[8]

This is indeed an odd comparison — the watch of his life, the watch of his wit.

∴

Bacon says:

But death is a doleful messenger to a usurer, and fate untimely *cuts their thread.*

Shakespeare has:

Let not Bardolph's *vital thread be cut.*[9]

[1] *Richard III.*, ii, 1.
[2] *Henry V.*, iv, 3.
[3] *Richard III.*, ii, 2.
[4] *Romeo and Juliet*, v, 3.
[5] Ibid., i, 4.
[6] *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 4.
[7] *Macbeth*, i, 6.
[8] *Tempest*, ii, 1.
[9] *Henry V.*, iii, 6.

Had not churchmen prayed,
His *thread of life* had not so soon decayed.[1]

Till the destinies do *cut his thread* of life.[2]

In the same paragraph Bacon alludes to *the remorseless sisters*, and here we have:

O fates! come, come,
Cut thread and thrum . . .
Oh, *sisters three*,
Come, come, to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore,
With shears, his *thread* of silk.[3]

Here we not only have the three weird sisters of destiny alluded to by both writers, but in connection therewith the same expression, of cutting the thread of life.

∴

Bacon says, speaking of death:

But I consent with Cæsar, that the suddenest passage is *easiest.*

We are reminded of Cleopatra's studies:

She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of *easy* ways to die.[4]

∴

Says Bacon:

Nothing more awakens our resolve and readiness to die than the *quieted conscience.*

We are reminded of Wolsey:

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and *quiet conscience.*[5]

And again:

O my Wolsey,
The *quiet* of my wounded *conscience.*[6]

∴

Says Bacon:

Our *readiness* to die.

Hamlet associates the same word *readiness* with death:

If it be not now, yet it will come: the *readiness* is all.[7]

∴

Says Bacon:

My ambition is not to foreflow the *tide.*

[1] *1st Henry VI.*, i, 1.
[2] *Pericles*, i, 2.
[3] *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v, 1.
[4] *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 2.
[5] *Henry VIII.*, iii, 2.
[6] Ibid., ii, 2.
[7] *Hamlet*, v, 2.

Shakespeare says:

For we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.[1]

∴

Bacon says:

So much of our life as we have already discovered is already dead, . . . for we *die daily*.

In Shakespeare we have:

The Queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived.[2]

∴

Bacon says:

Until we return to our *grandmother, the earth*.

Shakespeare speaks of the earth in the same way:

At your birth
Our *grandam, earth*, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.[3]

∴

Bacon says:

Art thou *drowned* in security?

Shakespeare says:

He hath a sin that often *drowns* him.[4]

∴

Bacon says:

There is nothing under heaven, saving a true friend, who cannot be counted within the number of *moveables*.

This is a strange phrase. We turn to Shakespeare, and we find a similar thought:

Katharine. I knew you at the first.
You were a *moveable*.
Petruchio. Why, what's a *movable?*
Katharine. A joint stool.[5]

And again:

Love is not love
Which alters where it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to *remove*.[6]

∴

Bacon says:

They desired to be excused from *Death's banquet*.

[1] *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3.
[2] *Macbeth*, iv, 3.
[3] *1st Henry IV.*, iii, 1.
[4] *Timon of Athens*, iii, 5.
[5] *Taming of the Shrew*, ii, 1.
[6] Sonnet cxvi.

Shakespeare says:

O proud *death*,
What *feast* is forward in thine eternal cell?[1]

And again:

O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a *feast* of *death*.[2]

This is certainly an extraordinary thought — that Death devours and feasts upon the living.

∴

Speaking of death, Bacon further says:

Looking at the blessings, not the hand that *enlarged* them.

This is a peculiar expression — that death enlarges and liberates. We find precisely the same thought in Shakespeare:

Just *death*, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet *enlargement* doth dismiss me hence.[3]

∴

Bacon says:

The soul having *shaken off* her flesh.

Shakespeare has it:

O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction *off*.[4]

And again:

What dreams may come,
When we have *shuffled off* this mortal coil.[5]

∴

Bacon continues:

The soul . . . shows what *finger* hath enforced her.

Here is a strange and unusual expression as applied to God. We turn to Shakespeare and we find it repeated:

The *fingers* of *the powers above* do tune
The harmony of this peace.[6]

And we find the word *finger* repeatedly used by Shakespeare in a figurative sense:

How the devil luxury, with his potato *finger*, tickles these two together.[7]

No man's pie is freed
From his ambitious *finger*.[8]

[1] *Hamlet*, v, 2.
[2] *1st Henry VI.*, iv, 5.
[3] Ibid., ii, 5.
[4] *Lear*, iv, 6.
[5] *Hamlet*, iii, 1.
[6] *Cymbeline*, v, 5.
[7] *Troilus and Cressida*, v, 2.
[8] *Henry VIII.*, i, 1.

They are not as a pipe for fortune's *finger*,
To sound what stop she please.[1]

He shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the *finger* of my substance.[2]

* * *

And the word *utter*, as applied to the putting out of music, is also found in the same scene:

These cannot I command to any *utterance* of harmony:
I have not the skill.[3]

Bacon says that the soul

Sometimes takes soil in an imperfect body, and so is slackened from showing her wonders; like an *excellent musician* which cannot *utter* himself upon a defective instrument.

This thought is very poetical. Shakespeare has a similar conception:

How sour sweet music is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of our lives.[4]

The comparison of a man to a musical instrument lies at the base of the great scene in *Hamlet:*

Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, *excellent* voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played upon than a pipe?[5]

* * *

Says Bacon:

Nor desire any greater place than the *front* of good opinion.

Shakespeare has:

The very head and *front* of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.[6]

* * *

Says Bacon:

I should not be earnest to see the *evening* of my age; that extremity of itself being a disease, and a mere return unto infancy.

Speaking in sonnet lxxiii of his own age, Shakespeare says:

In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away.

* * *

Bacon says:

The extremity of age.

[1] *Hamlet*, iii, 2.
[2] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii, 1.
[3] *Hamlet*, iii, 2.
[4] *Richard II.*, v, 5.
[5] *Hamlet*, iii, 2.
[6] *Othello*, i, 3.

Shakespeare has it, speaking of old age:

Oh! time's *extremity*,
Hast thou so cracked and splitted my poor tongue.[1]

And again he says:

The middle of youth thou never knowest, but the *extremity* of both ends.[2]

Says Bacon:

A *mere* return unto infancy.

Shakespeare says:

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second *childishness* and *mere* oblivion.[3]

Says Bacon:

Mine *eyes* begin to discharge their *watch*.

Shakespeare says:

Care keeps his *watch* in every old man's *eye*.[4]

Says Bacon:

For a time of *perpetual rest*.

Says Shakespeare:

Like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of *perpetual rest*.[5]

I. Conclusions.

This is certainly a most remarkable series of coincidences of thought and expressions; and, as I said before, they occur not in the ordinary words of our language, the common bases of speech, without which we cannot construct sentences or communicate with each other, but in unusual, metaphorical, poetical thoughts; or in ordinary words employed in extraordinary and figurative senses.

Thus it is nothing to find Bacon and Shakespeare using such words as *day* and *dead*, but it is very significant when we find both writers using them in connection with the same curious and abstruse thought, to-wit: that individuals metaphorically die daily. So the use of the word *blood* by both proves nothing, for they could scarcely have written for any length of time without employing it: but when we find it used by both authors in the sense of the

[1] *Comedy of Errors*, v, 1.
[2] *Timon of Athens*, iv, 3.
[3] *As You Like It*, ii, 7.
[4] *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 3.
[5] *Richard III.*, ii, 2.

essential principle of a thing, as the *blood of virtue*, the *blood of malice*, it is more than a verbal coincidence: it proves an identity in the mode of thinking. So the occurrence in both of the words *death* and *banquet* means nothing; but the expression, *a banquet of death*, *a feast of death*, is a poetical conception of an unusual character. The words *soul* and *shake*, and even *shuffle*, might be found in the writings of all Bacon's contemporaries, but we will look in vain in any of them, except Shakespeare, for a description of death as *the shaking off of the flesh*, or *the shuffling off of the mortal coil*, to-wit, the flesh.

To my mind there is even more in these resemblances of modes of thought, which indicate the same construction and constitution of the mind, and the same way of receiving and digesting and putting forth a fact, not as a mere bare, dead fact, but enrobed and enfleshed in a vital metaphor, than in the similarity of thoughts, such as our crying when we come into the world, and the return of man in old age to mere infancy and second childishness; for these are things which, if once heard from the stage, might have been perpetuated in such a mind as that of Bacon.

This essay *Of Death* is entirely Shakespearean. There is the same interfusing of original and profound thought with fancy; the same welding together of the thing itself and the metaphor for it; the same affluence and crowding of ideas; the same compactness and condensation of expression; the same forcing of common words into new meanings; and above all, the same sense of beauty and poetry.

Observe, for instance, that comparison of the soul shut up in an imperfect body, trying, like an excellent musician, to utter itself upon a defective instrument. What could be more beautiful? See the picture of the despairful widows, deposed kings and pensive prisoners, who sit in darkness, burdened with grief and irons, on the shore of Death, waving their hands to the grim tyrant to draw near, watching for the coming of his star, as the wise men looked for the coming of the star of Bethlehem, and wooing the remorseless sisters three to break them off before the hour. Or note the pathos of that comparison (bearing most melancholy application to Bacon's own fate) where he says:

> Who can see worse days than he that, while yet living, doth follow at the funeral of his own reputation?

And in the craving for a period of "perpetual rest," which shows itself all through this essay, we catch a glimpse of the melancholy which overwhelmed the soul of him who cried out, through the mouth of Hamlet:

> Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
> Thaw and resolve itself into a dew !
> Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
> His canon 'gainst self-slaughter.

All through the essay it seems to be more than prose. From beginning to end it is a mass of imagery: it is poetry without rhythm. Like a great bird which as it starts to fly runs for a space along the ground, beating the air with its wings and the earth with its feet, so in this essay we seem to see the pinions of the poet constantly striving to lift him above the barren limitations of prose into the blue ether of untrammeled expression. It comes to us like the rude block out of which he had carved an exquisite statue full of life and grace, to be inserted perchance in some drama, even as we find another marvelous essay on death interjected into *Measure for Measure.*[1]

II. The Style of a Barren Mind.

As a means of comparison and as an illustration of the wide difference between human brains, I insert the following letter from Lord Coke, who lived in the same age as Bacon, and was, like him, a lawyer, a statesman, a courtier and a politician.

Bacon's language overruns with flowers and verdure: it is literally buried, obscured and darkened by the very efflorescence of his fancy and his imagination. Coke speaks the same English tongue in the same period of development, but his thoughts are as bare, as hard, as soulless and as homely as an English work-house, in the midst of a squalid village-common, a mile distant from a flower or a blade of grass. When we read the utterances of the two men we are reminded of that amusing scene, depicted by the humorous pen of Mark Twain, where Scotty Briggs and the village parson carry on a conversation in which neither can understand a word the other says, though both speak the same tongue; illustrating that in the same language there may be many dialects

[1] Act iii, scene 1.

separated as widely from each other as French from German, and depending for their character on the mental constitution of the men who use them. The speech of an English "navvy" does not differ more from the language of Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur* than do the writings of Coke from those of Bacon. It will puzzle our readers to find a single Shakespeareanism of thought or expression in a whole volume of Coke's productions.

THE HUMBLE AND DIRECT ANSWER TO THE LAST QUESTION ARISING UPON BAGG'S CASE.

It was resolved, that to this court of the King's bench belongeth authority not only to correct errors in judicial proceedings, but other errors and misdemeanors tending to the breach of the peace, or oppression of the subjects, or to the raising of faction or other misgovernment: so that no wrong or injury, either public or private, can be done, but it shall be reformed and punished by law.

Being commanded to explain myself concerning these words, and principally concerning this word, "misgovernment,"—

I answer that the subject-matter of that case concerned the misgovernment of the mayors and other the magistrates of Plymouth.

And I intended for the persons the misgovernment of such inferior magistrates for the matters in committing wrong or injury, either public or private, punishable by law, and therefore the last clause was added, "and so no wrong or injury, either public or private, can be done, but it shall be reformed and punished by law;" and the rule is: "*verba intelligenda sunt secundum subjectam materiam.*"

And that they and other corporations might know, that factions and other misgovernments amongst them, either by oppression, bribery, unjust disfranchisements, or other wrong or injury, public or private, are to be redressed and punished by law, it was so reported.

But if any scruple remains to clear it, these words may be added, "by inferior magistrates," and so the sense shall be by faction or misgovernment of inferior magistrates, so as no wrong or injury, etc.

All which I most humbly submit to your Majesty's princely judgment.

EDW. COKE.

Now it may be objected that this paper is upon a dry and grave subject, and that Bacon would have written it in much the same style. But if the reader will look back at the quotations I have made from Bacon, in the foregoing pages, he will find that many of them are taken from his law papers and court charges, and his weighty philosophical writings, and yet they are fairly alive with fancy, metaphor and poetry.

CHAPTER II.

IDENTICAL METAPHORS.

Touchstone. For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he;
Now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.
William. Which he, sir? *As You Like It*, v, 1.

BOTH Bacon and Shakespeare reasoned by analogy. Whenever their thoughts encountered an abstruse subject, they compared it with one plain and familiar; whenever they sought to explain mental and spiritual phenomena, they paralleled them with physical phenomena; whenever they would render clear the lofty and great, they called up before the mind's vision the humble and the insignificant. All thoughts ran in parallel lines; no thought stood alone. Hence the writings of both are a mass of similes and comparisons.

I. Humble and Base Things Used as Comparisons.

We have seen that Bacon and his double were both philosophers, and especially *natural* philosophers, whose observation took in "the hyssop on the wall, as well as the cedar of Libanus;" and when we come to consider their identity of comparisons, we shall find in both a tendency to use humble and even disgusting things as a basis of metaphor.

We shall see that Bacon was always "puttering in physic," and we find Shakespeare constantly using medical terms and facts in his poetry.

We find, for instance, that both compared the driving-out of evil influences, in the state or mind, to the effect of purgative medicines.

Bacon says:

> The King . . . thought . . . to proceed with severity against some of the principal conspirators here within the realm; thereby to *purge* the ill *humors* in England.[1]

And again:

> Some of the garrison observing this, and having not their minds *purged* of the late ill blood of hostility.[2]

[1] *History of Henry VII.* [2] Ibid.

And again:

But as in bodies very corrupt the medicine rather stirreth and exasperateth the humor than *purgeth* it, so some turbulent spirits laid hold of this proceeding toward my lord, etc.[1]

While Shakespeare says:

I
Do come with words as medicinal as true;
Honest as either; to *purge* him of that *humor*
That presses him from sleep.[2]

And again:

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute *purged* the gentle weal.[3]

And again:

Would *purge* the land of these drones.[4]

And again:

And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and *purged* away.[5]

∴

Bacon says:

Sometimes opening the *obstructions*.[6]

Shakespeare says:

Purge the *obstructions*.[7]

And the same thought occurs in different language.

Bacon says:

And so this traitor Essex made his color the *scouring* of some noblemen and counselors from her Majesty's favor.

In Shakespeare we have:

What rhubarb, senna, or what *purgative drug*
Will *scour* these English hence?[8]

∴

The comparison of men and things to bodily sores is common in both—an unusual trait of expression in an elevated mind and a poet; but it was part of Bacon's philosophy "that most poor things point to rich ends."

Bacon says:

Augustus Cæsar, out of great indignation against his two daughters and Posthumus Agrippa, his grandchild, whereof the first two were infamous, and the last

[1] Report of Judicial Proceedings at York House.
[2] *Winter's Tale*, ii, 3.
[3] *Macbeth*, iv, 3.
[4] *Pericles*, ii, 1.
[5] *Hamlet*, i, 5.
[6] *History of Henry VII.*
[7] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 1.
[8] *Macbeth*, v, 3.

otherwise unworthy, would say "that they were not his seed, but some *imposthumes* that had broken from him."[1]

And again he says:

Should a man have them to be slain by his vassals, as the posthumus of Alexander the Great was? Or to call them his *imposthumes*, as Augustus Cæsar called his?[2]

While in Shakespeare we have:

> This is the *imposthume* of much wealth and peace,
> That *inward* breaks, and shows no cause without
> Why the man dies.[3]

And we find precisely the same thought in Bacon:

He that turneth the humors back and maketh the wound bleed *inwards*, ingendereth malign ulcers and pernicious *imposthumations*.[4]

We have a whole body of comparisons of things governmental to these ulcers, in their different stages of healing.

Bacon says:

We are here to search the wounds of the realm, not to *skin* them over.[5]

Spain having lately, with much difficulty, rather smoothed and *skinned over* than healed and extinguished the commotion of Aragon.[6]

Shakespeare says:

> A kind of medicine in itself
> That *skins* the vice o' the top.[7]

> Mother, for love of grace,
> Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
> That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
> It will but *skin* and film the *ulcerous place;*
> While rank corruption, *mining* all within,
> *Infects* unseen.[8]

And even this curious word *mining* we find in Bacon used in the same figurative sense:

> To search and *mine* into that which is not revealed.[9]

And we find this same inward infection referred to in Bacon:

A profound kind of fallacies, . . . the force whereof is such as it . . . doth more generally and inwardly *infect* and corrupt.[10]

And then we have in both the use of the word *canker* or *cancer* as a source of comparison:

[1] *Apophthegms.*
[2] Discourse in Praise of the Queen—*Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 140.
[3] *Hamlet*, iv, 4.
[4] Essay *Of Sedition.*
[5] Speech in Parliament.
[6] Observations on a Libel—*Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 162.
[7] *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2.
[8] *Hamlet*, iii, 4.
[9] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[10] Ibid., book ii.

Bacon:

The *canker* of epitomes.[1]

Shakespeare:

The *cankers* of a calm world and a long peace.[2]
Banish the *canker* of ambitious thoughts.[3]
This *canker* of our nature.[4]
This *canker*, Bolingbroke.[5]

∴

Out of this tendency to dwell upon physical ills, and the cure of them, we find both coining a new verb, *medicining*, or *to medicine*.

Bacon:

The *medicining* of the mind.[6]

Again:

Let the balm distill everywhere, from your sovereign hands to the *medicining* of any part that complaineth.[7]

Shakespeare says:

Great griefs, I see, *medicine* the less.[8]

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy sirups of the world,
Shall ever *medicine* thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou owedst yesterday.[9]

∴

We find the same tendency in both to compare physical ills with mental ills, the thing tangible with the thing intangible.

Bacon:

We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarsa to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flour of sulphur for the lungs, castareum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels and whatsoever *lieth upon the heart to oppress it*.[10]

You shall know what *disease* your *mind* is aptest to fall into.[11]

Good Lord, Madam, how wisely and aptly you can speak and discern of physic ministered to the body, and consider not that there is the like occasion of *physic ministered* to the *mind*.[12]

We turn to Shakespeare, and we find him indulging in the same kind of comparisons. In *Macbeth* we have:

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[2] *1st Henry IV.*, iv, 2.
[3] *2d Henry VI.*, i, 2.
[4] *Hamlet*, v, 2.
[5] *1st Henry IV.*, i, 3.
[6] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[7] *Gesta Grayorum* – *Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 339.
[8] *Cymbeline*, iv, 2.
[9] *Othello*, iii, 3.
[10] Essay *Of Friendship*.
[11] Bacon's Letter to the Earl of Rutland, written in the name of the Earl of Essex — *Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 9.
[12] *Apology*.

Macbeth. How does your patient, doctor?
Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.

Macbeth. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a *mind diseased*,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which *weighs upon the heart?*

Doctor. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.[1]

In both these extracts the stoppages and "suffocations" of the body are compared to the stuffed condition of the mind and heart; in both the heart is thus *oppressed* by that which *lies upon it;* in both we are told that there is no medicine that can relieve the overcharged spirit.

Malcolm says:

Be comforted.
Let's make us *med'cines* of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.[2]

II. The Organs of the Body Used as a Basis of Comparison.

We turn to another class of comparisons. In both writers we find the organs of the body used as a basis of metaphor, just as we have seen the "medicining" of the body applied to the state of the mind.

Every reader of Shakespeare remembers that strange expression in *Richard III.:*

Thus far into *the bowels of the land*
Have we marched without impediment.[3]

We find the same comparison often repeated:

Into the *bowels* of the battle.[4]

The *bowels* of ungrateful Rome.[5]

The fatal *bowels* of the deep.[6]

And we find Bacon employing the same strange metaphor:

This fable is wise and seems to be taken out of the *bowels of morality.*[7]

[1] *Macbeth*, v, 3.
[2] Ibid., iv, 3.
[3] *Richard III.*, v, 2.
[4] *1st Henry VI.*, i, 1.
[5] *Coriolanus*, iv, 5.
[6] *Richard III.*, iii, 4.
[7] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Juno's Suitor.*

If any state be yet free from his factions, erected in the *bowels* thereof.[1]

Speaking of the fact that earthquakes affecting a small area reach but a short distance into the earth, Bacon observes that, where they agitate a wider area,

We are to suppose that their bases and primitive seats enter deeper into the *bowels of the earth*.[2]

This is precisely the expression used by Hotspur:

Villainous saltpeter dug out of the *bowels* of the harmless *earth*.[3]

And this comparison of the earth to the stomach, and of an earthquake to something which disturbs it, we find in Shakespeare:

Diseasèd nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb.[4]

∴

And we find the processes of the stomach, in both sets of writings, applied to mental operations:

Shakespeare says:

How shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, *chewed*, *swallowed* and *digested*,
Appear before us?[5]

Bacon says:

Some books are to be tasted, others to be *swallowed*, and some few to be *chewed* and *digested*.[6]

∴

In both we find the human body compared to a musical instrument.

Bacon says:

The office of medicine is to tune this curious *harp* of man's body and reduce it to harmony.[7]

In Shakespeare, Pericles tells the Princess:

You're a fair *viol*, and your sense the strings,
Who, fingered to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to hearken.[8]

And the strings of the harp furnish another series of comparisons to both. Bacon says:

They did *strike upon a string* that was more dangerous.[9]

[1] Discourse in Praise of the Queen—*Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 137.
[2] *Nature of Things*.
[3] *1st Henry IV.*, i, 3.
[4] Ibid., iii, 1.
[5] *Henry V.*, ii, 2.
[6] Essay *Of Studies*.
[7] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[8] *Pericles*, i, 1.
[9] *History of Henry VII.*

And again:

The King was much moved, . . . because it struck upon that *string* which even he most *feared*.[1]

And Shakespeare says:

Harp not on that string, madam.[2]

And again:

I would 'twere something that would fret the *string*,
The master-cord on 's heart.[3]

∴

And the word *harping* is a favorite with both. Bacon says:

This string you cannot *harp* upon too much.[4]

And again:

Harping upon that which should follow.[5]

And in Shakespeare we have:

Still *harping* on my daughter.[6]

Harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was.[7]

Thou hast *harped* my *fear* aright.[8]

∴

We have the disorders of the body of man also made a source of comparison for the disorders of the mind, in the following instance.

Bacon:

High conceits do sometimes come streaming into the minds and imaginations of base persons, especially when they are *drunk* with news, and talk of the people.[9]

Shakespeare:

Was the hope *drunk*
Wherein you dressed yourself?[10]

What! *drunk* with choler?[11]

Hath our intelligence been *drunk*?[12]

Here we have drunkenness applied to the affections and emotions — to the *mind* in the one case, to the intelligence in the other; to the imagination in the first instance, to the hope and the temper in the last.

∴

We have the joints of the body used by both to express the condition of public affairs.

[1] *History of Henry VII.*
[2] *Richard III.*, iv, 4.
[3] *Henry VIII.*, iii, 2.
[4] Letter to Essex, Oct. 4, 1596.
[5] *Civil Conv.*
[6] *Hamlet*, ii, 2.
[7] *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii, 3.
[8] *Macbeth*, iv, 1.
[9] *History of Henry VII.*
[10] *Macbeth*, i, 7.
[11] *1st Henry IV.*, i, 3.
[12] *King John*, iv, 2.

Bacon says:

We do plainly see in the most countries of Christendom so unsound and shaken an estate, as desireth the help of some great person, to set together and join again the pieces asunder and *out of joint*.[1]

In Shakespeare we have Hamlet's exclamation, also applied to the condition of the country:

> The time is *out of joint*—Oh, cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right.[2]

∴

We have the body of man made the basis of another comparison.

Bacon says:

The very springs and *sinews* of industry.[3]

We should intercept his [the King of Spain's] treasure, whereby we shall cut his *sinews*.[4]

While Shakespeare says:

> The portion and *sinew* of her fortune.[5]
>
> Nay, patience, or we break the *sinews* of our plot.[6]
>
> The noble *sinews* of our power.[7]

∴

We have the same comparison applied to the blood-vessels of the body.

Bacon:

He could not endure to have trade sick, nor any obstruction to continue in the *gate-vein* which disperseth that blood.[8]

Shakespeare:

> The natural *gates* and alleys of the body.[9]

∴

We have in both the comparison of the body of man to a tabernacle or temple in which the soul or mind dwells.

Bacon says:

Thus much for the body, which is but the *tabernacle* of the mind.[10]

Shakespeare says:

> Nothing vile can dwell in such a *temple*.[11]

[1] *Of the State of Europe.*
[2] *Hamlet*, i, 5.
[3] *Novum Organum*, book i.
[4] Letter to Essex, June, 1596.
[5] *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1.
[6] *Twelfth Night*, ii, 5.
[7] *Henry V.*, i, 2.
[8] *History of Henry VII.*
[9] *Hamlet*, i, 5.
[10] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[11] *Tempest*, i, 2.

And again:

> For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
> In thews and bulk; but, as this *temple* waxes,
> The inward service of the mind and soul
> Grows wide withal.[1]

> Oh, that deceit should dwell
> In such a gorgeous *palace*.[2]

∴

Even the clothing which covers the body becomes a medium of comparison in both.

Bacon:

> Behavior seemeth to me as a *garment of the mind*.[3]

This curious idea, of robing the mind in something which shall cover or adorn it, is used by Shakespeare:

> With purpose to be *dressed in an opinion*
> Of wisdom.[4]

> And *dressed* myself in such *humility*.[5]

> Was the *hope* drunk wherein you *dressed* yourself?[6]

And the same thought occurs in the following:

> The *garment* of rebellion.[7]

> Dashing the *garment* of this peace.[8]

∴

Part of the raiment of the body is used by both as a comparison for great things.

Bacon:

> The motion of the air in great circles, such as are under *the girdle of the world*.[9]

Shakespeare says:

> *Puck.* I'll put a *girdle* round about the earth
> In forty minutes.[10]

∴

We have said that both writers were prone to use humble and familiar things as a basis of comparison for immaterial and great things. We find some instances in the following extracts.

The blacksmith's shop was well known to both. Bacon says:

> There is *shaped* a tale in London's *forge* that beateth apace at this time.[11]

[1] *Hamlet*, i, 3.
[2] *Romeo and Juliet*, iii, 2.
[3] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[4] *Merchant of Venice*, i, 1.
[5] *1st Henry IV.*, iii, 2.
[6] *Macbeth*, i, 7.
[7] *1st Henry IV.*, v, 1.
[8] *Henry VIII*, i, 1.
[9] *Natural History*, § 398.
[10] *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii, 2.
[11] Letter to Lord Howard.

Shakespeare:

Mrs. Page. Come, to the *forge* with it, then; *shape* it. I would not have things cool.[1]

Here we have in the one case a tale *shaped* in the *forge;* in the other a plan is to be *shaped* in the *forge.*

And again we have in Shakespeare:

In the quick *forge* and working-house of *thought.*[2]

I should make very *forges* of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty.[3]

Again we find in Bacon:

Though it be my fortune to be the anvil upon which these good effects are beaten and wrought.[4]

Speaking of Robert Cecil, Bacon says:

He loved to have all business *under the hammer.*[5]

And this:

He stayed for a better hour till the *hammer* had wrought and beat the party of Britain more pliant.[6]

While in Shakespeare we have:

I cannot do it, yet I'll *hammer* it out
Of my brain.[7]

Whereupon this month I have been *hammering.*[8]

* * *

The refuse left at the bottom of a wine-cask is used by both metaphorically.

Bacon:

That the [Scotch] King, being in amity with him, and noways provoked, should so burn in hatred towards him as to *drink* the *lees and dregs* of Perkin's intoxication, who was everywhere else detected and discarded.[9]

And again Bacon says:

The memory of King Richard lay like *lees* in the bottom of men's hearts; and if the vessel was but stirred it would come up.[10]

And Bacon speaks of

The *dregs* of this age.[11]

We turn to Shakespeare and we find:

He, like a puling cuckold, would *drink up*
The *lees and dregs* of a flat, tamèd piece.[12]

[1] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv, 2.
[2] *Henry V.*, v, cho.
[3] *Othello*, iv, 2.
[4] Letter to the Lords.
[5] Letter to King James, 1612.
[6] *History of Henry VII.*
[7] *Richard II.*, v, 5.
[8] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i, 3.
[9] *History of Henry VII.*
[10] Ibid.
[11] Bacon to Queen Elizabeth—*Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 160.
[12] *Troilus and Cressida*, iv, 4.

Again:

All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere *lees*
Is left this vault to brag of.[1]

Again:

Some certain *dregs* of conscience.[2]

Again:

The *dregs* of the storm be past.[3]

∴

And the floating refuse which rises to the top of a vessel is also used in the same sense by both.

Bacon speaks of

The *scum* of the people.[4]

Again:

A rabble and *scum* of desperate people.[5]

While Shakespeare says:

A *scum* of Bretagnes and base knaves.[6]

Again:

The filth and *scum* of Kent.[7]

Again:

Froth and *scum*, thou liest.[8]

∴

Another instance of the use of humble and physical things as a basis of comparison in the treatment of things intellectual is found in the following curious metaphor:

Bacon:

He that seeketh victory over his nature, let him not set himself too great or too small tasks, . . . and at the first let him practice with helps, as *swimmers do with bladders*.[9]

While Shakespeare has:

I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys, *that swim on bladders*,
This many summers in a sea of glory.[10]

∴

The people are compared by both to mastiffs.

Bacon:

The blood of so many innocents slain within their own harbors and nests by the scum of the people, who, like so many *mastiffs*, were let loose, and heartened and even set upon them by the state.[11]

[1] *Macbeth*, ii, 3.
[2] *Richard III*, i, 4.
[3] *Tempest*, ii, 2.
[4] *Felic. Queen Elizabeth.*
[5] *History of Henry VII.*
[6] *Richard III.*, v, 2.
[7] *2d Henry VI.*, iv, 2.
[8] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i, 1.
[9] Essay *Of Nature in Men*
[10] *Henry VIII.*, iii, 2.
[11] *Felic. Queen Elizabeth.*

While Shakespeare says:

The men do sympathize with their *mastiffs*, in robustious and rough coming-on.[1]

∴

We will see hereafter how much Bacon loved the pursuit of gardening.

He says:

He entered into due consideration how to *weed* out the partakers of the former rebellion.[2]

Again:

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.[3]

While Shakespeare has:

So one by one we'll *weed* them all at last.[4]

And again:

The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to *weed* and pluck away.[5]

∴

The mirror is a favorite comparison in both sets of writings, as usual the thing familiar and physical illustrating the thing abstruse and intellectual.

Bacon says:

God hath framed the mind of man as a *mirror* or *glass* capable of the image of the universal world.[6]

Shakespeare:

Now all the youth of England are on fire, . . .
Following the *mirror* of all Christian kings.[7]

Bacon:

That which I have propounded to myself is . . . to *show* you your true shape in a *glass*.[8]

Shakespeare says of play-acting:

Whose end both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the *mirror* up to nature; to *show* virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.[9]

Bacon says:

If there be a *mirror* in the world worthy to hold men's eyes, it is that country.[10]

[1] *Henry V.*, iii, 7.
[2] *History of Henry VII.*
[3] Essay *Of Nature in Men.*
[4] *2d Henry VI.*, i, 3.
[5] *Richard II.*, ii, 3.
[6] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[7] *Henry V.*, ii, cho.
[8] Letter to Coke.
[9] *Hamlet*, iii, 2.
[10] *New Atlantis.*

Shakespeare says:

The *mirror* of all courtesy.[1]

He was, indeed, the *glass*
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.[2]

∴

Here is another humble comparison.

Bacon:

He thought it [the outbreak] but a *rag* or *remnant* of Bosworth-field.[3]

Shakespeare says:

Away! thou *rag*, thou quantity, thou *remnant*.[4]

Here we have both words, *rag* and *remnant*, used figuratively, and used in the same order.

Again:

Thou *rag* of honor.[5]

Not a *rag* of money.[6]

∴

Both writers use the humble habitation of the hog as a medium of comparison.

Bacon:

Styed up in the schools and scholastic cells.[7]

Shakespeare:

And here you *sty* me
On this hard rock.[8]

∴

Here is a comparison based on the same familiar facts.

Bacon speaks of

The wisdom of rats that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall.[9]

Shakespeare says:

A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it.[10]

∴

The habits of birds are called into requisition by both writers.

Bacon says:

In her withdrawing-chamber the conspiracy against King Richard the Third had been *hatched*.[11]

Shakespeare says:

Dire combustion and confused events
New *hatched* to the woeful time.[12]

[1] *Henry VIII.*, ii, 1.
[2] *2d Henry IV.*, ii, 3.
[3] *History of Henry VII.*
[4] *Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 3.
[5] *Richard III.*, i, 3.
[6] *Comedy of Errors*, iv, 4.
[7] *Natural History.*
[8] *Tempest*, i, 2.
[9] Essay *Of Wisdom.*
[10] *Tempest*, i, 2.
[11] *History of Henry VII.*
[12] *Macbeth*, ii, 3.

And again

Such things become the *hatch* and brood of time.[1]

Bacon says:

Will you be as a *standing pool*, that spendeth and choketh his spring within itself?[2]

Shakespeare says:

There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a *standing pond*.[3]

Even the humble wagon forms a basis of comparison.

Bacon says:

This is the *axle-tree* whereupon I have turned and shall turn.[4]

And again Bacon says:

The poles or *axle-tree* of *heaven*, upon which the conversion is accomplished.[5]

Shakespeare has:

A bond of air strong as the *axle-tree*
On which *heaven* rides.[6]

In the following another comparison is drawn from an humble source; and here, as in *rag* and *remnant*, not only is the same word used in both, but the same combination of words occurs.

Bacon says:

To reduce learning to certain empty and barren generalities; being but the very *husks* and *shells* of sciences.[7]

Shakespeare says:

But the *shales* and *husks* of men.[8]

Strewed with the *husks*
And formless ruin of oblivion.[9]

Who can forget Hamlet's exquisite description of the heavens:

This majestic *roof fretted* with golden fire.[10]

Few have stopped to ask themselves the meaning of the word *fretted*. We turn to the dictionary and we find no explanation that satisfies us. We go to Bacon, to the mind that conceived the thought, and we find that it means ornamented by fret-work.

[1] *2d Henry IV.*, iii, 1.
[2] *Gesta Grayorum — Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 339.
[3] *Merchant of Venice*, i, 1.
[4] Letter to Earl of Essex, 1600.
[5] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[6] *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 3.
[7] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[8] *Henry V.*, iv, 2.
[9] *Troilus and Cressida*, iv, 5.
[10] *Hamlet*, ii, 2.

For if that great Work-master had been of a human disposition, he would have cast the stars into some pleasant and beautiful works and orders, like the *frets* in the *roofs* of houses.[1]

Here we have a double identity: first, the heavens are compared to the roof of a house, or, more properly, the ceiling of a room; and secondly, the stars are compared to the fret-work which adorns such a ceiling.

It would be very surprising if all this came out of two separate minds.

* * *

In the following we have another instance of two words used together in the same comparison.

Bacon:

We set *stamps* and *seals of our own images* upon God's creatures and works.[2]

Shakespeare makes the nurse say to the black Aaron, bringing him his child:

> The empress sends it thee, thy *stamp*, thy *seal*,
> And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.[3]

And again:

> Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
> Although my *seal* be *stamped* upon his face.[4]

Here we have precisely the same thought: Aaron had set "the stamp and seal of his own image" on his offspring.

We find in both the mind of man compared to a fountain.

Bacon says:

When the books of hearts shall be opened, I hope I shall not be found to have the *troubled fountain* of a *corrupt heart*.[5]

Again:

He [the King of Spain] hath by all means projected to *trouble the waters* here.[6]

And again:

One judicial and exemplar iniquity doth *trouble the fountains* of justice more than many particular injuries passed over by connivance.[7]

Pope Alexander . . . was desirous to *trouble the waters* in Italy.[8]

Shakespeare says:

> A woman moved is like a *fountain troubled*.[9]

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[2] *Exper. History.*
[3] *Titus Andronicus*, iv, 2.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Letter to the King.
[6] Report on Dr. Lopez' Treason — *Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 275.
[7] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[8] *History of Henry VII.*
[9] *Taming of the Shrew*, v, 2.

My mind is *troubled* like a *fountain* stirred.[1]

But if he start,
It is the flesh of a *corrupted heart*.[2]

* * *

In both we find the thoughts and emotions of a man compared to the coals which continue to live, although overwhelmed by misfortunes which cover them like ashes.

Bacon says:

Whilst I live my affection to do you service shall remain quick under the *ashes* of my fortune.[3]

And again:

So that the *sparks* of my affection shall ever rest quick, under the *ashes* of my fortune, to do you service.[4]

Shakespeare says:

Pr'ythee go hence,
Or I shall show the *cinders* of my spirits,
Through the *ashes* of my chance.[5]

Again:

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant *ashes* on his head.[6]

Again:

This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feignèd *ashes* of forged love,
And will at last break out into a *flame*.[7]

And the expression in the above quotation from Bacon:

The *sparks* of my affection,

is paralleled in Shakespeare:

Sparks of honor.[8]

Sparks of life.[9]

Sparks of nature.[10]

* * *

We find in both the state or kingdom compared to a ship, and the king or ruler to a steersman.

Bacon says:

Statesmen and such as *sit at the helms* of great kingdoms.[11]

In Shakespeare we find Suffolk promising Queen Margaret the control of the kingdom in these words:

[1] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3.
[2] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v, 5.
[3] Letter to the Earl of Bristol.
[4] Letter to Lord Viscount Falkland.
[5] *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 2.
[6] *King John*, iv, 1.
[7] *1st Henry VI.*, iii, 1.
[8] *Richard II.*, v, 6.
[9] *Julius Cæsar*, i, 3.
[10] *Cymbeline*, iii, 3; *Lear*, iii, 7.
[11] *Felic. Queen Elizabeth.*

So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall *steer the happy helm.*[1]

And again:

God and King Henry govern England's *helm.*[2]

And again:

A rarer spirit never
Did *steer* humanity.[3]

∴

We have seen Bacon speaking, in a speech in Parliament, of those "*viperous* natures" that would drive out the people from the lands and leave "nothing but a shepherd and his dog."

We find the same comparison, used in the same sense, in Shakespeare:

Where is this *viper*
That would depopulate the city,
And be every man himself?[4]

∴

The overwhelming influence of music on the soul is compared by both to a rape or ravishment.

Bacon says:

Melodious tunes, so fitting and delighting the ears that heard them, as that it *ravished* and betrayed all passengers. . . . Winged enticements to *ravish* and rape mortal men.[5]

While Shakespeare says:

By this divine air, now is his soul *ravished.*[6]

And again:

When we,
Almost with *ravished* listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute.[7]

And again:

One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth *ravish* like enchanting harmony.[8]

∴

We have in both the great power of circumstances compared to the rush of a flood of water.

Bacon:

In this great *deluge* of danger.[9]

Shakespeare:

Thy deed inhuman and unnatural
Provokes this *deluge* most unnatural.[10]

[1] *3d Henry VI.*, i, 4.
[2] Ibid., ii, 3.
[3] *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 1.
[4] *Coriolanus*, iii, 1.
[5] *Wisdom of the Ancients—The Sirens.*
[6] *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii, 5.
[7] *Henry VIII.*, i, 2.
[8] *Love's Labor Lost*, i, 1
[9] *Relic. Queen Elizabeth.*
[10] *Richard III.*, i, 4

Again:

This *flood* of fortune.[1]

Again:

And such a *flood* of greatness fell.[2]

Again:

This great *flood* of visitors.[3]

In their effort to express great quantity we have both referring to the ocean for their metaphors.

Bacon has:

He came with such a *sea of multitude* upon Italy.[4]

A sea of air.[5]

Shakespeare has precisely the same curious expression:

A sea of air.[6]

Bacon also has:

Vast *seas* of time.[7]

A *sea* of quicksilver.[8]

Again Bacon says:

Will turn a *sea of baser metal* into gold.[9]

In Shakespeare the same "large composition" of the mind drives him to seek in the greatest of terrestrial objects a means of comparison with the huge subjects which fill his thoughts:

A *sea* of joys.[10]

A *sea* of care.[11]

Shed *seas* of tears.[12]

A *sea* of glory.[13]

That *sea* of blood.[14]

A *sea* of woes.[15]

We also find in *Hamlet:*

A *sea* of troubles.[16]

This word, thus employed, has been regarded as so peculiar and unusual that the commentators for a long time insisted that it was a misprint. Even Pope, himself a poet, altered it to read "a *siege* of troubles;" others would have it "*assail* of troubles." But we

[1] *Twelfth Night*, iv, 3.
[2] *1st Henry IV.*, v, 1.
[3] *Timon of Athens*, i, 1.
[4] *Apophthegms.*
[5] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[6] *Timon of Athens*, iv, 3.
[7] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[8] Ibid., book ii.
[9] *Natural History*, § 327.
[10] *Pericles*, v, 1.
[11] *Henry VIII.*, iii, 2.
[12] *Rape of Lucrece.*
[13] *1st Henry VI.*, iv, 7.
[14] *3d Henry VI.*, ii, 5.
[15] *Timon of Athens*, i, 1.
[16] *Hamlet*, iii, 1.

see that it was a common expression with both Bacon and Shakespeare.

Bacon has also:

The *ocean* of philosophy.[1]

The *ocean* of history.[2]

Shakespeare has:

An *ocean* of his tears.[3]

An *ocean* of salt tears.[4]

In the same way the *tides* of the ocean became the source of numerous comparisons.

The most striking was pointed out some time since by Montagu and Judge Holmes. Not only is the tide used as a metaphor, but it enforces precisely the same idea.

Bacon:

In the third place, I set down reputation, because of the peremptory *tides* and *currents* it hath; which, if they be not *taken* in their due time, are seldom recovered.[5]

Shakespeare says:

There is a *tide* in the affairs of men,
Which, *taken* at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must *take* the *current* when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.[6]

Bacon and Shakespeare recur very often to this image of the *tides:*

My Lord Coke floweth according to his own *tides*, and not according to the tides of business.[7]

Here "tides of business" is the same thought as "tides of affairs" in the foregoing quotation from Shakespeare.

Bacon again says:

The *tide* of any opportunity, . . . the periods and *tides* of estates.[8]

And again:

Besides the open aids from the Duchess of Burgundy, there wanted not some secret *tides* from Maximilian and Charles.[9]

[1] *Exper. History.*
[2] *Great Instauration.*
[3] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii, 7.
[4] *3d Henry VI.*, iii, 2.
[5] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[6] *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3.
[7] Letter to the King, February 25, 1615.
[8] Letter to Sir Robert Cecil.
[9] *History of Henry VII.*

And again:

The *tides* and currents of received errors.[1]

Shakespeare says:

The *tide* of blood in me
Hath proudly flowed in vanity till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.[2]

And it will be observed that the curious fact is not that both should employ the word "*tide*," for that was of course a common word in the daily speech of all men, but that they should both employ it in a metaphorical sense; as the "tide of affairs," "the tide of business," "the tide of errors," "the tide of blood," etc.

And not only the ocean itself and the tides, but the swelling of the waters by distant storms is an image constantly in the minds of both.

Bacon says:

There was an unusual *swelling* in the state, the forerunner of greater troubles.[3]

And again:

Likewise it is everywhere taken notice of that *waters do somewhat swell and rise before tempests*.[4]

While in Shakespeare we have the same comparison applied in the same way:

Before the days of change, still is it so;
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.[5]

And here we have this precise thought in Bacon:

As there are certain hollow blasts of wind and secret *swelling* of seas before a *tempest, so are there in states*.[6]

Can any man believe this exact repetition, not only of thought, but of the mode of representing it by a figure of speech, was accidental?

And from this rising of the water both coin an adjective.

Bacon says:

Such a *swelling* season,[7]

meaning thereby one full of events and dangers.

[1] *Statutes of Uses.*
[2] *2d Henry IV.*, v, 2.
[3] *Felic. Queen Elizabeth.*
[4] *Natural History of Winds.*
[5] *Richard III.*, ii, 3.
[6] Essay *Of Sedition.*
[7] *History of Henry VII.*

While Shakespeare uses the adjective in the same peculiar sense:

As happy prologues to the *swelling* act
Of the imperial theme.[1]

Again:

The *swelling* difference.[2]

Again:

Behold the *swelling* scene.[3]

Again:

Noble, *swelling* spirits.[4]

* * *

The *clouds*, in both writers, furnish similes for overhanging troubles.

Bacon says:

Nevertheless, since I do perceive that this *cloud* hangs over the *House*.[5]

And again Bacon says:

The King, . . . willing to leave a *cloud* upon him, . . . produced him openly to plead his pardon.[6]

Shakespeare says:

And all the *clouds* that lowered upon our *house*
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.[7]

And again Bacon says:

But the *cloud* of so great a rebellion *hanging* over his head, made him work sure.[8]

Shakespeare says:

How is it that the *clouds* still *hang* on you?[9]

Bacon says:

The King had a careful eye where this wandering *cloud* would break.[10]

Shakespeare:

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's *cloud*,
Without our special wonder?[11]

* * *

Bacon says:

He had the *image and superscription* upon him of the Pope, in his honor of Cardinal.[12]

This thought is developed in Shakespeare into the well known comparison:

A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame.[13]

[1] *Macbeth*, i, 3.
[2] *Richard II.*, i, 1.
[3] *Henry V.*, i, cho.
[4] *Othello*, ii, 3.
[5] Speech.
[6] *History of Henry VII.*
[7] *Richard III.*, i, 1.
[8] *History of Henry VII.*
[9] *Hamlet*, i, 2.
[10] *History of Henry VII.*
[11] *Macbeth*, iii, 4.
[12] *History of Henry VII.*
[13] *King John*, iv, 2.

In the one case the *superscription* of the Pope marks the Cardinal for honor; in the other the hand of nature has *signed* its signature upon the man to show that he is fit for a deed of shame.

And Bacon uses the word *signature* in the following:

Some immortal monument bearing a character and *signature* both of the power, etc.[1]

∴

Bacon says:

Meaning thereby to *harrow* his people.[2]

Shakespeare says:

Let the Volsces
Plow Rome and *harrow* Italy.[3]

And again:

Whose lightest word would *harrow* up thy soul.[4]

∴

Bacon says:

Intending the discretion of behavior is a great *thief of meditation*.[5]

Shakespeare says:

You *thief of love*.[6]

And again:

A very little *thief of occasion*.[7]

∴

Bacon says:

It was not long but Perkin, who was make of *quicksilver*, which is hard to hold or imprison, began to stir.[8]

While Shakespeare says:

The rogue fled from me like *quicksilver*.[9]

And again:

That, swift as *quicksilver*, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body.[10]

Here Perkin is compared to quicksilver by Bacon; and the volatile Pistol is compared to quicksilver by Shakespeare.

∴

Bacon says:

They were executed . . . at divers places upon the sea-coast of Kent, Sussex and Norfolk, for *sea-marks* or light-houses, to teach Perkin's people to avoid the coast.[11]

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[2] *History of Henry VII.*
[3] *Coriolanus*, v, 3.
[4] *Hamlet*, i, 5.
[5] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[6] *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii, 2.
[7] *Coriolanus*, ii, 1.
[8] *History of Henry VII.*
[9] *Hamlet*, i, 5.
[10] *2d Henry IV.*, ii, 4.
[11] *History of Henry VII.*

Shakespeare uses the same comparison:

> The very *sea-mark* of my utmost sail.[1]

In both cases the words are used in a figurative sense.

∴

Bacon says:

The King being lost in a *wood* of suspicion, and not knowing whom to trust.[2]

Shakespeare:

> And I—like one lost in a thorny *wood*,
> That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
> Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
> Not knowing how to find the open air,
> But toiling desperately to find it out.[3]

∴

Speaking of the Perkin Warbeck conspiracy, Bacon says:

This was a finer counterfeit *stone* than Lambert Simnel; being better done and worn upon greater hands; being graced after with the wearing of a King of France.[4]

And again:

Virtue is like a rich *stone*, best plain *set*.[5]

In Shakespeare, Richmond describes Richard III. as

> A base, foul *stone*, made precious by the foil
> Of England's chair, where he is falsely *set*.[6]

Here Bacon represents Warbeck as a "counterfeit stone;" Shakespeare represents Richard III. as "a foul stone." One is graced by a King's wearing; the other is made precious by being "set" in the royal chair of England.

∴

Bacon says:

Neither the excellence of wit, however great, nor the *die* of experience, however frequently *cast*, can overcome such disadvantages.[7]

And again Bacon says:

Determined to put it to the *hazard*.[8]

Shakespeare says:

> I have set my life upon a *cast*,
> And I will stand the *hazard* of the *die*.[9]

∴

The singular thought that ships are *walls* to the land occurs in Bacon:

[1] *Othello*, v, 2.
[2] *History of Henry VII.*
[3] *3d Henry VI.*, iii, 2.
[4] *History of Henry VII.*
[5] Essay *Of Beauty*.
[6] *Richard III.*, v, 3.
[7] Preface to *Great Instauration*.
[8] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Sphynx*.
[9] *Richard III.*, v, 4.

And for the timber of this realm . . . it is the matter for our walls, *walls* not only for our houses, but *for our island*.[1]

Shakespeare speaks of the sea itself as a wall:

This precious *stone set* in a silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a *wall*.[2]

Here again we see Bacon's "Virtue is like a rich *stone*, best plain *set*."

And again Shakespeare says:

When our *sea-walled* garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds.[3]

∴

Bacon says:

To speak and to *trumpet* out your commendations.[4]

Shakespeare says:

Will plead like angels, *trumpet*-tongued.[5]

∴

Bacon says:

This *lure* she cast abroad, thinking that this fame and belief . . . would draw at one time or other some birds to strike upon it.[6]

Shakespeare employs the same comparison.

Petruchio says of Katharine:

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty:
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her *lure*.[7]

∴

Bacon has:

Whose leisurely and *snail-like pace*.[8]

Shakespeare has:

Snail-paced beggary.[9]

∴

Bacon says:

But touching the reannexing of the duchy of Britain, . . . the embassador bare aloof from it *as if it was a rock*.[10]

In the play of *Henry VIII.*, Norfolk sees Wolsey coming, and says to Buckingham:

Lo, where comes that *rock*
That I advise your shunning.[11]

∴

[1] Case of Impeachment of Waste.
[2] *Richard II.*, ii, 1.
[3] Ibid., iii, 4.
[4] Letter to Villiers, June 12, 1616.
[5] *Macbeth*, i, 7.
[6] *History of Henry VII.*
[7] *Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 1.
[8] *History of Henry VII.*
[9] *Richard III.*, iv, 3.
[10] *History of Henry VII.*
[11] *Henry VIII.*, i, 1.

Both use the tempering of wax as a metaphor.

Bacon:

The King would not take his [Lambert's] life, taking him but as an image of *wax* that others had *tempered* and molded.[1]

Falstaff says:

There I will visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire. I have him already *tempering* between my finger and my thumb, and shortly I will seal with him.[2]

∴

Bacon says:

With long and continual counterfeiting, and with oft *telling* a *lie*, he was turned by habit almost into the thing he seemed to be; and from a liar to a *believer*.[3]

Shakespeare says:

Like one
Who having unto truth, by *telling* of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To *credit* his own *lie*.[4]

∴

Bacon says:

Fortune is of a *woman's* nature, and will sooner follow by slighting than by too much wooing.[5]

Shakespeare:

Well, if *fortune* be a *woman*, she's a good wench for this gear.[6]

∴

Bacon:

The Queen had endured a strange *eclipse* by the King's flight.[7]

Shakespeare:

I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to *eclipse* thy life this afternoon.[8]

∴

Bacon says:

The King saw plainly that the kingdom must again be *put to the stake*, and that he must *fight* for it.[9]

Shakespeare says:

They have tied me *to the stake;* I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must *fight* the course.[10]

And again:

Have you not set mine honor *at the stake?*[11]

Again:

I am tied *to the stake*, and I must stand the course.[12]

∴

[1] *History of Henry VII.*
[2] *2d Henry IV*, iv, 3.
[3] *History of Henry VII.*
[4] *Tempest*, i, 2.
[5] Letter to Villiers, 1616.
[6] *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 2.
[7] *History of Henry VII.*
[8] *1st Henry VI.*, iv, 5.
[9] *History of Henry VII.*
[10] *Twelfth Night*, iii, 1.
[11] *Macbeth*, v, 7.
[12] *Lear*, iii, 7.

Speaking of the rebellion of Lambert Simnell, Bacon says:

> But their *snow-ball* did not gather as it went.

Shakespeare says:

> If but a dozen French
> Were there in arms, they would be as a call
> To train ten thousand English to their side;
> Or, as a little *snow*, tumbled about,
> Anon becomes a mountain.[1]

∴

Both conceive of truth as something buried deep and only to be gotten out by digging.

Bacon says:

> As we can dig truth out of the mine.[2]

Shakespeare says:

> I will find
> Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
> Within the center.[3]

∴

Both compare human life to a pilgrimage.

Bacon:

> In this progress and *pilgrimage* of human life.[4]

Shakespeare:

> How brief the life of man
> Runs his erring *pilgrimage;*
> That the stretching of a span
> Buckles in his sum of age.[5]

∴

Both use the comparison of *drowning* to express overwhelmed or lost.

Bacon:

> Truth *drowned* in the depths of obscurity.[6]

Shakespeare says:

> While heart is *drowned* in cares.[7]
>
> I *drowned* these news in tears.[8]

∴

Bacon says:

> But men are wanting to themselves in laying this gift of the gods upon the back of a silly, slow-paced ass.[9]

[1] *King John*, iv, 4.
[2] *History of Henry VII.*
[3] *Hamlet*, i, 2.
[4] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Sphynx.*
[5] *As You Like It*, iii, 2.
[6] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Prometheus.*
[7] *2d Henry VI.*, iii, 1.
[8] *3d Henry VI.*, ii, 1.
[9] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Prometheus.*

Shakespeare:

> If thou art rich thou art poor,
> For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
> Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
> And death unloads thee.[1]

∴

In both we find the strange and unchristian thought that the heavenly powers use men as a means of amusement; and both express it with the same word, *sport.*

Bacon says:

As if it were a custom that no mortal man should be admitted to the table of the gods, but for *sport.*[2]

Shakespeare says:

> As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods:
> They kill us for their *sport.*[3]

∴

Bacon says:

Your life is nothing but a continual *acting* on the *stage.*[4]

While Shakespeare has:

> All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players.[5]

We find Bacon making this comparison in the address of the Sixth Counselor to the Prince:

I assure your Excellency, their lessons were so cumbersome, as if they would make you a king in a play, who, when one would think he standeth in great majesty and felicity, is troubled to say his part.[6]

And we find Shakespeare making use of the same comparison in sonnet xxiii:

> As an imperfect actor on the stage,
> Who with his fear is put beside his part.

∴

Bacon says:

The maintaining of the laws, which is the *hedge* and fence about the liberty of the subject.[7]

Shakespeare uses the same comparison:

> There's such divinity doth *hedge* a king.[8]

∴

Bacon says:

The place I have in reversion, as it standeth now unto me, is like another

[1] *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1.
[2] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Nemesis.*
[3] *Lear*, iv, 1.
[4] Mask for Essex
[5] *As You Like It*, ii, 7.
[6] *Gesta Grayorum — Life and Works*, vol. 1, p. 340.
[7] Charge against St. John.
[8] *Hamlet*, iv, 5.

man's ground reaching upon my house, which may mend my prospect, but doth not fill my barn.[1]

While Shakespeare indulges in a parallel thought:

Falstaff. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.[2]

∴

Bacon says:

Duty, though my state lie buried in the sands, and my favors be cast upon the waters, and my honors be committed to the wind, yet *standeth* surely built upon *the rock*, and hath been and ever shall be unforced and unattempted.[3]

And Shakespeare says:

Yet my duty,
As does a *rock* against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break
And *stand* unshaken yours.[4]

∴

Bacon, speaking of popular prophecies, says:

My judgment is that they ought all to be despised and ought but to serve for *winter talk by the fireside*.[5]

Shakespeare says:

Oh, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's *story by a winter's* fire,
Authorized by her grandam.[6]

∴

In the *Advertisement Touching an Holy War*, Bacon uses the comparison of a fan, separating the good from the bad by the wind thereof. Speaking of the extirpation of the Moors of Valencia, one of the parties to the dialogue, Zebedous, says:

Make not hasty judgment, Gamaliel, of that great action, which was as Christ's fan in those countries.

And in *Troilus and Cressida* we have the same comparison:

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away.[7]

∴

Bacon says:

Though the deaf adder will not hear, yet is he charmed that he doth not hiss.

Shakespeare says in the sonnets:

My adder sense
To critic and to flatterer stoppèd is.

∴

[1] Letter to the Lord Keeper.
[2] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii, 2.
[3] Letter written for Essex.
[4] *Henry VIII.*, iii, 2.
[5] Essay *Of Prophecies*.
[6] *Macbeth*, iii, 4.
[7] *Troilus and Cressida* i, 3.

Another very odd and unusual comparison is used by both:

Bacon, referring to the rebellion of Cornwall and the pretensions of Perkin Warbeck to the crown, says:

But now these *bubbles* began to meet as they use to do upon the top of the *water*.[1]

And again:

The action in Ireland was but a *bubble*.[2]

Shakespeare says, speaking of the witches in *Macbeth*:

The earth hath *bubbles* as the *water* has,
And these are of them.[3]

And again:

Seeking the *bubble*, reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth.[4]

And do but blow them to their trials, the *bubbles* are out.[5]

* * *

Bacon says:

But it was ordained that this winding-*ivy* of a Plantagenet should kill the true tree itself.[6]

Shakespeare says:

That now he was
The *ivy* which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my virtue out on 't.[7]

Here it is not a reference merely to the ivy, but to the ivy as the destroyer of the tree, and in both cases applied metaphorically.

* * *

Bacon says:

Upon the first grain of *incense* that was *sacrificed* upon the altar of peace at Boloign, Perkin was smoked away.[8]

Shakespeare:

Upon such *sacrifices*, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw *incense*.[9]

* * *

Here is a curious parallelism:

Bacon:

The last words of those that suffer death for religion, like the songs of *dying swans*, do wonderfully work upon the minds of men, and strike and remain a long time in their senses and memories.[10]

[1] *History of Henry VII.*
[2] Ibid.
[3] *Macbeth*, i, 3.
[4] *As You Like It*, ii, 7.
[5] *Hamlet*, v, 2.
[6] *History of Henry VII.*
[7] *Tempest*, i, 2.
[8] *History of Henry VII.*
[9] *Lear*, v, 3.
[10] *Wisdom of the Ancients*—*Diomedes*.

Shakespeare says:

> The tongues of *dying* men
> Enforce attention like deep harmony.[1]

And again:

> Then if he lose, he makes a *swan*-like end,
> Fading in music.[2]

And again:

> 'Tis strange that *death* should sing.
> I am the cygnet to this pale, faint *swan*,
> Who chants a doleful hymn to his own *death*.[3]

Here we have in both not only the comparison of the words of dying men to the song of dying swans; but the fact is noted that the words of such men "enforce attention" and "strike and remain a long time" in the minds and memories of men.

∴

In both, the *liming* of bushes to catch birds is used as a metaphor. Bacon says:

> Whatever service I do to her Majesty, it shall be thought to be but *servitium viscatum*, *lime-twigs* and *fetches* to place myself.[4]

Shakespeare says:

> They are *limed* with the *twigs*.[5]
>
> Myself have *limed* a bush for her.[6]
>
> O *limèd* soul, that, struggling to be free.[7]
>
> Like *lime-twigs* set.[8]
>
> Mere *fetches*, the images of revolt.[9]

∴

In both, sickness and death are compared to an arrest by an officer.

Bacon says, alluding to his sickness at Huntingdon:

> This present *arrest* of me by his Divine Majesty.

Shakespeare says:

> This fell sergeant, Death,
> Is strict in his *arrest*.[10]

And in sonnet lxxiv Shakespeare says, speaking of his death:

> But be contented; when that fell *arrest*,
> Without all bail, shall carry me away.

∴

[1] *Richard II.*, ii, 1.
[2] *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2.
[3] *King John*, v, 7.
[4] Letter to F. Greville—*Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 359.
[5] *All's Well that Ends Well*, iii, 5.
[6] *2d Henry VI.*, i, 3.
[7] *Hamlet*, iii, 3.
[8] *2d Henry VI.*, iii, 3.
[9] *Lear*, ii, 4.
[10] *Hamlet*, v, 2.

Bacon speaks of

> The *hour-glass* of one man's *life*.[1]

Shakespeare says:

> Turning the accomplishment of many *years*
> Into an *hour-glass*.[2]

∴

In Bacon we have the odor of flowers compared to music:

The breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand.[3]

Shakespeare reverses the figure, and compares the sounds of music to the odor of flowers:

> That strain again;—it had a dying fall;
> Oh, it came o'er my soul like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor.[4]

∴

Bacon says:

That repose of the mind which only rides *at anchor* upon hope.[5]

Shakespeare says:

> See, Posthumus *anchors* upon Imogen.[6]

> Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
> *Anchors* on Isabel.[7]

∴

Bacon says:

The desire of power in excess caused the *angels to fall*.[8]

Shakespeare says:

> I charge thee fling away ambition:
> By that sin *fell the angels*.[9]

∴

We have in Bacon the following curious expression:

These things did he [King Henry] wisely foresee, . . . whereby all things *fell into his lap* as he desired.[10]

Shakespeare says:

> Now the time is come
> That France must veil her lofty plumèd crest,
> And let her head *fall into England's lap*.[11]

∴

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[2] *Henry V.*, prologue.
[3] Essay *Of Gardens*.
[4] *Twelfth Night*, i, 1.
[5] *Med. Sacræ—Of Earthly Hope*.
[6] *Cymbeline*, v, 5.
[7] *Measure for Measure*, ii, 4.
[8] Essay *Of Goodness*.
[9] *Henry VIII.*, iii, 2.
[10] *History of Henry VII.*
[11] *Henry VI.*, v, 2.

We all remember Keats' touching epitaph:

Here lies one whose name was writ in water.

We find the original of this thought in Shakespeare:

Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.[1]

And if we follow back the pedigree of the thought we find it in Bacon's

High treason is not *written in ice*.[2]

And this reappears in Shakespeare thus:

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trench'd in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and does lose his form.[3]

* * *

Bacon:

Your *beadsman* therefore addresseth himself to your Majesty.[4]

Shakespeare:

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy *beadsman*, Valentine.[5]

* * *

In the following we have a striking parallelism. Bacon says:

In this *theater* of man's life it is reserved, etc.[6]

Shakespeare says:

This wide and universal *theater*
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play.[7]

* * *

And we have the same thought presented in another form. Bacon says:

Your life is nothing but a continual *acting* upon a *stage*.[8]

Shakespeare says:

All the world's a *stage*,
And all the men and women merely players.[9]

* * *

Bacon says:

For this giant *bestrideth the sea;* and I would take and snare him by the foot on this side.[10]

[1] *Henry VIII.*, iv, 2.
[2] *Coll. Sent.*
[3] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii, 2.
[4] Letter to the King.
[5] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i, 1.
[6] *Advancement of Learning.*
[7] *As You Like It*, ii, 6.
[8] Mask.
[9] *As You Like It*, ii, 7.
[10] *Duels.*

Shakespeare says:

His legs *bestrid the ocean*.[1]

And again:

Why, man, he doth *bestride the narrow world*
Like a Colossus.[2]

Bacon says:

Many were glad that these *fears* and uncertainties were *overblown*, and that the die was cast.[3]

Shakespeare says:

The ague-fit of *fear* is *overblown*.[4]

Again:

At 'scapes and perils *overblown*.[5]

Bacon says:

Religion, justice, counsel and treasure are the four *pillars* of *government*.[6]

Shakespeare says:

Brave peers of England, *pillars* of the *state*,[7]

The triple *pillar* of the world.[8]

These shoulders, these ruined *pillars*.[9]

I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving *pillar*.[10]

The seeds of plants furnish a favorite subject of comparison with both writers.

Bacon speaks of ideas that

Cast their *seeds* in the minds of others.[11]

He also refers to

The secret *seeds* of diseases.[12]

Again he says:

There has been covered in my mind a long time a *seed* of affection and zeal toward your Lordship.[13]

Shakespeare says:

There is a history in all men's lives
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;

[1] *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 2.
[2] *Julius Cæsar*, i, 2.
[3] Begin. *History of Great Britain*.
[4] *Richard II.*, iii, 2.
[5] *Taming of the Shrew*, v, 2.
[6] Essay *Of Seditions*.
[7] *2d Henry VI.*, i, 1.
[8] *Antony and Cleopatra*, i, 1.
[9] *Henry VIII.*, iii, 2.
[10] *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1.
[11] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[12] Essay *Of Despatch*.
[13] Letter to Earl of Northumberland

The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet to come to life; which in their *seeds*
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.[1]

He also speaks of

The *seed* of honor.[2]

The *seeds* of time.[3]

∴

Bacon compares himself to a torch:

I shall, perhaps, before my death have rendered the age a light unto posterity, by kindling this new *torch* amid the darkness of philosophy.[4]

Again he says:

Matters should receive success by combat and emulation, and *not hang upon any one man's sparkling and shaking torch.*[5]

Shakespeare says:

Heaven doth with us as we with *torches* do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.[6]

∴

Speaking of Fortune, Shakespeare says:

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful *fan*,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue and *unmingled*.[7]

And in Bacon we have the same comparison of the winnowing fan separating the light from the heavy. He says, speaking of church matters:

And what are *mingled* but as the chaff and the corn, which need but a *fan* to sift and sever them.[8]

∴

Shakespeare says:

Be thou as *lightning* in the eyes of France.[9]

Bacon, describing Essex' expedition against Cadiz, said:

This journey was like *lightning*. For in the space of fourteen hours the King of Spain's navy was destroyed and the town of Cales taken.[10]

∴

[1] *2d Henry IV.*, iii, 1.
[2] *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 9.
[3] *Macbeth*, i, 3.
[4] Letter to King James, prefaced to *Great Instauration.*
[5] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Prometheus.*
[6] *Measure for Measure*, i, 1.
[7] *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 3.
[8] *The Pacification of the Church.*
[9] *King John*, i, 1.
[10] *Consid. touching War with Spain.*

Bacon called one of his great philosophical works

The scaling-ladder of the intelligence.

Shakespeare has:

Northumberland, thou *ladder*, wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne.[1]

∴

Bacon says:

It is the wisdom of *crocodiles* that *shed tears* when they would devour.[2]

Shakespeare says:

Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the *mournful crocodile*
With sorrow snares relenting passengers.[3]

∴

Says Bacon:

The axe should be put to the root of the tree.[4]

Says Shakespeare:

We set the axe to thy usurping root.[5]

But the field of labor in this direction is simply boundless. One whose memory is stored with the expressions found in the two sets of writings cannot open either one without being vividly reminded of the other. Both writers, if we are to consider them, for the sake of argument, as two persons, thought in the same way; the cast of mind in each was figurative and metaphorical; both vivified the driest details with the electricity of the imagination, weaving it through them like lightning among the clouds; and each, as I have shown, was very much in the habit of repeating himself, and thus reiterated the same figures of speech time and again.

[1] *Richard II.*, v, i.
[2] Essay *Of Wisdom for a Man's Self.*
[3] *2d Henry VI.*, iii, 1.
[4] Proceedings at York House.
[5] *3d Henry VI.*, ii, 2.

CHAPTER III.

IDENTICAL OPINIONS.

A plague of opinion! A man may wear it on both sides like a leather jerkin.
Troilus and Cressida, iii, 3.

WE come now to another group of parallelisms—those of thoughts, opinions or beliefs, where the identity is not in the expression, but in the underlying conception.

We find that both writers had great purposes or intentions of working for immortality; the one figuring his works as "banks or mounts," great earthworks, as it were; the other as great foundations or "bases" on which the future might build.

Bacon says:

I resolved to spend my time wholly in writing, and to put forth that poor talent or half talent, or what it is, that God hath given me, not, as heretofore, to particular exchanges, but to *banks or mounts of perpetuity*, which will not break.[1]

Shakespeare says:

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,
Or *laid great bases for eternity*,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining.[2]

Here the same idea runs through both expressions—"banks of perpetuity" and "bases for eternity."

* * *

Both believed that a wise government should be omniscient.

Bacon says:

So unto princes and states, especially towards wise senators and councils, the natures and dispositions of the people, their conditions and necessities, their factions and combinations, their animosities and discontents, ought to be, in regard to the variety of their intelligence, the wisdom of their observations and the height of their station where they keep sentinel, in great part clear and transparent.[3]

Shakespeare says:

The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;

[1] *Touching a Holy War* [2] *Sonnet cxxv.* [3] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.

Keeps place with thought, and, almost like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath, or pen, can give expression to.[1]

∴

Both had noted that envy eats into the spirits and the very body of a man.

Bacon says:

Love and envy do make a man pine, which other affections do not, because they are not so continual.[2]

Such men in other men's calamities are, as it were, in season, and are ever on the loading part.[3]

Envy is the worst of all passions, and feedeth upon the spirits, and they again upon the body.[4]

Shakespeare says:

Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look: . . .
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves.[5]

∴

Both speak of hope as a medicine of the mind. Bacon says:

To make *hope* the antidote of human diseases.[6]

And again:

And as Aristotle saith, "That young men may be happy, but not otherwise but by *hope*."[7]

Shakespeare says:

The miserable have no other medicine
But only *hope*.[8]

∴

Both had observed the shriveling of parchment in heat. Bacon says:

The parts of wood split and contract, *skins* become shriveled, and not only that, but if the spirit be emitted suddenly by the heat of the fire, become so hastily contracted as to twist and roll themselves up.[9]

Shakespeare uses the same fact as the basis of a striking comparison, as to King John, dying of poison:

There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a *parchment;* and against this fire
Do I shrink up.[10]

∴

[1] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3.
[2] Essay *Of Envy*.
[3] Essay *Of Goodness*.
[4] *History of Life and Death*.
[5] *Julius Cæsar*, i, 2.
[6] *Med. Sacræ*.
[7] *Advancement of Learning*.
[8] *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1.
[9] *Novum Organum*, book ii.
[10] *King John*, v, 7.

We find both dwelling upon the fact that a shrewd mind will turn even disadvantages to use. Bacon says:

Excellent wits will make use of every little thing.[1]

Falstaff says:

It is no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my color, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. *A good wit will make use of anything.* I will turn diseases to commodity.[2]

∴

Both had observed that sounds are heard better at night than by day. Bacon says:

Sounds are better heard, and farther off, in the evening or in the *night*, than at the noon or in the day. . . . But when the air is more thick, as in the night, the sound spendeth and spreadeth. As for the night, it is true also that the general *silence* helpeth.[3]

Shakespeare says:

Soft *stillness* and the *night*
Become the touches of sweet harmony.[4]

And again:

Nerissa. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Portia. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.[5]

∴

In the following it appears that the same observation had occurred to both in another instance.

Bacon says:

Anger suppressed is also a kind of vexation, and causeth the spirit to feed upon the juices of the body; but let loose and breaking forth it helpeth.[6]

Shakespeare says:

The grief that will not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.[7]

And again:

The heart hath treble wrong
When it is barred the aidance of the tongue.[8]

∴

Both allude to the same curious belief. Bacon says:

The heavens turn about in a most rapid motion, without noise to us perceived; though in some dreams they have been said to make an excellent music.[9]

[1] Bacon's letter to Sir Foulke Greville, written in the name of the Earl of Essex—*Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 23.
[2] *2d Henry IV.*, i, 2.
[3] *Natural History*, cent. ii, § 143.
[4] *Merchant of Venice*, v, 1.
[5] Ibid.
[6] *History of Life and Death.*
[7] *Macbeth*, iv, 3.
[8] Poems.
[9] *Natural History* cent. ii.

Shakespeare idealizes dreams thus:

> There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.[1]

∴

And here we find both drawing the same distinction between the approbation of the wise and the foolish.

Hamlet says to the players:

> Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theater of others.[2]

Bacon says:

> So it may be said of ostentation, "Boldly sound your own praises, and some of it will stick." It will stick in the more ignorant and the populace, though men of wisdom may smile at it; and the reputation won with many will amply countervail the disdain of a few.[3]

This conclusion is, of course, ironical.

∴

Bacon compares the earth to an ant-hill, with the men,

> Like ants, *crawling up and down.* Some carry corn and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all — to and fro — a little heap of *dust.*[4]

And we find the same thought in *Hamlet:*

> What should such fellows as I do *crawling* between earth and heaven.[5]

Here the word *crawling* expresses the thought of something vermin-like, insect-like, and the comparison of the whole ant-hill of the crawling world to "a little heap of *dust*" was in Bacon's mind when he wrote:

> What a piece of work is man! . . . And yet to me what is this quintessence of *dust?*

∴

Both had noticed the servility of the creatures that fawn on power. Bacon says:

> Such instruments as are never failing about princes, which spy into their humors and conceits and second them; and not only second them, but in seconding increase them; yea, and many times without their knowledge pursue them farther than themselves would.[6]

Shakespeare puts these words into the mouth of King John:

> It is the curse of kings to be attended
> By slaves that take their humor for a warrant
> To break within the bloody house of life;

[1] *Merchant of Venice*, v, 1.
[2] *Hamlet*, iii, 2.
[3] *De Augmentis*, book viii, p. 281.
[4] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[5] *Hamlet*, iii, 1.
[6] Letter to Essex, Oct. 4, 1596.

And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.[1]

Here the same thought is followed out to the same afterthought: that the creature exceeds the purpose of the king, in his superserviceable zeal.

∴

Bacon says:

He prays and labors for that which he knows he shall be no less happy without; . . . he believes his prayers are heard, even when they are denied, and gives thanks for that which he prays against.[2]

Shakespeare says:

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harm, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.[3]

∴

The Rev. H. L. Singleton, of Maryland, calls my attention to the following parallelism.

Bacon says:

And, therefore, it is no wonder that art hath not the power to conquer nature, and by pact or law of conquest to kill her; but on the contrary, it turns out that art becomes subject to nature, and yields obedience as wife to husband.[4]

And we find in Shakespeare the same philosophy that nature is superior to the very art which seeks to change her. He says:

Perdita. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.
Polixenes. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean; so, over that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes.[5]

Again Shakespeare says:

Nature's above art.[6]

Compare this with Bacon's expression, above:

Art becomes subject to nature.

∴

And Bacon says in *The New Atlantis:*

We make by art, in the same orchards and gardens, trees and flowers to come

[1] *King John*, iv, 2.
[2] *Character of a Believing Christian*, § 22.
[3] *Antony and Cleopatra.*
[4] *Atalanta or Gain.*
[5] *Winter's Tale*, iv, 3.
[6] *Lear*, iv, 6.

earlier or later than their seasons, and to come up and bear more speedily than by their natural course they do. We make them also by their art *greater than their nature.*[1]

This is the same thought that we find in the verses above quoted:

That art
Which, you say, *adds to nature.*

∴

Mr. J. T. Cobb calls attention to the following parallelism of thought. In book ii, *Advancement of Learning*, Bacon says:

These *three*, as in the body so in the mind, seldom *meet* and commonly sever; . . . and sometimes two of them meet, and rarely all three.[2]

While in the Shakespeare sonnets we have:

Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords,
Fair, kind and true, have often lived alone,
Which *three*, till now, never did meet in one.[3]

∴

Both regarded rather the fact than the expression of it.

Bacon says:

Here, therefore, is the first distemper of learning, when men study *words*, and not matter.[4]

We seem to hear Hamlet's mocking utterance:

What read you, my lord?
Words, words, words.[5]

∴

Miss Delia Bacon noted that both held the same view as to the dependence of men on events.

Shakespeare says:

So our virtues
Lie in the *interpretation* of the *times.*[6]

While Bacon says:

The *times*, in many cases, give great light to true *interpretations.*

∴

Mrs. Pott calls attention to the following parallelism. In Bacon's *Promus*, No. 972, we have:

Always *let losers* have their words.

And Shakespeare echoes this as follows:

Losers will have *leave*
To ease their stomachs with *their* bitter *words.*[7]

[1] *New Atlantis.*
[2] 1 Montagu, p. 228.
[3] Sonnet cv.
[4] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[5] *Hamlet*, ii, 2.
[6] *Coriolanus*, iv, 7.
[7] *Titus Andronicus*, iii, 1.

Also:

And well such *losers* may have *leave* to speak.[1]

∴

Bacon says:

For protestations, and professions, and apologies, I never found them very fortunate; but they rather increase suspicion than clear it.[2]

In Shakespeare we have:

Hamlet. Madam, how like you this play?
Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.[3]

∴

Both even used and *believed in the same drug.*

Bacon says:

For opening, I commend beads or pieces of *carduus benedictus.*[4]

In *Much Ado about Nothing* we have:

Get you some of this distilled *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.[5]

∴

Both believed that murders were brought to light by the operation of God. Bacon speaks of the belief in the wounds of the murdered man bleeding afresh at the approach of the murderer, and says:

It may be that this participateth of a miracle, by God's judgment, *who usually bringeth murders to light.*

Macbeth says:

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood;
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak
Augurs, and understood relations have
By magot-spies, and choughs and rooks, brought forth
The secretest man of blood.[6]

∴

Bacon speaks of

The instant occasion *flying away irreconcilably.*[7]

Shakespeare says:

The *flighty* purpose *never is o'ertook*
Unless the act go with it.[8]

∴

Church speaks of Bacon's

Great idea of the reality and boundless worth of knowledge . . . which had taken possession of his whole nature.[9]

[1] *2d Henry VI.*, iii, 1.
[2] Speech about Undertakers.
[3] *Hamlet*, iii, 2.
[4] *Natural History*, cent. x, §[illegible].
[5] *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 4.
[6] *Macbeth*, iii, 4.
[7] Speech as Lord Chancellor.
[8] *Macbeth*, iv, 1.
[9] [illegible], p. [illegible].

Shakespeare says:

There is no darkness but ignorance.[1]

Oh, thou monster, ignorance![2]

∴

Bacon says:

There is no prison to the prison of the thoughts.[3]

Shakespeare has the same thought:

Hamlet. Denmark's a prison.

Rosencrantz. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so; to me it is a prison.[4]

∴

As this book is going through the press Mr. James T. Cobb calls my attention to the following parallelism.

Bacon, in the *Novum Organum*, referring to the effect of opiates, says:

The same opiates, when taken in moderation, do strengthen the spirits, render them more robust, and check the useless and *inflammatory* motion.[5]

Falstaff, describing the effect of wine on the system, says, speaking of the "demure boys," like Prince John:

They are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be, too, but for *inflammation*.[6]

This word *inflammation* is uncommon; this is the only occasion on which it appears in the Plays.

∴

Shakespeare speaks of

Sermons in stones and *good* in *everything*.

Bacon says:

There is found in *every thing* a double nature of *good*.[7]

∴

And here we have a curious parallelism. Bacon says:

It is more than a philosopher morally can digest; but, without any such high conceit, I esteem it like the pulling out of an aching tooth, which I remember, when I was a child and had little *philosophy*, I was glad of when it was done.[8]

[1] *Twelfth Night*, iv, 2.
[2] *Love's Labor Lost*, iv, 2.
[3] Mask for Earl of Essex.
[4] *Hamlet*, ii, 2.
[5] *Novum Organum*, book ii.
[6] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 3.
[7] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[8] Letter to Essex.

While Shakespeare links the philosopher and the tooth-ache together thus:

> For there was never yet *philosopher*
> That could endure the *tooth-ache* patiently;
> However, they have writ the style of gods,
> And made a pish at chance and sufferance.[1]

∴

The various modes in which fortunes are obtained had occurred to both writers. Bacon says:

Fortunes are not obtained without all this ado; for I know they come tumbling into some men's laps; and a number obtain good fortunes by diligence in a plain way.[2]

Shakespeare says:

Some men are born great; some achieve greatness; and some have greatness thrust upon them.[3]

That is to say, greatness "tumbles into their laps."

∴

And to both had come the thought that while fortune gave with one hand she stinted with the other.

Bacon says:

It is easy to observe that many have strength of wit and courage, but have neither help from perturbations, nor any beauty or decency in their doings; some again have an elegancy and fineness of carriage, which have neither soundness of honesty nor substance of sufficiency; and some, again, have honest and reformed minds and can neither become themselves or manage business; and sometimes two of them meet, and rarely all three.[4]

Shakespeare says:

> Will fortune never come with both hands full? . . .
> She either gives a stomach and no food—
> Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
> And takes away the stomach—such are the rich
> That have abundance and enjoy it not.[5]

∴

Bacon says:

It is not good to look too long upon these turning wheels of vicissitude, lest we become giddy.[6]

Shakespeare has:

> *Fortune*, good-night; smile again,
> *Turn* thy *wheel*.[7]

Again:

> *Giddy Fortune's* furious fickle *wheel*.[8]

[1] *Much Ado about Nothing*, v. i.
[2] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[3] *Twelfth Night*, iii, 5.
[4] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[5] *2d Henry IV.*, iv. 4.
[6] *History of Life and Death.*
[7] *Lear*, ii, 2.
[8] *Henry V.*, iii, 6.

Again:

> Consider it not so deeply,
> That way madness lies.[1]

∴

We find that both writers realized the wonderfully complex character of the human creature.

Bacon says:

> Of all things comprehended within the compass of the universe, man is a thing most mixed and compounded, insomuch that he was well termed by the ancients *a little world*. . . . It is furnished with most *admirable* virtues and *faculties*.[2]

And again:

> Of all the substances which nature hath produced, man's body is most extremely compounded: . . . in his mansion, sleep, exercise, passions, man hath *infinite variations*.[3]

The Plays were written, in part, to illustrate the characteristics of that wonderfully compounded creature, man. And in them we find:

> What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How *infinite* in *faculty!* In form and moving, how express and *admirable!* In action, how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals![4]

These are the *admirable faculties* referred to by Bacon; and "the little world" of the ancients, the *microcosm*, reappears in Shakespeare:

> If you see this in the map of my *microcosm*, follows it that I am known well enough too?[5]

And in the play of *Richard II.* we find the very expression, "little world," applied to the human being:

> My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
> My soul the father: and these two beget
> A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
> And these same thoughts people *this little world;*
> In humors like the people of this world.[6]

∴

Bacon has the following thought:

> No doubt in him, as in all men, and most of all in kings, his fortune wrought upon his nature, and his nature upon his fortune.[7]

The same thought occurs in Shakespeare:

> I grow to what I work in,
> Like the dyer's hand.[8]

∴

[1] *Macbeth*, ii, 2.
[2] *Wisdom of the Ancients—Prometheus.*
[3] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[4] *Hamlet*, ii. 2.
[5] *Coriolanus*, ii, 1.
[6] *Richard II.*, v, 4.
[7] *History of Henry VII.*
[8] Sonnet.

And both concurred in another curious belief.

Bacon says:

And therefore whatsoever want a man hath, he must see that he pretend the virtue that shadoweth it.[1]

Shakespeare says:

Assume a virtue if you have it not.[2]

∴

Bacon says:

Envy makes greatness the mark and accusation the game.

Shakespeare says:

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.[3]

Something of the same thought is found in Bacon's *Promus*, No. 41:

Dat veniam corvis vexat censura columbas. (Censure pardons crows, but bears hard on doves.)

"Slander's mark was ever yet the fair." The beautiful dove falls readily under suspicion; but censure pardons "the crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air."

∴

Bacon says:

Health consisteth in an unmovable constancy and a freedom from passions, which are indeed *the sicknesses of the mind*.[4]

Macbeth asks the physician:

Canst thou not minister to a *mind diseased?*[5]

∴

Bacon says:

For reverence is that wherewith princes are girt from God.[6]

And again:

For God hath imprinted such a majesty in the face of a prince that no private man dare approach the person of his sovereign with a traitorous intent.[7]

Shakespeare surrounds the king with a hedge — a divine hedge — which girts him:

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.[8]

∴

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[2] *Hamlet*, iii, 4.
[3] Sonnet lxx.
[4] Letter to Earl of Rutland, written in the name of the Earl of Essex.
[5] *Macbeth*, v, 3.
[6] Essay *Of Seditions*.
[7] Speech on the Trial of Essex.
[8] *Hamlet*, iv, 5.

Says Bacon:

> This princess having the spirit of a man and malice of a woman.[1]

Shakespeare has a similar antithesis:

> I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.[2]

∴

The indestructibility of thought as compared with the temporary nature of material things had occurred to both. Bacon says:

> For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years, without the loss of a syllable or a letter, during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities have been decayed and demolished.[3]

And Shakespeare, in a magnificent burst of egotism, possible only under a mask, cries out:

> Not marble,
> Nor the gilded monuments of princes,
> Shall outlive this powerful rhyme.[4]

∴

Bacon has this thought:

> For opportunity makes the thief.[5]

Shakespeare says:

> And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear,
> For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.[6]

And again:

> Rich preys make true men thieves.[7]

And again:

> How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
> Makes ill deeds done.[8]

∴

Bacon tells us that King Henry VII. sent his commissioners to inspect the Queen of Naples with a view to matrimony, and desired them

> To report as to her "complexion, favor, feature, stature, health, age, customs, behavior, condition and estate," as if he *meant to find all things in one woman.*[9]

And in Shakespeare we find Benedick soliloquizing:

> One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well; *but till all graces be in one woman*, one woman shall not come in my grace.[10]

∴

[1] *History of Henry VII.*
[2] *Julius Cæsar*, ii, 4.
[3] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[4] Sonnet.
[5] Letter to Essex, 1598.
[6] Sonnet xlviii.
[7] *Venus and Adonis.*
[8] *King John*, iv, 2.
[9] *History of Henry VII.*
[10] *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii, 2.

Bacon says:

> The corruption of the best things is the worst.[1]

Shakespeare has the same thought:

> Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.[2]

∴

Bacon speaks of

The mind of man drawn over and clouded with the sable pavilion of the body.[3]

And Bacon also says:

So differing a *harmony* there is between the spirit of man and the spirit of nature.[4]

While Shakespeare says:

> Such *harmony* is in mortal souls;
> But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.[5]

∴

Bacon says:

> *A king is a* mortal *god* on *earth*.[6]

Shakespeare says:

> True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
> *Kings it makes gods*, and meaner creatures kings.[7]

Again:

> Kings are *earth's gods;* in vice their law's their will.[8]

Again:

> He is their god; he leads them like a thing
> Made by some other deity than Nature.[9]

∴

Bacon says:

> A beautiful face is a silent *commendation*.[10]

Shakespeare says:

> The beauty that is borne here in the face
> The bearer, knows not, but *commends* itself
> To others' eyes.[11]

∴

We find a curious parallelism in the following. Bacon says:

For we die daily; and as others have given place to us, so we must in the end give way to others.[12]

[1] *History of Henry VII.*
[2] Sonnet.
[3] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[4] *New Atlantis.*
[5] *Merchant of Venice*, v, 1.
[6] Essay *Of a King.*
[7] *Richard III.*, v, 2.
[8] *Pericles*, i, 1.
[9] *Coriolanus*, iv, 6.
[10] *Orna. Rati.*
[11] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3.
[12] Essay *Of Death.*

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Orlando these words:

Only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.[1]

∴

Bacon says:

The expectation [of death] brings terror, and that exceeds the evil.[2]

Shakespeare says:

Dost thou fear to die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension.[3]

∴

Bacon says:

Art thou drowned in security? Then say thou art perfectly dead.

Shakespeare says:

You all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.[4]

∴

Hamlet discusses the length of time a body will last in the earth. And Bacon had studied the same curious subject, and he notes the fact that

In churchyards where they bury much, the earth will consume the corpse in far shorter time than other earth will.[5]

∴

Bacon says:

The green caterpillar breedeth in the inward parts of roses, especially not blown, where the dew sticketh.[6]

Shakespeare says:

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.[7]

∴

H. L. Haydel, of St. Louis, calls my attention to the following parallelism noted by Rev. Henry N. Hudson, in his note upon a passage in *Hamlet*, i, 4.

Mr. Hudson gives the passage, in his edition of the Plays, as follows:

Their virtues else — be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo —
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault; the dram of leaven
Doth all the noble substance of 'em sour
To his own scandal.

Hudson says in his foot-note:

The meaning is that the dram of leaven sours all the noble substance of their

[1] *As You Like It*, i, 2.
[2] Essay *Of Death*.
[3] *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1.
[4] *Macbeth*, iii, 5.
[5] *Natural History*, § 330.
[6] Ibid, § 728.
[7] *Twelfth Night*, ii, 4.

virtues. . . . And so in Bacon's *History of Henry VII.*: "And as a little leaven of new distaste doth commonly sour the whole lump of former merits."

Here again we find the critics reading the obscure passages in Shakespeare by the light of Bacon's utterances.

***

Both writers felt a profound contempt for the authority of books alone. In Shakespeare this was most remarkable. A mere poet, with no new philosophy to introduce, seeking in the writings of preceding ages only for the beautiful, could have had no motive for thus attacking existing opinions. And yet we find him saying:

> Study is like the heavens' glorious sun,
> That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks;
> Small have continual plodders ever won,
> Save *base authority*, from others' books.[1]

In Bacon we find the same opinion and the reason for it. His whole life was a protest against the accepted conclusions of his age; his system could only rise upon the overthrow of that of Aristotle. He protested against

> The first distemper of learning, when men study words and not matter.[2]

Again he says:

> In the universities of Europe men learn nothing but to believe; first to believe that others know that which they know not; and after, themselves to believe that they know that which they know not.[3]

And again:

> Are we richer by one poor invention by reason of all the learning that hath been these many hundred years.[4]

And again he says:

> Neither let him embrace the license of contradicting or *the servitude of authority*.[5]

This is the very expression of Shakespeare:

> Small have continual plodders ever won,
> Save *base authority*.

And again Bacon says:

> To make judgment wholly by their rules [studies] is the humor of a scholar. Crafty men contemn them, simple men admire them, and wise men use them.[6]

[1] *Love's Labor Lost*, i, 1.
[2] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[3] *In Praise of Knowledge*.
[4] Ibid.
[5] *Interpretation of Nature*.
[6] Essay *Of Studies*.

And Shakespeare says:

Why universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries.[1]

And in this connection we have the following opinion of Bacon:

It seems to me that Pygmalion's frenzy is a good emblem or portraiture of this vanity, for *words* are but the images of matter; and, except they have life of reason and invention, to fall in love with them is all one to fall in love with a picture.

We hear the echo of this thought in Hamlet's contemptuous iteration:

Words, words, words.

And Bacon's very thought is found again in the following:

Idle words, servants to shallow fools,
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skull-contending schools;
Debate, where leisure serves, with dull debaters.[2]

* * *

Both writers regarded the lusts or passions of the mind with contempt, and perceived their unsatisfying nature. Bacon says:

And they all know, who have paid dear for serving and obeying their lusts, that whether it be honor, or riches, or delight, or glory, or knowledge, or anything else which they seek after, yet are they but things cast off, and by divers men in all ages, after experience had utterly rejected and loathed.[3]

And we find the same thought in Shakespeare:

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof—and proved a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.[4]

And again:

If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions.[5]

* * *

Both believed that the influences of evil were more persistent in the world than those of goodness.

[1] *Love's Labor Lost*, iv, 3. [2] *Poems.* [3] *Wisdom of the Ancients—Dionysius.*
[4] Sonnet cxxix. [5] *Othello*, i, 3.

Bacon says:

Those that bring honor into their family are commonly more worthy than most that succeed; . . . for ill to man's nature (as it stands perverted) hath a natural motion *strongest in continuance*; but good, as a forced motion, strongest at first.[1]

Shakespeare says:

> The evil that men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interrèd with their bones.[2]

And again:

> Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
> We write in water.[3]

* * *

Neither writer assented to the belief of the age (since by scientific tests made a verity) that the condition of the patient's health was shown by the appearance of his urine.

Bacon says:

Those advertisements which your Lordship imputed to me I hold to be no more certain to make judgment upon than a patient's water to a physician.[4]

In Shakespeare we find the following:

Falstaff. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good, healthy water; but for the party that owned it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

* * *

Both believed that too long a continuance of peace caused the people to degenerate. Bacon argued that, as the body of man could not remain in health without exercise, the body of a state needed exercise also in the shape of foreign wars. He says:

If it seem strange that I account no state flourishing but that which hath neither civil wars nor too *long peace*, I answer that politic bodies are like our natural bodies, and must as well have some natural exercise to *spend their humors*, as to be kept from too violent or continual outrages which spend their best spirits.[5]

And we find the same thought, of the necessity of expelling the *humors* of the body by the exercise of war, in Shakespeare:

> This is the *imposthume* of much *wealth and peace*,
> That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
> Why the man dies.[6]

Again Bacon says:

This want of learning hath been in good countries ruined by civil wars, or in states corrupted through *wealth or too great length of peace*.[7]

[1] Essay.
[2] *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2.
[3] *Henry VIII.*, iv, 2.
[4] Letter to Essex concerning Earl of Tyrone.
[5] Letter to the Earl of Rutland, written in the name of the Earl of Essex—*Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 12.
[6] *Hamlet*, iv, 4.
[7] Letter to the Earl of Rutland, written in the name of the Earl of Essex—*Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 12.

And in the foregoing we have the very collocation of *wealth* and *peace* used by Hamlet, and the same thought of *corruption* at work in both cases.

Shakespeare says:

This *peace* is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors and breed ballad-makers.[1]

And again:

Discarded, unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the *cankers of a calm world and a long peace*.[2]

Both writers regarded the period of youth as one of great danger.

Bacon says:

For those persons which are of a turbulent nature or appetite do commonly pass their youth in many errors; and about their middle, and then and not before, they show forth their perfections.[3]

And again:

He passed that dangerous time of his youth in the highest fortune, and in a vigorous state of health.[4]

Shakespeare makes the same observation:

> Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days,
> Either not assailed, or victor, being charged.[5]

And this word *ambush*, then an unusual one, is also found in Bacon's writings: he speaks[6] of the Sphynx "lying in *ambush* for travelers."

We find a group of identities in reference to the use of intoxicating drinks. These I have already given in the chapter on "The Purposes of the Plays."

But while both condemned drunkenness they agreed in believing that, within reasonable limits, the use of intoxicating liquors strengthened and elevated the race.

Bacon says:

The use of wine in dry and consumed bodies is hurtful: *in moist and full bodies it is good*. The cause is, for that the spirits of the wine do prey upon the dew or radical moisture, as they call it, of the body, and so deceive the animal *spirits*. But where there is *moisture enough or superfluous*, there wine helpeth to digest, and *desiccate the moisture*.[7]

[1] *Coriolanus*, iv, 5.
[2] *1st Henry IV.*, iv, 2.
[3] *Civil Character of Augustus Cæsar.*
[4] *In Praise of Henry Prince of Wales.*
[5] Sonnet lxx.
[6] *Wisdom of the Ancients—Sphynx.*
[7] *Natural History*, § 7.

And again:

I see France, Italy or Spain have not taken into use beer or ale; which, perhaps if they did, would *better both their healths and their complexions.*[1]

And Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Falstaff, who was "moist and full" enough, in a state of "constant dissolution and thaw," as he said himself, the same opinion:

A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; *dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapors* which environ it. . . . It illuminateth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners, the inland petty *spirits*, muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage.[2]

Here we have the same belief as to the virtues of wine, and the same reason, the drying or desiccating of the superfluous humors; and in both cases we have the belief that the *spirits* of the man are acted upon by the wine—a belief we shall touch upon hereafter. And in Bacon we will find another reference to this ascending of the spirits into the head. He says:

The *vapors* which were gathered by sitting fly more up into the head.[3]

But the identity of belief upon this point goes still farther. Each writer held to the opinion that the children of drunken men were more likely to be females than males. Bacon says:

It hath been observed by the ancients, and is yet believed, that the sperm of drunken men is unfruitful. The cause is, for that it is over-moistened and wanteth spissitude; and we have a merry saying, that they that go drunk to bed *get daughters.*[4]

Shakespeare says:

There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for their drink doth so overcool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they *get wenches.* . . . If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack.[5]

And again:

> He was gotten in drink. Is not the humor conceited?
> His mind is not heroic, and there's the humor of it.[6]

And we find the same thought, that great vigor and vitality causes the offspring to be masculine in gender, in Macbeth's exclamation to Lady Macbeth:

[1] *Natural History*, § 705.
[2] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 3.
[3] *Natural History*, § 734.
[4] Ibid., § 72 .
[5] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 3.
[6] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i, 2.

Bring forth men-children only,
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males.[1]

∴

Both writers recognize the vast superiority of the intellectual forces over the bodily.

Bacon says:

The *mind* is the man. . . . A man is but what he knoweth.[2]

Shakespeare has the same thought:

In nature there's no blemish, but the *mind*.[3]

'Tis the *mind* that makes the body rich.[4]

I saw Othello's visage in his *mind*.[5]

∴

Bacon says:

Pain and danger be great only by opinion.[6]

Shakespeare says:

For there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.[7]

∴

The discrimination which we find in Shakespeare between appetite and digestion, and their relations one to another, reappears in Bacon.

Macbeth says:

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.[8]

Bacon speaks of

Appetite, which is the spur of digestion.[9]

∴

Both writers believed that the strict course of justice should be moderated by mercy.

Bacon says:

He [the King] must always resemble Him whose great name he beareth . . . in manifesting the sweet influence of his mercy on the severe stroke of his justice.[10]

And again:

In causes of life and death, judges ought (as far as the law permitteth) in justice to remember mercy, and to cast a severe eye upon the example, but a merciful eye upon the person.[11]

[1] *Macbeth*, i, 7.
[2] *Praise of Knowledge.*
[3] *Twelfth Night*, iii, 4.
[4] *Taming of the Shrew*, iv, .
[5] *Othello*, i, 3.
[6] Letter to the Earl of Rutland, written in the name of the Earl of Essex.
[7] *Hamlet*, ii, 2.
[8] *Macbeth*, iii, 4.
[9] *History of Life and Death.*
[10] Essay *Of a King.*
[11] Essay *Of Judicature.*

The same humane spirit is manifested in the Shakespeare writings:

> It is an attribute to God himself;
> And earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice.[1]

And again:

> Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
> Draw near them, then, in being merciful.[2]

And again:

> Alas, alas!
> Why, all the souls that are were forfeit once;
> And He that might the vantage best have took
> Found out the remedy: How would you be,
> If He, which is the top of judgment, should
> But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that;
> And mercy then will breathe within your lips
> Like man new made.[3]

* * *

Both were keenly alive to the purity and sweetness of the atmosphere.

In his *History of Life and Death*[4] Bacon discusses "the healthfulness of the air" and the modes of testing its purity, as by exposing a lock of wool or a piece of flesh, etc.

He says in another place:

> At Gorhambury there is sweet air if any is.[5]

And again:

> The discovery of the disposition of the air is good . . . for the choice of places to dwell in; at the least for lodges and retiring-places for health.[6]

And in the same chapter in which he discusses the purity of the air in dwelling-houses and the mode of ascertaining it, he refers to *birds:*

> Which use to change countries at certain seasons, if they come earlier, do show the temperature of weather according to that country whence they came.[7]

> For prognostics of weather from living creatures, it is to be noted, that creatures that live in the open air, *sub dio*, must needs have a quicker impression from the air than men that live most within doors; and especially birds, that live in the air freest and clearest.[8]

And again he notes that

> Kites flying aloft show fair and dry weather, . . . for that they mount most into the air of that temper wherein they delight.[9]

[1] *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1.
[2] *Titus Andronicus*, i, 2.
[3] *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2.
[4] § 29, etc.
[5] Letter to Buckingham, 1619.
[6] *Natural History*, § 808.
[7] Ibid., § 816.
[8] Ibid., § 822.
[9] Ibid., § 824.

And we have the same set of thoughts — the sweetness of the air in special places, and the delight of birds in pure air — in the famous words uttered by Duncan and Banquo:

> *Duncan.* This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
> Nimbly and gently recommends itself
> Unto our senses.
>
> *Banquo.* This guest of summer,
> The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
> By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
> Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
> Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
> Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
> The air is delicate.[1]

∴

Both refer to the effect of terror upon the rising of the hair.

Bacon says:

> The passions of the mind work upon the body the impressions following: fear causeth paleness, trembling, the *standing of the hair upright*, starting and *shrieking*.[2]

Shakespeare says:

> The time has been, my senses would have cooled
> To hear a night-*shriek;* and my fell of *hair*
> Would at a dismal treatise *rouse, and stir*
> As life were in 't.[3]

∴

Both, while to some extent fatalists, believed that a man possesses to a large extent the control over his own fortune.

Bacon says:

> Chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.[4]

And again:

> It is not good to fetch fortune from the *stars*.[5]

While Shakespeare says:

> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our *stars*,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings.[6]

∴

And curiously enough, both drew the same conclusions as to reading character by personal appearance, while they held that, as Shakespeare says:

> There's no art
> To read the mind's construction in the face.[7]

[1] *Macbeth*, i, 6.
[2] *Natural History*, § 713.
[3] *Macbeth*, v, 5.
[4] Essay *Of Fortune*.
[5] *History of Henry VII.*
[6] *Julius Cæsar*, i, 2.
[7] *Macbeth*, i, 1.

And again:

No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show, which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.[1]

And Bacon argued:

Neither let that be feared which is said, *Fronti nulla fides:* which is meant of a general outward behavior, and not of the private and subtle motions and labors of the countenance and gesture.[2]

And this distinction, between the revelations made by the mere cast or shape or controlled attitudes of the face, and the expressions of the face or motions of the body, appears in Shakespeare:

There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gestures.[3]

Again we find it in Ulysses' wonderful description of Cressida:

Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive [motion?] of her body.[4]

And we find Bacon observing:

For every passion doth cause, in the eyes, face and gesture, certain indecent and ill-seeming, apish and deformed motions.[5]

And again he says:

So in all physiognomy the lineaments of the body will discover those natural inclinations of the mind which dissimulation will conceal or discipline will suppress.[6]

And we find Shakespeare putting into the mouth of King John these words, descriptive of Hubert:

Hadst thou not been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame.[7]

And Bacon says:

For Aristotle hath very ingeniously and diligently handled the features of the body, but not the gestures of the body, which are no less comprehensible by art, and of greater use and advantage. For the lineaments of the body do disclose the disposition and inclination of the mind in general, but the motions of the countenance and parts do not only so, but do further disclose the present humor and state of the mind and will.[8]

And in this connection we find another parallelism. Bacon says:

It is necessary to use a steadfast countenance, not wavering with action, as in

[1] *Richard III.*, iii, 1.
[2] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[3] *Winter's Tale*, v, 2.
[4] *Troilus and Cressida*, iv, 5.
[5] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Dionysius.*
[6] *Natural History*, cent. ix.
[7] *King John*, iv, 2.
[8] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.

moving the head or *hand too much*, which showeth a fantastical, light and fickle spirit.[1]

And Hamlet, in his instructions to the players, says:

> Nor do not saw the air *too much* — your *hand* thus; but use all gently.[2]

∴

Both had the same high admiration for the capacity to bear misfortunes with patience and self-control.

Bacon says:

> Yet it is a greater dignity of mind to *bear evils* by fortitude and judgment than by a kind of absenting and alienation of the mind from things present to things future, for that it is to hope. . . . I do judge a state of mind which in all doubtful expectations is settled and floateth not, and doth this out of good government and composition of the affections, to be one of the principal supporters of man's life; but that assurance and repose of the mind which *only rides at anchor upon hope*, I do reject as wavering and weak.[3]

Shakespeare says:

> For thou hast been
> As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
> A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
> Has ta'en with equal thanks; and blessed are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please.[4]

∴

And the expression of Bacon quoted above, "the mind which only rides at anchor upon hope," is paralleled in Shakespeare:

> If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
> Be *anchored* in the bay where all men ride.[5]

∴

Both believed in the universal presence and power of goodness. Bacon said:

> The inclination to *goodness* is deeply implanted in the nature of man; insomuch, that if it issue not toward man it will take unto other living creatures.[6]

And again:

> There is formed in everything a double nature of good.[7]

And again:

> For the affections themselves carry ever an appetite to good, as reason doth.[8]

Shakespeare has:

> There is some soul of goodness in things evil
> Would men observingly distill it out.[9]

[1] *Civil Conversations.*
[2] *Hamlet*, iii, 2.
[3] *Med. Sacræ — Of Earthly Hope.*
[4] *Hamlet*, iii, 2.
[5] Sonnet cxxxvii.
[6] Essay *Of Goodness.*
[7] *Advancement of Learning*, book II.
[8] Ibid.
[9] *Henry V.*, iv, 1.

And again:

> And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and *good in everything*.[1]

∴

Bacon says:

> And we willingly place the history of arts among the species of natural history, because there have obtained a now inveterate mode of speaking and notion, as if art were something different from nature, so that things artificial ought to be discriminated from things natural, as if wholly and generically distinct. . . . And there has insinuated into men's minds a still subtler error, namely this, that art is conceived to be a sort of *addition to nature*, the proper effect of which is mere words and rhetorical ornament.[2]

Shakespeare has the following:

> *Perdita.* For I have heard it said,
> There is an art which in their piedness shares
> With great creating nature.
> *Polixenes.* Say there be;
> Yet nature is made better by no mean,
> But nature makes that mean; so o'er that art,
> Which *you say adds to nature*, is an art that nature makes.

Here we have, in the same words, a reference to an opinion, *held by others*, that *art* is an *addition* to nature, and a dissent from it by the writer, in each case.

∴

And that other thought, that man's art shares with God the creative force and faculty, Judge Holmes shows had also occurred to Bacon:

> Art or man is added to the universe; and it must almost necessarily be concluded that the human soul is endowed with *providence*, not without the example, intention and authority of the greater providence.[3]

That is to say, that man is a sort of a deputy of God to carry forward the work of creation.

And we find Shakespeare alluding, in the same spirit, to "the *providence* that's in a watchful state,"[4] as if "the human soul," governing the state, "was endowed with providence."

And we find the same thought, that man is a species of lesser God, to whom the creative force has been delegated, expressed again in these lines:

> We, Hermia, *like two artificial gods*,
> Have with our needles *created* both one flower,
> Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion.[5]

∴

[1] *As You Like It*, ii, 1.
[2] *Intell. Globe*, chapter iii.
[3] *Authorship of Shak.*, p. 512.
[4] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3.
[5] *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i, 2.

Both believed that sickness or weakness left the mind open to the influence of external spirits. Bacon says:

So much more in impressions from mind to mind, or from spirit to spirit, the impression taketh, but is encountered and overcome by the mind and spirit. . . . And, therefore, they work most upon *weak* minds and spirits, as those of women, sick persons, superstitious and fearful persons.[1]

Shakespeare makes Hamlet say:

> The spirit that I have seen
> May be the devil; and the devil hath power
> To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
> Out of my *weakness* and my melancholy,
> (As he is very potent with such spirits),
> Abuses me to damn me.[2]

Here we have precisely the same idea.

* * *

The author of *A New Study of Shakespeare*, Mr. W. F. C. Wigston, calls attention to the following parallelism.

Bacon says:

It is evident that the dullness of men is such, and so infelicitous, that when things are put before their feet, they *do not see them*, unless admonished, but pass on.

Shakespeare says:

> The jewel that we find we stoop and take it,
> *Because we see it;* but what we do not see
> We tread upon, and never think of it.[3]

* * *

Both had observed the fear that men have of making their wills until the last moment.

Bacon says:

When their will is made they think themselves nearer the grave than before.[4]

In Shakespeare we find the following:

Slender. Now, good Mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slender. My will? Ods-hart-lings, that's a pretty jest indeed. I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven: I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.[5]

* * *

Mrs. Pott calls attention to the following parallelism.

Bacon has in his *Promus* this note:

It is in action as it is in ways; commonly the nearest is the foulest.[6]

[1] *Natural History*, § 901.
[2] *Hamlet*, ii, 2.
[3] *Measure for Measure*, ii, 1.
[4] Essay *Of Death*.
[5] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii, 4.
[6] *Promus*, No. 532.

Shakespeare has it:

> [Your heart] is too full of the milk of human kindness
> To catch the nearest way.[1]

That is, the foul way of murder, which was the nearest way to the crown.

I might continue this chapter to greater length; but I think I have given enough to show that the same wonderful parallelism which exists between the forms of expression in the two sets of writings extends also to the opinions and beliefs set forth therein.

It will, of course, be easy for a dishonest mind to treat these parallelisms as Richard Grant White did those in Mrs. Pott's *Promus*—that is, ignore the strongest ones, and select the least striking and put them forth as the strongest. But in the long run truth is not to be arrested by such tricks, nor can a great argument be conducted by men who are mean enough to resort to them.

[1] *Macbeth*, i, 2.

CHAPTER IV.

IDENTICAL QUOTATIONS.

And these same thoughts people this little world.
Richard II., v., 5.

IF the two minds were one, if they thought the same thoughts, and employed the same comparisons and expressions, it might be that we would find them quoting the same things from the same books.

I remember a few instances of this kind, and many more might be found by a diligent examination of the two sets of writings.

Bacon says:

In this they fall into the error described in the ancient fable, in which the other parts of the body did suppose the stomach had been *idle*, because it neither performed the office of motion, as the limbs do, nor of sense, as the head doth; but yet, notwithstanding, it is the stomach that digesteth and distributeth to all the rest.[1]

In Shakespeare we have the following:

There was a time when all the body's members
Rebelled against the belly; thus accused it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, *idle* and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viands, never bearing
Like labor with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate; did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered, . . .
"True it is, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the storehouse and the shop
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain,
And through the cranks and offices of man:
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live."[2]

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.

[2] *Coriolanus*, i, 1.

And here I would refer to the anecdote which Bacon tells in his *Apophthegms:*

Sir Nicholas Bacon, being appointed a judge for the northern circuit, . . . was, by one of the malefactors, mightily importuned to save his life, which, when nothing that he had said did avail, at length desired his mercy on the account of kindred. "Prythee," said my lord Judge, "how came that in?" "Why, if it please you, my lord, your name is Bacon and mine is Hog, and in all ages hog and bacon have been so near kindred that they are not to be separated." "Ay, but," replied Judge Bacon, "you and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged, for hog is not bacon until it be well hanged."

Shakespeare has this:

Evans. I pray you, have remembrance, child: *Accusativo*, hung, hang, hog.
Quickly. Hang hog is Latin for Bacon, I warrant you.[1]

∴

Bacon says:

Such men in other men's calamities are, as it were, in season, and are ever on the loading part; not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores, but like flies that are still buzzing.[2]

Shakespeare says:

Ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth; where the glutton's dogs licked his sores.[3]

∴

Bacon says:

Philo Judæus saith that the sense is like the sun; for the sun seals up the globe of heaven [the stars] and opens the globe of earth; so the sense doth obscure heavenly things and reveals earthly things.[4]

When Lorenzo contemplates the heavens by night, thick "inlaid with patines of bright gold," he speaks of the music of the spheres, and adds:

Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.[5]

∴

Bacon says:

For of lions it is a received belief that their fury and fierceness ceaseth toward anything that yieldeth and prostrateth itself.[6]

Shakespeare has the following:

Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.[7]

And again:

For 'tis the nature of that noble beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.[8]

∴

[1] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv, 1.
[2] Essay *Of Goodness.*
[3] *1st Henry IV.*, iv, 2.
[4] *Apophthegms.*
[5] *Merchant of Venice*, v, 1.
[6] *Med. Sacræ — Exaltation of Charity.*
[7] *Troilus and Cressida*, v, 3.
[8] *As You Like It*, iv, 3.

Bacon says:

But these three are the true stages of knowledge, which, to those that are puffed up with their own knowledge and rebellious against God, are indeed no better than the giant's three hills:

> "*Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam,*
> *Scilicet atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum.*"
> [Mountain on *mountain* thrice they strove to heap:
> *Olympus, Ossa,* piled on *Pelion's* steep.][1]

And we find Shakespeare employing the same quotation:

> Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
> Till of this flat a *mountain* you have made,
> To o'ertop old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
> Of old *Olympus*. . . .
> Till our ground,
> Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
> Make *Ossa* like a wart.[2]

Here we have the three mountains named in the quotation—Olympus, Pelion, Ossa—and the comparison in both cases is that of piling one on top of the other.

∴

Describing the chameleon, Bacon says:

He feedeth not only upon the air, though that be his principal sustenance.[3]

Again:

> And so feed her [the Queen] with expectation.[4]

We turn to Shakespeare, and we find the following:

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the *chameleon's* dish: I *eat the air*, promise-crammed. You cannot feed capons so.[5]

∴

Bacon says:

And therefore the poet doth elegantly call passions *tortures*, that urge men to confess their secrets.

Shakespeare says:

> Better be with the dead,
> Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
> Than on the *torture* of the mind to lie
> In restless ecstacy.[6]

∴

Bacon has the following:

It was both pleasantly and wisely said . . . by a Pope's nuncio, returning from a certain nation where he served as lieger; whose opinion being asked touch-

[1] *De Augmentis*, book iii.
[2] *Hamlet*, v, 1.
[3] *Natural History*, § 360.
[4] Letter to Essex, October 4, 1
[5] *Hamlet*, iii, 2.
[6] *Macbeth*, iii, 2.

ing the appointment of one to go in his place, he wished that in any case they did not send one that was too wise; because no very wise man would even imagine what they in that country were like to do.[1]

While Shakespeare puts the same quotation thus:

Hamlet. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1st Clown. Why, because he was mad; he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it is no great matter there.

Hamlet. Why?

1st Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.[2]

* *

In *The Wisdom of the Ancients* Bacon quotes the fable of Orpheus, and says:

So great was the power and alluring force of this harmony, that he drew the woods and moved the very stones to come and place themselves in an orderly and decent fashion about him.

Shakespeare says:

Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage
But music for a time doth change his nature.[3]

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones.[4]

* *

Judge Holmes calls attention to the following instance.

In Plutarch's *Life of Antony* is told the story of Timon's tree. North's translation reads as follows:

Ye men of Athens, in a court-yard belonging to my house grows a large fig-tree, on which many an honest citizen has been pleased to hang himself: now, as I have thought of building upon that spot, I could not omit giving you this public notice, to the end that if any more among you have a mind to make the same use of my tree, they may do it speedily before it is destroyed.

Bacon alludes to this story as follows, in his essay *Of Goodness*:

Misanthropi that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet have never a tree for the purpose in their gardens, as Timon had.

While Shakespeare, in the play of *Timon of Athens*,[5] says:

Timon. I have a tree which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I sell it. Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself.

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[2] *Hamlet*, v, 1.
[3] *Merchant of Venice*, v, 1.
[4] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii, 2
[5] Act iv, scene 1.

Henry Lewis, in his *Essays of Bacon*, points out an instance where the two writers refer to the same incident. Bacon, in his essay *Of Prophecies*, says:

Henry VI. of England said of Henry VII., when he was a lad, and gave him water, "This is the *lad* shall enjoy the crown for which we strive."

In Shakespeare we find the same event thus alluded to:

Come hither, England's hope. If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty *lad* will prove our country's bliss, . . .
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.[1]

∴

The same author also calls attention to this parallelism. In the same essay *Of Prophecies* Bacon refers to

A phantasm that appeared to M. Brutus in his tent, and said to him, *Philippus interum me videbis*—(Thou shalt see me again at Philippi).

Shakespeare, in *Julius Cæsar*, has:

Brutus. Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Brutus. Why comest thou?
Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.[2]

∴

Aristotle says:

Usury is merely money *born* of money; so that of all means of money-making this is the most contrary to nature.

Bacon quotes this; he says:

It is against nature for money to *beget* money.[3]

Shakespeare also quotes it:

When did friendship take
A *breed* of barren metal of his friend?[4]

∴

Bacon says:

There is an observation among country people, that years of store of haws and hips do commonly portend cold winters; and they ascribe it to God's *providence*, that, as the Scripture saith, reacheth even to the *falling* of a *sparrow*.[5]

Shakespeare says:

There's a special *providence* in the *fall* of a *sparrow*.[6]

And again:

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow.[7]

∴

Bacon says:

The wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour.[8]

[1] *3d Henry VI.*, iv, 6. [3] Essay *Of Usury*. [5] *Natural History*, § 737.
[2] *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3. [4] *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3. [6] *Hamlet*, v, 2.
[7] *As You Like It*, ii, 3. [8] Essay *Of Wisdom*.

Shakespeare says:

As the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers.[1]

∴

Bacon, referring to a popular belief, says:

This was the end of this little *cockatrice* of a king [Perkin Warbeck], that was able to destroy those that did not espy him first.[2]

Shakespeare alludes to the same superstition:

They will kill one another by the look, like *cockatrices*.[3]

Shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of *cockatrice*.[4]

A *cockatrice* hast thou hatched to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murtherous?[5]

∴

Bacon says:

The parable of Pythagoras is dark but true. *Cor ne edito*—(eat not the heart).[6]

Shakespeare says:

I sup upon myself,
And so shall *starve* with *feeding*.[7]

The canker *gnaw* thy *heart*.[8]

∴

Bacon says:

Princes many times make themselves desires and set their hearts upon a toy, . . . as Nero for playing on the harp.[9]

Shakespeare says:

Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.[10]

∴

Bacon tells this story:

Periander, being consulted with how to preserve a tyranny newly usurped, bid the messenger attend and report what he saw him do; and went into his garden and topped all the highest flowers, signifying that it consisted in the cutting off and keeping low of the nobility and grandees.[11]

Shakespeare plainly alludes to the same story in the following:

Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the head of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.[12]

∴

[1] *2d Henry VI.*, iii, 1.
[2] *History of Henry VII.*
[3] *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4.
[4] *Romeo and Juliet*, iii, 2.
[5] *Richard III.*, iv, 1.
[6] Essay *Of Friendship.*
[7] *Coriolanus*, iv, 2.
[8] *Timon of Athens*, iv, 3.
[9] Essay *Of Empire.*
[10] *1st Henry VI.*, i, 4.
[11] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[12] *Richard II.*, iii, 4.

Bacon quotes:

It is not granted to man to love and be wise.[1]

And again:

Therefore it was well said "that it is impossible to love and be wise.[2]

Shakespeare says:

To be wise and love, exceeds man's might.[3]

∴

Bacon says:

For, aspiring to be like God in power, the angels transgressed and fell.[4]

And again:

For from the desire of power the angels fell.[5]

Shakespeare says:

By that sin fell the angels.[6]

∴

Bacon uses this quotation:

Cardinal Wolsey said that if he had pleased God as he pleased the King, he had not been ruined.[7]

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the same Cardinal Wolsey these words:

O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.[8]

∴

Mr. R. M. Theobald, in the August, 1887, number of the *Journal of the Bacon Society of London*, page 157, gives us the following extraordinary parallelism, where both writers clearly refer to the same terrible story

Bacon, in the *De Augmentis*, says:

What a proof of patience is displayed in the story told of Anaxarchus, who, when questioned under torture, *bit out his own tongue* (the only hope of information), *and spat it into the face of the tyrant.*

While in Shakespeare we find the same story alluded to. In *Richard II.*, i, 1, Bolingbroke, being invited by the King to reconcile himself to Mowbray, and throw down Mowbray's gage of battle which he had picked up, replies:

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[2] Essay *Of Love.*
[3] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 2.
[4] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[5] Preface to *Great Instauration.*
[6] *Henry VIII.*, iii, 2.
[7] Letter to King James, September 5, 1621.
[8] *Henry VIII.*, iii, 4.

O God, defend my soul from such foul sin!
. . . Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, *my teeth shall tear*
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbor, *even in Mowbray's face.*

The play of *Richard II.* was published in 1597, and Bacon's *De Augmentis* in 1623; consequently Shakespeare did not borrow from Bacon. Mr. Theobald says:

The story is derived from Diogenes Laertius; Bacon's version is taken from Pliny or Valerius Maximus. . . . Where did Shakspere pick up the allusion? Perhaps Pliny and Valerius Maximus and Diogenes Laertius were text-books at the grammar school of Stratford-on-Avon!

∴

Bacon, in his *Natural History*, says:

There was an Egyptian soothsayer that made Antonius believe that his genius, which otherwise was brave and confident, was, in the presence of Octavius Cæsar, poor and cowardly; and therefore he advised him to absent himself as much as he could, and remove far from him. This soothsayer was thought to be suborned by Cleopatra, to make him live in Egypt and other remote places from home.[1]

And the same fact is referred to in Shakespeare. Macbeth says, speaking of Banquo:

There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.

And in *Antony and Cleopatra* we have the very Egyptian soothsayer referred to:

Antony. Say to me,
Whose fortune shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
Soothsayer. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon (that's thy *spirit* which keeps thee) is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being overpowered; therefore
Make space enough between you.[2]

∴

Bacon says:

What new hope hath made them return to their Sinon's note, in teaching Troy how to save itself.[3]

Shakespeare alludes to the same fact, thus:

And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.[4]

∴

[1] *Natural History*, cent. x, § 940.
[2] *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 3.
[3] Speech in Parliament.
[4] *3d Henry VI.*, iii, 2.

Bacon says:

Aristotle dogmatically assigned the cause of generation to the sun.

Shakespeare has it:

If the sun breed maggots out of a dead dog. Have you a daughter? . . . Let her not walk in the sun. Conception is a blessing. Etc.[1]

∴

Bacon speaks of

The ancient opinion that man was a *microcosmus*, an abstract or model of the world.[2]

And Shakespeare alludes to the same thing:

You will see it in the map of my *microcosm*.[3]

∴

Bacon says:

Report has much prevailed of a stone bred in the head of an old and great toad.[4]

Shakespeare says:

Like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in its head.[5]

∴

Bacon speaks of taking the advantage of opportunity in the following words:

For occasion (as it is in the common verse) turneth a bald noddle after she has presented her locks in front, and no hold taken.[6]

Shakespeare says:

Let's take the instant by the forward top — for we are old.[7]

∴

Bacon says:

For although Aristotle, as though he had been of the race of the Ottomans, thought he could not reign unless he killed off all his *brethren*.[8]

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of King Henry V. this address to his *brothers*:

This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurah an Amurah succeeds,
But Harry, Harry.[9]

∴

Bacon in his *Apophthegms* tells this story:

The Queen of Henry IV. of France was great with child; Count Soissons, that

[1] *Hamlet*, ii, 2.
[2] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[3] *Coriolanus*, ii, 1.
[4] *Inquisition of the Conversion of Bodies.*
[5] *As You Like It*, ii, 1.
[6] Essay *Of Delays*.
[7] *All's Well that Ends Well*, v, 3.
[8] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[9] *2d Henry IV.*, v, 2.

had his expectation upon the crown, when it was twice or thrice thought that the Queen was with child before, said to some of his friends "that it was but with a pillow," etc.

Shakespeare must have had this story in his mind when, in describing Doll Tearsheet being taken to be whipped, he speaks as follows:

Hostess. Oh that Sir John were come, he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I would the fruit of her womb might miscarry.

Officer. If it do, you shall have a dozen cushions; you have but eleven now.[1]

Bacon says:

Question was asked of Demosthenes what was the chief part of an orator? He answered, Action. What next? *Action.* What next, again? Action. A strange thing that that part of an orator which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts of invention, *elocution*, and the rest; nay, almost alone, as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature, generally, *more of the fool than the wise;* and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent.[2]

Shakespeare refers to the same story and gives the same explanation in the following:

> For in such business
> *Action* is *eloquence*, and the eyes of the ignorant
> More learnèd than their ears.[3]

In *Henry V.* the Bishop of Exeter makes a comparison of government to the subordination and harmony of parts in music:

> For government, though high and *low* and lower,
> Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
> Congruing in a full and natural close
> Like music.

Some have sought to find the origin of this simile in Cicero, *De Republica*, but that book was lost to literature and unknown, except by name, until Angelo Mai discovered it upon a palimpsest in the Vatican in 1822.

Its real source is in the apophthegm repeatedly quoted by Bacon as to Nero:

Vespasian asked of Apollonius what was the cause of Nero's ruin. Who answered: "Nero could tune the harp well, but in government he did always wind up the strings too high or let them down too *low*."[4]

[1] *2d Henry IV.*, v, 4.
[2] Essay *Of Boldness*.
[3] *Coriolanus*, iii, 2.
[4] Apophthegm 51.

Bacon has this story:

Queen Isabella of Spain used to say: "Whosoever hath a good presence and a good fashion *carries letters of recommendation.*" [1]

Shakespeare says:

> The beauty that is borne here in the face
> The bearer knows not, but *commends itself*
> *To others' eyes.*[2]

∴

Bacon has two anecdotes about the Salic law of France.[3] He says in one of them:

There was a French gentleman, speaking with an English of the law Salique: that women were excluded from inheriting the crown of France. The English said: "Yes; but that was meant of the women themselves, not of such males as claimed by women," etc.

And in the play of *Henry V.* we find Shakespeare discussing the same Salic law, at great length, and giving many instances to show that it did not exclude those who "claimed by women," one of which instances is:

> Besides their writers say
> King Pepin, which deposed Childerike,
> Did as their general, being descended
> Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
> Make claim and title to the crown of France.[4]

The writer of the Plays had evidently studied the history of this law of another country in all its details;—a thing natural enough in a lawyer, extraordinary in a play-actor or stage manager.

∴

Bacon refers to the story of Ulysses' wife thus:

Aristippus said: That those who studied particular sciences and neglected philosophy, were like Penelope's wooers, that made love to the waiting-women.[5]

Shakespeare also refers to Penelope:

You would be another Penelope; yet they say all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca with moths.[6]

∴

Bacon quotes the story of Icarus:

I was ever sorry that your Lordship should fly with waxen wings, doubting Icarus' fortune.[7]

Shakespeare has the following allusion to the same story:

> Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
> Thou Icarus.[8]

[1] Apophthegm 99.
[2] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3.
[3] Apophthegms 184 and 185.
[4] *Henry V.*, i, 1.
[5] Apophthegm 189.
[6] *Coriolanus*, i, 3.
[7] Letter to Essex, 1600.
[8] *1st Henry VI.*, iv, 6.

And again:

> And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
> His over-mounting spirit; and there died
> My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.[1]

And again:

> I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
> Thy father Minos, that denied our course;
> The sun that seared the wings of my sweet boy.[2]

∴

Bacon says:

Frascatorius invented a remedy for apoplectic fits, by placing a heated pan at some distance around the head, for by this means the spirits that were suffocated and congealed in the cells of the brain, and oppressed by the humors, were dilated, excited and revived.[3]

And Falstaff seemed to hold the same view, that the disease was a torpidity that needed to be roused. He says:

This apoplexie is, as I take it, a kind of *lethargy*, a sleeping of the blood.[4]

And Bacon, in a letter to the King, at the time of his downfall, after describing a violent pain in the back of his head, says:

And then the little physic [medical learning] I had told me that it must either grow to a congelation, and so to a *lethargy*, and break, and so to a mortal fever or sudden death.

∴

Bacon and Shakespeare both refer to the same fact in connection with the assassination of Julius Cæsar. Bacon says:

With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew; and this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death: for when Cæsar would have discharged the Senate, in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the Senate till his wife had *dreamed a better dream*.

In Shakespeare we have Decimus Brutus saying to Cæsar:

> Besides, it were a mock
> Apt to be rendered, for some one to say:
> Break up the Senate, till another time,
> When Cæsar's wife shall meet with *better dreams*.

And is it not to the soldier Decimus Junius Brutus, and not to the great Marcus Junius Brutus, that the poet makes Mark Antony

[1] *1st Henry VI.*, iv, 7.
[2] *3d Henry VI.*, v, 6.
[3] *Historia Vens. et Rari.*
[4] *2d Henry IV* i, 3.

allude (echoing Bacon's astonishment that the heir of Cæsar could have participated in his murder) in the following?

> Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed,
> And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
> Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it;
> As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
> If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no:
> For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
> Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him.

∴

And we find in another historical instance the minds of both writers, if I may use the expression, dwelling on the same fact.

Bacon says, in a letter to King James, February 11, 1614:

> And I put the case of the Duke of Buckingham, who said that *if the King caused him to be arrested* of treason he *would stab him.*

The King here alluded to was Henry VIII., and we find the incident thus described in Shakespeare's play of that name. Buckingham's surveyor is giving testimony against his master. He says:

> *If* (quoth he) I for this had been *committed,*
> *As to the Tower*, I thought, I would have played
> The part my father meant to act upon
> The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
> Made suit to come in 's presence, which if granted,
> (As he made semblance of his duty), *would*
> *Have put his knife into him.*[1]

∴

Bacon makes this quotation:

> The kingdom of France . . . is now fallen into those calamities, that, as the prophet saith, *From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot* there is no whole place.[2]

Shakespeare uses the same quotation:

> *Don Pedro.* I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for *from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot* he is all mirth.[3]

∴

I feel confident that, had I the time and did space permit, I could increase this list of identical quotations many-fold.

It is certain that these two writers not only held the same views, employed the same comparisons, used the same expressions,

[1] *Henry VIII.*, i, 2.
[2] Observations on a Libel — *Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 160.
[3] *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 2.

pursued the same studies and read the same books, but that their minds were constructed so exactly alike that the same things, out of their reading, lodged in them, and were reproduced for the same purposes.

And these mental twins — these intellectual identities — did not seem to know, or even to have ever heard of each other!

CHAPTER V.

IDENTICAL STUDIES.

Biron. What is the end of study?
King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
Biron. Things hid and barred, you mean, from common sense?
King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Love's Labor Lost, i, 1.

MANY men *study* nothing. They are content with the stock of ideas, right or wrong, borrowed from others, with which they start into manhood. But of those who seek to penetrate beyond their preconceptions into knowledge, no two follow the same path and pursue the same subjects. The themes of study are as infinitely varied as the construction of human intellects. And herein, as in everything else, is manifested the wisdom of the great architect, who for every space in the edifice of life has carved a stone which fits it precisely. Many, it is true, are the mere rubble that fills up the interspaces; others are parts of the frieze ornamented with bass-reliefs of gnomes or angels; others, again, are the massive, hidden, humble foundation-blocks on which rests the weight of the whole structure. But in God's edifice nothing is little, and little can be said to be great.

And so in life: one man will devote his existence to a study of the motions of the heavenly bodies through their incalculable spaces; another will give up his whole life to a microscopic investigation of the wings and limbs of insects. One will soar on golden pinions through the magical realms of music; another will pursue the dry details of mathematics into their ultimate possibilities; a third will sail gloriously, like a painted nautilus, over the liquid and shining bosom of poetry; while still another will study

> The doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
> With weary lawyers of endless tongues.

The purpose of life seems to be put upon the creature even before creation, and

> Necessity sits on humanity
> Like to the world on Atlas' neck.

And when we turn to consider what subjects were studied, at the same time, by the writer of the Shakespeare Plays and Francis Bacon, we shall find that identity which could not exist between two really distinct intellects.

In the first place, we are struck with the universality of thought, observation and study discoverable in both. Bacon "took all knowledge for his province," and the Shakespeare Plays embrace every theme of reflection possible to man:—religion, philosophy, science, history, human character, human passions and affections, music, poetry, medicine, law, statecraft, politics, worldly wisdom, wit, humor—everything. They are oceanic. Every year some new explorer drops his dredge a thousand fathoms deep into their unconsidered depths, and brings up strange and marvelous forms of life where we had looked only for silence and death.

And when we descend to particulars we find precise identity in almost everything.

I. Music.

Take the subject of music. This is a theme which comparatively few study, even to-day; and in that almost rude age of Elizabeth the number must have been greatly less. Neither does it necessarily follow that all great men love music and investigate it. In fact, the opinion of Shakespeare, that the man who "had no music in his soul" was not to be trusted, has provoked a perfect storm of adverse criticism.[1]

But Bacon's love of music was great. Sir John Hawkins says:

> Lord Bacon, in his *Natural History*, has given a great variety of experiments touching music, that show him to have not been barely a philosopher, an inquirer into the phenomena of sound, but a master of the science of harmony, and very intimately acquainted with the precepts of musical education.[2]

And Sir John quotes the following from Bacon:

> The sweetest and best harmony is when every part or instrument is not heard by itself, but a conflation of them all, which requireth to stand some distance off, even as it is in the mixtures of perfumes, or the taking of the smells of several flowers in the air.

On the other hand Richard Grant White says:

> Shakespeare seems to have been a proficient in the art of music.[3]

[1] Knight's *Shak.*, note 7, act v, *Merchant of Venice*.
[2] *History of Music*. [3] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 259.

The commentators say that Balthazar, a musician in the service of Prince John, in *Much Ado about Nothing*,[1] was probably thus named from the celebrated Balthazarini, an Italian performer on the violin, who was in great favor at the court of Henry II., of France, in 1577. In 1577 William Shakspere was probably going to the grammar school in Stratford, aged thirteen years. How could he know anything about a distinguished musician at the court of France, between which and Stratford there was then less intercourse than there is now between Moscow and Australia. But Francis Bacon was sent to Paris in 1576, and remained there for three years; and doubtless, for he was a lover of music, knew Balthazarini well, and sought in this way to perpetuate his memory. Or it may be that the cipher narrative in *Much Ado about Nothing* tells some story in which Balthazarini is referred to.

∴

Bacon devoted many pages in his *Natural History*[2] to experiments in music. He noted that a musical note "*falling* from one tone to another" is "delightful," reminding us of

> That strain again! it hath a dying *fall*.[3]

∴

And he further notes that "the division and quavering, which please so much in music, have an agreement with the glittering of light, as the moonbeams playing on a wave."[4]

Who can fail to believe that the same mind which originated this poetical image wrote the following?

> How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
> Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony.[5]

And the following lines — giving the reason of things as a philosopher and scholar — are in the very vein of Bacon:

> The cause why music was ordained;
> Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
> *After his studies*, or his usual pain?
> Then *give me leave to read philosophy*,
> And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.[6]

∴

Bacon says:

Voices or consorts of music do make a harmony by *mixture*. . . . The sweetest

[1] Act ii, scene 3.
[2] Century ii.
[3] *Twelfth Night*, i, 1.
[4] *Natural History*, cent. ii, § 113.
[5] *Merchant of Venice*, v, 1.
[6] *Taming of the Shrew*, iii, 1.

and best harmony is, when every part or instrument is not heard by itself, but a conflation of them all. . . . But sounds do disturb and alter the one the other; sometimes the one drowning the other and making it not heard; sometimes the one jarring with the other and making a *confusion;* sometimes the one mingling with the other and making a harmony. . . . *Where echoes come from several parts at the same distance*, they must needs make, as it were, a *choir of echoes*. . . . There be many places where you shall hear a number of echoes one after another: and it is where there is a *variety of hills and woods*, some nearer, some farther off.[1]

Now turn to the following magnificent specimen of word-painting, from the *Midsummer Night's Dream:*

> We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
> And mark the musical *confusion*
> Of hounds and *echo* in conjunction.
> I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
> When in a *wood* of Crete they bayed the bear,
> With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
> Such gallant chiding; for, besides the *groves*,
> *The skies*, *the fountains*, every region near
> Seemed all one mutual cry: I never heard
> So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.[2]

It may, of course, be said that Bacon's statement of fact in the above is bare and barren, compared with the exquisite melody of the description given us in the play; but it must be remembered that the one is prose and the other poetry; and that the prose of the Plays is as much prose as is the prose of the *Natural History.* But no man, however perfect his perception of beauty may have been, could have given us the description in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* unless he had the analytic power to see that the delightful effects which his ear realized were caused by a "musical confusion" of the hounds and the echoes; the groves, skies, fountains and everything around flinging back echo upon echo, until the whole scene "seemed all one mutual cry," until, in fact, there was produced, as Bacon says, "a choir of echoes." And the very words, "a choir of echoes," are poetical; they picture the harmonious mingling of echoes, like the voices of singers, and remind us of the sonnet, where the poet speaks of the trees, deadened by the winter, as

> Bare, ruined *choirs*, where late the sweet birds sang.

It seems to me we have here the evidence not only that both writers loved music and had studied it, but that they had noted the same effects from the same cause; for surely Bacon's description of

[1] *Natural History*, cent. iii.

[2] *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv, 1

the "choir of echoes" from "a variety of hills and woods" must have been based on some such hunting scene as the poet gives us with such melodious detail.

II. Gardening.

Francis Bacon and the writer of the Plays both were filled with a great love for gardening.

Bacon calls it "the purest of all human pleasures."

Shakespeare, as Mrs. Pott has shown, refers to thirty-five different flowers:

> Anemone, carnation, columbine, cornflower, cowslip, crown-imperial, crow-flower, daffodil, daisy, eglantine, flower-de-luce, fumitory, gilly-flower, hare-bell, honeysuckle, ladies' smocks, lavender, lilies, long purples, marigold, marjorum, myrtle, oxlips, pansies or love in idleness, peony, pimpernal, pink, primrose, rose "may," rose "must," rose "damask," rosemary, thyme, violet, woodbine.[1]

Mrs. Pott says:

> These thirty-five flowers are all noted or studied by Bacon, with the exception of the columbine, pansy and long-purples. The hare-bell may be considered as included in the "bell-flowers," which he describes. *Twenty-one of these same thirty-five Shakespearean flowers are enumerated by Bacon in his essay* Of Gardens.

And this coincidence is the more remarkable when it is remembered that these flowers were but a small part of those well-known in the days of Shakespeare and Bacon. In all the notes on gardening, in Bacon's writings, there are only five flowers which are not named by Shakespeare, while of Ben Jonson's list of flowers only half are ever alluded to by Bacon.

* * *

Mrs. Pott points out that Bacon was the first writer that ever distinguished flowers by the season of their blooming; and Shakespeare follows this order precisely and never brings the flowers of one season into another, as Jonson and other poets do. In the midst of exquisite poetry he accurately associates the flower with the month to which it belongs. He says:

> Daffodils that come before the swallow dares
> And take the winds of *March* with beauty.[2]

Says Bacon:

> For *March* there come violets, especially the single blue, which are the earliest.[3]

[1] *Shakespeariana*, May, 1885, p. 241. [2] *Winter's Tale*, iv, 1. [3] Essay *Of Gardens*.

And again:

> Thy banks with peonies and lilies brims,
> Which spongy *April* at thy hest betrims.[1]

And again the poet says:

> O rose of *May*, dear maid, kind sister.

In all this the poet shows the precision of the natural philosopher.

The whole article here quoted, from the pen of Mrs. Pott, can be read with advantage and pleasure.

Bacon studied gardening in all its details. His love for flowers was great. Even in his old age, when, broken in health and fortune, and oppressed with cares and debts, we find him writing the Lord Treasurer Cranfield that he proposes to visit him at Chiswick, he adds:

> I hope to wait on your Lordship and gather some violets in your garden.

* * *

He says in *The New Atlantis:*

> In these we practice likewise all conclusions of *grafting* and inoculating, as well of *wild* trees as fruit trees, which produceth many effects.

While Shakespeare says:

> You see, sweet maid,
> We *marry a gentle scion* to the *wildest* stock,
> And make conceive a bark of baser kind
> By bud of nobler race. This is an art
> Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
> The art itself is nature.[2]

And we find the same thought again:

> Our scions, put in *wild* and savage stocks,
> Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds.[3]

* * *

Shakespeare has that curious and strange comparison:

> If you can look into the seeds of time
> And say which grain will grow and which will not.[4]

And, in the same vein, we find Bacon devoting pages to the study of the nature of seeds, and of the mode of testing them, to see whether they will grow or not. He says:

> And therefore skillful gardeners make trial of the seeds before they buy them, whether they be good or no, by putting them into water gently boiled; and if they be good they will sprout within half an hour.[5]

[1] *Tempest*, iv, 1. [2] *Winter's Tale*, iv, 3. [3] *Henry V.*, iii, 5.
[4] *Macbeth*, i, 3. [5] *Natural History*, § 520.

And again:

If any one investigate the vegetation of plants he should observe from the first sowing of any seed how and when the seed begins to swell and break, and be filled, as it were, with spirit.[1]

∴

And here is a curious parallelism. Bacon says:

There be certain *corn-flowers*, which come seldom or never in other places unless they be set, but only amongst *corn;* as the blue-bottle, a kind of yellow marigold, wild poppy and *fumitory*. . . . So it would seem that it is the *corn* that qualifieth the earth and prepareth it for their growth.[2]

Shakespeare's attention had also been drawn to these humble corn-flowers, and he had reached the same conclusion, that the earth was prepared to receive these flowers by the presence of the corn. He describes Lear:

> Crowned with rank *fumitor*, and furrow weeds,
> With hardock, hemlocks, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
> Darnel and all the idle weeds that grow
> In our *sustaining corn*.[3]

∴

Bacon writes an essay *Of Gardens*, and Shakespeare is full of comparisons and reflections based upon gardens. For instance:

Virtue? a fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. *Our bodies are our gardens*, to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry: why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our own wills.[4]

And again:

> Our sea-walled *garden*, the whole land,
> Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up.[5]

And again:

> What rub, or what impediment there is,
> Why that the naked, poor and mangled peace,
> Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
> Should not, in this best *garden* of the world,
> Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage? . . .
> The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
> The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
> Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
> Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems
> But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burrs.[6]

∴

And the closeness with which both studied the nature of plants

[1] *Novum Organum*, book ii.
[2] *Natural History*, § 482.
[3] *Lear*, iv, 4.
[4] *Othello*, i, 3.
[5] *Richard II.*, iii, 4.
[6] *Henry V.*, v, 2.

and their modes of growth is shown in the following remarkable parallel.

In that most curious and philosophical of the Plays, *Troilus and Cressida*, we find this singular comparison:

> Checks and disasters
> Grow in the veins of actions highest reared;
> As *knots*, by the conflùx of meeting *sap*,
> Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain,
> Tortive and errant from his course of growth.[1]

And we find that Bacon had, in like manner, studied the effect of sap upon the growth of the tree:

> The cause whereof is, for that the *sap* ascendeth unequally, and doth, as it were, tire and stop by the way. And it seemeth they have some closeness and hardness in their stalk, which hindereth the sap from going up, until it hath *gathered into a knot*, and so is more urged to put forth.[2]

Here we find the poet setting forth that the knots are caused by "the conflux of the meeting sap," while the philosopher tells us that when the sap is arrested it "gathereth into a knot." And so it seems that both were studying the same subject and arriving at the same conclusions; and both thought that not only were the knots caused by the stoppage of the ascending sap, but that the knots produced the new branches: "so," says Bacon, "it is more urged to put forth." The knots, says Shakespeare, divert the grain from the straight, upright course of growth, to-wit, by making it put forth new branches. Can any man believe that Bacon and Shakspere were engaged at the same time in this same curious study, and reached independently these same remarkable conclusions?

* * *

And we see the gardener again in *Richard II.*:

> All superfluous branches
> We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.[3]

Again:

> A violet in the youth of primy Nature.[4]

* * *

The thoughts of both ran upon flowers. Bacon says:

> We commend the odor of plants growing, and not plucked, taken in the open air; the principal of that kind are violets, gilliflowers, pinks, bean-flowers, lime-tree blossoms, vine buds, honeysuckles, yellow wall-flowers, musk roses, strawberry leaves, etc. . . . Therefore to walk or sit near the breath of these plants should not be neglected.[5]

[1] *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 3. [2] *Natural History*, § 580. [3] *Richard II.*, iii, 4.
[4] *Hamlet*, i, 3. [5] *History of Life and Death.*

And again he says:

The daintiest smells of flowers are out of those plants whose leaves smell not, as violets, roses, wall-flowers, gilliflowers, pinks, woodbines, vine-flowers, apple-blooms, bean-blossoms, etc.[1]

The same admiration for flowers is shown by Shakespeare. He speaks of

> Daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
> Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
> That die unmarried, ere they can behold
> Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
> Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
> The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
> The flower-de-luce being one.[2]

I might fill pages with further evidence that both Bacon and the writer of the Plays loved flowers and practiced gardening.

III. The Study of Medicine.

Bacon says of himself:

> I have been puddering in physic all my life.

Shakespeare says:

> 'Tis known I ever
> Have studied physic.[3]

* * *

Bacon writes to Sir Robert Cecil:

I ever liked the Galenists, that deal with good compositions, and not the Paracelsians, that deal with these fine separations.[4]

Shakespeare says:

> *Lafeau.* To be relinquished of the artists.
> *Parolles.* So I say, both of Galen and Paracelsus.
> *Lafeau.* Of all the learned and authentic fellows.[5]

* * *

Macaulay says, speaking of Bacon:

Of all the sciences, that which he regarded with the greatest interest was the science which, in Plato's opinion, would not be tolerated in a well-regulated community. To make men perfect was no part of Bacon's plan. His humble aim was to make imperfect men comfortable. . . . He appealed to the example of Christ, and reminded his readers that the great Physician of the soul did not disdain to be also the physician of the body.[6]

[1] *Natural History*, § 389.
[2] *Winter's Tale*, iv, 3.
[3] *Pericles*, iii, 2.
[4] Letter to Sir Robert Cecil.
[5] *All's Well that Ends Well*, ii, 3.
[6] Essay *Bacon*, p. 276.

On the other hand, the celebrated surgeon Bell says:

My readers will smile, perhaps, to see me quoting Shakespeare among physicians and theologians, but not one of all their tribe, populous though it be, could describe so exquisitely the marks of apoplexy, conspiring with the struggles for life, and the agonies of suffocation, to deform the countenance of the dead; so curiously does our poet present to our conception all the signs from which it might be inferred that the good Duke Humphrey had died a violent death.[1]

Dr. O. A. Kellogg, Assistant Professor of the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, N. Y., says:

The extent and accuracy of the medical, physiological and psychological knowledge displayed in the dramas of William Shakespeare, like the knowledge that is manifested on all matters upon which the rays of his mighty genius fell, have excited the wonder and astonishment of all men, who, since his time, have investigated those subjects upon which so much light is shed by the researches of modern science.

Speaking of Bacon, Osborne, his contemporary, said:

> I have heard him outcant a London chirurgeon,—

meaning thereby, excel him in the technical knowledge of his own profession.

* * *

His marvelous delineations of the different shades of insanity in Lear, Ophelia, Hamlet, etc., are to be read in the light of the fact that Francis Bacon's mother died of insanity; and Bacon, with his knowledge of the hereditary transmissibility of disease, must have made the subject one of close and thorough study. There are instances in his biography which show that he was himself the victim of melancholy; and there are reasons to think, as will be shown hereafter, that he is the real author of a great medical work on that subject which passes now in the name of another.

He seems to have anticipated Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. Harvey, in 1628, demonstrated that "the blood which passed out from the heart, by the arteries, returned to the heart by the veins."

But Shakespeare, long before that time, had said:

> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart,[2]—

indicating that he knew that the blood returned to the heart.

I find the following interesting passage in Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature:*

[1] Bell's *Principles of Surgery*, 1815, vol. ii, p. 557. [2] *Julius Cæsar*, ii, 1.

Dr. William Hunter has said that after the discovery of the valves in the veins, which Harvey learned while in Italy from his master, Fabricius ab Aquapendente, the remaining step might easily have been made by any person of common abilities. "This discovery," he observes, "set Harvey to work upon the *use* of the heart and vascular system in animals; and in the *course of some years* he was so happy as to discover, and to prove beyond all possibility of doubt, the circulation of the blood." He afterwards expresses his astonishment that this discovery should have been left for Harvey, though he acknowledges it occupied "a course of years;" adding that "Providence meant to reserve it for *him*, and would not let men *see what was before them nor understand what they read.* It is remarkable that when great discoveries are effected, their simplicity always seems to detract from their originality; on these occasions we are reminded of the egg of Columbus.[1]

But it seems that the author of the Shakespeare Plays, years before Harvey made his discovery, had also read of the observations of Fabricius ab Aquapendente, and understood that there were valves in the veins and arteries. And this he could only have done in the original Italian — certainly not in English. And he refers to these valves as "gates" in the following lines:

> And in the porches of mine ears did pour
> The leperous distilment; whose effect
> Holds such an enmity with *blood of man*,
> That swift as quicksilver *it courses through*
> *The natural gates and alleys of the body;*
> And with a sudden vigor it doth posset
> And curd, like aigre droppings into milk,
> The thin and wholesome blood.[2]

IV. Shakespeare's Physicians.

And it is a remarkable fact that, while the art of medicine was in that age at a very low ebb, and doctors were little better than quacks, Shakespeare represents, on two occasions, the physician in a light that would do no discredit to the profession in this advanced age. Let me give a few facts to show how reasonable and civilized was the medical treatment of the physicians in *Lear* and *Macbeth*, compared with that of the highest in skill in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Sir Theodore Mayern, Baron Aulbone, was born in France in 1573. He was the great doctor of his day. Among his patients were Henry IV. and Louis XIII., of France, and James I., Charles I. and Charles II., of England.

He administered calomel in scruple doses; he mixed sugar of

[1] Disraeli, *Curiosities of Literature*, p. 41[illegible]. [2] *Hamlet*, i. 5.

lead in his conserves; but his principal reliance was in pulverized human bones and "raspings of a human skull unburied." His sweetest compound was his *balsam of bats*, strongly recommended for hypochondriacal persons, into which entered adders, bats, sucking whelps, earth-worms, hogs' grease, the marrow of a stag and the thigh-bone of an ox! He died in 1655. He ought to have died earlier.

Another of these learned physicians of Elizabeth's time was Doctor William Bulleyn, who was of kin to the Queen. He died in 1576. His prescription for a child suffering from nervousness was "a smal yonge mouse, rosted."

And this state of ignorance continued for more than a century after Bacon's death. In 1739 the English Parliament passed an act to pay Joanna Stephens, a vulgar adventuress, £5,000, to induce her to make public her great remedy for all diseases. The medicines turned out to be, when revealed, a powder, a decoction and pills, made up principally of egg-shells, snails, soap, honey and swine-cresses!

* * *

Now, bearing all this mountebank business in mind, let us turn to the scene where the Doctor appears in *Macbeth*. We read:

Doctor. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your reports. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman. That which I will not report after her.

Doctor. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with taper.

Lady Macbeth. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale —I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doctor. Even so. . . . Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

Doctor. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her: So, good night;
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

And farther on in the tragedy we have:

Macbeth. How does your patient, doctor?
Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macbeth. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doctor. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macbeth. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

How courteous and dignified and altogether modern is this physician? There is here nothing of the quack, the pretender, or the impostor. We hear nothing about recipes of human bones, or small roast mice, or snails, or swine-cresses.

And this declaration, of the inadequacy of drugs to relieve the heart, reminds us of what Bacon says:

You may take sarsa to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castareum for the brain, but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend.[1]

In *Lear* we have another doctor. He is called in to care for the poor insane King, and we have the following conversation:

Cordelia. What can man's wisdom do
In the restoring of his bereaved sense?
He that helps him, take all my outward worth.
Physician. There is means, madam;
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eyes of anguish.
Cord. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublished virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress.[2]

And how Baconian is this reference to the "unpublished virtues

[1] Essay *Of Friendship.*

[2] *Lear* iv, 4.

of the earth"? It was the very essence of Bacon's philosophy to make those virtues known as "aidant and remediate" of the good of man. He sought, by a knowledge of the secrets of nature, to lift men out of their miseries and necessities.

And again, after the Doctor has, by his *simples operative*, produced sleep, and Lear is about to waken, we have the following:

Cordelia. How does the King?
Physician. Madam, he sleeps still.
. . . So please your Majesty,
That we may wake the King? He hath slept long.
Cord. Be governed by your knowledge and proceed,
I' the sway of your own will.
Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cord. Very well.
Phys. Please you, draw near.— Louder the music there. . . .
Cord. He wakes; speak to him.
Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.
Cord. How does my royal Lord? How fares your Majesty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave. . . .
Cord. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know. When did you die?
Cord. Still, still, far wide.
Phys. He's scarce awake: let him alone a while.[1]

Surely there is nothing here, either in the mode of treatment or the manner of speech, that the modern physician could improve upon. The passage contains Bacon's forecasting of what the doctor should be — of what he has come to be in these latter times.

V. The Medicinal Virtues of Sleep.

And how well did both Bacon and the writer of the Plays know the virtue of those

Simples operative, whose power
Will close the eyes of anguish.

Bacon in his *Natural History*, § 738, discussing all the drugs that "inebriate and provoke sleep," speaks of "the tear of *poppy*," of "*henbane-seed*" and of "*mandrake*."

While Shakespeare is familiar with the same medicines. He says:

Not *poppy*, nor *mandragora*,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever minister thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst once.[2]

[1] *Lear*, iv, 4. [2] *Othello*, iii, 3.

And again:

> With juice of cursed *hebenon* in a vial.[1]

And when the doctor in *Lear* says that "the foster-nurse of nature is repose," he speaks a great truth, but faintly recognized in that age, and not even fully understood in this. And yet in that unscientific, crude era both Bacon and the writer of the Plays clearly perceived the curative power of sleep.

Shakespeare calls it

> Great nature's second course,
> Chief *nourisher* in life's feast.[2]

And this curious idea of the *nourishing* power of sleep is often found in Bacon. He says:

Sleep doth supply somewhat to *nourishment*.[3]

Sleep *nourisheth*, or, at least, preserveth bodies a long time without other *nourishment*.[4]

Sleep doth *nourish* much, for the spirits do less spend the *nourishment* in sleep than when living creatures are awake.[5]

And Shakespeare says:

> The innocent sleep:
> Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care;
> The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds.[6]

And again:

> O sleep, O gentle sleep,
> Nature's soft nurse.[7]

And Bacon has something of that same idea of knitting up the raveled sleeve of care. He says:

I have compounded an ointment: . . . the use of it should be between sleeps, for in the latter sleep the parts *assimilate chiefly*.[8]

That is, they become *knitted* together. Bacon and the writer of the Plays seem both to have perceived that the wear of life frayed the nervous fiber

Shakespeare says of sleep:

> Please you, sir,
> Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
> It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth
> It is a comforter.[9]

[1] *Hamlet*, i, 5.
[2] *Macbeth*, ii, 2.
[3] *History of Life and Death*.
[4] *Natural History*, § 740.
[5] Ibid., cent. i, § 57.
[6] *Macbeth*, ii, 2.
[7] *2d Henry IV.*, iii, 1.
[8] *Natural History*, cent. i, § 53.
[9] *Tempest*, ii, 1.

Bacon says:

Such is the force of sleep to restrain all vital consumption.[1]

And again:

Sleep is nothing else but a reception and retirement of the living spirit into itself.[2]

* * *

It would almost seem as if spirit was so incompatible with its enfoldment of matter that the union could only continue at the price of periods of oblivion, or semi-death; during which the conscious spirit, half-parted from its tenement, sinks back into the abyss of God, and returns rejuvenated, and freshly charged with vital force for the duties of life. But for centuries after Bacon's time there were thousands, even among the most enlightened of their age, who regarded sleep as the enemy of man, to be curtailed by all possible means. It is therefore a striking proof of identity when two writers, of that period, are found united in anticipating the conclusions of modern thought on this important subject. In the medicinal science of to-day sleep is indeed "sore labor's bath," and above all "the balm of hurt minds."

VI. Use of Medical Terms.

But the Shakespeare writings bubble over with evidences that the writer was, like Bacon, a student of medicine.

Bacon says:

For opening, I commend beads or pieces of the roots of *carduus benedictus*.[3]

And Shakespeare says:

Get you some of this distilled *carduus benedictus*: . . . it is the only thing for a qualm.[4]

It would be extraordinary indeed if two distinct men not only used the same expressions, thought the same thoughts, cited the same quotations and pursued the same studies, but *even recommended the same medicines!*

* * *

Bacon says:

Extreme *bitter as* in *coloquinti*. . .

Shakespeare says:

The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as *bitter as coloquintida*.[6]

[1] *History of Life and Death.*
[2] Ibid.
[3] *Natural History*, § 565.
[4] *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 4.
[5] *Natural History*, cent. i, § 36.
[6] *Othello*, i, 3.

Here we have the writer of the Plays and Francis Bacon dwelling upon another medicine, and describing it in the same terms.

∴

Shakespeare speaks in *Lear* of "the *hysterica passio*." He also knew about the vascular membrane lining the brain:

These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion.[1]

He also says:

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
Will scour these English hence.?[2]

Again:

Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which at first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.[3]

And again:

And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a *pleurisy*,
Dies in his own too-much.[4]

And again:

And I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will *patiently receive my medicine*.[5]

∴

No wonder some have argued that the writer of the Plays was a physician.

In *1st Henry IV.*[6] he refers to the *midriff*; in *2d Henry IV.* and *Othello* and *Macbeth* he describes accurately the effect of intoxicating liquor on the system; in *2d Henry IV.*[7] he refers to *aconite*; in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he drags in the name of *Esculapius*. In *King John* he says:

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.[8]

In *Coriolanus* he says:

Sir, these cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.[9]

In *Lear* he says:

Crack nature's moulds, all *germens* spill at once
That make ungrateful man.[10]

[1] *Love's Labor Lost*, iv, 2.
[2] *Macbeth*, v, 3.
[3] *Othello*, iii, 3.
[4] *Hamlet*, iv, 7.
[5] *As You Like It*.
[6] Act iii, scene 3.
[7] Act iv, scene 4.
[8] *King John*, iii, 4.
[9] *Coriolanus* iii, 1.
[10] *Lear*, iii, 2.

In *Julius Cæsar*[1] he describes correctly the symptoms of epilepsy. In *Timon of Athens*[2] he gives us the mode of treatment of a still more formidable disease.

In *Henry V.* he furnishes us with a minute description of Falstaff's death:

A' parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning of the tide, for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger-ends, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. . . . So he bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone.[3]

And it is a curious fact that Francis Bacon studied the signs of death, as he studied everything else, with the utmost particularity and minuteness, and he has put them on record. He says:

The immediate preceding signs of death are, great unquietness and tossing in the bed, *fumbling* with the hands ["I saw him *fumble* with the sheets," says Dame Quickly], catching and grasping hard, gnashing with the teeth, speaking hollow, trembling of the nether lip, paleness of the face, the memory confused ["a' babbled of green fields," says Dame Quickly], speechless, cold sweats, the body shooting in length, lifting up the white of the eye, changing of the whole visage, as *the nose sharp* ["his *nose was as sharp* as a pen," says Dame Quickly], eyes hollow, cheeks fallen, contraction and doubling of the *coldness in the extreme parts of the body* ["his feet were as *cold as any stone*," says Dame Quickly].[4]

Here we have the same symptoms, *and in the same order.* Who is there can believe that these descriptions of death came out of two different minds?

VII. The Same Historical Studies.

Shakespeare wrote a group of historical plays extending from Richard II. to Henry VIII., with a single break — the reign of Henry VII. *And Bacon completed the series by writing a history of Henry VII.!*

Shakespeare wrote a play turning upon Scotch history — *Macbeth.* Bacon had studied the history of Scotland. He says:

The kingdom of Scotland hath passed through no small troubles, and remaineth full of boiling and swelling tumors.[5]

Shakespeare wrote a play concerning Danish history — *Hamlet.* Bacon had carefully studied Scandinavian history. He says:

[1] Act i, scene 2.
[2] Act iv, scene 3.
[3] *Henry V.*, ii, 3.
[4] *History of Life and Death*, div. x, § 30.
[5] Observations on a Libel *Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 101.

The kingdom of Swedeland, besides their foreign wars upon their confines, the Muscovites and the Danes, hath also been subject to divers intestine tumults and mutations, *as their stories do record.*[1]

Shakespeare wrote a play of *Julius Cæsar;* Bacon wrote a biography or character of *Julius Cæsar.*

Shakespeare wrote a play, *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which Augustus Cæsar is a principal character. Bacon wrote a biography of *Augustus Cæsar.* And he discusses, in his essay *Of Love*, Mark Antony, "the half-partner of the empire of Rome, a voluptuous man and inordinate, whose great business did not keep out love." And this is the very element of the great Roman's character on which the play of *Antony and Cleopatra* turns.

Shakespeare wrote a play of *Timon of Athens*, the misanthrope. Bacon speaks of "misanthropi, that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet have never a tree in their garden for the purpose, as Timon had."[2]

VIII. Julius Cæsar in the Plays.

Shakespeare manifests the highest admiration for Julius Cæsar. He calls him "the foremost man of all this world."

In *Cymbeline* he says:

There is no more such Cæsars; other of them may have crooked noses; but to own such straight arms, none.[3]

In *Hamlet* he refers to him as "the mighty Julius." He says:

> A little ere the mighty Julius fell,
> The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.[4]

In *2d Henry VI.* he says:

> For Brutus' bastard hand stabbed Julius Cæsar.[5]

On the other hand, Bacon shows a like admiration for Cæsar. He says:

Machiavel says if Cæsar had been overthrown "he would have been more odious than ever was Catiline;" as if there had been no difference, but in fortune, between a very fury of lust and blood and the *most excellent spirit* (his ambition reserved) *of the world.*[6]

[1] Observations on a Libel — *Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 162.
[2] Essay *Of Goodness.*
[3] *Cymbeline*, iii, 1.
[4] *Hamlet*, i, 1.
[5] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 1.
[6] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.

This is but another way of saying: "The foremost man of all this world." He also refers to Cæsar's letters and apophthegms, "which excel all men's else." [1]

Shakespeare says:

> Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
> Is termed the civil'st place of all this isle.[2]

Bacon refers to Cæsar's *Commentaries*, and pronounces them "the best history of the world." [3]

In the play of *Julius Cæsar* we see the conspirators coming together at the house of Brutus. In *The Advancement of Learning*, book ii, we find Bacon describing the supper given by M. Brutus and Cassius to "certain whose opinions they meant to feel whether they were fit to be made their associates" in the killing of Cæsar.

Bacon says of Julius Cæsar:

> He referred all things to himself, and was the true and perfect center of all his actions. By which means, being so fast tied to his ends, he was still prosperous and prevailed in his purposes, insomuch that neither country, nor religion, nor good turns done him, nor kindred, nor friendship diverted his appetite nor bridled him from pursuing his own ends.[4]

In the play we find the same characteristic brought into view. Just before the assassination Cassius falls at Cæsar's feet to beg the enfranchisement of Publius Cimber. Cæsar replies:

> I could be well moved if I were as you;
> If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.
> But I am constant as the northern star
> Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
> There is no fellow in the firmament.
> The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
> They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
> But there is one in all doth hold his place:
> So, in the world: 'tis furnished well with men,
> And men are flesh and blood and apprehensive;
> Yet, in the number, I do know but one
> That unassailable holds on his rank,
> Unshaked of motion, and that I am he
> Let me a little show it.[5]

Here we see the same man described by Bacon, whom "neither country, nor good turns done him, nor kindred, nor friendship diverted . . . from pursuing his own ends."

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[2] *2d Henry VI.*, iv, 7.
[3] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[4] *Character of Julius Cæsar.*
[5] *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 1.

In *Julius Cæsar* we find Shakespeare suggesting the different temperaments and mental states that accompany particular conditions of the body:

> Let me have men about me that are *fat;*
> Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.
> Yond' Cassius hath a *lean* and hungry look;
> He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.[1]

And in Bacon's *Catalogue of Particular Histories*, to be studied, we find this:

52. A history of different habits of body, of fat and lean, of complexions (as they are called), etc.

IX. Studies of Mortality.

Shakespeare tells us that Cleopatra had pursued

> Conclusions infinite
> Of easy ways to die.

And she speaks of the *asp* as the "baby at my breast that sucks the nurse to sleep."

Bacon had made the same subject a matter of study. He says:

The death that is *most without pain* hath been noted to be upon the taking of the potion of hemlock, which in humanity was the form of execution of capital offenders in Athens. The poison of the *asp, that Cleopatra used, hath some affinity with it.*[2]

Marvelous! marvelous! how the heads of these two men — if you will insist on calling them such — were stored with the same facts and gave birth to the same thoughts!

Both had studied the condition of the human body after death.

Bacon says:

I find in Plutarch and others that when Augustus Cæsar visited the sepulcher of Alexander the Great in Alexandria, he found the body to keep its dimensions, but withal, that notwithstanding all the embalming, which no doubt was the best, the body was so tender, as Cæsar touching but the nose defaced it.[3]

And, on the other hand, we find Shakespeare's mind dwelling upon the dust of this same Alexander, and tracing it, in his imagination, through many transmutations, until he finds it "stopping the bung-hole of a beer-barrel."[4]

We observe the mind of the poet pursuing some very curious and ghastly, not to say unpoetical, inquiries. In *Hamlet* we have:

[1] *Julius Cæsar*, i, 2. [2] *Natural History*, § 743. [3] Ibid., § 771. [4] *Hamlet*, v, 1.

Hamlet. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

Clown. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Hamlet. Why he more than another?

Clown. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body.[1]

And Bacon's mind had turned to similar studies. He says:

It is strange, and well to be noted, how long carcasses have continued uncorrupt, and in their former dimensions, as appeareth in the mummies of Egypt; having lasted, as is conceived, some of them three thousand years.[2]

X. Oratory.

Both Bacon and the writer of the Shakespeare Plays were practical orators and students of oratory.

As to the first, we have Ben Jonson's testimony:

There happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him was lest he should make an end.

Howell, another contemporary, says of him: "He was the eloquentest man that was born in this island."[3]

Let us turn now to the great oration which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Mark Antony, as delivered over the dead body of Julius Cæsar.

Well did Archbishop Whately say of Shakespeare:

The first of dramatists, he might easily have been the first of orators.

Only an orator, accustomed to public speech, and holding "the affections of his hearers in his power," and capable of working upon the passions of men, and making them "angry or pleased" as he chose, could have conceived that great oration. It is climactic in its construction. Mark Antony begins in all humility and deep sorrow, asking only pity and sympathy for the poor bleeding corpse:

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

[1] *Hamlet*, v, 1. [2] *Natural History*, § 771. [3] Holmes, *Authorship of Shak.*, vol. ii, p. 600.

He is most deferential to "the honorable men" who had assassinated Cæsar:

> Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
> (For Brutus is an honorable man,—
> So are they all, all honorable men),
> Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

And he gives the humble reason:

> He was my friend, faithful and just to *me*.

And then how cunningly he interjects appeals to the feelings of the mob:

> He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
> Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.

And how adroitly, and with an *ad captandum vulgus* argument, he answers the charge that Cæsar was ambitious:

> You all did see that on the Lupercal
> I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
> Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
>
> . . .
>
> When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
> Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

And then, protesting that he will not read Cæsar's will, he permits the multitude to know that they are his heirs.

And what a world of admiration, in the writer, for Cæsar himself, lies behind these words:

> Let but the commons hear this testament,
> (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
> And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
> And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
> Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
> And dying, mention it within their wills,
> Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
> Unto their issue.

Then he pretends to draw back.

Citizens. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony; you shall read us the will—Cæsar's will.

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while? I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

And then, at last, encouraged by the voices and cries of the multitude, he snarls out:

> I fear I wrong the *honorable men*
> *Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar.*

But before reading the will he descends to uncover the dead body of the great commander; the multitude pressing, with fiery Italian eyes, around him, and glaring over each others' shoulders at the corpse.

But first he brings back the memory of Cæsar's magnificent victories:

> You all do know this mantle: I remember
> The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
> 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
> *That day he overcame the Nervii.*

Then he plucks away the garment and reveals the hacked and mangled corpse,

> Marred, as you see, by traitors.

And thereupon he gives the details of the assassination, points out and identifies each wound, "poor, poor dumb mouths;" and at last reads the will, and sends the mob forth, raging for revenge, to let slip the dogs of war.

Beside this funeral oration all other efforts of human speech are weak, feeble, poverty-stricken and commonplace. Call up your Demosthenes, your Cicero, your Burke, your Chatham, your Grattan, your Webster,—and what are their noblest and loftiest utterances compared with this magnificent production? It is the most consummate eloquence, wedded to the highest poetry, breathing the profoundest philosophy, and sweeping the whole register of the human heart, as if it were the strings of some grand musical instrument, capable of giving forth all forms of sound, from the sob of pity to the howl of fury. It lifts the head of human possibility a whole shoulder-height above the range of ordinary human achievement.

We find Bacon writing a letter, in 1608–9, to Sir Tobie Matthew, in which he refers back to the time of the death of Elizabeth (1603), and, alluding to a rough draft of his essay, *The Felicity of Queen Elizabeth*, which Bacon had shown to Sir Tobie, he says:

> At that time methought you were more willing to hear *Julius Cæsar* than Elizabeth commended.

Bacon, it is known, submitted his acknowledged writings to the criticism of his friend, Sir Tobie; and we can imagine him reading to Sir Tobie, in secret, this grand oration, with all the heat and fervor with which it came from his own mind. And we can imagine

Sir Tobie's delight, touched upon and referred to cunningly in the foregoing playful allusion.

What a picture for a great artist that would make: Bacon and Sir Tobie alone in the chamber of Gray's Inn, with the door locked; and Bacon reading, with flashing eyes, to his enraptured auditor, Mark Antony's oration over the dead body of Julius Cæsar.

XI. Other Studies.

But, in whatever direction we turn, we find the writer of the Plays and Francis Bacon devoting themselves to the same pursuits.

Bacon in *The New Atlantis* discusses the possibility of there being discovered in the future "some perpetual motions"—a curious thought and a curious study for that age.

Shakespeare makes Falstaff say to the Chief Justice:

> I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with *perpetual motion*.[1]

Bacon says:

> Snow-water is held unwholesome; inasmuch as the people that dwell at the foot of the snow mountains, or otherwise upon the ascent, especially the women, by drinking snow-water have great bags hanging under their throats.[2]

Shakespeare says:

> When we were boys,
> Who would believe that there were mountaineers
> Dew-lapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
> Wallets of flesh?[3]

Shakespeare was familiar with the works of Machiavel, and alludes to him in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, in *1st Henry VI.* and in *3d Henry VI.*

Bacon had studied his writings, and refers to him in *The Advancement of Learning*, book ii, and in many other places.

Shakespeare was a great observer of the purity of the air. He says in *Macbeth*:

> This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses.

And Bacon says:

> I would wish you to observe the climate and the temperature of the air; for so you shall judge of the healthfulness of the place.[4]

[1] *2d Henry IV.*, i, 2. [2] *Natural History*, § 306. [3] *Tempest*, iii, 3.

[4] Letter to the Earl of Rutland, written in the name of the Earl of Essex—*Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 19.

Bacon also says:

> The heart receiveth benefit or harm most from the air we breathe, from vapors and from the affections.[1]

∴

One has only to read the works of Francis Bacon to see that they abound in quotations from and references to the Bible. He had evidently made the Scriptures the subject of close and thorough study.

On the other hand, the Rev. Charles Wordsworth says:

> Take the entire range of English literature, put together our best authors who have written upon subjects professedly not religious or theological, and we shall not find, I believe, in all united, so much evidence of the Bible having been read and used as we have found in Shakespeare alone.

∴

We have already seen that both the author of the Plays and Francis Bacon had studied law, and had read even the obscure law-reports of Plowden, printed in the still more obscure black-letter and Norman French.

∴

In fact, I might swell this chapter beyond all reasonable bounds by citing instance after instance, to show that the writer of the Plays studied precisely the same books that Francis Bacon did; and, in the chapter on *Identical Quotations*, I have shown that he took out of those books exactly the same particular facts and thoughts which had adhered to the memory of Francis Bacon. It is difficult in this world to find two men who agree in devoting themselves not to one, but to a multitude of the same studies; and rarer still to find two men who will be impressed alike with the same particulars in those studies.

But let us move forward a step farther in the argument.

[1] *History of Life and Death.*

CHAPTER VI.

IDENTICAL ERRORS.

Lend thy serious hearing to what I shall unfold.
Hamlet, i, 5.

THE list of coincident errors must necessarily be brief. We can not include the errors common to all men in that age, for those would prove nothing. And the mistakes of so accurate and profound a man as Francis Bacon are necessarily few in number. But if we find *any* errors peculiar to Francis Bacon repeated in Shakespeare, it will go far to settle the question of identity. For different men may read the same books and think the same thoughts, but it is unusual, in fact, extraordinary, if they fall into the same mistakes.

I. Both Misquote Aristotle.

Mr. Spedding noticed the fact that Bacon in *The Advancement of Learning* had erroneously quoted Aristotle as saying "that *young men* are no fit auditors of *moral* philosophy," because "they are not settled from the boiling heat of their affections, nor attempered with time and experience"; while, in truth, Aristotle speaks, in the passage referred to by Bacon, of "*political* philosophy."

Mr. Spedding further noted that this precise error of confounding *moral* with *political* philosophy *had been followed by Shakespeare.* In *Troilus and Cressida* the two "young men," Paris and Troilus, had given their opinion that the Trojans should keep possession of the fair Helen. To which Hector replies:

> Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;
> And on the cause and question now in hand
> Have glozed — but superficially; not much
> Unlike *young men* whom *Aristotle* thought
> Unfit to hear *moral* philosophy.[1]

And what reason did Bacon give why young men were not fit to hear moral philosophy? Because "they are not settled from the

[1] *Troilus and Cressida*, ii, 2.

boiling heat of their affections, nor attempered with time and experience." And why does Hector think young men are "unfit to hear moral philosophy"? Because:

> The reasons you allege do more conduce
> To the hot passions of *distempered blood*,
> Than to make up a free determination
> 'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
> Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
> Of any true decision.

II. An Error in Natural Philosophy.

Shakespeare had a curious theory about fire: it was that each fire was an entity, as much so as a stick of wood; and that one flame could push aside or drive out another flame, just as one stick might push aside or expel another. This of course was an error. He says:

> Even as *one heat another heat expels*,
> Or as *one nail by strength drives out another*,
> So the remembrance of my former love
> Is by a newer object quite forgotten.[1]

And the same thought is repeated in *Coriolanus*:

> *One fire drives out another; one nail, one nail.*[2]

We turn to Bacon's *Promus of Formularies and Elegancies*, now preserved in the British Museum, and, in his own handwriting, we have, as one of the entries:

Clavum clavo pellere—(To *drive out* a *nail with a nail*).

This is precisely the expression given above:

> *One nail* by strength *drives out another.*
>
> One fire *drives out* another; *one nail, one nail.*

But behind this was a peculiar and erroneous theory held by Bacon, concerning heat, which he records in the *Sylva Sylvarum*.[3] He held that heat was a substance; some of his favorite fallacies were that "one flame within another quencheth not," and that "flame doth not mingle with flame, but remaineth contiguous." He speaks of one heat being "mixed with another," of its being "pushed farther,"—as if so much matter. This is precisely the erroneous theory which was held by the writer of the Plays.

[1] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii, 4. [2] *Coriolanus*, iv, 7. [3] Vol. i, p. 32.

Mrs. Pott says:

> Knowing, as we now do, that these theories were *as mistaken as they appear to have been original*, it seems almost past belief that any two men should, at precisely the same period, have independently conceived the same theories and made the same mistakes.[1]

III. Spirits of Animate and Inanimate Nature.

Bacon had another peculiar theory which the world has refused to accept, at least in its broad significance.

He believed that there is a living spirit, or life principle, in every thing in the created universe, which conserves its substance and holds it together, and thus that, in some sense, the stones and the clods of the earth possess souls; that without some such spiritual force, differing in kinds, there could be no difference in substances. For why should the arrangement of the molecules of foam, for instance, differ from that of the molecules of iron, if some external force has not been imposed upon them to hold them in their peculiar relation to each other, and thus constitute the difference between the light froth and the dense metal?

This theory is akin to the expression which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the Duke, in *As You Like It:*

> And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.[2]

And Prince Arthur says:

> My uncle's spirit is in these stones.[3]

Bacon says:

> All tangible bodies contain a spirit enveloped with the grosser body. There is no known body in the upper part of the earth without its spirit. The spirit which exists in all living bodies keeps all the parts in due subjection; when it escapes the body decomposes, or the similar parts unite—as metals rust, fluids turn sour.

And Bacon sees a relationship between the spirit within the animal and the spirit of the objects, even inanimate, which act upon the senses of the animal; and he strikes out the curious thought that

> There might be as many senses in animals as there are points of agreement with inanimate bodies if the animated body were *perforated*, so as to allow the spirit to have access to the limb properly disposed for action, as a fit organ.[4]

That is to say, the spirit of the universe pervades all created

[1] *Promus*, p. 33. [2] *As You Like It*, ii, 1. [3] *King John*, iv, 3. [4] *Novum Organum*, book ii.

things, animate and inanimate, but the intelligence of man and animal only takes cognizance of the spirits of other things around them through the *perforations of the senses;* the eyes, ears, touch, taste and smell being, as it were, *holes*, through which the external universal vitality reaches into our vitality and stirs it to recognition. A solemn thought, doubtless true, and which should teach us modesty; for it would follow that we see not all God's works, but only those limited areas which come within the range of the peep-holes of our few senses. In other words, the space around us may be filled with forms, animate and inanimate, which hold "no points of agreement" with our senses, and of which, therefore, we can have no knowledge. And thus the dream of the schoolman of old may be true, that the space around us is filled as thick with spirits as the snow-storm is filled with snow-flakes.

This doctrine of *spirits* runs through all Bacon's writings. He says in one place:

> All bodies have spirits and pneumatical parts within them. . . . But the spirits of things inanimate are shut in and cut off by the tangible parts.[1]

That is to say, they have no holes of the senses, through which the spirit of the inanimate object can communicate with us; any more than we could communicate with a human spirit, locked up in a body devoid of all the senses.

Again he says:

> Spirits are nothing else but a natural body rarified to a proportion, and included in the tangible parts of bodies as in an integument; . . . and they are in all tangible bodies whatsoever, more or less.[2]

And again speaking of the superstition of "the evil eye," he says:

> Besides, at such times [times of glory and triumph], the spirits of the persons envied do come forth most into the outward parts, and so meet the blow.[3]

Bacon does not speak, as we would, of *the spirit* in a man, but of *the spirits*, as if there were a multitude of them in each individual, occupying every part of the body. For instance:

> Great joys attenuate the *spirits;* familiar cheerfulness strengthens the *spirits* by calling them forth.[4]

Again:

> In bashfulness the *spirits* do a little go and come.[5]

[1] *Natural History*, § 601.
[2] Ibid., § 92.
[3] Essay *Of Envy*.
[4] *History of Life and Death*.
[5] Essay *Of Goodness*.

And again:

> The *spirits* of the wine oppress the *spirits animal.*[1]

And in Shakespeare we find this same theory of *the spirits.* He says:

> Fair daughter! you do draw my *spirits* from me,
> With new lamenting ancient oversights.[2]

And again:

> Forth at your eyes your *spirits* wildly peep.[3]

And again:

> I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
> The reason is, your *spirits* are attentive.[4]

And again:

> Your *spirits* shine through you.[5]
>
> Young gentleman, your *spirits* are too bold for your years.[6]
>
> My *spirits*, as in a dream, are all bound up.[7]
>
> My *spirits* are nimble.[8]
>
> Heaven give your *spirits* comfort.[9]
>
> Summon up your dearest *spirits.*[10]
>
> The nimble *spirits* in the arteries.[11]
>
> Their great guilt,
> Like poison given to work a great time after,
> Now 'gins to bite the *spirits.*[12]
>
> *Spirits* are not finely touched but to fine issues.[13]

Thus in the Shakespeare Plays we find the reflection of one of Bacon's most peculiar philosophical beliefs.

IV. Spontaneous Generation.

Bacon fell into another error in natural philosophy which reappears in the Plays. This was a belief, which continued down to our own times, in *spontaneous generation;* that is to say, that life could come out of non-life. We now realize that that marvelous and inexplicable thing we call life ascends by an unbroken pedigree, through all time, back to the central Source of Force in the universe, by whatever name we may call it. But Bacon believed that life could come out of conditions of inorganic matter. He says:

[1] *Natural History*, § 726.
[2] *2d Henry IV.*, ii, 3.
[3] *Hamlet*, iii, 4.
[4] *Merchant of Venice*, v, 1.
[5] *Macbeth*, iii, 1.
[6] *As You Like It*, i, 2.
[7] *Tempest*, i, 2.
[8] Ibid., ii, 1.
[9] *Measure for Measure*, iv, 2.
[10] *Love's Labor Lost*, ii, 1.
[11] Ibid., iv, 3.
[12] *Tempest*, iii, 3.
[13] *Measure for Measure*, i, 1.

The first beginnings and rudiments or effects of life in animalculæ spring from putrefaction, as in the eggs of ants, worms, mosses, frogs after rain, etc.[1]

Again he says.

The *excrements* of living creatures do not only *breed* insecta when they are exerned, but also while they are in the body.[2]

We find that the poet Shakespeare had thought much upon this same very unpoetical subject. He says:

> And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
> Your bedded hair, *like life in excrements*,
> Starts up and stands on end.[3]

Bacon says:

For all putrefaction, if it dissolve not in arefaction, will in the end issue into plants, or living creatures *bred* of putretaction.[4]

And again he speaks of

> Living creatures *bred* of putrefaction.[5]

And in Shakespeare we have Hamlet saying:

For if the sun *breed* maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion.[6]

And in all this we see, also, the natural philosopher, who believed that "most *base things* tend to rich ends."

V. Other Errors.

Both believed that there was a precious stone in the head of a toad. Bacon says:

Query. If the stone taken out of a toad's head be not of the like virtue; for the toad loveth shade and coolness.[7]

Shakespeare says:

> Sweet are the uses of adversity;
> Which, like the toad, ugly und venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.[8]

Both thought the liver was the seat of sensuality. Bacon in *The Advancement of Learning*, book ii, refers to Plato's opinion to that effect. And in Shakespeare we have:

> This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity;
> A green goose, a goddess.[9]

[1] *Novum Organum*, book ii.
[2] *Natural History*, § 696.
[3] *Hamlet*, iii, 4.
[4] *Natural History*, § 605.
[5] Ibid., § 328.
[6] *Hamlet*, ii, 2.
[7] *Natural History*, cent. x, § 967.
[8] *As You Like It*, ii, 1.
[9] *Love's Labor Lost*, iv, 3.

Both believed, despite the discoveries of Galileo, that the earth was the center of the universe, and that the heavens revolved around it. Later in his life Bacon seemed to accept the new theories, but at the time the Plays were written he repudiated them. He says:

> Who would not smile at the astronomers, I mean not these new carmen *which drive the earth about.*[1]

Again he says:

> It is a poor center of a man's actions, himself. It is right earth, for that only stands fast upon his own center; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the center of another, which they benefit.[2]

While Shakespeare also rejected the new theories. He says in *Hamlet:*

> Doubt thou the stars are fire,
> *Doubt that the sun doth move.*[3]

Again he says:

> The heavens themselves, the planets *and this center,*
> Observe degree, priority and place.[4]

And in the same play he says:

> But the strong base and building of my love
> Is as the very center of the earth,
> Drawing all things to it.[5]

[1] Essay *In Praise of Knowledge*, 1590
Life and Works, vol. i, p. 124.
[2] Essay *Of Wisdom.*
[3] *Hamlet*, ii, 2.
[4] *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 3.
[5] Ibid., iv, 2.

CHAPTER VII.

THE IDENTICAL USE OF UNUSUAL WORDS.

> Letter for letter! Why, this is the very same: the very hand: the very words.
> *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii, 1.

I HAVE already shown, in the first chapter of Book I., the tendency manifested in the Plays to use unusual words, especially those derived from or constructed out of the Latin. I may add to the list already given the following instances:

> And all things rare
> That heaven's air in this huge *rondure* hems.[1]
>
> Cowards and men *cautelous*.[2]
>
> No soil or *cautel*.[3]
>
> Through all the world's *vastidity*.[4]
>
> Such *exsufflicate* and blown surmises.[5]
>
> His pendant bed and *procreant* cradle.[6]
>
> Thou *vinew'dst* leaven.[7]
>
> Rend and *deracinate*.[8]
>
> Thou *cacodæmon*.[9]

We have a very crowding of words, unusual in poetry, into the following lines:

> As knots, by the *conflux* of meeting sap,
> *Infect* the sound pine and *divert* his grain
> *Tortive* and *errant* from his course of growth.[10]

All these things bespeak the scholar, overflowing with Roman learning and eager to enrich his mother-tongue by the coinage of new words. It is not too much to say that Bacon has doubled the capacity of the English language. He was aware of this fact himself, and in his *Discourse in Praise of Queen Elizabeth* he says that the tongue of England "has been infinitely polished since her happy times."

[1] Sonnet xxi.
[2] *Julius Cæsar*, ii, 1.
[3] *Hamlet*, i, 3.
[4] *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1.
[5] *Othello*, iii, 3.
[6] *Macbeth*, i, 6.
[7] *Troilus and Cressida*, ii, 1
[8] Ibid., i, 3.
[9] *Richard III.*, i, 3.
[10] *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 3.

We find in Bacon's prose works the same tendency to coin or transfer words bodily from the Latin. I give a few examples:

"Coarctation," "percutient," "mordication," "carnosities," "the ingurgitation of wine," "incomprehensions," "arefaction," "flexuous courses of nature," "exulcerations," "reluctation," "embarred," "digladiation," "vermiculate questions," "morigeration," "redargution," "maniable," "ventosity."

But we will also find, in both sets of writings, a disposition to use quaint, odd and unusual words, borrowed, many of them, from that part of common speech which rarely finds its way into print,—the colloquialisms of the shop and the street,—and we will find many of them that are used in the same sense by both Bacon and Shakespeare.

Macbeth says:

> I *pull* in resolution, and begin
> To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
> That lies like truth.[1]

The commentators have been puzzled with this word, but we have it also in Bacon:

> Those smells are all strong, and do *pull* and vellicate the sense.[2]

To *vellicate* is to twitch convulsively.

∴

We find in *Hamlet* the strange word *pall*:

> Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
> When our dear plots do *pall*.[3]

We turn to Bacon and we find him using the same word:

> The beer or wine hath not been *palled* or deaded at all.[4]

And again:

> The refreshing or quickening of drink *palled* or dead.[5]

∴

In Bacon we have:

> For if they go *forth right* to a place, they must needs have sight.[6]

Shakespeare says:

> Step aside from the direct *forth right*.[7]
>
> Through *forth rights* and meanders.[8]

∴

Bacon says:

> I have been *puddering* in physic all my life.

[1] *Macbeth*, v, 4.
[2] *Natural History*, § 835.
[3] *Hamlet*, v, 1.
[4] *Natural History*, § 385.
[5] Ibid., § 314.
[6] Ibid., 1 698.
[7] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3.
[8] *Tempest*, iii, 3.

Shakespeare says:

> The gods that keep such a *pudder* o'er our heads.[1]

This word occurs but on this occasion in the Plays. It means *bother*.

* * *

There is a word in *Henry V.*[2]—*imbar*—which has excited considerable controversy among the commentators. It occurs in the discussion of the Salic law of France:

> So that as clear as is the summer's sun,
> King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
> King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
> To hold in right and title of the female;
> So do the kings of France unto this day:
> Howbeit they would hold up this Salic law,
> To bar your Highness claiming from the female;
> And rather choose to hide them in a net,
> Than amply to *imbar* their crooked titles
> Usurped from you and your progenitors.

I quote Knight's foot-note upon this word:

> *Imbar.* The Folio gives this word *imbarre*, which modern editors, upon the authority of Theobald, have changed into *imbare*. Rowe, somewhat more boldly, reads *make bare*. There can be no doubt, we think, that *imbar* is the right word. It might be taken as placed in opposition to *bar*. To *bar* is to obstruct; to *imbar* is to bar in, to secure. They would hold up the Salic law "to bar your Highness," hiding "their crooked titles" in a net rather than amply defending them. But it has been suggested to us that *imbar* is here used for "to set at the bar"—to place their crooked titles before a proper tribunal. This is ingenious and plausible.

I quote these comments to show that the word is a rare and obscure one. The two words, *bar* and *imbar*, seem to me to mean substantially the same thing; as we find *plead* and *implead*, *personate* and *impersonate*, *plant* and *implant*. If there is any difference, it consists in the fact that *bar* means, as suggested by Knight, to shut out, and *imbar* to shut in. In the sentence under consideration it seems that both the title of the reigning French King and the claim of King Henry V. came through the female line, and the Archbishop of Canterbury shows that the French, while their King holds in contravention of the Salic law, yet set it up as a *bar* to the claim of the English King, also holding through the female line, and thus involve themselves in a *net* or tangle of contradictions, instead of amply, fully, and on other and substantial grounds,

[1] *Lear*, iii, 2.

[2] Act i, scene 2.

imbarring their titles, inclosing them and defending them from the world.

And here again, where we would find the explanation of obscure words in Shakespeare, we are driven to Bacon.

In his *History of Henry VII.* he says:

> The King forthwith banished all Flemings . . . out of his kingdom; commanding his subjects likewise, and by name his merchants adventurers, which had a reisance in Antwerp, to return; translating the mart, which commonly followed the English cloth, unto Calais; and *embarred* also all further trade for the future.

Here we get at the meaning of the word. He not only drove the Flemish merchants out of his country and recalled his own merchants resident in Flanders, and changed the foreign mart, but he *also* embarred all further trade—that is, denied the Flemish commerce access to his people.

And it is a curious fact that in our great American dictionary (*Webster's Unabridged*) the two words, *embarred* and *imbare*, are given—the first with the above quotation from Bacon, and the other with the example of the word from *Henry V.*, with a meaning attached, created to suit the emergency, "to lay bare, to uncover, to expose." So that, to attempt to read Shakespeare without Bacon, the commentators are driven to coin new words "which never were, and no man ever saw."

∴

We read in Shakespeare:

> How cam'st thou to be the siege of this *mooncalf?*[1]

J. O. Halliwell says in a foot-note upon this passage:

> A *mooncalf* is an imperfectly-developed fœtus, here metaphorically applied to a misshapen monster.

But we turn to Bacon, and there we find the real explanation:

> It may be that children and *young cattle* that are brought forth in the full of the moon are stronger and *larger* than those which are brought forth in the wane; and those, also, which are begotten in the full of the moon [are stronger and larger].[2]

So that the term was applied to Caliban with reference to his gross proportions.

∴

The curious word *starting-hole* occurs but once in the Plays, in Falstaff's interview with the Prince,[3] after the robbery on Gads-hill; and it is so rare that it is made the foundation of a foot-

[1] *Tempest*, ii, 2. [2] *Natural History* § 897. [3] *1st Henry IV.*, ii, 4.

note. We turn to Bacon, and we find it used by him in the same sense:

He [Lopez] thought to provide himself with as many *starting-holes* and evasions as he could devise.[1]

Bacon says:

So with *marvelous* consent and applause.[2]

Shakespeare says:

The rogues are *marvelous* poor.[3]

Marvelous foul linen.[4]

Bacon speaks of

Incredible affection.[5]

This word is found but once in the Plays:

I tell you, 'tis *incredible* to believe
How much she loves me.[6]

Bacon says:

The people entertained this airy body or *phantasm*.[7]

Shakespeare says:

A fanatical *phantasm*.[8]

This is a rare word; it occurs but twice in the Plays; the word *phantasma* once.

Bacon says:

It [Ireland] was a *ticklish* and unsettled state.[9]

Shakespeare says:

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every *ticklish* reader.[10]

This word occurs but once in the Plays, the instance given.

Bacon says:

The embassador did so magnify the King and Queen, as was enough to *glut* the hearers.[11]

This odd word occurs only once in the Plays, in *The Tempest*, and is considered so unusual as to be the subject of a foot-note:

[1] *The Lopez Conspiracy — Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 283.
[2] *History of Henry VII.*
[3] *All's Well that Ends Well*, iv, 3.
[4] *2d Henry IV.*, v, 1.
[5] *History of Henry VII.*
[6] *Taming of the Shrew*, ii, 1.
[7] *History of Henry VII.*
[8] *Love's Labor Lost*, v, 1.
[9] *History of Henry II.*
[10] *Troilus and Cressida*, iv, 5.
[11] *History of Henry VII.*

Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to *glut* him.[1]

∴

We find the word *inoculate* but once in the Plays:

For virtue cannot so *inoculate* our old stock but we shall relish of it.[2]

Bacon uses the same rare word:

Grafting and *inoculating* wild trees.[3]

∴

Imogen says to the entranced Ioachimo:

What, dear sir,
Thus *raps* you? Are you well?[4]

And Knight has a foot-note:

Raps you—transports you. We are familiar with the participle *rapt*, but this form of the verb *is uncommon.*

We turn to Bacon and we find him using the same uncommon form:

Winged enticements that ravish and *rap* mortal men.[5]

∴

We find in the Plays a very curious expression. Ajax calls Thersites:

A vinew'dst *leaven*.[6]

We turn to Bacon and we find him applying the same word to human beings:

A *leaven* of men.[7]

∴

Bacon says:

A *core* of people.[8]

Shakespeare:

Thou *core* of envy.[9]

∴

Bacon:

Dregs of the northern people.[10]

Shakespeare:

Dregs of the storm.[11]

Dregs of conscience.[12]

∴

Bacon says:

I doubt not but in the university you shall find choice of many excellent wits, and in things wherein they have *waded*, many of good understanding.[13]

[1] *Tempest*, i, 1.
[2] *Hamlet*, iii, 1.
[3] *New Atlantis.*
[4] *Cymbeline*, i, 7.
[5] *Wisdom of the Ancients—Sphynx.*
[6] *Troilus and Cressida*, ii, 1.
[7] *History of Henry VII.*
[8] Ibid.
[9] *Troilus and Cressida*, v, 1.
[10] *History of Henry VII.*
[11] *Tempest*, ii, 2.
[12] *Richard III.*, i, 4.
[13] Letter to Sir Foulke Greville—*Life and Works*, vol. ii, p. 25.

And again:

But if I should *wade* further into this Queen's praises.[1]

Shakespeare says:

For their joy *waded* in tears.[2]

I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that should I *wade* no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.[3]

∴

Bacon says:

He was wholly *compounded* of frauds and deceits.[4]

Shakespeare says:

This foolish *compounded* clay, man.[5]

In the large *composition* of this man.[6]

We might *compound* a boy, half French, half English.[7]

And she, of all *compounded*,
Outsells them all.[8]

∴

The word *slobber* is referred to by the commentators as a strange and unusual word. It is probably the same word as *slubber*.[9] It is used in *The Merchant of Venice*, ii, 8:

Slubber not on the business for my sake, Bassanio.

Bacon[10] speaks of "*slubbering* on the lute," to illustrate his "cautioning exercise, as to beware lest by evil doing, as all beginners do weakly, a man grow to be *inveterate* in a bad habit." Slubbering on the lute means, therefore, practicing in a slovenly manner.

And this word *inveterate* is a favorite one with Shakespeare:

The *inveterate* canker.[11]

Inveterate malice.[12]

Inveterate hate.[13]

∴

In Shakespeare we find:

Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a *rack* behind.

[1] *Felic. Queen Elizabeth.*
[2] *Winter's Tale*, v. 2.
[3] *Macbeth*, iii, 4.
[4] *Character of Julius Cæsar.*
[5] *2d Henry IV.*, i, 2.
[6] *King John*, i, 1.
[7] *Henry V.*, v, 2.
[8] *Cymbeline*, iii, 5.
[9] *Shakespeariana*, May, 1884, p. 185 — Article by J. Laughlin.
[10] *Discourse Concerning Help for the Intellectual Powers.*
[11] *King John*, v, 2.
[12] *Richard II.*, i, 1.
[13] *Coriolanus*, ii, 3.

This word *rack* has led to great controversy, and as an emendation the word *wreck* was suggested, but the true explanation was found in Bacon.[1] He says:

> The winds in the upper regions, which move the clouds above, which we call *the rack*, and are not perceived below, pass without noise.[2]

Hence the *rack* evidently means the light, fleecy, upper clouds, a fine image for unsubstantiality.

* * *

And we have another curious instance wherein Shakespeare is only to be explained by Bacon. In *2d Henry IV.*, ii, 2, Poins says of Falstaff, speaking to Bardolph:

> And how doth the *Martlemas*, your master.

The commentators explain this as meaning the feast of St. Martin, the 11th of November.

> Poins calls Falstaff the Martlemas because his year of life is running out.[3]

But we turn to Bacon's *Natural History*. We find

> That that is dry is unapt to putrefy; and therefore smoke preserveth flesh, as we see in bacon, and neat's tongues and *Martlemas beef*, etc.[4]

This is a much more natural explanation. Poins refers to the aged but gross Falstaff as a beef, dried and smoked by time.

* * *

Bacon says:

> The breath in man's *microcosmos* and in other animals do very well agree.[5]

Shakespeare says:

> If you see this in the map of my *microcosm*, follows it I am known well enough too.[6]

* * *

Bacon says:

> But sure it could not be that *pelting* matter.[7]

Shakespeare says:

> Every *pelting*, petty officer.[8]
>
> Poor *pelting* villages, sheep-cotes.[9]

* * *

Shakespeare says:

> Do cream and *mantle* like a standing pool.[10]

[1] Knight's *Shak.*, note B, vol. ii, p. 429.
[2] *Natural History*, cent. ii, § 115.
[3] Knight.
[4] *Natural History*, cent. iv.
[5] *Natural History of Winds.*
[6] *Coriolanus*, ii, 1.
[7] Letter to Buckingham.
[8] *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2.
[9] *Lear*, ii, 3.
[10] *Merchant of Venice*, i, 1.

Their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that *mantle*
Their clearer reason.[1]

Bacon says:

It [the beer] drinketh fresh, flowereth and *mantleth* exceedingly.[2]

∴

Bacon says:

If there be any biting or *nibbling* at my name.[3]

Shakespeare says:

And as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be *nibbling*.[4]

∴

Bacon says:

I have lived hitherto upon the *scraps* of my former fortunes.[5]

Shakespeare says:

He hath been at a feast of languages
And stolen the *scraps*.[6]

Those *scraps* are good deeds past.[7]

∴

We find the rare word *graveled* in both sets of writings. I can recall only one other instance, in all our literature, where this strange word has been employed; that is in John Hay's *Banty Tim*.

Bacon says:

Her Majesty was somewhat *graveled* upon the offense she took at my speech in Parliament.[8]

Shakespeare says:

O *gravel* heart.[9]

And when you were *graveled* for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss.[10]

∴

The word *perturbation* was a favorite with both.

Bacon has:

The Epicureans placed felicity in serenity of mind and freedom from *perturbation*.[11]

And they be the clouds of error which descend in the storms of passions and *perturbations*.[12]

Is it not knowledge that doth alone clear the mind of all *perturbations?* . . . These be the clouds of error that turn into the storms of *perturbation*.[13]

[1] *Tempest*, v, 1.
[2] *Natural History*, cent. i, § 46.
[3] Letter to Mr. Davis.
[4] *As You Like It*, iii, 2.
[5] Letter to Buckingham, Sept. 5, 1621.
[6] *Love's Labor Lost*, v, 1.
[7] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3.
[8] Letter to Lord Burleigh, June, 1595.
[9] *Measure for Measure*, iv, 3.
[10] *As You Like It*, iv, 1.
[11] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[12] Ibid., book i.
[13] *In Praise of Knowledge*.

Shakespeare has:

O polished *perturbation!* golden care.[1]

A great perturbation in nature.[2]

From much grief, from study and *perturbation* of the brain.[3]

∴

Bacon says:

She had no *props*, or supports of her government, but those that were of her own making.[4]

Shakespeare says:

The boy was the very staff of my age, my very *prop*.[5]

See where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen.
Two *props* of virtue for a Christian prince.[6]

∴

Bacon also says:

There was also made a shoaring or *underpropping* act for the benevolence.[7]

Shakespeare says:

What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To *underprop* this action?[8]

Here am I left to *underprop* his land.[9]

∴

Extirpate occurs but once in the Plays. Prosper says his brother proposed "to *extirpate* me and mine." Bacon uses this then unusual word in the same sense:

But for *extirpating* of the roots and cause of the like commotions.[10]

∴

Bacon says:

This depressing of the house of York did *rankle* and *fester* the affections of his people.[11]

Shakespeare says:

His venom tooth will *rankle* to the death.[12]

They *fester* 'gainst ingratitude.[13]

∴

Bacon says:

He saith that towards his latter time that closeness did impair and a little *perish* his understanding.[14]

[1] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 5.
[2] *Macbeth*, v, 1.
[3] *2d Henry IV.*, i, 2.
[4] *Felic. Queen Elizabeth.*
[5] *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 2.
[6] *Richard III.*, iii, 7.
[7] *History of Henry VII.*
[8] *King John*, v, 2.
[9] *Richard II.*, ii, 2.
[10] *History of Henry VII.*
[11] Ibid.
[12] *Richard III.*, i, 3.
[13] *Coriolanus*, i, 9.
[14] Essay *Of Friendship.*

Henry Lewis says:

The use of the verb thus as transitive is rare.[1]

But rare as it is, we find it in Shakespeare:

Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace *perish* Margaret.[2]

∴

Bacon says:

I do esteem whatsoever I have or may have in this world but as *trash* in comparison.[3]

And again:

It shows he weighs men's minds and not their *trash*.[4]

Shakespeare says:

Who steals my purse steals *trash*.[5]

Wrung
From the hard hands of peasants their vile *trash*.[6]

∴

Bacon speaks of

A shrunken and *wooden* posture.[7]

Shakespeare speaks of

The *wooden* dialogue.[8]

∴

Bacon says:

Young men *puffed up* with the glittering show of vanity.[9]

Shakespeare says:

The sea *puffed up* with winds.[10]

The heart, *puffed up* with this retinue, doth any deed of courage.[11]

Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, by divine ambition *puffed*,
Makes mouths at the invisible event [12]

∴

Bacon says:

To make hope the *antidote* of human diseases.[13]

Shakespeare says:

And with some sweet oblivious *antidote*
Cleanse the stuffed bosom.[14]

[1] Essay, *Bacon*, p. 161.
[2] *2d Henry VI.*, iii, 2.
[3] Letter to the Earl of Salisbury.
[4] Essay *Of Goodness*.
[5] *Othello*, iii, 2.
[6] *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3.
[7] Essay *Of Boldness*.
[8] *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 3.
[9] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Memnon*.
[10] *Taming of the Shrew*, i, 2.
[11] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 3.
[12] *Hamlet*, iv, 4.
[13] *Med. Sacra*.
[14] *Macbeth*, v, 3.

Trust not the physician: his *antidotes* are poisons.[1]

The word was an unusual one, and occurs but twice in the Plays.

∴

Bacon, in his essay *Of Masks*, speaking of the decorations of the stage, refers to "oes or spangs," meaning, as I should take it, round, shining spots or spangles, like eyes, which, "as they are of no great cost, so are they of most glory." And in Shakespeare this figure repeatedly appears:

All you fiery *oes* and eyes of light.[2]

And he speaks in the prologue to *Henry V.* of the play-house as "this wooden O."

And he uses the same root in another odd word, *œiliads*—glances of the eye:

Judicious *œiliads*.[3]

She gave strange *œiliads*.[4]

∴

Bacon says:

Pyonner in the myne of truth.[5]

A *picneer* in the mine of truth.[6]

Shakespeare says:

Canst work in the earth so fast;
A worthy *pioneer*.[7]

The general camp, *pioneers* and all.[8]

This rare word occurs but three times in the Plays.

And in Shakespeare we have, as a parallel to Bacon's "*mine of truth*":

O, Antony, thou *mine of bounty*.[9]

∴

Bacon speaks of

Such natural philosophy as shall not vanish in the *fume* of subtle and delectable speculation.[10]

While in Shakespeare we have:

Love is a smoke raised with the *fume* of sighs.[11]

∴

Bacon says:

Neither did they observe so much as the *half-face* of justice, in proceeding by indictment.[12]

[1] *Timon of Athens*, iv, 3.
[2] *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii, 2.
[3] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i, 3.
[4] *Lear*, iv, 5.
[5] *Promus*, § 1395, p. 451.
[6] Letter to Burleigh.
[7] *Hamlet*, i, 5.
[8] *Othello*, iii, 3.
[9] *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv, 6.
[10] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[11] *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 1.
[12] *History of Henry VII.*

Shakespeare says:

Out upon this *half-faced* fellowship.[1]

This same *half-faced* fellow, Shadow.[2]

Because he hath a *half-face*, like my father,
With that *half-face* would he have all my land.[3]

∴

They both use another very rare word.

Bacon says:

Seditions and wars arise: in the midst of which *hurly-burlies* laws are silent.[4]

Shakespeare says:

When the *hurly-burly's* done.[5]

The news of *hurly-burly* innovation.[6]

This word occurs but twice in the Plays. We will see hereafter that the last syllable is the cipher synonym for *Burleigh*,—the Lord Treasurer,—Bacon's uncle.

∴

Bacon speaks of

This *jumping* or flying to generalities.[7]

Shakespeare says:

We'd *jump* the life to come.[8]

In some sort it *jumps* with my humor.[9]

Jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass.[10]

∴

We remember the use of a peculiar word in the mouth of *Othello*, when he makes his confession to the Venetian senate:

Nothing *extenuate*, nor set down aught in malice.

We find the same word in Bacon:

Disgracing your actions, *extenuating* and blasting of your merit.[11]

Also:

How far a defense might *extenuate* the offense.[12]

Also:

In excusing, *extenuating* or ingenious *confession*.[13]

It is a favorite word with both; it occurs eight times in the Plays.

∴

[1] *1st Henry IV.*, i, 3.
[2] *2d Henry IV*, iii, 2.
[3] *King John*, i, 1.
[4] *Wisdom of the Ancients — Orpheus.*
[5] *Macbeth*, i, 1.
[6] *1st Henry IV.*, v, 1.
[7] *Novum Organum.*
[8] *Macbeth*, i, 7.
[9] *1st Henry IV.*, i, 2.
[10] *Henry V.*, i, cho.
[11] Letter to Essex, Oct. 4, 1596.
[12] Letter to the Lords.
[13] Letter to the King.

We recall another very peculiar word in *Lear:*

Oh, how this *mother* swells up toward my heart.[1]

We turn to Bacon and we read:

The stench of feathers, or the like, they cure the rising of the *mother*.[2]

In Bacon we find:

The *skirts* of my living in Hertfordshire.[3]

In Shakespeare:

Here, in the *skirts* of the forest.[4]

The *skirts* of this wild wood.[5]

Young Fortinbras
Hath in the *skirts* of Norway, here and there,
Sharked up a list of landless resolutes.[6]

Bacon says:

Folds and *knots* of nature.[7]

Shakespeare says:

This *knot* intrinsicate of life untie.[8]

Motives, those strong *knots* of love.[9]

This *knot* of amity.[10]

Bacon says:

Then there *budded forth* some probable *hopes* of succession.[11]

Shakespeare says:

This is the state of man: to-day he puts *forth*
The *tender leaves* of *hope;* to-morrow blossoms.[12]

And again:

Buckingham. Every man,
. . . Not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.
Norfolk. Which is *budded out.*[13]

Bacon:

And after he had not a little *bemoaned* himself.[14]

[1] *Lear*, ii, 4.
[2] *Natural History*, cent. i, § 63.
[3] Letter to Robert Cecil, 1603.
[4] *As You Like It*, iii, 2.
[5] Ibid., v, 4.
[6] *Hamlet*, i, 1.
[7] Preface to *Great Instauration.*
[8] *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 2.
[9] *Macbeth*, iv, 3.
[10] *1st Henry VI.*
[11] *Felic. Queen Elizabeth.*
[12] *Henry VIII.*, iii, 2.
[13] Ibid., i, 1.
[14] *History of Henry VII.*

Shakespeare:

I all alone *remoan* my outcast state.[1]

He so *bemoaned* his son.[2]

This word occurs only twice in the Plays.

Bacon speaks of

The meeting-point and *rendezvous* of all my thoughts.[3]

Shakespeare has:

A comfort of retirement lives in this,
A *rendezvous*, a home to fly unto.[4]

And again:

And when I cannot live any longer I will do as I may; that is my rest, that is the *rendezvous* of it.[5]

Bacon speaks of

A *compacted* strength.[6]

Shakespeare says:

Of imagination all *compact*.[7]

My heart is now *compact* of flint.[8]

Bacon says:

Suspicions that the mind itself gathers are but *buzzes*.[9]

Shakespeare says:

Each *buz*, each fancy, each complaint.[10]

I hear a *buzzing* of a separation.[11]

Bacon:

There is a lively, *jocund*, and, as I may say, a dancing age.[12]

Shakespeare:

The *jocund* day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top.[13]

The quotation from Bacon gives us the complete image that was in the mind of the poet: — the dawn was *dancing* on the mountain top.

Bacon says:

For it is a dull thing to tire, and, as we say, to *jade* anything too far.[14]

[1] Sonnet.
[2] *3d Henry VI.*, ii, 5.
[3] Letter to Lord Burleigh, 1580.
[4] *1st Henry IV.*, iv, 1.
[5] *Henry V.*, ii, 1.
[6] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[7] *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v, 1.
[8] *Titus Andronicus*, v, 3.
[9] Essay *Of Suspicion*.
[10] *Lear*, i, 4.
[11] *Henry VIII.*, ii, 1.
[12] *Wisdom of the Ancients* — *Pan*.
[13] *Romeo and Juliet*, iii, 5.
[14] Essay *Of Discourse*.

Shakespeare says:

To let imagination *jade* me.[1]

* * *

Speaking of a young man overthrown and dying, Bacon says:

The *flower* of virtue *cropped* with sudden chance.[2]

Shakespeare speaks of

A fresh, un*cropped flower*.[3]

Comparing her son to the violets that "strew the green lap of the spring," the Duchess says to him:

Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be *cropped* before you come to prime.[4]

* * *

Speaking of the history of an event, Bacon says:

The King hath so *muffled* it.[5]

Shakespeare says:

Muffle your false love.[6]

Love whose view is *muffled* still.[7]

* * *

Bacon says:

The King resolved to make this business of Naples as a *wrench* and means of peace.[8]

Shakespeare says:

A noble nature
May catch a *wrench*.[9]

Wrenching the true cause the false way.[10]

* * *

Bacon says:

The corruption and ambition of the times did *prick* him forward.[11]

Our fear of Spain, which hath been the *spur* to this rigor.[12]

Shakespeare says:

I have no *spur*
To *prick* the sides of my intent.[13]

My duty *pricks* me on.[14]

Honor *pricks* me on. Yea, but how if honor *prick* me off when I come on.[15]

* * *

[1] *Twelfth Night*, ii, 5.
[2] *Wisdom of the Ancients--Memnon.*
[3] *All's Well that Ends Well*, v, 3.
[4] *Richard II.*, v, 1.
[5] *History of Henry VII.*
[6] *Comedy of Errors*, ii, 2.
[7] *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 1.
[8] *History of Henry VII.*
[9] *Timon of Athens*, ii, 2.
[10] *2d Henry IV.*, ii, 1.
[11] *Character of Julius Cæsar.*
[12] *Felic. Queen Elizabeth.*
[13] *Macbeth*, i, 7.
[14] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii, 1.
[15] *1st Henry IV.*, v, 1.

Falstaff complains on the battle-field that his bowels are "as hot as *molten* lead." Bacon, speaking of the horror of Essex when he found that the city would not sustain his attempted insurrection, graphically says:

So, as being extremely appalled, as divers that happened to see him then might visibly perceive in his face and countenance, and almost *molten* with sweat, though without any cause of bodily labor, but only by the perplexity and horror of his mind.[1]

What a dramatical command of language does this sentence exhibit!

∴

While my book is being printed, Mr. J. G. Bronson, of Chicago, calls my attention to the following parallelism.

In a letter of "Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary, to Monsieur Critoy, Secretary of France," said by Mr. Spedding to have been written by Bacon, we find:

But contrariwise her Majesty, not liking to *make windows into men's hearts and secret thoughts*, except the abundance of them did overflow into overt and express acts or affirmations, etc.

While in the Shakespeare sonnets we have this precisely parallel thought:

For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazèd with thine eyes.
Now, see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, wherethrough the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee:
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art;
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.[2]

Here we have not only the same thought, but the same conclusion: that the heart can only be read by its acts.

∴

Bacon says:

And there used to *shuffle* up a summary proceeding, by examination.[3]

Whatsoever singularity, chance and the *shuffle* of things has produced.[4]

Shakespeare says:

I am fain to *shuffle*, to hedge and to lurch.[5]

'Tis not so above:
There is no *shuffling*.[6]

[1] *A Declaration of the Treasons*
[2] Sonnet xxiv.
[3] *History of Henry VII.*
[4] *Gesta Grayorum — Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 335.
[5] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii, 2.
[6] *Hamlet*, iii, 3.

Your life, good master,
Must *shuffle* for itself.[1]

When we have *shuffled* off this mortal coil.[2]

Shuffle her away.[3]

∴

And here, as illustrating the scholarly acquirements of the writer of the Plays, and his tendency to enrich the English language by the creation of new words, I would refer to two instances, which,—although I have observed no parallels for them in Bacon's writings,—are curious enough to be noted here:

Dost thou *infamonize* me among potentates.[4]

As he had been *incorpsed* and *demi-natured*.[5]

∴

And here we have a very unusual word used by both — used only once, I think, by either of them.

Bacon:

To win fame and to *eternize* your name.[6]

Shakespeare:

Eternized in all ages.[7]

∴

Bacon:

The vain and *indign* comprehensions of heresy.[8]

Shakespeare:

All *indign* and base adversities.[9]

∴

I could give many more instances of this use in the two bodies of writings of the same quaint and unusual words, did I not fear to offend the patience of the reader and extend this book beyond all reasonable proportions.

I regret that I am not where I could have access to authorities which would show how many of these strange words appeared for the first time, in the history of our language, in the Bacon and Shakespeare writings. But this will constitute a work for scholars hereafter.

[1] *Cymbeline*, v, 5.
[2] *Hamlet*, iii, 1.
[3] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii, 2.
[4] *Love's Labor Lost*, v, 2.
[5] *Hamlet*, iv, 7.
[6] *Gesta Grayorum — Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 336.
[7] *2d Henry VI.*, v, 3.
[8] Letter to the King, 1612.
[9] *Othello*, i, 3.

CHAPTER VIII.

IDENTITIES OF CHARACTER.

I saw Othello's visage in his mind.
Othello, *i*, 3.

CHARACTER, after all, constitutes the man. I do not mean thereby reputation,— for that concerns the opinions of others, and they may or may not be deserved; but those infinite shades of disposition which separate one man from all other men. And as there were never in the world two men who possessed heads of precisely the same shape, so there cannot be two men having precisely the same character. The Creator has a thousand elements which go to make *man*, and he never puts all of them in any one man; nor does he ever mix a part of them, in his alembic, in the same proportions, for any two men. "In the catalogue we all go for men." Anything, with the human osseous system and flesh on it, is, perforce, a man; but the difference between one man and another may be as wide as that between the primordial cell and the regenerated soul.

The writer of the Plays had thought this thought, as he seems to have thought all other thoughts, and he exclaims:

Oh, the difference of man and man![1]

When we seek, however, to institute a comparison between Francis Bacon and the writer of the Plays, we are met by this difficulty: We know, accurately enough, what was the character of Francis Bacon — his life reveals it; — but if we turn to the author of certain dramatic compositions, we are at a loss to know when the man himself speaks and when the character he has created speaks. We are more apt to see the inner nature of the writer in the general frame, moral and purpose of the piece, and in those utterances which burst from him unawares, and which have no necessary connection with the plot or the characters of the play, than in the acts performed in the course of the drama, or in the

[1] *Lear*, iv, 2.

sentiments put into the mouths of the men who perform them, and which are parts of the acts and parcel of the plots.

But, notwithstanding these difficulties, we can perceive clearly enough that the writer of the Plays possessed essentially the same traits of character which we know to have belonged to Francis Bacon.

The reader has seen already that both personages, if we may call them such, possessed the philosophical and poetical cast of mind; that they were persons of unequaled genius, command of language, elevation of mind and loftiness of moral purpose. Let us go a step farther.

I. Industry.

I have shown on page 92, *ante*, that the writer of the Plays was a man of vast industry, and that he elaborated his work with the utmost skill and pains. Knight says:

> The whole of this scene,[1] in the Folio, exhibits the greatest care in remodeling the text of the quarto.

But let us turn to another play.

A comparison of that part of the text of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* which embraces the scene at Hernes' oak, in the edition of 1602, with the text of the Folio of 1623, will show how elaborately the writer revised and improved his text. I place the new parts of the Folio in italics, and where it repeats the words of the edition of 1602 they are given in quotation marks. In this way the changes are made more conspicuous.

In the edition of 1602 we have:

> *Quickly.* You fairies that do haunt these shady groves,
> Look round about the woods if you espy
> A mortal that doth haunt our sacred round:
> If such a one you can espy, give him his due,
> And leave not till you pinch him black and blue.
> Give them their charge, Puck, ere they part away.

In the Folio of 1623 we have this thus amplified:

> *Quickly.* "Fairies," *black, gray, green and white,*
> *You moonshine revelers and shades of night,*
> *You orphan heirs of fixèd destiny,*
> *Attend your office and your quality.*
> *Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.*

[1] *Henry V.*, ii, 1.

Here there is only one word — *fairies* — repeated from the parallel passage in the edition of 1602.

The 1602 version continues:

> *Sir Hugh.* Come hither, Pead, go to the country houses,
> And when you find a slut that lies asleep,
> And all her dishes foul and room unswept,
> With your long nails pinch her till she cry
> And swear to mend her sluttish housewifery.

In the Folio this speech is put in the mouth of Pistol, but greatly changed in language:

> *Pistol. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.*
> *Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:*
> *Where fires thou find'st unraked, and hearths* "unswept,"
> *There* "pinch" *the maids as blue as bilberry:*
> *Our radiant queen hates* "sluts" *and sluttery.*

Here there are but *three* words that occur in the edition of 1602.

In the 1602 copy there is added after this speech:

> *Fairy.* I warrant you I will perform your will.

This line is lacking in the Folio, and instead of it Falstaff says:

> They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
> I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.

The 1602 edition gives the next speech as follows:

> *Sir Hugh.* Where is Pead? Go you and see where brokers sleep,
> And fox-eyed serjeants, with their mace,
> Go lay the proctors in the street,
> And pinch the lousy serjeant's face:
> Spare none of these when they are a-bed,
> But such whose nose looks plue and red.

In the Folio we have this speech rendered as follows:

> *Evans.* "Where's Bead? Go you, and" *where you find a maid,*
> *That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,*
> *Rein up the organs of her fantasy,*
> *Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;*
> *But those as* "sleep" *and think not on their sins,*
> "Pinch" *them, arms, leks, backs, shoulders, sides and shins.*

But I have given enough to prove that the play, as it appears in the Folio of 1623, was practically re-written, and I might add that in every case the changes were for the better. For instance, in the 1602 edition we have:

> Go straight, and do as I command,
> And take a taper in your hand,
> And set it to his finger ends,
> And if you see it him offends,

And that he starteth at the flame,
Then he is mortal, know his name;
If with an F it doth begin,
Why, then, be sure, he's full of sin.

This doggerel is transformed in the Folio into the following:

With trial-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Speaking of *King Henry V.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Hamlet*, Swinburne says:

Of these four plays the two tragedies at least were thoroughly re-cast and re-written from end to end, the pirated editions giving us a transcript, more or less perfect or imperfect, accurate or corrupt, of the text as it first came from the poet's hand, *a text to be afterwards indefinitely modified and incalculably improved.* . . . But *King Henry V.*, we may fairly say, is hardly less than transformed. Not that it has been re-cast after the fashion of *Hamlet*, or even re-written after the fashion of *Romeo and Juliet;* but the corruptions and imperfections of the pirated text are here more flagrant than in any other instance, while the general revision of style, by which it is at once purified and fortified, extends to every nook and corner of the restored and renovated building. Even had we, however, a perfect and trustworthy transcript of Shakespeare's original sketch for this play, there can be little doubt that the rough draft would still prove almost as different from the final masterpiece as is the soiled and ragged canvas now before us, on which we trace the outline of figures so strangely disfigured, made subject to such rude extremities of defacement and defeature.[1]

Is it reasonable to suppose that the author who took such pains to perfect his work would have made no provision for its preservation, but would die and leave one-half of the great Plays in manuscript?

He knew that the work of his youth was not equal to the work of his manhood, and he labored conscientiously to improve his crude designs. Dowden says:

It is the opinion of Dyce, of Grant White and of others that Shakespeare began to work upon *Romeo and Juliet* not later than about 1591, that is, almost at the moment when he began to write for the stage, and, that having occupied him for a series of years, the tragedy assumed its present form about 1595–7. If this be the case, and if, as there is reason to believe, Shakespeare was also during many years interested in the subject of *Hamlet*, we discover that he accepted the knowledge that his powers were undeveloped and acted upon it, and waited until he believed himself competent to do justice to his conceptions.[2]

De Quincey says of the Plays:

The further on we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement, where the careless eye has seen nothing but accident.

[1] *A Study of Shak.*, p. 104. [2] Dowden, *Shak. Mind and Art*, p. 51.

Swinburne illustrates this question of the industry of Shakespeare by the following excellent remarks:

That priceless waif of piratical salvage, which we owe to the happy rapacity of a hungry publisher, is, of course, more accurately definable as the first play of *Hamlet* than as the first edition of the play. . . . The deeper complexities of the subject are merely indicated; simple and trenchant outlines of character are yet to be supplanted by features of subtler suggestion and infinite interfusion. Hamlet himself is almost more of a satirist than a philosopher. . . . The Queen, whose finished figure is now something of a riddle, stands out simply enough in the first sketch as confidant of Horatio, if not as accomplice of Hamlet. . . . This minor transformation of style in the inner play, made solely with the evident view of marking the distinction between its duly artificial forms of speech and the natural forms of speech passing between the spectators, is but one among innumerable indications, which only a purblind perversity of prepossession can overlook, of the especial store set by Shakespeare himself on this favorite work; and the exceptional pains taken by him to *preserve it for aftertime* in such fullness of finished form as might make it *worthiest of profound and perpetual study* by the light of far other lamps than illuminate the stage.

Of all vulgar errors, the most wanton, the most willful, and the most resolutely tenacious of life, is that belief bequeathed from the days of Pope, in which it was pardonable, to the days of Mr. Carlyle, in which it is not excusable, to the effect that Shakespeare threw off *Hamlet* as an eagle may moult a feather or a fool may break a jest; that he dropped his work as a bird may drop an egg, or a sophist a fallacy; that he wrote "for gain, not glory," or that, having written *Hamlet*, he thought it nothing very wonderful to have written. For himself to have written, he possibly, nay, probably, did not think it anything miraculous; but that he was in the fullest degree conscious of its wonderful positive worth to all men for all time, we have the best evidence possible—his own; and that not by mere word of mouth, but by actual stroke of hand. . . . Scene by scene, line for line, stroke upon stroke and touch after touch, he went over all the old labored ground again; and not only to insure success in his own day, and fill his pockets with contemporary pence, but merely and wholly with a purpose to make it worthy of himself *and his future students*. . . .

Every change in the text of *Hamlet* has impaired its fitness for the stage, and increased its value for the closet, in exact and perfect proportion. . . . Even in Shakespeare's time the actors threw out his additions; they throw out these very same additions in our time. The one especial speech, if any one such especial speech there be, in which the personal genius of Shakespeare soars up to the very highest of its height, and strikes down to the very deepest of its depth, is passed over by modern actors; it was cut away by Heminge and Condell.[1]

It seems to me that in the face of these facts there can be no question that the writer of the Plays was a man of intense and enormous industry.

We turn to Francis Bacon, and we find, as I have suggested heretofore, that he was, perhaps, the most laborious man that ever lived on the planet. Church says of him:

[1] Swinburne, *A Study of Shak.*, p. 104

> In all these things he was as industrious, as laborious, as calmly persevering and tenacious as he was in his pursuit of his philosophical speculations.[1]

He re-wrote the *Essays*, we are told, thirty times. His chaplain tells us that he had "twelve times transcribed the *Novum Organum* with his own hand."

Bacon himself says:

> My great work goeth forward, and, after my manner, I alter even when I add, so that nothing is finished until all is finished.[2]

Bacon's *Promus of Formularies and Elegancies* takes us into the workshop of the great artist. There we see him with his blouse on, among his pots and brushes. We see him studying the quality of his canvas and grinding his own paints. These daubs upon the wall are part of his experiments in the contrasts of colors; these rude lines, traced here and there, with charcoal or chalk, are his first crude conceptions of figures and faces and attitudes which are to reappear hereafter, perfected in his immortal works.

Here we can trace the genesis of thought, the pedigree of ideas, the ancestry of expressions. We look around us and realize that genius is neither more nor less than great powers conjoined with extraordinary industry.

It is better, for humanity's future, that the statue at Stratford-upon-Avon should be taken down from its pedestal. It represents a fraud and a delusion:—a fraud in authorship, and a delusion in philosophy, still more destructive, to-wit: that ignorance, idleness and dissipation can achieve results which mankind will worship through all ages; that anything worth having can come out of nothing.

For, in truth, the universe is industry. We are appalled when we think of the intense, persistent, laborious, incalculable, awful force, constantly exerted, to keep the vast whole in motion—from the suns to the bacilli. God might be fitly described as the Great Worker:—a worker without a task-master—who never pauses, never wearies, and never sleeps.

No man should shrink from labor. Energy is God's glorious stamp set on his creatures. He who has it not is a drone in the hive, and unworthy the notice of his Great Master. And it has

[1] *Bacon*, p. 57. [2] Letter to Tobie Matthew, 1623.

been a shameful and poisonous thing, to the human mind, that all these hundreds of years the world has been taught that the most marvelous of human works were produced by accident, without effort, by a slouching, shiftless, lazy, indifferent creature, who had not even force enough to provide for their perpetuation.

Let it be known hereafter, and for all time to come, that the greatest of men was the most industrious of men.

The notes in the *Promus* show that Bacon was studying the *elegancies*, the niceties of language, especially of colloquial expression, noting down not only thoughts, but peculiar and strong phrases and odd and forcible words. And surely there was no necessity for all this in his philosophical works. He makes a study not only of courteous salutations, but of the continuances of speech. Take, for instance:

It is like, sir, etc., (putting a man agayne into his tale interrupted).[1]

Or:

The rather bycause (contynuing another's speech).[2]

Or:

To the end, saving that, whereas, yet, (contynuances of all kynds).[3]

Would one who contemplated works of philosophy alone, which were to be translated into the Latin language, for the use of posterity, devote such study to the refinements of *dialogue?* And where do we find any of these *elegancies* of *speech* in Bacon's acknowledged writings?

II. Commonplace-Books.

Both writers possessed that characteristic habit of studious and industrious men, the noting down of thoughts and quotations in commonplace-books. The *Promus* is one of these. Bacon repeatedly recommends the use of such helps to composition. He says:

I hold the entry of commonplaces to be a matter of great use and essence in studying, as that which assureth "copia" of invention and contracteth judgment to a strength.[4]

And again—discussing how to "procure the ready use of knowledge"—he says:

[1] *Promus*, § 1385, p. 449.
[2] Ibid., § 1378, p. 447.
[3] Ibid., § 1379, p. 447.
[4] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.

The other part of invention, which I term suggestion, doth assign and direct us to certain marks or places, which may excite our mind to return and produce such knowledge as it hath formerly collected, to the end we may make use thereof.[1]

And again he says:

It is of great service in studies to bestow diligence in setting down commonplaces.[2]

On the other hand, we turn to the writer of the Plays, and we find him, as I have shown on page 78, *ante*, recommending the use of commonplace-books in very much the same language. He says, in the 76th sonnet:

> Look, what thy memory cannot contain
> Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
> These children nursed, delivered of thy brain,
> To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

This is in the very spirit of Bacon's

Certain marks or places, which may excite our mind to return and produce such knowledge as it hath formerly collected.

And we think we can see the personal habits of the writer of the Plays reflected in the words of his *alter ego*, Hamlet:

> My tables: — meet it is I set it down,
> That one may smile and smile and be a villain.[3]

And again, in *The Merry Wives:*

> I will make a brief of it in my note-book.[4]

III. A Thorough Student.

Not only was the writer of the Plays, like Francis Bacon, vastly industrious, but it was the industry of a scholar: he was a student. He combined a life of retirement and contemplation with knowledge of affairs, as Bacon did. He realized Goethe's axiom:

> *Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,*
> *Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt.*

The early plays all bespeak the student; they breathe the atmosphere of the university.

Proteus complains:

> Thou, Julia, hast metamorphosed me;
> Made me neglect my studies, lose my time.

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.
[2] Ibid.
[3] *Hamlet*, i, 5.
[4] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i, 1.

Love's Labor Lost is full of allusions to studies:

Biron. What is the end of study?
King. Why, that to know which else we should not know.
Biron. Things hid and barred, you mean, from common sense?
King. Ay, that is *study's god-like recompense.*[1]

And, like Bacon, the writer of the Plays believed that books were a means, not an end; and that original thought was a thousand times to be preferred to the repetition of the ideas of other men. He says:

Study is like the heavens' glorious sun,
That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority, from others' books.[2]

We seem to hear in this the voice of Bacon. In his essay *Of Studies* he says:

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment *wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar.*

And how Baconian are these utterances:

Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To *suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.*
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to *Aristotle's checks*,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric with your common talk:
Music and poetry use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In short, sir, study what you most affect.[3]

Here we find allusions to Bacon's love of philosophy, his dislike for Aristotle, his contempt for logic, and his studies of music and poetry. And we note, also, the didactic and educational tone of the essay, natural to the man who was always laboring to instruct and improve his fellow-men.

[1] *Love's Labor Lost*, i, 1. [2] Ibid. [3] *Taming of the Shrew*, i, 1.

IV. His Wisdom.

We know it is conceded that Bacon was the wisest man of his time, or of all time. And wisdom is not knowledge merely of things. It means an accurate acquaintance with the springs of human nature, and a capacity to adapt actions to events. And the same trait has been many times noted in the writer of the Plays. Henry Hallam says:

> The philosophy of Shakespeare — his intimate searching out of the human heart, whether in the gnomic form of sentence or in the dramatic exhibition of character — is a gift peculiarly his own.

Henry Giles says of Shakespeare's genius:

> It has the power of practical intellect. Under a careless guise it implies serious judgment, and in the vesture of motley it pronounces many a recondite decision. . . . Out from its mockeries and waggeries there could be collected a philosophy of common sense by which the gravest might be instructed.

I have already quoted (page 150, *ante*) the expression of Emerson, applied to Shakespeare:

> He was inconceivably *wise;* the others conceivably.

And of Landor:

> The *wisest* of men, as well as the greatest of poets.

V. The Universality of his Mind.

We know that Bacon's mind ranged through all created nature, and his learning levied tribute on everything underneath the sun. He had "taken all knowledge for his province."

Osborne, a contemporary, called Bacon

> The most *universal genius* I have ever seen or was like to see.

While, on the other hand, De Quincey says:

> Shakespeare thought more finely and more *extensively* than all the other poets combined.

Professor Dowden says of Shakespeare:

> This vast and varied mass of information he assimilated and made his own. . . . He was a center for the drifting capital of knowledge. His whole power of thought increased steadily as the years went by, both in sure grasp of the known and in brooding intensity of gaze upon the unknown.[1]

And the same writer continues:

> Now, what does extraordinary growth imply? It implies capacity for obtaining the materials of growth; in this case materials for the growth of intellect, of imagination, of the will, of the emotions. It means, therefore, capacity for seeing

[1] *Shak. Mind and Art*, p. 31.

many facts, of meditating, of feeling deeply, and of controlling such feeling. . . . It implies a power in the organism to fit its movements to meet numerous external coexistences and sequences. In a word, it brings us back once again to Shakespeare's *resolute fidelity to the fact*.[1]

And surely "resolute fidelity to the fact" was the distinguishing trait of Bacon's philosophy.

VI. Powers of Observation.

Macaulay says of Bacon:

In keenness of observation he has been equaled, though perhaps never surpassed. But the largeness of his mind was all his own.[2]

And the great Scotsman makes this fine comparison touching Bacon's mind:

With great minuteness of observation he had an amplitude of comprehension, such as has never yet been vouchsafed to any other person. The small, fine mind of Labruyère had not a more delicate tact than the large intellect of Bacon. . . . His understanding resembled the tent which the fairy Parabanon gave to Prince Ahmed. Fold it, and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady; spread it, and the armies of powerful sultans might repose beneath its shade.[3]

While, on the other hand, Sir William Hamilton calls Shakespeare

The greatest known observer of human nature.

And Richard Grant White calls him

The most observant of men.

VII. His Secretiveness.

We have seen Bacon admitting that he was "a *concealed* poet."

Spedding concedes that a letter written in the name of the Earl of Essex to Sir Foulke Greville, about the year 1596, was written by Bacon.[4]

There has been attributed to Bacon a work called *An Historical Account of the Alienation Office*, published in 1590, in the name of William Lambarde.

Spedding finds[5] that the letters which purported to have been written by the Earl of Essex to the Earl of Rutland, who was about to travel on the continent, containing advice as to his course of studies, were unquestionably the work of Bacon.

[1] *Shak. Mind and Art*, p. 41.
[2] Macaulay's *Essays — Bacon*, p. 284.
[3] Ibid.
[4] See vol. 2, *Life and Works*, p. 21.
[5] *Letters and Life of Bacon*, vol. ii, p. 5.

Mr. Spedding says:

> At another time he [Bacon] tries to disguise himself under a style of *assumed superiority*, quite unlike his natural style; as in the *Temporis Partus Masculus*, where again the very same argument is set forth in a spirit of scornful invective, poured out upon all the popular reputations in the annals of philosophy.[1]

We have seen him writing letters to Essex as from his brother Anthony, in which Anthony is made to refer back to himself, and then writing a reply from Essex, the whole to be shown to the Queen.

We have seen Ben Jonson alluding to him in some birthday verses:

> As if a *mystery* thou didst.

And in all this we see the man who under a mask could put forth the Plays to the world; and who, inside the Plays, could, in turn, conceal a cipher.

VIII. Splendid Tastes.

Emerson says of Shakespeare:

> What trait of his private mind has he hidden in his dramas? One can discern in his ample pictures of the gentleman and the king what forms and humanities pleased him; his delight in troops of friends, in large hospitality, in cheerful giving. Let Timon, let Warwick, let Antonio the merchant, answer for his great heart.

When we read this the magnificence of Bacon occurs to our remembrance — his splendid marriage, his princely residence at St. Albans, his noble presents.

Hepworth Dixon thus describes his wedding:

> Feathers and lace light up the rooms in the Strand. Cecil has been warmly urged to come over from Salisbury House. Three of his gentlemen, Sir Walter Cope, Sir Baptist Hicks and Sir Hugh Beeston, hard drinkers and men about town, strut over in his stead, flaunting in their swords and plumes; yet the prodigal bridegroom, *sumptuous in his tastes as in his genius*, clad in a suit of Genoese velvet, purple from cap to shoe, outbraves them all. The bride, too, is richly dight, her whole dowry seeming to be piled up on her in cloth of silver and ornaments of gold.[2]

The author of *Aulicus Coquinariæ*, speaking of Bacon after his downfall, says:

> And let me give this light to his better character, from an observation of the late King, then Prince. Returning from hunting, he espied a coach attended with a goodly troop of horsemen, who, it seems, were gathered together to wait upon the Chancellor to his house at Gorhambury, at the time of his declension. At

[1] Preface to part iii, vol. iii, *Works*, p. 171. [2] *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, p. 181.

which the Prince smiled: "Well, do we what we can," said he, "this man scorns to go out like a snuff."

Nay, master King! And he will not go out like a snuff;—not till the civilization of the world is snuffed out. And the time will come when even thou,—O King,—wilt be remembered simply because thou didst live in the same age with him.

IX. His Splendid Egotism.

There was about Bacon a magnificent self-assertion.

Dean Church says:

> He [Bacon] never affected to conceal from himself his superiority to other men, in his aims and in the grasp of his intelligence.[1]

He recognized his own greatness, in an impersonal sort of way, as he might have perceived the magnitude of a mountain. Hence we find him beginning one of his great works in the following lordly manner:

> *Francis of Verulam thought thus*, and such is the method which he within himself pursued, which he thought *it concerned both the living and posterity to become acquainted with.*[2]

And again he says:

> *Francis Bacon thought in this manner.*[3]

We turn to Shakespeare, and we find him, in the sonnets, indulging in the same bold and extraordinary, although justifiable, egotism. He says:

> Not marble,
> Nor the gilded monuments of princes,
> Shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

And again:

> Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
> When in *eternal lines to time thou goest:*
> So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
> So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.[4]

And again he says:

> Oh, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
> And *my great mind most kingly drinks it up.*[5]

If these were the utterances of the man of Stratford, why did he not assert himself, as Bacon did, in the affairs of his age? Would

[1] *Bacon*, p. 58.
[2] Introduction to *Great Instauration*.
[3] *Filum Labyrinthi*.
[4] Sonnet xviii.
[5] Sonnet cxiv.

a man with this consciousness of supreme greatness crawl away to Stratford, to brew beer and lend money? No; he would have fought for recognition, as Bacon did, to the last gasp.

X. His Toleration.

I have already shown that Bacon and the writer of the Plays were tolerant in the midst of the religious passions of the time.

William Henry Smith says:

> In an age of bigotry and religious persecution we find Bacon and Shakespeare expressing a toleration of all creeds and religions.[1]

Hepworth Dixon says, alluding to the appropriations for war expenses:

> James takes this money, not without joy and wonder; but when they ask him to banish recusants from London, to put down masses in embassadors' houses, to disarm all the Papists, to prevent priests and Jesuits from going abroad, he will not do it. In this resistance to a new persecution, his tolerant Chancellor stands at his back and bears the odium of his refusal. Bacon, who thinks the penal laws too harsh already, will not consent to inflame the country, at such a time, by a new proclamation; the penalties are strong, and in the hands of the magistrates; he sees no need to spur their zeal by royal proclamations or the enactment of more savage laws. Here is a chance for Coke. Raving for gibbets and pillories in a style to quicken the pulse of Brownists, men who are wild with news from Heidelberg or Prague believe in his sincerity and partake of his heat. To be mild now, many good men think, is to be weak. In a state of war, philosophy and tolerance go to the wall; when guns are pounding in the gates, even justice can be only done at the drumhead.[2]

Bacon's downfall, as we shall see hereafter, was largely due to this refusal to persecute the helpless at the bidding of the fanatical, led on by the brutal and sordid Coke.

XI. His Benevolence.

And in the same spirit he at all times preached mercy and generosity, in both his acknowledged works and in the Plays.

Bacon, in his essay *Of Discourse*, enumerates, among the things which ought to be privileged from jest, "religion, matters of state, and *any case that deserveth pity*."

While Carlyle says of Shakespeare:

> His laughter seems to pour forth in floods. . . . Not at mere weakness — *at misery or poverty never.*

Bacon says:

> The state and bread of the poor have always been dear to my heart.

[1] *Bacon and Shak.*, p. 88. [2] *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, p. 325.

He labors

To lift men out of their necessities and miseries.

He seeks, "in a despised weed, the good of all men."

Bacon describes one of the fathers of "Solomon's House," in *The New Atlantis*, and says:

He had an aspect *as if he pitied men.*

We turn to Shakespeare and we find the same great traits of character.

Charles Knight speaks of

Shakespeare's unvarying kindness toward wretched and oppressed humanity, in however low a shape.

Gerald Massey says:

He has infinite pity for the suffering and struggling and wounded by the way. The most powerful and pathetic pleadings on behalf of Christian charity, out of the New Testament, have been spoken by Shakespeare. He takes to his large, warm heart much that the world usually casts out to perish in the cold. There is nothing too poor or mean to be embraced within the circle of his sympathies.[1]

Barry Cornwall refers to "the extensive charity which Shakespeare inculcates."

Birch says:

He has, more than any other author, exalted the love of humanity. However he may indulge in invective against the artificial systems of religion, and be found even speaking against Christianity, yet in his material and natural speculations he endeavors to give philosophical consolation to mankind, to inculcate submission to inevitable circumstances *and encourage scientific investigation into the nature of things.*[2]

The reader will probably pause to see whether I have not misplaced this quotation, so completely does it fit the character and purposes of Francis Bacon. But no; it was written by an English clergyman, in an essay upon the religion of Shakespeare; and the author probably never heard of the theory that Bacon wrote the Plays.

I append a few illustrative extracts from the Plays, in corroboration of these opinions:

'Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.[3]

Neither in our hearts nor outward eyes,
Envy the great nor do the low despise.[4]

[1] *Sonnets of Shak.*, p. 54.
[2] *Philosophy and Religion of Shak.*, p. 10.
[3] *Henry VIII.*, v, 2.
[4] *Pericles*, ii, 3.

There is a soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distill it out.[1]

Oh, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just.[2]

XII. His Command Over the Emotions.

Ben Jonson says of Bacon:

He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry or pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections [passions] more in his power.

Pope says of Shakespeare:

The power over our passions was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. . . . We are surprised the moment we weep, and yet, upon reflection, find the passion so just, that we should be surprised if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.[3]

XIII. His Wit.

Basil Montagu says of Bacon:

His wit was brilliant, and when it flashed upon any subject it was never with ill-nature, which, like the crackling of thorns, ending in sudden darkness, is only fit for the fool's laughter. The sparkling of his wit was that of the precious diamond, valuable for its worth and weight, denoting the riches of the mine.[4]

And Macaulay, a severe critic, and in many things, so far as Bacon was concerned, an unjust one, says of his wit:

The best jest-book in the world is that which he dictated from memory, without referring to any book, on a day on which illness had rendered him incapable of serious study.[5]

And again he says:

But it occasionally happened that, when he was engaged in grave and profound investigations, his wit obtained the mastery over all his other faculties, and led him into absurdities into which no dull man could possibly have fallen.[6]

And again Macaulay says:

In wit, if by wit be meant the power of perceiving analogies between things which appear to have nothing in common, he never had an equal — not even Cowley, not even the author of *Hudibras*. Indeed he possessed this faculty, or this faculty possessed him, to a morbid degree. When he abandoned himself to it, without reserve, as he did in the *Sapientia Veterum*, and at the end of the second book of the *De Augmentis*, the feats which he performed were not merely admirable, but portentous and almost shocking. On those occasions we marvel at him as clowns on a fair day marvel at a juggler, and can hardly help thinking that the devil must be in him.[7]

[1] *Henry V.*, iv, 1.
[2] *Lear*, iii, 4.
[3] William H. Smith, *Bacon and Shak.*, p. 6.
[4] *Works of Lord Bacon*, vol. i, p. 116.
[5] Macaulay's *Essays—Bacon*, p. 270.
[6] Ibid., p. 285.
[7] Ibid., p. 285.

And Ben Jonson says of Bacon:

His language, *when he could spare or pass by a jest*, was nobly censorious.

I need not cite many authorities to prove that the writer of the Shakespeare Plays was not only a great wit, but that his wit sometimes overmastered his judgment.

Hudson says of Falstaff:

I must add that, with Shallow and Silence for his theme, Falstaff's wit fairly grows gigantic, and this, too, without any abatement of its frolicsome agility. The strain of humorous exaggeration with which he pursues the theme is indeed almost sublime. Yet in some of his reflections thereon, we have a clear though brief view of *the profound philosopher underlying the profligate humorist and make-sport*, for he there discovers a *breadth and sharpness of observation* and a *depth of practical sagacity* such as might have placed him [Shakespeare] in *the front rank of statesmen and sages*.[1]

XIV. Great Aims.

We know the grand objects Bacon kept continually before his mind's eye.

The writer of the Plays declares, in sonnet cxxv, that he had

Laid great bases for eternity.

What were they? What "great bases for eternity" had the Stratford man built or attempted to build?

Francis Bacon wrote *The New Atlantis*, an attempt to show to what perfections of civilization developed mankind might attain in a new land, an island; and we find Shakespeare also planning an improved commonwealth upon another island — the island that was the scene of *The Tempest*. And we find him borrowing therein from Montaigne.

Gonzalo says in the play:

> Had I plantation of this isle, my lord, . . .
> I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries
> Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
> Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
> Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
> And use of service none; contract, succession,
> Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
> No use of metal, corn, or wine or oil:
> No occupation; all men idle, all —
> And women, too; but innocent and pure.
> No sovereignty:
> All things in common nature should produce
> Without sweat or endeavor; treason, felony,

[1] *Shak. Life and Art*, vol. ii, p. 94.

> Sword, pike, knife, gun or need of any engine,
> Would I not have, but nature should bring forth,
> Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
> To feed my innocent people.[1]

Here, as in *The New Atlantis*, we see the philosopher-poet devising schemes to lift men out of their miseries—to "feed the innocent people."

XV. His Goodness.

Coleridge says:

> Observe the fine humanity of Shakespeare, in that his sneerers are all villains.

Gerald Massey says of Shakespeare:

> There is nothing rotten at the root, nothing insidious in the suggestion. . Vice never walks abroad in the mental twilight wearing the garb of virtue.[2]

Coleridge says:

> There is not one really vicious passage in all Shakespeare.

We know that Bacon, in his acknowledged works, said nothing that could impair the power of goodness in the world.

XVI. Another Curious Fact.

While the last pages of this work are going through the press, my friend Professor Thomas Davidson sends me a letter addressed to him by a correspondent (M. Le B. G.), in which occur these words:

> Please look at the 6th chapter of Peter Bayne's new *Life of Luther*, if you have not already read it. It is called *The Century of Luther and Shakespeare.* It is a glorification of Shakespeare, but, curiously enough, quotes from Brewer, about the correspondence in altitude between Bacon and Luther; and then goes on to show that Shakespeare was perfectly familiar not only with the Bible but with Luther's thought, and with special incidents of his history.
>
> Bayne says that all the main points in the theology of the Reformation could be pieced together from the dramas of Shakespeare. One would not naturally look in a Life of Luther for any testimony on the "Baconian Theory," so please (if it seems worth while to you) to call Mr. Donnelly's attention to this rather curious chapter.

I quote this with pleasure, although a little out of place in this chapter, as another case where the indentations of the Baconian theory fit into all other related facts and, as an additional evidence that the Plays were not pumped out of ignorance by the handle of genius, under the pressure of a play-actor's necessities, but were the works of a broadly-learned man, who was fully abreast of all

[1] *Tempest*, iii, 3.

[2] [illegible]

the affairs of his day, and who had read everything that was accessible in that age, in every field of thought.

In short, each new addition to our information requires us to widen the shelves of the library of the man who wrote the Plays.

XVII. Conclusions.

When, therefore, we institute a comparison between the personal character and mental disposition of Francis Bacon and that of the man who wrote the Plays, we find that:

1. Both were poetical.
2. Both were philosophical.
3. Both were vastly industrious.
4. Both were students.
5. Both were profoundly wise.
6. Both possessed a universal grasp of knowledge.
7. Both had splendid tastes.
8. Both were tolerant of religious differences of opinion.
9. Both were benevolent.
10. Both were wits.
11. Both were possessed of great aims for the good of man.
12. Both were morally admirable.

I cannot better conclude this chapter than with a comparison extracted from the work of Mr. William Henry Smith, the patriarch of the Baconian discussion in England. Mr. Smith quotes Archbishop Whately as follows:

> There is an ingenious and philosophical toy called "a thaumatrope," in which two objects painted on opposite sides of a card — for instance, a man and a horse, a bird and a cage, etc. — are, by a quick rotary motion, made so to impress the eye in combination as to form one picture — of the man on the horse's back, the bird in the cage, etc. As soon as the card is allowed to remain at rest, the figures, of course, appear as they really are, separate and on opposite sides.[1]

Mr. Smith continues:

> Bacon and Shakespeare we know to be distinct individuals, occupying positions as opposite as the man and the horse, the bird and the cage; yet, when we come to agitate the question, the poet appears so combined with the philosopher, and the philosopher with the poet, we cannot but believe them to be identical.

[1] *Bacon and Shak.*, p. 80.

CHAPTER IX.

PECULIARITIES OF STYLE.

I replied, "Nay, Madam, rack him not; . . . rack his style." *Bacon.*

WE come now to an interesting branch of our subject, to-wit: Is there any resemblance between the style of Francis Bacon and that of the writer of the Plays?

I. The Genius of Shakespeare.

And first let us ask ourselves, what are the distinguishing features of the writings which go by the name of Shakespeare? In other words, what is his style?

It might be described as the excess of every great faculty of the soul. Reason, the widest and most profound; imagination, the most florid and tropical; vivacity, the most sprightly and untiring; passion, the most burning and vehement; feeling, the most earnest and intense.

In other words, it is a human intellect, multiplied many hundred-fold beyond the natural standard. Behind the style and the works we see the man: — a marvelous, many-sided, gigantic soul; a monster among thinkers; — standing with one foot upon the bare rocks of reason, and the other buried ankle-deep in the flowers of the imagination; spanning time and accomplishing immortality.

Behind the tremendous works is a tremendous personality.

> Not from a weak or shallow thought
> His mighty Jove young Phidias wrought.

His was a ponderous, comprehensive, extraordinary intelligence, inflamed as never man's was, before or since, by genius; and filled with instincts and purposes which we cannot but regard as divine. Every part of his mind was at white heat — it *flamed.* He has left all mankind to repeat his expressions, because never before did any one so captivate and capture words, or crush them into subjection, as he did. The operations of his mind — its greed, its spring, its grasp, its domination — were, so to speak, *ferocious.* It

is no wonder that his body showed the marks of premature age; it is a surprise that this immense, vehement and bounding spirit did not tear the flesh into disorganization long before his allotted time.

And yet, high aloft in the charioteer's seat, above the plunging, rebellious, furious Passions, sat the magnificent Reason of the man; curbing, with iron muscles, their vehemence into measured pace, their motion into orderly progression.

Hear what the great Frenchman, H. A. Taine, says of Shakespeare:

I am about to describe an extraordinary species of mind, perplexing to all the French modes of analysis and reasoning, all-powerful, excessive, master of the sublime as well as of the base; the most creative mind that ever engaged in the exact copy of the details of actual existence, in the dazzling caprice of fancy, in the profound complications of superhuman passions; a nature poetical, immortal, inspired, superior to reason by the sudden revelations of its seer's madness; so extreme in joy and grief, so abrupt of gait, so agitated and impetuous in its transports, that this great age alone could have cradled such a child.[1]

And, speaking of the imagination of the great poet, Taine says:

Shakespeare imagines with copiousness and excess; he scatters metaphors profusely over all he writes; every instant abstract ideas are changed into images; it is a series of paintings which is unfolded in his mind.[2]

And the same writer says:

This exuberant fecundity intensifies qualities already in excess, and multiplies a hundred-fold the luxuriance of metaphor, the incoherence of style, and the unbridled vehemence of expression.[3]

And Richard Grant White speaks to much the same purpose:

Akin to this power in Shakespeare is that of pushing hyperbole to the verge of absurdity; of mingling heterogeneous metaphors and similes which, coldly examined, seem discordant; in short, of apparently setting at naught the rules of rhetoric.[4]

And again White says:

Never did intellectual wealth equal in degree the boundless riches of Shakespeare's fancy. He compelled all nature and all art, all that God had revealed, and all that man had discovered, to contribute materials to enrich his style and enforce his thought; so that the entire range of human knowledge must be laid under contribution to illustrate his writings. This inexhaustible mine of fancy, furnishing metaphor, comparison, illustration, impersonation, in ceaseless alternation, often intermingled, so that the one cannot be severed from the other, . . . is the great distinctive intellectual trait of Shakespeare's style. In his use of simile, imagery and impersonation he exhibits a power to which that of any other

[1] Taine's *History of English Literature*, pp. 204 and 205.
[2] Ibid., p. 211.
[3] Ibid., p. 213.
[4] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 229.

poet in this respect cannot be compared, even in the way of derogation, for it is not only superior to but unlike any other.[1]

When we turn to Bacon, we find the formal, decorous, world-respecting side of the man's character. Under the disguise of the player of Stratford he could give free vent to all the passions and enormities of his soul. In the first capacity he was a philosopher, courtier and statesman; in the latter he was simply a poet and play-writer. In the one he was forced to maintain appearances before court, bar and society; in the other, behind his mask, he was utterly irresponsible and could turn out his very soul, with none to question him.

Hence we must look for the characteristics of the poet in a modified form in those of the philosopher. He is "off the tripod." But even then we shall find the traces of the constitution of the mind which distinguished Shakespeare.

I have just cited Taine's description of Shakespeare; let us see what he has to say of Bacon:

> In this band of scholars, dreamers and inquirers, appears the most comprehensive, sensitive, originative of the minds of the age, Francis Bacon; a great and luminous intellect, one of *the finest of this poetic progeny*, who, like his predecessors, was naturally disposed to clothe his ideas in the most splendid dress: in this age a thought did not seem complete until it had assumed form and color. But what distinguishes him from the others is, that with him an image only serves to concentrate meditation. He reflected long, stamped on his mind all the parts and relations of his subject; he is master of it, and then, instead of exposing this complete idea in a graduated chain of reasoning, he embodies it in a comparison so expressive, exact, lucid, that behind the figure we perceive all the details of the idea, like liquor in a fine crystal vase.[2]

And a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, speaking of Bacon, says:

> A sentence from the *Essays* can rarely be mistaken for the production of any other writer. The short, pithy sayings,
>
> Jewels, five words long,
> That on the stretched forefinger of all time
> Sparkle forever,
>
> have become popular mottoes and household words. The style is quaint, original, *abounding in allusions and witticisms*, and *rich, even to gorgeousness, with piled-up analogies and metaphors.*

Alexander Smith says of Bacon's *Essays:*

> He seems to have written his *Essays with the pen of Shakespeare.*

[1] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 25. [2] *Taine's History of English Literature*, p. 153.

E. P. Whipple says of them:

They combine the greatest brevity with the greatest beauty of expression.

A. F. Blaisdell says:

Notice, also, the *poetry of his style*. So far as is known, he wrote but one poem, but all his literary works are *instinct with poetry*, in the wider sense of the word. Sometimes it is seen in a beautiful simile or a felicitous phrase; sometimes in a touch of pathos, more often in the rhythmical cadence of a sentence which clings to the memory as only poetry can.

Even the *passion* and *vehemence* which we have found to be such distinguishing traits of Shakespeare's genius are found in Bacon.

The laborious, but incredulous, Spedding remarks:

Bacon's mind, with its fullness and *eagerness of thought*, was at all times apt to *outrun his powers of grammatical expression*, but also of the history of the English language, then gradually finding its powers and settling, but not settled, into form.[1]

This outrunning the powers of grammatical expression is the very trait which has been observed in Shakespeare;—as when he makes Mark Antony say of the wound inflicted upon Cæsar by the dagger of Brutus:

This was the *most unkindest* cut of all.[2]

And here we are reminded of Bacon's theory that the English grammar should be reorganized; that he thought of making a grammar for himself.

And Spedding says of the *Natural History*, a most dry subject:

The addresses to the reader are full of weighty thought and *passionate eloquence*.[3]

But there was one man who knew Francis Bacon better than any and all others of his age; that was his "other self," Sir Tobie Matthew. He was in the heart of all Bacon's secrets; he knew just what Bacon had written, because his compositions were all submitted to him in the first instance, hot from the mint of the author's great mind. He knew Bacon's acknowledged writings, and he knew, also, those "concealed" writings which constituted him, in his judgment, "the greatest wit of our country, . . . though he be known by another name." And Sir Tobie was a scholar and an author, and an eminently conscientious and righteous man; who had suffered exile from his native land, and had sacrificed all the victories of life for his religious convictions;

[1] *Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 145.
[2] *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2.
[3] *Life and Works*, vol. vii, p. 381.

and the man who does that, whatever may be his creed or his dogmas, is worthy of all praise and honor. And Sir Tobie, with all this knowledge of Bacon, spoke of him, long after his death, in terms which are extravagant if applied to Bacon's acknowledged writings, but which fit precisely into the characteristics of the Shakespeare Plays. He said:

> . . . A man so rare in knowledge, of so many several kinds, endued with the facility and *felicity of expressing it all* in so elegant, significant, so *abundant*, and yet so *choice and ravishing a way of words, of metaphors, of allusions*, as perhaps the world hath not seen since it was a world.[1]

II. A Startling Revelation.

And even as this book is being printed, a writer in the Chicago *Tribune* calls attention to the surprising fact that the *New English Dictionary*, now being published in England, on a magnificent scale, and in which is given the time when and the place where each English word made its first appearance, proves that in the first two hundred pages of the work there are *one hundred and forty-six words*, now in common use, which were invented, or formed out of the raw material of his own and other languages, by the man who wrote the Shakespeare Plays. And the writer shows that, at this rate, our total indebtedness to the man we call Shakespeare, for additions to the vocabulary of the English tongue, cannot be less than *five thousand words*. I quote:

> Rome owed only one word to Julius Cæsar. The nature of our debt will be more apparent if we examine some of these hundred and a half of Shakespearean words, all so near the beginning of the alphabet that the last one of them is *air*. We owe the poet the first use of the word *air* itself in one of its senses as a noun, and in three as a verb or participle. He first said *air-drawn* and *airless*. He added a new signification to *airy* and *aerial*. Nobody before him had written *aired*, and more than a tithe of the verbal gifts now in view were such perfect participles. Well-nigh as many were adverbs. In no previous writer have Dr. Murray's argus eyes detected *accidentally*, nor any of the following: *Abjectly, acutely, admiringly, adoptedly, adversely*. How our fathers could exist so long without some of these vocables must move our special wonder. To *absolutely, accordingly, actively* and *affectionately* Shakespeare added a new sense. It is not a little surprising that the word *abreast* was never printed before the couplet:
>
> My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
> Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly *abreast*.
>
> Of the 146 words and meanings first given us by Shakespeare at least two-thirds are of classical origin. . . . The strangest thing seems to be that so few of Shake-

[1] *Address to the Reader*, prefixed to *Collection of English Letters*, 1696.

speare's innovations — not so much as one-fifth — have become obsolete. He gave them not only life, but immortality.

Is anybody shallow enough to believe that the play-actor of Stratford — selling malt and suing his neighbors — had the brain, the capacity or the purpose to thus create a language?

I say a language, for it is to be remembered that the ordinary peasant or *navvy* of England has but about three hundred words in his vocabulary. And here was one man who, we are told, added to the English tongue *probably seventeen times the number of words used by the inhabitants of Stratford in that age.*

And when we turn to Bacon's *Promus*, or storehouse of suggestions for *elegancies* of speech, we find him in the very work of manufacturing words to enrich the English tongue. We see him, in *Promus* notes 1214 and 1215, playing on the words "*Abedd — ro*(u)*se you — owt bed*": and then we find him developing this into *uprouse*, a word never seen before in the world; and, as Mrs. Pott has shown, this reappears in the play of *Romeo and Juliet* in connection with *golden sleep* (which is also found in the *Promus* notes[1]) thus:

> But where unbruisèd youth with unstuffed brain
> Doth couch his limbs, there *golden sleep* doth reign:
> Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
> Thou art *uproused* by some distemperature.[2]

And, close at hand, in these *Promus* notes, we find the word *rome*, which may have been a hint jotted down for the name of Romeo. And we find that Bacon, in these *Promus* notes, coined and used for the first time *barajar* (for *shuffle*), *real*, *brazed*, *peradventure*, etc.

In other words, we learn now that the writer of the Plays added five thousand new words to the English language. We look into Bacon's work-shop and we find the great artist at work manufacturing words. We peep into the kitchen of New Place, Stratford, and we see the occupant brewing beer! Who wrote the plays?

And Bacon notes that the English language has been greatly enriched during Elizabeth's reign!

More than this, Mrs. Pott has shown in her great work[3] that Bacon, anxious to humanize his race and civilize his age, created and introduced into our speech those pleasant conventionalities

[1] *Promus*, note 1207. [2] *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 3. [3] *Promus*, p. 61.

and sweet courtesies with which we now salute each other; as "good-morrow," "good-night," etc.; and that he is found jotting them down in his *Promus* notes, from which they reappear in the Shakespeare Plays, for the first time in English literature. And all this goes to confirm my view, hereinbefore expressed, of the great *purposes* which lie behind the Plays: for in it all, with the creation of the five thousand new words, we see the soul of the philanthropist, who, "in a despised weed, had procured the good of all men." Mighty soul! We are but beginning to catch glimpses of thy vast proportions! Shame on the purblind ages that have failed to recognize thy light.

And in connection with all this we must remember Bacon's modest remark, that during the reign of Elizabeth the powers of the English language had been vastly increased.

Why, this man overshadows the world! He has not only revolutionized our philosophy, delighted our eyes, enraptured our ears and educated our hearts, but he has even armed our tongues with new resources and fitted our English speech to become, as it will in time, the universal language of the globe.

III. Other Details of Style.

The great Scotch essayist, Mackintosh, said of Bacon:

> *No man ever united a more poetical style to a less poetical philosophy.* One great end of his discipline is to prevent mysticism and fanaticism from obstructing the pursuit of truth. With a less *brilliant fancy* he would have had a mind less qualified for philosophical inquiry. His fancy gave him that power of illustrative metaphor, by which he seemed to have *invented again the part of language* which respects philosophy; and it rendered new truths more distinctly visible even to his own eye, *in their bright clothing of imagery.*,

And, again, the same writer says:

> But that in which he most excelled all other men was the range and compass of his intellectual view, and the power of contemplating many and distant objects together without indistinctness or confusion, which he himself has called the "discursive" or "comprehensive" understanding. This wide-ranging intellect was *illuminated by the brightest fancy that ever contented itself with the office of only ministering to Reason:* and from this singular relation of the two grand faculties of man it has resulted that his philosophy, though illustrated still more than adorned by *the utmost splendor of imagery*, continues still subject to the undivided supremacy of Intellect. In the midst of all the prodigality of *an imagination which, had it been independent, would have been poetical*, his opinions remained severely rational.[2]

[1] *The Modern British Essayists — Mackintosh*, p. 18. [2] Ibid., p. 17.

And, on the other hand, as matching this utterance, Mr. T. B. Shaw finds in both Bacon and Shakespeare the same combination of reason and imagination. He says, speaking of Bacon:

> In his style there is the same quality *which is applauded in Shakespeare*, a combination of the intellectual and the imaginative, the *closest reasoning in the boldest metaphor*.

And Taine says of Bacon:

> *Like the poets*, he peoples nature with instincts and desires; attributes to bodies an actual voracity; to the atmosphere a thirst for light, sounds, odors, vapors, which it drinks in; to metals a sort of haste to be incorporated with acids.[1]

The same trait of impersonation is found in Shakespeare carried to the greatest excess. The echo becomes

> The babbling gossip of the air.[2]

The wind becomes "the wanton wind;" "the bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets;" "the scolding wind;" "the posting wind," etc. In short, every quality of nature becomes a living individuality.

> He puts a spirit of life in everything,
> Till wanton nature laughs and leaps with him.

IV. Pleonasms.

Speaking of the affluence and superabundance of Shakespeare's genius, Taine says:

> These vehement expressions, so natural in their upwelling, instead of following one after the other slowly and with effort, are hurled out by hundreds with an impetuous ease and abundance like the bubbling waves from a welling spring, which are heaped together, rise one above another, and find nowhere room enough to spread and exhaust themselves? You may find in *Romeo and Juliet* a score of examples of this inexhaustible inspiration. The two lovers pile up an infinite mass of metaphors, impassioned exaggerations, clenches, contorted phrases, amorous extravagances.[3]

This trait leads in both writers to that use of redundant words known in rhetoric as *pleonasm*. It marks a trait of mind which cannot be satisfied with a bare statement of fact, but in its prodigal richness heaps adjective on adjective and phrase on phrase.

Take this instance from Bacon:

> Everything has been abandoned either to the mists of tradition, the *whirl and confusion* of argument, or the *waves and mazes* of chance, and *desultory, ill-combined* experiments.[4]

[1] Taine's *History of English Literature*, p. 155.
[2] *Twelfth Night*, i, 5.
[3] Taine's *History of English Literature*, p. 213.
[4] *Novum Organum*, book 1.

Again he says:

> Those acts which are *permanent and perpetual*.[1]

And here we see the piling-on of adjectives often observed in Shakespeare, what Swinburne calls "an effusion or effervescence of words":

> It is the property of *good and sound* knowledge to *putrefy and dissolve* into a number of *subtle, idle, unwholesome,* and, I may term them, *vermiculate* questions.[2]

And again he speaks of

> The *flowing and watery* vein of Osorius, the Portugal bishop.

And again:

> Was *esteemed and accounted* a more pernicious engine.[3]
>
> All things dissolve into *anarchy and confusion*.[4]
>
> The *emulation and provocation* of their example have much *quickened and strengthened* the state of learning.[5]

And again:

> All things may be *endowed and adorned* with speeches, but knowledge itself is more beautiful than any apparel of words that can be put upon it.[6]

We turn to Shakespeare, and we find Grant White noting the same tendency. He says:

> Shakespeare mingles words of native and foreign origin which are synonymous so closely as to subject him to the charge of pleonasm; . . . he has, for instance, in *King John*, "*infinite and boundless* reach;" in *Measure for Measure*, "*rebate and blunt* his natural edge;" and in *Othello*, "to such *exsufflicate and blown* surmises."[7]

Let me give some further examples of this inherent tendency of Shakespeare to pour words in superabundance over thoughts:

> I am one
> Whom the vile *blows and buffets* of the world
> Have so incensed.[8]
>
> *Hugged and embraced* by the strumpet wind.[9]
>
> Into the *harsh and boisterous* tongue of war.[10]
>
> Of *hinds and peasants, rude and merciless*.[11]
>
> That it may *grow and sprout* as high as heaven.[12]
>
> Hath given them *heart and courage* to proceed.[13]

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book i.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid.
[6] *In Praise of Knowledge*.
[7] *Life and Genius of Shak.*, p. 214.
[8] *Macbeth*, iii, 1.
[9] *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 6.
[10] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 1.
[11] *2d Henry VI.*, iv, 4.
[12] *2d Henry IV.*, ii, 3.
[13] *2d Henry VI.*, iv, 4.

Within the *book and volume* of my brain.[1]

If that rebellion
Came like itself in *base and abject* routs.[2]

To *fleer and scorn* at our solemnity.[3]

As *broad and general* as the casing air.[4]

Luxurious, avaricious, *false, deceitful.*[5]

What *trash* is Rome,
What *rubbish and what offal.*[6]

Led by a *delicate and tender* prince.[7]

Tortive and errant from his course of growth.[8]

Things *base and vile*, holding no quantity.[9]

Hast thou so *cracked and splitted* my poor tongue.[10]

And I will *stoop and humble* my intents.[11]

An *unlessoned girl, unschooled*, unpracticed.[12]

Garnished and decked in modest compliment.[13]

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The *unity and married calm of states*
Quite from their fixture.[14]

I might heap up many more examples to demonstrate the unity of style in the two sets of writings in this particular, but it seems to me that it is not necessary. I will close this branch of the subject with a quotation from Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar:

Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am *meek and gentle* with these butchers.

. . .

Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the *voice and utterance* of my tongue!
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men:
Domestic fury and *fierce civil strife*
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use.[15]

[1] *Hamlet*, i, 5.
[2] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 1.
[3] *Cymbeline*, i, 4.
[4] *Macbeth*, iii, 4.
[5] Ibid., iv, 3.
[6] *Julius Cæsar*, i, 3.
[7] *Hamlet*, iv, 4.
[8] *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 3.
[9] *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i, 1.
[10] *Comedy of Errors*, v, 1.
[11] *2d Henry IV.*, v, 2.
[12] *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2.
[13] *Henry V.*, ii, 2.
[14] *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 3.
[15] *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 1.

It is no wonder that the precise and single-minded Hume thought that both Bacon and Shakespeare showed

A want of simplicity and purity of diction, with defective taste and elegance.

Certainly no other men in the world ever wasted such an affluence of words, thoughts, images and metaphors in their writings.

V. Condensation of Style.

Another marked feature of the style of both sets of writings is their marvelous compactness and condensation. Macaulay says of Bacon:

He had a wonderful faculty for packing thought close and rendering it portable.[1]

We need only turn to Bacon's *Essays* to find ample confirmation of this statement.

Take one instance, from one of his letters, which might serve to pass into a proverb:

A timorous man is everybody's, and a covetous man is his own.[2]

Neither is it necessary to use any argument to demonstrate that Shakespeare possessed in an exceptional degree this faculty of "packing thought close and rendering it portable." Take an example:

Who steals my purse steals trash;
'*Twas mine, 'tis his,* and has been slave to thousands.

Here is an essay stated in two lines. And here we have another:

Let the end try the man.[3]

Again:

Let proof speak.[4]

Again:

Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.[5]

Take this instance:

We defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all.[6]

It requires an analytical mind to follow the thought here through the closely-packed and compressed sentences.

But the faculty is the same in both. Taine says of Bacon:

Shakespeare and the seers do not contain more vigorous or *expressive condensations of thought*, more resembling inspiration; and in Bacon they are to be found everywhere.[7]

[1] *Essays — Bacon*, p. 285.
[2] Letter to the Lord Keeper, April 5, 1594.
[3] *2d Henry IV.*, ii, 2.
[4] *Cymbeline*, iii, 1.
[5] *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 2.
[6] *Hamlet*, v, 2.
[7] *History of English Literature*, p. 154.

VI. The Tendency to Aphorisms.

One of the most marked characteristics of both sets of writings is the tendency to rise from particulars to principles; to see in a mass of facts simply the foundation for a generalization; to indulge in aphorisms.

Taine says of Bacon:

> On the whole, his process is not that of the creators: it is intuition, not reasoning. When he has laid up his store of facts, the greatest possible, on some vast subject, on some entire province of the mind, on the whole anterior philosophy, on the general condition of the sciences, on the power and limits of human reason, he casts over all this a comprehensive view, as it were, a great net, brings up a universal idea, *condenses his idea into a maxim*, and hands it to us with the words, "Verify and profit by it." . . . Nothing more; no proof, no effort to convince: he affirms, and does nothing more; *he has thought in the manner of artists and poets, and he speaks after the manner of prophets and seers. Cogitata et Visa*, this title of one of his books might be the title of all. The most admirable, the *Novum Organum*, is *a string of aphorisms*—a collection, as it were, of scientific decrees, as of an oracle, who foresees the future and reveals the truth. And to make the resemblance complete he expresses them by poetical figures, by enigmatic abbreviations, almost in Sibyllene verses. *Idola specûs*, *Idola tribûs*, *Idola fori*, *Idola theatri*; every one will recall these strange names by which he signifies the four kinds of illusions to which man is subject.[1]

The words which Taine applies to Bacon's *Novum Organum*, "a string of aphorisms," might with equal appropriateness be used to describe the Shakespeare Plays. We can hardly quote from them an elevated passage which does not enunciate some general principle. Hence his utterances cling to the tongues of men like proverbs. He takes a mass of facts, as the chemist takes the crude bark of the Peruvian tree, and distills out of it, in the marvelous alembic of his mind, a concentrated essence, which, while it holds an infinitesimal relation to the quantity of the original substance, yet contains all its essential virtues.

Let me give a few instances of this trait. Shakespeare says:

> His rash, fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
> (1) For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
> (2) Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
> (3) He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
> (4) With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder;
> (5) Like vanity, insatiate cormorant,
> Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.[2]

One would scarcely believe that these five aphorisms, contained in seven lines, stood in this connected order in the play. It would

[1] *Taine's History of English Literature*, p. 154. [2] *Richard II.*, ii, 1.

naturally be thought that they had been selected from a wide range. The tendency to form generalizations might almost be called a disease of style in both writers.

Shakespeare can hardly touch a particular fact without rising from it to a principle. He says:

> Take up this mangled matter at the best;
> Men do their broken weapons rather use
> Than their bare hands.[1]

Again:

> (1) Our indiscretions sometimes serve us well,
> When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us,
> (2) There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.[2]

Again:

> They say best men are molded out of faults.[3]

Again:

> (1) The evil that men do lives after them;
> (2) The good is oft interrèd with their bones.[4]

Again:

> (1) Men's evil manners live in brass; (2) their virtues
> We *write in water*.[5]

This last sentence reminds one of Bacon's "but *limns the water* and but *writes* in dust."

And again:

> Thieves for their robbery have authority
> When judges steal themselves.

We turn to Bacon, and we might fill pages with similar aphorisms. Here are a few examples:

Extreme self-lovers will set a man's house afire to roast their own eggs.

The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

Riches are the baggage of virtue; they cannot be spared nor left behind, but they hinder the march.

That envy is most malignant which is like Cain's, who envied his brother because his sacrifice was better accepted — when there was nobody but God to look on.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.

This reminds us of Shakespeare's parallel thought:

> The better part of valor is discretion.

[1] *Othello*, i, 3.
[2] *Hamlet*, v, 2.
[3] *Measure for Measure*, v, 1.
[4] *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2.
[5] *Henry VIII.*, iv, 2.

And again Bacon says:

Fortune is like a market, where, many times, if you stay a little, the price will fall.

A faculty of wise interrogating is half a knowledge.

Observe, too, how Bacon, like Shakespeare, always reasons by analogy — the great by the small, the mind by the body. He says, speaking of natural philosophy:

Do not imagine that such inquiries question the immortality of the soul, or derogate from its sovereignty over the body. The infant in its mother's womb partakes of the accidents to its mother, but is separable in due season.

What a thought is this! The body carries the soul in it as the mother's womb carries the child; but the child is separable at birth and becomes a distinct entity — so does the soul at death. To care for the mother does not derogate from the child; justice to the conditions of the body, growing out of knowledge, cannot be injurious to the tenant of the body, or detract from its dignity.

What a mind, that can thus pack comprehensive theories in a paragraph!

VII. The Tendency to Triple Forms.

We find in Bacon a disposition, growing out of his sense of harmony, to run his sentences into triplicate forms, and we will observe the same characteristic in Shakespeare.

Compare, for instance, the two following sentences. I mark the triplicate form by inserting numbers.

Shakespeare says, in Maria's letter to Malvolio:

(1) Some are born great, (2) some achieve greatness, and (3) some have greatness thrust upon them.[1]

Bacon says, in his essay *Of Studies:*

(1) Some books are to be tasted, (2) others are to be swallowed, (3) and some few to be chewed and digested.

Can any man doubt that these utterances came out of the same mind? There is the same condensation; the same packing of thought into close space; the same original and profound way of looking into things; and the same rhythmical balance into triplicate forms.

But, lest the reader may think that I have selected two phrases accidentally alike, I give the sentences in which they are found.

[1] *Twelfth Night*, ii, 5.

Maria says to Malvolio:

Be not afraid of greatness. (1) Some are born great, (2) some achieve greatness, and (3) some have greatness thrust upon them. . . . (1) Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; (2) let thy tongue tang arguments of state; (3) put thyself into the trick of singularity. . . . If not, let me see thee (1) a steward still, (2) the fellow of servants, and (3) not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers.

And here is a larger extract from Bacon's essay *Of Studies:*

Studies serve (1) for delight, (2) for ornament, and (3) for ability. . . . (1) To spend too much time in them is sloth; (2) to use them too much for ornament is affectation; (3) to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. . . . (1) Crafty men contemn them, (2) simple men admire them, (3) and wise men use them. . . . (1) Read not to contradict and confute, (2) nor to believe and take for granted, (3) nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. (1) Some books are to be tasted, (2) others to be swallowed, (3) and some few to be chewed and digested. . . . (1) Reading maketh a full man, (2) conference a ready man, (3) and writing an exact man. And therefore (1) if a man write little he had need to have a great memory; (2) if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; (3) and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.[1]

We find this triplicate form all through Bacon's writings. He says:

He can disclose and bring forward, therefore, things which neither (1) the vicissitudes of nature, (2) nor the industry of experiment, (3) nor chance itself would ever have brought about, and which would forever have escaped man's thoughts.[2]

And again:

What is (1) constant, (2) eternal and (3) universal in nature?[3]

And again:

Every interpretation of nature sets out from the senses, and leads by a (1) regular, (2) fixed and (3) well-established road.[4]

And again:

Letters are good (1) when a man would draw an answer by letter back again; (2) or when it may serve for a man's justification afterward, or (3) where there may be danger to be interrupted or heard by pieces.[5]

And again:

A (1) brief, (2) bare and (3) simple enumeration.[6]

And again:

Nature is (1) often hidden, (2) sometimes overcome, (3) seldom extinguished.[7]

And again:

The (1) crudities, (2) impurities and (3) leprosities of metals.[8]

[1] Essay *Of Studies.*
[2] *Novum Organum*, book ii.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid., book i.
[5] Essay *Of Negotiating.*
[6] *Novum Organum*, book i.
[7] Essay *Of Nature in Men.*
[8] *Natural History*, § 250.

And again:

Whether it be (1) honor, or (2) riches, or (3) delight, or (1) glory, or (2) knowledge, or (3) anything else which they seek after.[1]

And again:

To (1) assail, (2) sap, and (3) work into the constancy of Sir Robert Clifford.[2]

We turn to Shakespeare, and we find the same tendency. How precisely in the style of Bacon's *Essays* are the disquisitions of Falstaff:

Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on; how then? (1) Can honor set a leg? No. (2) Or an arm? No. (3) Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor has no skill in surgery, then? No. (1) What is honor? A word. (2) What is that word? Honor. (3) What is that honor? Air. A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died Wednesday. (1) Doth he feel it? No. (2) Doth he hear it? No. (3) Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Detraction will not suffer it.[3]

And, speaking of the effect of good wine, Falstaff says:

It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the (1) foolish, (2) and dull, (3) and crudy vapors which environ it: makes it (1) apprehensive, (2) quick, (3) forgetive; full of (1) nimble, (2) fiery and (3) delectable shapes. . . . The cold blood he did naturally inherit from his father, he hath, like (1) lean, (2) sterile and (3) bare land, (1) manured, (2) husbanded and (3) tilled.[4]

But this trait is not confined to the utterances of Falstaff. We find it all through the Plays. Take the following instances:

For I have neither (1) wit, (2) nor words, (3) nor worth,
(1) Action, (2) nor utterance, (3) nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood.[5]

Again:

(1) Romans, (2) countrymen and (3) lovers. . . . (1) As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; (2) as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; (3) as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. . . . (1) Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. (2) Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. (3) Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.[6]

Again:

(1) Thou art most rich being poor;
(2) Most choice, forsaken; (3) and most loved, despised.[7]

Again:

Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead; (1) stabbed with a white wench's black eye; (2) shot through the ear with a love-song; (3) the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft.[8]

[1] *Wisdom of the Ancients* - *Dionysius.*
[2] *History of Henry VII.*
[3] *1st Henry IV.*, v, 1.
[4] *2d Henry, IV.*, iv, 3.
[5] *Julius Cæsar*, iii, .
[6] Ibid.
[7] *Lear*, i, 1.
[8] *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 4.

Again:

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
(1) The courtier's, (2) soldier's, (3) scholar's (1) eye, (2) tongue, (3) sword.

Again:

I am myself indifferent honest: but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very (1) proud, (2) revengeful, (3) ambitious; with more offenses at my beck than I have (1) thoughts to put them in, (2) imagination to give them shape, or (3) time to act them in.[1]

Again:

'Tis slander,
(1) Whose edge is sharper than the sword; (2) whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; (3) whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: (1) kings, (2) queens and (3) states,
(1) Maids, (2) matrons, nay, (3) the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.[2]

Again:

This peace is nothing but (1) to rust iron, (2) increase tailors and (3) breed ballad-makers.[3]

Again:

Live loathed and long,
Most (1) smiling, (2) smooth, (3) detested parasites,
(1) Courteous destroyers, (2) affable wolves, (3) meek bears,
(1) You fools of fortune, (2) trencher fiends, (3) time's flies,
(1) Cap-and-knee slaves, (2) vapors, and (3) minute jacks.[4]

Again:

Must I needs forego
(1) So good, (2) so noble and (3) so true a master.[5]

And again :

(1) Her father loved me; (2) oft invited me;
(3) Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the (1) battles, (2) sieges, (3) fortunes
That I have passed.[6]

Again:

It would be (1) argument for a week, (2) laughter for a month, and (3) a good jest forever.[7]

Again:

(1) Wooing, (2) wedding and (3) repenting are as (1) a Scotch jig, (2) a measure, and (3) a cinque pace: (1) the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; (2) the wedding mannerly, modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and (3) then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, until he sinks into his grave.[8]

[1] *Hamlet*, iii, 1.
[2] *Cymbeline*, iii, 4.
[3] *Coriolanus*, iv, 5.
[4] *Titus Adronicus*, ii, 6.
[5] *Henry VIII.*, ii, 2.
[6] *Othello*, i, 3.
[7] *1st Henry IV.*, ii, 2.
[8] *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 1.

Again:

Oh, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these (1) paltry, (2) servile, (3) abject drudges.[1]

Again:

Not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all (1) accoutrement, (2) complement (3) and ceremony of it.[2]

Again:

How could (1) communities,
(2) Degrees in schools and (3) brotherhood in cities,
(1) Peaceful commerce from divided shores,
(2) The primogeniture and due of birth,
(3) Prerogative of age, (1) crowns, (2) scepters, (3) laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?[3]

Again:

But (1) manhood is melted into courtesies, (2) valor into compliment, and (3) men are turned into tongues, and trim ones, too.[4]

Again:

For she is (1) lumpish, (2) heavy, (3) melancholy.[5]

Again:

Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice (1) your tears, (2) your sighs, (3) your heart.[6]

Again:

Had I power I should
(1) Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
(2) Uproar the universal peace, (3) confound
All unity on earth.[7]

Again:

To be directed
As from her (1) lord, (2) her governor, (3) her king.[8]

Again:

To wound (1) thy lord, (2) thy king, (3) thy governor.[9]

Again:

Is fit for (1) treasons, (2) stratagems and (3) spoils.[10]

I might continue these examples at much greater length, but I think I have given enough to prove that both Bacon and the writer of the Plays possessed, as a characteristic of style, a tendency to balance their sentences in triplicate forms. This trait grew out of the sense of harmony in the ear; it was an unconscious arrangement of thoughts in obedience to a peculiar inward instinct, and it goes far to establish identity.

[1] *2d Henry VI.*, iv, 1.
[2] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv, 2.
[3] *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 3.
[4] *Much Ado about Nothing*, iv, 1.
[5] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii, 2.
[6] Ibid.
[7] *Macbeth*, iv, 3.
[8] *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2.
[9] *Taming of the Shrew*, v, 2.
[10] *Merchant of Venice*, v, 1.

VIII. Catalogues of Words.

The man who thinks in concrete forms solidifies words into ideas. He who has trained himself to observe as a natural philosopher, builds in numerical order bases for his thought. He erects the poem on a foundation of facts. He collects materials before he builds.

This trait is very marked in Bacon. He was the most observant of men. No point or fact escaped him. Hence he runs to the habit of stringing together catalogues of words.

For instance, he says in *The Experimental History:*

> There are doubtless in Europe many capable, free, sublimed, subtile, solid, constant wits.

Again he speaks of

> Servile, blind, dull, vague and abrupt experiments.[1]

Again he says:

> Let anti-masques not be long; they have been commonly of fools, satyrs, baboons, wild men, antics, beasts, spirits, witches, Ethiopes, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, cupids, statues moving, and the like.[2]

Bacon also says:

> Such are gold in weight, iron in hardness, the whale in size, the dog in smell, the flame of gunpowder in rapid expansion, and others of like nature.[3]

We turn to *Lear*, and we hear the same voice speaking of

> False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey.[4]

Again Shakespeare says:

> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.[5]

And here is another instance of the tendency to make catalogues of words:

> Beauty, wit,
> High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
> Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
> To envious and calumniating time.[6]

Again we have, in the same play — the most philosophical of all the Plays — these lines:

> All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
> Severals and generals of grace exact,
> Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
> Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,

[1] *Great Instauration.* [3] *Novum Organum*, book ii. [5] *Macbeth*, v, 2.
[2] Essay *Of Masks.* [4] *Lear*, iii, 4. [6] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3.

Success or loss, what is, or what is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.[1]

And in the famous description of the horse, in *Venus and Adonis*, we see the same closely-observing eye of the naturalist:

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.

Prof. Dowden says:

This passage has been much admired; but is it poetry or a paragraph from an advertisement of a horse-sale?[2]

And here, in a more poetical passage, we observe the same tendency to the enumeration of facts:

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed and dew-lapped, like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth-like bells,
Each under each.[3]

And in the same vein of close and accurate observation of details, "the contracting of the eye of the mind," as Bacon calls it, is the following description of a murdered man:

But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
Staring full-ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling;
His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped
And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempests lodged.[4]

IX. The Euphonic Test.

In Mr. Wilkes' book, *Shakespeare from an American Point of View*, there is contained an essay (p. 430) by Professor J. W. Taverner, of New York, in which he attempts to show that Bacon could not have written the Shakespeare Plays, because of the *Euphonic Test*. And yet he says:

Upon examination of the limited poetry which we have from the pen of Bacon, I find nothing to criticise. Like unto Shakespeare, he takes good note of any deficiency of syllabic pulsation, and imparts the value of but one syllable to the

[1] *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 3.
[2] *Shak. Mind and Art*, p. 45.
[3] *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv, 1.
[4] *2d Henry VI.*, iii, 2.

dissyllables *heav'n, wearst, many, e'en, doth:* and to *flittering* and *chariot* but the value of two, *precisely as Shakespeare would.*

But he tries to show that Bacon could not have written the Plays because it was his custom to run his sentences, as I have shown, into triplets. He says:

Bacon, in this feature of the rhythmical adjustment of clauses, attaches to those sentences of his which are composed of *triple clauses of equal dimensions*, and which possess such regularity which he never seeks to disturb, etc.

And he gives in addition to the instances I have quoted from Bacon the following, among others:

A man cannot speak (1) to his son but as a father, (2) to his wife but as a husband, and (3) to his enemy but upon terms.

Judges ought to be (1) more learned than witty, (2) more reverent than plausible, and (3) more advised than confident.

And he argues that Shakespeare

Does not object to four or more clauses, but he does to three.

And therefore Bacon did not write the Plays. Such arguments are fully answered by the pages of examples I have just given from the Shakespeare Plays, showing that the poet is even more prone to fall into the triple form of expression than Bacon — more prone, because there is more tendency to harmonious and balanced expressions in poetry than in prose.

But the Professor admits that there "is a kind of melody of speech that belongs to Bacon," and that his ear is exact, "and counts its seconds like the pendulum of a clock."

In truth, if any man would take the pains to print the prose disquisitions and monologues of Shakespeare, intermixed with extracts from as nearly similar productions of Bacon as may be, the ordinary reader would scarcely be able to tell which was which.

If such a reader was handed this passage, and asked to name the author, I think the probabilities are great that he would say it was from the pen of Francis Bacon:

Novelty is only in request; and it is dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowship accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world.

We have here the same condensed, pithy sentences which mark the great philosopher, together with the same antithetical way of balancing thought against thought.

Yet this is from Shakespeare. It will be found in *Measure for Measure*.[1]

And we can conceive that the following passage might have been written by Shakespeare — the very extravagance of hyperbole sounds like him:

> Contrary is it with hypocrites and impostors, for they, in the church and before the people, *set themselves on fire*, and are *carried*, as it were, *out of themselves*, and, becoming as *men inspired with holy furies*, they *set heaven and earth together*.[2]

There is not a great stride from this to the poet's eye in a fine phrensy rolling from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth; and the madman seeing more devils than vast hell could hold.

In short, the resemblance between the two bodies of compositions is as close as could be reasonably expected, where one is almost exclusively prose, and the greatness of the other consists in the elevated flights of poetry. In the one case it is the lammergeyer sitting among the stones; in the other it is the great bird balanced on majestic pinions in the blue vault of heaven, far above the mountain-top and the emulous shafts of man.

[1] Act, iii, scene 2.

[2] *Meditationes Sacræ — Of Impostors.*

BOOK II.

·THE DEMONSTRATION·

"Come hither, Spirit,
Set Caliban and his Companions free:
Untie the Spell."

Tempest, V, I.



Very truly yours: Ignatius Donnelly

PART I.

THE CIPHER IN THE PLAYS.

CHAPTER I.

HOW I CAME TO LOOK FOR A CIPHER.

I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver.
Othello, I. 3.

I HAVE given, in the foregoing pages, something of the reasoning — and yet but a little part of it — which led me up to the conclusion that Francis Bacon was the author of the so-called Shakespeare Plays.

But one consideration greatly troubled me, to-wit: Would the writer of such immortal works sever them from himself and cast them off forever?

All the world knows that the parental instinct attaches as strongly to the productions of the mind as to the productions of the body. An author glories in his books, even as much as he does in his children. The writer of the Plays realized this fact, for he speaks in one of the sonnets of "these *children of the brain.*" They were the offspring of the better part of him.

But, it may be urged, he did not know the value of them.

This is not the fact. He understood their merits better than all the men of his age; for, while they were complimenting him on "his facetious grace in writing," he foresaw that these compositions would endure while civilized humanity occupied the globe. The sonnets show this. In sonnet cvii he says:

My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

And in sonnet lxxxi he says:

The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombéd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead:
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen),
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

And in sonnet lv he says:

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish time.

. . . . .

Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity,
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

There was, as it seems to me, no doubt: 1. That Bacon wrote the Plays; 2. That he loved them as the children of his brain; 3. That he estimated them at their full great value.

The question then arose, How was it possible that he would disown them with no hope or purpose of ever reclaiming them? How could he consent that the immortal honors which belonged to himself should be heaped upon an unworthy impostor? How could he divest BACON of this great world-outliving glory to give it to SHAKSPERE?

This thought recurred to me constantly, and greatly perplexed me.

One day I chanced to open a book, belonging to one of my children, called *Every Boy's Book*, published in London, by George Routledge & Sons, 1868; a very complete and interesting work of its kind, containing over eight hundred pages. On page 674 I found a chapter devoted to "Cryptography," or cipher-writing, and in it I chanced upon this sentence:

The most famous and complex cipher perhaps ever written was by Lord Bacon. It was arranged in the following manner:

aaaaa stands for a.	abaaa stands for i and j.	baaaa stands for r.
aaaab " " b.	abaab " " k.	baaab " " s.
aaaba " " c.	ababa " " l.	baaba " " t.
aaabb " " d.	ababb " " m.	baabb " " u and v.

aabaa stands for e.	abbaa stands for n.	babaa stands for w.
aabab " " f.	abbab " " o.	babab " " x.
aabba " " g.	abbba " " p.	babba " " y.
aabbb " " h.	abbbb " " q.	babbb " " z.

Now suppose you want to inform some one that "All is well." First place down the letters separately according to the above alphabet:

aaaaa ababa ababa abaaa baaab babaa aabaa ababa ababa

Then take a sentence five times the length in letters of "All is well" — say it is, "We were sorry to have heard that you have been so unwell."

Then fit this sentence to the cipher above, like this:

aaaaaababaababaabaaabaaabbabaaaabaaababaababa
wewere*so*rry*t*o*h*av*e*heard t*h*a*t* yo*u*hav*e* bee*n*soun*w*e*l*l

Marking with a dash every letter that comes under a *b*. Then put the sentence down on your paper, printing all marked letters in italics and the others in the ordinary way, thus:

We were *so*rry *t*o *h*av*e* hea*r*d th*a*t yo*u* hav*e* bee*n* s*o* un*w*e*l*l.

The person who receives the cipher puts it down and writes an *a* under every letter except those in italics; these he puts a *b* under; he then divides the cipher obtained into periods of five letters, looks at his alphabet, and finds the meaning to be: "All is well."

And on page 681 of the same chapter I found another allusion to Bacon:

Most of the examples given will only enable one to decipher the most simple kind, such as are generally found in magazines, etc.; for if that intricate cipher of Lord Bacon's were put in a book for boys it would be a waste of paper, as we will venture to say that not one in a thousand would be able to find it out.

Here was indeed a pregnant association of ideas:

1. Lord Bacon wrote the Plays.
2. Lord Bacon loved them; and could not desire to dissociate himself from them.
3. Lord Bacon knew their inestimable greatness; and
4. Lord Bacon dealt in ciphers; he invented ciphers, and ciphers of exquisite subtlety and cunning.

Then followed, like a flash, this thought:

5. *Could Lord Bacon have put a cipher in the Plays?*

The first thing to do was to see what Lord Bacon had said on the subject of ciphers. I remembered that Basil Montagu in his *Life of Bacon* had said, speaking of his youth and before he came of age:

After the appointment of Sir Amias Paulett's successor, Bacon traveled into the French provinces and spent some time at Poictiers. He prepared a work upon ciphers, which he afterward published.[1]

[1] *Works of Lord Bacon*, vol. i.

I turned to the *De Augmentis*, and there I found what is practically an essay on ciphers. The statement of Montagu is somewhat of an error, for no separate essay was ever published by Bacon on that subject.

Bacon says:

As for writing, it is to be performed either by the common alphabet (which is used by everybody) or by a secret and private one, agreed upon by particular persons, which they call ciphers.[1]

Now I had noted that, in his letters to Sir Tobie Matthew, he spoke of certain writings as the works of the *alphabet*. The reader will observe how often in this essay the word *alphabet* is used in connection with cipher-writing. In the sentence just quoted he tells us that writing may be performed in a secret and private *alphabet* "*which they call ciphers.*" Was the reverse true? Could cipher-writings be called "works of the *alphabet*"? There is something very mysterious about these "works of his recreation"—these "works of the *alphabet*"—which no one was to be "allowed to copy."

Bacon continues:

Let us proceed, then, to ciphers. Of these there are many kinds: simple ciphers, ciphers mixed with non-significant characters, ciphers containing two different letters in one character, wheel ciphers, key ciphers, *word ciphers*, and the like. But the virtues required in them are three: that they be easy and not laborious to write; that they be safe and be impossible to be deciphered, and lastly, that they be, if possible, *such as not to raise suspicion*. For if letters fall into the hands of those who have power either over the writers or over those to whom they are addressed, although the cipher itself may be safe and impossible to decipher, yet the matter comes under examination and question, unless the cipher be such as either to raise no suspicion or to elude inquiry. Now for this elusion of inquiry, there is a new and useful contrivance for it, which, as I have it by me, why should I set it down among the *desiderata*, instead of propounding the thing itself? It is this: Let a man have two *alphabets*, one of true letters, the other of non-significants; and let him infold in them two letters at once, one carrying the secret, the other such a letter as the writer would have been likely to send, and yet without anything dangerous. Then if any one be strictly examined as to the cipher let him offer the alphabet of non-significants for the true letters, and the alphabet of true letters for the non-significants. Thus the examiner will fall upon the exterior letter, which finding probable, he will not suspect anything of another letter within.

How subtle and cunning is all this! Note the use of the word *alphabet*. Note, too, the excuse that he gives for discussing the cipher: "he has it by him"—lest any one might suppose he was

[1] *Works of Francis Bacon*, vol. ix, p. 115.

furnishing a key to some other writings. Observe his rule, that the cipher "must not raise suspicion" as to its existence; it must be "*infolded*" in something else; so that the reader, falling upon the exterior writing, will not suspect another writing within.

He continues:

But for *avoiding suspicion altogether*, I will add another contrivance which I devised myself when I was at Paris in my early youth, and which I still think worthy of preservation. For it has the perfection of a cipher, which is to make anything signify anything; subject, however, to this condition, that the infolding writing shall contain at least five times as many letters as the writing infolded: no other restriction or condition whatever is required. The way to do it is this: First let all the letters of the alphabet be resolved into transpositions of two letters only. For the transposition of two letters through five places will yield thirty-two differences, much more twenty-four, which is the number of letters in our alphabet. Here is an example of such an alphabet.

Here follows the alphabet I have already quoted from the *Every Boy's Book*.

He continues:

Nor is it a slight thing which is thus by the way effected. For hence we s how thoughts may be communicated at any distance of place by means of objects perceptible either to the eye or ear, provided only that those obje capable of two differences; as by bells, trumpets, torches, gun-shots, and &c.

Herein he anticipated the telegraphic alphabet.

But to proceed with our business: When you prepare to write, you must reduce the interior epistle to this biliteral alphabet. Let the interior epistle be—

FLY.

Example of reduction.

F L Y

aabab ababa babba

Have by you at the same time another *alphabet* in two *forms*—I mean one in which each of the letters of the common alphabet, both capital and small, is exhibited in two different forms—any forms that you find convenient.

Example of an alphabet in two forms:

A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B
A	*A*	a	*a*	B	*B*	b	*b*	C	*C*	c	*c*
D	*D*	d	*d*	E	*E*	e	*e*	F	*F*	f	*f*
G	*G*	g	*g*	H	*H*	h	*h*	I	*I*	i	*i*
K	*K*	k	*k*	L	*L*	l	*l*	M	*M*	m	*m*
N	*N*	n	*n*	O	*O*	o	*o*	P	*P*	p	*p*
Q	*Q*	q	*q*	R	*R*	r	*r*	S	*S*	s	*s*
T	*T*	t	*t*	U	*U*	u	*u*	V	*V*	v	*v*
W	*W*	w	*w*	X	*X*	x	*x*	Y	*Y*	y	*y*
				Z	*Z*	z	*z*				

Then take your interior epistle, reduced to the biliteral shape, and adapt to it letter by letter your exterior epistle in the biform character; and then write it out. Let the exterior epistle be:

DO NOT GO TILL I COME.

Example of adaptation.

F L Y

aa bab ab abab a bba

Do not go till I come.

I add another large example of the same cipher — of the writing of anything by anything.

The interior epistle, for which I have selected the Spartan dispatch, formerly sent in the *Scytale*:

All is lost. Mindarus is killed. The soldiers want food. We can neither get hence nor stay longer here.

The exterior epistle, taken from Cicero's first letter and containing the Spartan dispatch within it:

In all duty or rather piety towards you I satisfy everybody except myself. Myself I never satisfy. For so great are the services which you have rendered me, that, seeing you did not rest in your endeavors on my behalf till the thing was done, I feel as if my life had lost ALL *its sweetness, because I cannot do as much in this cause of yours. The occasions are these: Ammonius the king's ambassador openly besieges us with money, the business* IS *carried on through the same creditors who were employed in it when you were here*, etc.

I have here capitalized the words *all* and *is*, supposing them to be part of the sentence, "All is lost," but I am not sure that I am right in doing so. The sentence ends as above and leaves us in the dark. Bacon continues:

This doctrine of ciphers carries along with it another doctrine which is its relative. This is the doctrine of deciphering, or of detecting ciphers, though one be quite ignorant of the alphabet used or the private understanding between the parties: a thing requiring both labor and ingenuity, and dedicated, as the other likewise is, to the secrets of princes. By skillful precaution indeed it may be made useless; though, as things are, it is of very great use. For if good and safe ciphers were introduced, there are very many of them which altogether elude and exclude the decipherer, and yet are sufficiently convenient and ready to read and write. But such is the rawness and unskillfulness of secretaries and clerks in the courts of kings, that the greatest matters are commonly trusted to weak and futile ciphers.

I said to myself: What is there unreasonable in the thought that this man, who dwelt with such interest upon the subject of ciphers, who had invented ciphers, even ciphers within ciphers — that this subtle and most laborious intellect might have injected a cipher narrative, an "interior epistle," into the Shakespeare Plays, in which he would assert his authorship of the same, and reclaim for all time those "children of his brain" who had been placed, for good and sufficient reasons, under the fosterage of another?

I knew also that Bacon had all his life much to do with ciphers. Spedding says:

> In both France and Scotland Essex had correspondents, in his intercourse with whom Anthony Bacon appears to have served him in a capacity very like that of a modern under-secretary of state, receiving all letters, *which were mostly in cipher*, in the first instance, forwarding them (generally through his brother Francis' hands) to the Earl *deciphered*, and accompanied with their joint suggestions.[1]

But Bacon also referred again to the subject of ciphers in the second book of *The Advancement of Learning*, where he briefly treats of the same theories. He says:

> The highest degree whereof is to write *omnia per omnia*, which is undoubtedly possible, with a proportion quintuple at most of the writing infolding to the writing infolded, and no other restraint whatsoever.

In his enumeration of the different kinds of ciphers,[2] he names, as I have shown, "word ciphers." These are ciphers where the *word* is infolded in other *words*, and where the cipher is not one of representatives of the alphabetical signs. This seems to be the meaning of the example given of the Spartan dispatch, although, as I have said, he seems to leave the subject purposely obscure.

Speaking of Dr. Lopez' conspiracy to poison the Queen, Bacon refers to certain letters—

> Written in a cipher, *not of alphabet, but of words*, such as mought, if it were opened, impart no vehement suspicion.[3]

In the Second Book of *The Advancement of Learning* Bacon says:

> But there yet remains another use of Poesy Parabolical, opposite to the former, wherein it serves, as I said, for an *infoldment;* for such things, I mean, the dignity whereof requires that *they should be seen, as it were, through a veil;* that is, when the secrets and mysteries of religion, *policy* and philosophy are involved in fables or parables.[4]

Note here the significant use of the word *infoldment.*

And in this connection I quote the following from the *Valerius Terminus:*

> That the discretion anciently observed, though by the precedent of many vain persons and deceivers abused, of publishing part and *reserving part to a private succession*, and publishing in such a manner whereby it may not be *to the taste or capacity of all*, but shall, as it were, *single and adopt his reader, is not to be laid aside*, both for the avoiding of abuse in the excluded, and the strengthening of affection in the admitted.[5]

[1] Spedding, *Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 250. [3] *Life and Works*, vol. i, p. 284.
[2] *Advancement of Learning*, vol. ix, p. 110. [4] *De Augmentis*, vol. viii, p. 442.
[5] *De Augmentis*, chap. 18.

And again:

To ascend further by scale I do forbear, partly because it would draw on the example to an over-great length, but chiefly because it would open that which *in this work I determine to reserve.*[1]

And again he says:

And as Alexander Borgia was wont to say of the expedition of the French for Naples, that they came with chalk in their hands, to mark up their lodgings, and not with weapons to fight; so I like better that entry of truth which cometh peaceably with chalk, *to mark up those minds which are capable to lodge and harbor it*, than that which cometh with pugnacity and contention.

And again he says, in the same work:

Another diversity of method there is [he is speaking of the different methods of "tradition," *i.e.*, of communicating and *transmitting knowledge*], which hath some affinity with the former, *used in some cases by the discretion of the ancients*, but disgraced since by the imposture of many vain persons, who have made it as a false light for their counterfeit merchandises; and that is, *enigmatical* and *disclosed*. The pretense thereof [that is, of the enigmatical method] is to remove the vulgar capacities from being admitted to the secrets of knowledge, and *to reserve them to selected auditors, or wits of such sharpness as can pierce the veil.*[2]

And he also says in the Second Book of the *De Augmentis:*

Now, whether any mystic meaning be concealed beneath the fables of the ancient poets is a matter of some doubt. For my part, I am inclined to think a mystery is involved in no small number of them.

Spedding says:

The question is whether the reserve Bacon contemplated can be justly compared with that practiced by the alchemists and others, who concealed their discoveries as "treasures of which the value would be decreased if others were allowed to share it." . . . It is true that in both of these extracts Bacon intimates an intention to reserve the communication of one part of his philosophy—"*formula ipsa interpretationis et inventa per eandem*"—to certain fit and chosen persons. . . . The fruits which he anticipated from his philosophy were not only intended for the benefit of all mankind, but *were to be gathered in another generation.*[3]

Of course all this is expressed obscurely by Bacon, although no man was more capable of expressing it clearly, had he desired so to do. But, putting all these things together, I drew the inference that Bacon proposed to reserve some part of his teaching for another generation, for the benefit of mankind; that this was to be behind a veil, which keen wits might pierce; and he believed that the great writers of antiquity had, in like manner, buried certain mysteries in their works, the keys to which are now lost.

[1] *De Augmentis*, chap. 2. [2] *Works*, Boston, vol. 1, p. 185. [3] Ibid.

And says Spedding:

Thus I conceive that six out of the ten passages under consideration must be set aside as not bearing at all upon the question at issue. Of the four that remain, two must be set aside in like manner, because, *though they directly allude to the practice of transmitting knowledge as a secret from hand to hand*, they contain no evidence that Bacon approved of it.

And it is most remarkable that *in the next chapter* after that in which we find the lengthy discourse about ciphers, already quoted, Bacon proceeds to discuss "the *Handing on of the Lamp*, or Method of Delivery to Posterity," and repeats himself again. He says there are two ways to transmit knowledge:

For both methods agree in aiming to separate the vulgar among the auditors from the select; but then they are opposed in this, that the former makes use of a way of delivery more open than the common; the latter (of which I am now going to speak), *of one more secret*. Let the one, then, be distinguished as the *Exoteric* method, the other as the *Acroamatic;* a distinction observed by the ancients principally in the publication of books, but which I transfer to the *method of delivery*. Indeed this acroamatic or enigmatical method was itself used among the ancients, and employed with judgment and discretion. But in later times it has been disgraced by many, who have made it a false and deceitful light to put forward their counterfeit merchandise. The intention of it, however, seems to be by *obscurity of delivery to exclude the vulgar* (that is the profane vulgar) from the secrets of knowledge, and to admit those only who have either received the interpretation of the enigmas through the hands of the teachers, or have wits of such sharpness and discernment as can pierce the veil.[1]

Is it not significant that immediately after the discussion of ciphers, in which he said that there were two kinds of writing, "either by the common alphabet or by a private and secret one," he should proceed to tell us that there are two ways of handing on the lamp to posterity, both of which exclude the vulgar, but one of them is more secret than the other, used formerly among the ancients [he has just given us an example in the Spartan *Scytale*]—an acroamatic or enigmatical method, the "veil" of whose "obscure delivery" can only be penetrated by those who have been let into the secret, or who have wits sharp enough to pierce it.

Delia Bacon says of the Elizabethan period:

It was a time when the cipher, in which one could write "*omnia per omnia*," was in request; when even "wheel ciphers" and doubles were thought not unworthy of philosophic notice . . . with philosophic secrets that opened down into the bottom of a tomb, that opened into the Tower, that opened on the scaffold and the block.[2]

[1] *De Augmentis*, book vi.

[2] *Philosophy of Shak. Plays Unfolded*, p. 10.

Ben Jonson, in his *Epigrams*, says, speaking of the young statesmen of London:

> They all get Porta for the sundry ways
> To write in cipher, and the several keys
> To ope the character.[1]

Porta was the famous Neapolitan, Johannes Baptista Porta. He died in 1615.

Says W. F. C. Wigston:

> It is difficult for us in this free age to understand all this. . . . For the necessity that arose for secrecy, and the intimacy of religion, politics and poetry cannot be fully grasped in an age where they have neither necessity nor interest to be in any way inter-related or inter-dependent.[2]

And that Bacon expected that in the future he would have an increase of fame or a justification of his life, seems to be intimated in the first draft of his will:

> I leave my memory to the next ages and foreign nations, and *to my own countrymen after some time be passed.*

And in the last copy of his will he changes this phraseology, and says:

> For my name and memory I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next ages.

Did he omit the words in italics because they might be too significant?

He always looked over the heads of the generation in which he lived, and fastened his eyes upon posterity. He anticipated the great religious and political revolution which soon after his death swept over England. He believed that the world was on the eve of great civil convulsions, growing out of religious fanaticism, in which it was possible civilization might perish, despite the art of printing. He says:

> Nor is my resolution diminished by foreseeing the state of these times, a sort of declination and ruin of the learning which is now in use; for although I dread not the incursions of barbarians (unless, perhaps, the empire of Spain should strengthen itself, and oppress and debilitate others by arms, itself by the burden), yet from civil wars (which, on account of certain manners, not long ago introduced, seem to me about to visit many countries), and the malignity of sects, and from these compendiary artifices and cautions which have crept into the place of learning, no less a tempest seems to impend over letters and science. Nor can the shop of the typographer avail for these evils.[3]

[1] Epigram xcii, *The New City*. [2] *A New Story of Shak.*, p. 103.
[3] *On the Interpretation of Nature*.

What more natural than that he, the cipher-maker, being the author of the Plays, should place in the Plays a cipher story, to be read when the tempest that was about to assail civilization had passed away, — the Plays surviving, for they were, he tells us, to live when "marble and the gilded monuments of princes" had perished — even to the general judgment. If he was right; if the Plays were indeed as imperishable as the verses of Homer, they must necessarily be the subject of close study by generations of critics and commentators; and sooner or later some one would "pierce the veil" and read the acroamatic and enigmatical story infolded in them. Then would he be justified to the world by that internal narrative, reflecting on kings, princes, prelates and peers, and not to be published in his own day; not to be uttered without serious penalties to his kinsfolk, his family, his very body in the grave. Then, when his corpse was dust, his blood extinct, or diluted to nothingness in the course of generations; then, when all vanities of rank and state and profession and family were obliterated; when his memory and name were as a sublimated spirit; then, "in the next ages," "when some time had been passed," he would, through the cipher narrative, rise anew from the grave.

> So the life that died with shame
> Would live in death with glorious fame.[1]

"His eye," says Montagu, "pierced into future contingents."

That can not be called improbable which has happened. If I had not fallen upon the cipher, some one else would. It was a mere question of time, with all time in which to answer it.

And this material and practical view sets aside that other and profounder conception, in which the operations of the minds of men are but the shadowings of an eternal purpose, and all history and all nature but the cunningly adjusted parts of a great external spiritual design.

[1] *Much Ado About Nothing*, ii, 3.

CHAPTER II.

HOW I BECAME CERTAIN THERE WAS A CIPHER.

A book where men may read strange matters.
Macbeth, *i*, 5.

IN the winter of 1878–9 I said to myself: I will re-read the Shakespeare Plays, not, as heretofore, for the delight which they would give me, but with my eyes directed singly to discover whether there is or is not in them any indication of a cipher.

And I reasoned thus: If there is a cipher in the Plays, it will probably be in the form of a brief statement, that "I, Francis Bacon, of St. Albans, son of Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, wrote these Plays, which go by the name of William Shakespeare."

The things then to be on the look-out for, in my reading, were the words *Francis*, *Bacon*, *Nicholas*, *Bacon*, and such combinations of *Shake* and *speare*, or *Shakes* and *peer*, as would make the word *Shakespeare*.

I possessed no Concordance at the time, or I might have saved myself much unnecessary trouble.

The first thing that struck me was the occurrence in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*[1] of the word *Bacon*. The whole scene is an intrusion into the play. The play turns upon Sir John Falstaff's making love to two dames of Windsor at the same time, and the shames and humiliations he suffered therefrom. And this scene has nothing whatever to do with the plot of the play. Mistress Page, one of the Merry Wives, accompanied by her boy William, meets with Sir Hugh Evans, the Welsh parson and schoolmaster,—old Dame Quickly being by;—and Mistress Page tells the schoolmaster that her husband says the boy William "profits nothing at his book;" and she requests him to "ask him some questions in his accidence." In the first place, it is something of a surprise to find the wife of a yeoman, or man of the middle class, who is able to

[1] Act iv, scene 1.

tell whether or not the boy correctly answers the Latin questions put to him. But what, in the name of all that is reasonable, has the boy's proficiency in Latin to do with Sir John Falstaff's love-making? And why take up a whole scene to introduce it? *The boy William nowhere appears in the play, except in that scene.* He is called up from the depths of the author's consciousness, to recite a school lesson; and he is dismissed at the end of it into nothingness, never to appear again in this world. Is not this extraordinary?

We have also the older form of the play, which is only half the size of the present, and there is no *William* in it, and no such scene. That first form was written to play, and it has everything in it of action and plot necessary to make it a successful stage play, and tradition tells us that it was successful. But what was this enlarged form of the play written for, if the old form answered all the purposes of a *play?* And why insert in it this useless scene?

Richard Grant White calls it "that very superfluous scene in *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*" He acknowledges that "it has nothing whatever to do with the plot."[1]

Speaking of the contemporaries of Shakspere, Swinburne says:

> There is not one of them whom we can reasonably imagine capable of the patience and self-respect which induced Shakespeare to re-write the triumphantly popular parts of Romeo, of Falstaff and of Hamlet, with an eye to the literary perfection and performance of work, which, in its first outline, had won the crowning suffrage of immediate and spectacular applause.[2]

But while these reasons might possibly account for the re-writing of the parts of Romeo, Falstaff and Hamlet, there is no literary perfection about *The Merry Wives of Windsor* to explain the doubling of it in size; there is very little blank verse in the comedy, and still less of anything that can aspire to be called poetry. Why, then, was it re-written? And why, when re-written, was this superfluous scene injected into it? That the reader may be the better able to judge of it, I quote the scene entire, just as it appears on pages 53 and 54 of the Folio of 1623:

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Evans.

Mist. Pag. Is he at M. *Fords* already think'st thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but truely he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistris *Ford* desires you to come sodainely.

[1] *Genius of Shak.*, p. [illegible]. [2] Thomas Middleton, *Shakespeariana*, vol. iii, No. [illegible], p. 61.

Mist. Pag. Ile be with her by and by: Ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Master comes; 'tis a playing day I see; how now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to-day?

Eva. No: Master *Slender* is let the Boyes leave to play.

Qui. 'Blessing of his heart.

Mist. Pag. Sir Hugh, my husband saies my sonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

Ev. Come hither *William;* hold up your head; come.

Mist. Pag. Come-on, Sirha; hold up your head; answere your Master; be not afraid.

Eva. *William*, how many numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number more, because they say od's-Nownes.

Eva. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William?*

Will. *Pulcher.*

Qu. Powlcats? There are fairer things than Powlcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*), *William?*

Will. A Stone.

Eva. And what is a Stone (*William?*)

Will. A Peeble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis:* I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eva. That is a good *William:* what is he (*William*) that do's lend articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune, and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominativo hic, hac, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo hig, hag, hog:* pray you marke: *genitivo huius.* Well, what is your *Accusative-case?*

Will. *Accusativo hinc.*

Eva. I pray you have your remembrance (childe) *Accusativo hing, hang, hog.*

Qu. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prables (o'man). What is the *Focative case* (*William?*)

Will. O, *Vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember *William*, *Focative*, is *caret.*

Qui. And that's a good roote.

Eva. O'man, forbeare.

Mist. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *Genitive case plurall* (*William?*)

Will. *Genitive case?*

Eva. I.

Will. *Genitive horum, harum, horum.*

Qu. 'Vengeance of Ginyes case; fie on her; never name her (childe) if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame o'man.

Qu. You do ill to teach the childe such words; hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call *horum;* fie upon you.

Evans. O'man, art thou Lunatics? Hast thou no understandings for thy Cases & the number of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mi. Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Ev. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Ev. It is *Qui, quæ, quod:* if you forget your *Quies*, your *Quæ* and your *Quods* you must be preeches: Go your waies and play, go.

M. Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

Ev. He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel *Mis. Page.*

Mis. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh:* Get you home, boy, Come we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

I will ask the reader, after a while, to recur to this scene, and note the unusual, the extraordinary way in which the words are bracketed and hyphenated.

It is very evident that there is nothing in this scene which has the slightest relation to the play of *The Merry Wives.* It is simply a schoolmaster, who speaks broken English, hearing a boy his lesson. There is no wit in the scene, and what attempts at wit there are seem to me very forced.

It was written and inserted simply to enable the author to reiterate the name *William* eleven times, and to bring in the word *Bacon.* The whole scene is built up, created, constructed and forced into the play to find an opportunity to use the word *Bacon* without arousing suspicion.

"Hang-hog is the Latin for *Bacon*," says Dame Quickly, and we know just where the pun came from. I have already quoted the anecdote in a former chapter, but I repeat it here. It was inserted by the publisher of the third edition of the *Resuscitatio*, 1671, together with fifteen other anecdotes:

> Sir Nicholas Bacon, being appointed a judge for the northern circuit, and having brought his trials that came before him to such a pass, as the passing of sentence on malefactors, he was by one of the malefactors mightily importuned to save his life; which, when nothing that he had said did avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. "Prithee," said my lord judge, "how came that in?" "Why, if it please you, my lord, your name is Bacon and mine is Hog, and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been so near kindred that they are not to be separated." "Ay; but," replied Judge Bacon, "you and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged."

Here we have precisely the idea played upon by Dame Quickly. "Hang-hog is the Latin for Bacon," says the old woman. "Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged," says Sir Nicholas.

Here, then, we have not only a scene forced into the play, to introduce a jest with the word *Bacon* in it; but we find that jest connected with Sir Francis, because it related to an incident in the life of his father.

All this is most remarkable. But, having found *William* repeated eleven times, I asked myself, Where is the rest of the name, *Shakespeare*, if there is really a cipher here, and the recurrence of *William* and the occurrence of *Bacon* are not accidents? I soon found it.

On the same page and column on which the scene I have just quoted terminates, page 54, in the next scene, Mistress Page, speaking of Ford's jealousy, says:

> Why, woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so railes against all married mankinde; so curses all *Eves* daughters of what complexion soever; and so buffettes himself on the forehead, crying *peere*-out, *peere*-out, that any madnesse I ever yet beheld, etc.

Here we have the last part of Shakespeare's name, and we will see hereafter that, in the cipher rule, the hyphenated words are, at times, counted as two separate words. It seemed to me very unnatural that any jealous man would beat his *forehead* and tell *it* to *peer* out; or even tell his brain to peer out. Men usually employ their eyes for purposes of watchfulness. All that Ford needed was the evidence of his eyes to satisfy his jealousy. It was not a case of intellectual eyesight — of the brain peering into some complicated mental puzzle. It seemed to me, again, as if this was *forced* into the text.

But where was the first part of Shakespeare's name? As the last syllable was *peere*, the first syllable — to give the full sound — would have to be *shakes*, and not *shake*. I found it on the next page but one, page 56, in the sentence which describes the ghost of Herne the hunter, in the Windsor forest:

> *Mist. Page.* There is an old tale goes that Herne, the
> Hunter (sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest),
> Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
> Walk round about an Oake, with great rag'd horns,
> And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
> And makes milch-kine yield blood, and *shakes* a chain
> In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

I turned to the original *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which I find published in *Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library*, "as it hath bene divers times acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines servants, both before her Maiestie, and elsewhere;" and I found the original of this passage in the following crude and brief form:

> Oft have you heard since Horne, the hunter, dyed,
> That women, to affright their little children,
> Ses that he walks in shape of a great stagge.

Here there is nothing of "shakes a chain." Neither is there anything of the "peere-out, peere-out," in the other sentence. The original is:

Mrs. Page. Mistress Ford, why, woman, your husband is in his old vaine again, hee's coming to search for your sweet heart, but I am glad he is not here.

Now as I had *William Shakes-peere* and *Bacon*, I said to myself, Is there anything of Bacon's first name?

There is no *Francis* in the play; but we have *Frank* and *Francisco*. In act ii, scene 1, Mistress Ford says to her husband:

How now (sweet *Frank*), why art thou melancholy?

Everywhere else in the play he appears as Master Ford; as, for instance, his wife says:

Mis. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Is it not singular that when a *Frank* was needed to complete the name, it should crop out in this unnecessary way, once only and no more?

Again, the Host of the Tavern says, speaking of the duel between Dr. Caius and Sir Hugh Evans:

To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy puncto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my *Francisco?* Ha, bully! what says my Esculapius? etc.

As there is no Francisco present or anywhere in the play, this is all rambling nonsense, and the word is dragged in for a purpose.

In the same way I observed *Francisco* to make its appearance in the enlarged edition of *Hamlet*, while it did not occur in the original. In the copy of 1603, "as it hath been diverse times acted by His Highness' servants in the Cittie of London," the play opens thus:

Enter Two Centinels.

Their names are not given, and their speeches are marked 1 and 2; but in the copy of 1604, "newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie," we find:

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

And the scene opens thus:

Bar. Whose there?
Fran. Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourselfe.
Bar. Long live the king.

Fran. *Barnardo.*
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Bar. 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed, *Francisco.*

And then Francisco disappears to his bed and never again reappears in the play, any more than William does in the *Merry Wives*, after he has recited that interesting Latin lesson. Now why were the sentinels named at all? There might be some excuse for giving Barnardo a cognomen, as he continues in the scene to converse with Horatio and Marcellus. But what importance was a name to the man who was instantly swallowed up in oblivion and the bed-clothes?

But it was in the first part of *King Henry IV.* that I found the most startling proofs of the existence of a cipher.

In act ii, scene 1, we have a stable scene, with the two "carriers" and an hostler; it is night, or rather early morning — two o'clock — it is the morning of the Gadshill robbery; the carriers are feeding their horses and getting ready for the day's journey; and in the dialogue they speak as follows:

1 Car. What Ostler, come away and be hanged; come away.
2 Car. I have a gammon of *Bacon*, and two razes of Ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-crosse.

This occurs on page 53 of the Histories; we have seen that the other word *Bacon* occurs on page 53 of the Comedies. As these are the only instances in which the word *Bacon* occurs alone and not hyphenated with any other word, in all these voluminous plays, occupying nearly a thousand pages, is it not remarkable that both should be found on the same numbered page?

We have the original of this robbery scene in another old play, entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth.* In each case the men robbed were bearing money to the King's treasury; and in each case they called upon the Prince after the robbery for restitution. In the old play, Dericke, the carrier, who is robbed by the Prince's man, says:

Oh, maisters, stay there; nay, let's never belie the man; for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but he hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken *the great rase of Ginger* that bouncing Bess . . . should have had.

But there is no bacon in *his* pack. That was added, as in the other instances, when the play was re-written, doubled in size, and the cipher inserted.

I said that Bacon, in making any claim to the authorship of the Plays, would probably seek to identify himself (as centuries might elapse before the discovery of the cipher) by giving the name of his father, the celebrated Sir Nicholas, Queen Elizabeth's Lord Keeper; and here, in the same scene, on page 53, appears his father's name.

The chamberlain enters the stable; also Gadshill, "the setter" of the thieves, as Poins calls him; that is, the one who points the game for them. The chamberlain says:

Cham. Good-morrow, Master Gads-Hill; it holds current that I told you yester-night. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold. I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kinde of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge, too (God knows what); they are up already and call for egges and butter. They will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. *Nicholas* Clarks, Ile give thee this necke.

Cham. No; Ile none of it. I prithee, keep that for the hangman, for I know thou worship'st S. *Nicholas* as truly as a man of falshood may.

First, I would observe the unnecessary presence of the word *Kent.* Why was the county from which the man came mentioned? Because Kent was the birthplace of Sir Nicholas Bacon, and in any cipher narrative it was very natural to speak of Sir Nicholas Bacon born in Kent.

But observe how Saint Nicholas is dragged in. He is represented as the patron saint of thieves, when in fact he was nothing of the kind. Saint Anthony, I believe, is entitled to that honor. But, ingenious as Bacon was, he could see no other way to get Nicholas into that stable scene, and into the talk of thieves and carriers, except by such an allusion as the foregoing; and he made it even at the violation of the saintly attributes. Saint Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, was born in Patara, Lycia, and died about 340. "He is invoked as the patron of sailors, merchants, travelers and captives, and the guardian of school-boys, girls and children." He is the original of the Santa-Klaus of the nursery.

And in the same scene on the same column we have:

If I hang, old *Sir* John hangs with mee.

This gives us the knightly prefix to Nicholas Bacon's name. And it appeared to me there was something here about the Exchequer of the Commonwealth of England; for all these words drop out in the same connection. Only a few lines below the word

Nicholas, the word *Commonwealth* is twice dragged in, in most absurd fashion.

Describing the thieves, Gadshill says:

And drink sooner than pray; and yet I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the *Commonwealth;* or rather not pray to her but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their Bootes.

Cham. What, the *Commonwealth* their Bootes? Will she hold out water in —a foul way?

The complicated exigencies of the cipher compelled Bacon to talk nonsense. Who ever heard of a Saint Commonwealth? And who ever heard of converting a saint into boots to keep out water?

And on the next page we have the word *exchequer* twice repeated:

Fal. I will not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's *exchequer.*

Again:

Bardolph. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards, there's money of the King coming down the hill, 'tis going to the King's *exchequer.*

Fal. You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern.

And a little further on we have:

When I am King of *England.*[1]

And as the Court of Exchequer was formerly a court of equity, in the same scene we find that word:

Fal. If the Prince and Poynes be not two arrant cowards, there's no *equity* stirring.

Here again the language is forced; this is not a natural expression.

All this is in the second act of the play, and in the first act we have:

As well as waiting in the *court.*[2]
O, rare I'll be a brave *judge.*[3]
For obtaining of *suits.*[4]

And then we have *master of the great seal*—

Good-morrow, *Master* Gads-hill.[5]
We'll but *seal*, and then to horse.[6]
For they have *great* charge.[7]

[1] Act ii, scene 4. [2] *1st Henry IV.*, i, 2. [3] Ibid., i, 2. [4] Ibid., i, 2.
[5] Ibid., ii, 1. [6] Ibid., iii, 1. [7] Ibid., ii, 1.

All this is singular: *Sir — Nicholas — Bacon — of Kent — Master* of the — *great — seal* of the *Commonwealth* of *England.*

And again: *Judge* of the *court* of the *exchequer — equity.*

It is true that this might all be the result of accident. But I go a step further.

On the *next page*, 54, and in the next scene, I found the following extraordinary sentences:

Enter Trauellers.

Trav. Come Neighbor; the boy shall leade our Horses downe the hill: Wee'll walk a-foot awhile, and ease our legges.

Thieves. Stay.

Trav. Iesu bless us.

Falstaff. Strike: down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorson Caterpillars; *Bacon*-fed knaves, they hate us, youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Falstaff. Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are you undone? No ye fat Chuffes, I would your store were here. On *Bacons*, on, what, ye knaves? Yong men must live, you are Grand Iurers, are ye? Wee'll iure ye i'faith.

Heere they rob them and binde them.

Let us examine this.

The word *Bacon* is an unusual word in literary work. It describes, in its commonly accepted sense, an humble article of food. It occurs but four times in all these Plays of Shakespeare, viz.:

1. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, in the instance I have given, page 53 of the Comedies, "Hang-hog is the Latin for *Bacon.*"

2. In the *1st Henry IV.*, act ii, scene 1, "a gammon of *Bacon*," page 53 of the Histories.

3. In these two instances last above given, on page 54 of the Histories.

So that out of four instances in the Plays in which it is used this significant word is employed three times on two successive pages of the same play in the same act!

I undertake to say that the reader cannot find in any work of prose or poetry, not a biography of Bacon, in that age, or any subsequent age, where no reference was intended to be made to the man Bacon, another such collocation of *Nicholas — Bacon — Bacon-fed — Bacons.* I challenge the skeptical to undertake the task.

And why does Falstaff stop in the full tide of robbery to particularize the kind of food on which his victims feed? Who ever

heard, in all the annals of Newgate, of such superfluous and absurd abuse? Robbery is a work for hands, not tongues. And it is out of all nature that Falstaff, committing a crime the penalty of which was death, should stop to think of bacon, or greens, or beef-steak, or anything else of the kind.

Is it intended as a term of reproach? No; the bacon-fed man in that day was the well-fed man. I quote again from the famous *Victories of Henry V.*

John, the cobbler, and Dericke, the carrier, converse; Dericke proposes to go and live with the cobbler. He says:

I am none of these great slouching fellows that devoure these great pieces of beefe and brewes; alas, a trifle serves me, a woodcocke, a chicken, or a capons legge, or any such little thing serves me.

John. A capon! Why, man, I cannot get a capon once a yeare, except it be at Christmas, at some other man's house, for we cobblers be glad of a dish of rootes.

Falstaff might fling a term of reproach at his victims, but scarcely a term of compliment.

But Falstaff calls the travelers *Bacons!* Think of it. If he had called them *hogs*, I could understand it, but to call them by the name of a piece of smoked meat! I can imagine a man calling another a bull, an ox, a beef; but never a tenderloin. Moreover, why should Falstaff say, "On, Bacons, on!" unless he was chasing the travelers away? But he was trying to detain them, to hold on to them, for the stage direction says: "Here they rob them and *binde them.*"

When I read that phrase, "On, Bacons, on!" I said to myself: Beyond question there is a cipher in this play.

And on the same page, in the same scene, I found:

Falstaff. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good King's *sonne.*

Here the last words were unnecessary—Falstaff's request was complete without it. But suppose it followed the word *Bacons* in the cipher—then we would have *Sir Nicholas Bacon's son.*

And on page 55, the next page of the Folio, I found the following:

SCENA QUARTA.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prithee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines. Where hast been, Hall?

Prin. With three or four logger-heads, amongst three or four score Hogs-heads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn, brother, to a leash of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom*, *Dicke* and *Francis*.

Why Tom, Dick and *Francis?* The common expression, here alluded to, is, as every one knows, "Tom, Dick and Harry." Why was *Harry* thrown out and *Francis* substituted? Why? Because the cipher required it; because it gives us:

Francis — Bacon — Nicholas — Bacon's — sonne.

But this isn't all. On the next page, 56, we have a continuation of this conversation between the Prince and Poins; and in it this occurs (I print it precisely as it stands in the Folio):

Prince. . . . But *Ned*, to drive away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prythee do thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: step aside and Ile shew thee a President.

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir; look down into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe*.

Prince. Come hither *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth five years, and as much as to——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Five years. Berlady, a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne upon all the Books in England, I could find in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon sir; pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay, but harke you Francis, for the sugar thou gav'st me, 'twas a peny-worth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord sir, I wish it had bene two.

Prin. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to-morrow Francis; or Francis, on Thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.

Fran. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your browne Bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you, Francis, your white Canvas doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What sir?

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue. Dost thou heare them call?

What was the purpose of this nonsensical scene, which, as some one has said, is about on a par with the wit of a negro-minstrel show? What had it to do with the plot of the play? Nothing.

But it enabled the author to bring in the name of *Francis* twenty times in less than a column. And observe how curiously the words *Francis* are printed: five times it is given in italics and fifteen times in Roman type.

And are not these twenty *Francises* on page 56 of the Histories, and the *Shakes* on page 56 of the Comedies, and the *peere* on page 54 of the Comedies, and the *Bacon-fed* and *Bacons* on page 54 of the Histories, and the *Bacon* on page 53 of the Comedies, and the *Nicholas* and *Bacon* on page 53 of the Histories, and the *William* eleven times repeated on page 53 of the Comedies, all linked together, and simply so many extended fingers pointing the attention of the sleepy-eyed world to the fact that there is something more here than appears on the surface? These are the indices, the exclamation points, that Bacon believed would, sooner or later, fall under the attention of some reader of the plays.

But go a step farther. On page 67 of the same play in which all this *Nicholas-Bacon-Francis-Bacon-Bacons* is found, we find the name of Bacon's country-seat, *St. Albans.*

No point of the earth's surface was more closely identified with Francis Bacon than St. Albans. It was his father's home, his mother's residence; the place where he spent his leisure, where probably he produced many of these very plays; the place from which he took his knightly title, Viscount St. Albans, when he rose to greatness. I have shown how the name is peppered all over several of the plays, while there is no mention of Stratford-on-Avon from cover to cover of the volume. On page 67 we have Falstaff's celebrated description of his ragged company. It concludes as follows:

There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne over the shoulders like a Heralds coat, without sleeves: and the Shirt, to say the truth, stolne from my host of *S. Albones*, or the Red-Nose Inne-keeper of Davintry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on every Hedge.

This might pass well enough so long as one's suspicions were not aroused as to the existence of a cipher. But the critical would then ask, Why *St. Albans?* There were hundreds of little villages in England of equal magnitude. Why should the man of Stratford, who is supposed to have had no more connection with St. Albans than he had with Harrow, Barnet, Chesham, Watford, Hatfield, Amersham, Stevenage, or any other of the villages near St. Albans, why should *he* select the residence of Francis Bacon as the scene of the theft of the shirt?

But in *2d Henry IV.*, act ii, scene 2, page 81 of the Folio, we find *St. Albans* again, under equally suspicious circumstances. Prince Hal asks Bardolph, Falstaff's servant, where his master sups, and what company he has.

Prin. Sup any women with him?
Page. None my Lord, but old Mistris Quickly and M. Doll Teare-sheet.
Prin. What Pagan may that be?
Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman of my Masters.

Here we are asked to believe that Prince Hal, the constant companion of Falstaff (for Falstaff and his men are called his "continual followers"), did not even know the name of the woman who held the relations to Falstaff which Doll Tearsheet sustained. But we will see that this surprising ignorance was necessary for the question he was about to ask:

Prin. . . . This Doll Teare-sheet should be some Rode?
Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene *S. Albans* and London.[1]

We can see the process of construction going on before our very eyes, and leading up to that word *St. Albans;* just as we saw the school-boy's lesson in *The Merry Wives* culminating in the word *Bacon.*

The prince asks where Falstaff sups — who is with him? Doll Teare-sheet. Who is she? She must be some road — some common path? Yes; as common as the way between *St. Albans* and London.

[1] *2d Henry IV.*, ii, 2.

Why St. Albans? All roads in England lead to London. Why not the road to York? Or to Stratford? Or to Warwick? Or to Coventry? Or to Kenilworth? Why, out of all the multitude of towns and cities of all sizes and degrees in England, does the writer again pick out the residence of the man who was *Francis—Bacon —Nicholas—Bacon's —sonne*, —and whose name so mysteriously appears on pages 53, 54 and 56 of the Comedies and Histories?

There was another spot in England with which Francis Bacon was closely identified—Gray's Inn, London. Here he received his law education; here he was lecturer, or "double-reader;" here he gave costly entertainments, masques and plays to the court; here he built his famous lodge; here he retired in his old age. And this word, too—a few pages from the *St. Albans* I have just quoted—appears in the play. Speaking to his cousin Silence about Sir John Falstaff, Robert Shallow, justice of the peace, says:

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Scoggan's head at the Court-gate, when he was a crack not this high; and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stock-fish, a Fruiterer, behinde *Greyes-Inn*.[1]

As Shallow and his fight, and Sampson Stock-fish the fruiterer, and the whole play, were the work of the imagination and never had any real existence, why locate the battle, which has nothing to do with the play, or with Falstaff, or with anything else, behind Francis Bacon's law school? What had the man of Stratford to do with Gray's Inn, that he should thus drag it into his play, neck and heels, when there was not the slightest necessity for it?

And then again, right in this same scene, and a few lines prior to the words I have just quoted, I found another mysterious William who bobs up into the text of the play without the least particle of connection with the plot, and then settles down again forever under the waters of time, just as the boy William did in *The Merry Wives*.

Silence and Shallow are cousins; Silence is in commission with Shallow as justice of the peace. The scene opens with a conversation between them.

Shallow. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my cousin *William* is become a good Scholler; he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Silence. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

[1] *2d Henry IV.*, iii, 2.

What has this got to do with the play? Why should Shallow be so ignorant of the whereabouts of his cousin? Are there any other plays in the world where characters appear for an instant and disappear in this extraordinary fashion, saying nothing and doing nothing; but remaining, like Chevy Slyme, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, perpetually out of sight around a corner?

But there are a great many other Williams that thus float for an instant before our eyes and vanish. In act v, scene 1 of this same *2d Henry IV.*, we have three in the space of half a column. Shallow is talking to his man-of-all-work, Davy:

Shallow. Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see (Davy), let me see. *William* Cooke, bid him come hither. . . .

Davy. And again, sir, shall we sowe the head-land with Wheate?

Shallow. With red Wheate Davy. But for *William* Cooke, are there no young Pigeons?

Davy. Yes Sir.

William the Cook does not "come hither." And a little further on Shallow again refers to him:

Shallow. Some pigeons Davy, a couple of short-legged Hennes: a ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes, tell *William* Cooke.

And so William Cook goes off the scene into oblivion.

And then there is another William

Davy. Sir, a new link to the bucket must need. be had. And, sir, do you mean to stop any of *William's* wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley Fair?

And still a third William flashes upon us for an instant, like a dissolving view.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance *William* Visor, of Woncot, against Clement Perkes of the hill.

But Visor, like the rest, disappears in vacuum.

And in *As You Like It*[1] another William comes in, to go off again. He has no necessary coherence with the play; the plot would proceed without him. He proposes to marry Audrey, but the clown scares him off, and, after having fretted his brief five minutes on the stage, he wishes the clown "God rest you, merry sir!" and steps out into the darkness. He is a temporary fool, and he answers no purpose save to bring in the word *William*.

[1] Act v, scene 1.

Will. Good even Audrey.
Aud. God ye good Even *William.*
Clown. Is thy name *William?*
Will. *William*, sir.
Clown. A fair name. Wast borne i' th Forrest here?
Will. I, sir, I thank God.

I found also that the combinations, *Shake* and *speare*, or *sphere*, or *Shakes* and *peer*, or *spur*, or *spare*, occur in all the plays. *The word* Shake *or* Shakes *is found in every play in the Folio, and in* Pericles, *which was not printed in the Folio.*

In many cases the word *Shake* or *Shakes* is evidently forced into the text.

In *All's Well that Ends Well* we have:

Clown. Marry you are the wiser man: for many a man's tongue *shakes* out his master's undoing.[1]

Again:

But I must *shake* fair weather.[2]

Again:

And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.[3]

Again:

First, Marcus Brutus, will I *shake* with you.[4]

Again:

Servant. If you did wear a beard upon your chin
I'd *shake* it in this quarrel.

And, again, the voluble old nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* refers to an earthquake that occurred when she was weaning Juliet:

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house.[5]

And observe how singularly, in such a master of rhythm and language, the word *shake* is forced into this speech of Hamlet, when he is swearing Horatio and Marcellus:

As I, perchance, hereafter may think meet
To put an antic disposition on—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall
With arms encumber'd thus, or thus head *shake*,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, etc.[6]

[1] Act ii, scene 4.
[2] *2d Henry IV.*, v, 1.
[3] *Cymbeline*, i, 4.
[4] *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 1.
[5] *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 3.
[6] *Hamlet*, i, 5.

In the *2d Henry IV.*, when the swaggering Pistol is below and asks to come up, Dame Quickly protests against it, but Falstaff reassures her, that he is not a swaggerer, but a cheater:

> Cheater call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering. I am the worse when one says, swagger: Feele masters how I *shake*.

And this is the same Dame Quickly who, a little before, in the same play, threatens to throw the ponderous Falstaff into the channel, and who "cares nothing for his thrust" if she "can but close with him!" Any one can see that her act, in turning to Falstaff and the servant, and asking them to "feel how she shakes," is forced and unreasonable.

Clifford says to Cade's followers:

> Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
> Fling up his cap and say—God save his majesty!
> Who hateth him, and honors not his father,
> Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
> *Shake* he his weapon at us, and pass by.[1]

Is not this a forced and unnatural expression? Would it not have been sufficient to have taken the affirmative vote on the question, or, if he put the negative, to have required some more natural sign?

And again, Iago says of poor Cassio, after he has made him drunk:

> I fear the trust Othello puts in him,
> On' some odd time of his infirmity,
> Will *shake* this island.[2]

And when we turn to the last syllable of Shakespeare's name we find evidence that it too is forced into the text.

In *1st Henry IV.*,[3] facing that page 53 which we have found so pregnant, these lines stand out as if in connection with the *Bacon* and the *Nicholas Bacon* opposite them:

> *War.* Peace, cousin, say no more.
> And now *I will unclasp a secret book*,
> And to your *quick conceiving* discontents
> I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous,
> As full of peril and adventurous spirit
> As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud
> On the unsteadfast footing of a *Spear*.

[1] *2d Henry IV.*, iv., 5. [2] *Othello*, ii., 3. [3] Act i., scene 3, on page 53.

As a spear did not usually exceed ten feet in length, we are forced to ask ourselves, What kind of a stream could that have been which it was used to bridge? One could more readily leap it by the aid of the spear, than cross on such a frail and bending structure.

Again, after Falstaff has been exposed by Prince Hal and Poins, in his prodigious lying about the battle which he pretended to have fought, to retain the plunder they had taken from the travelers, his knavish followers, Peto and Bardolph, as soon as his back was turned, proceed to testify against him:

Prin. Tell me now in earnest how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why he hacked it with his dagger; and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with *spear*-grass, to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it.

This is ingenious; but would not blades of grass have done as well without particularizing the species of grass?

Again, in *2d Henry VI.*, York says, speaking to the King, of himself and the crown:

> That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
> Whose smile and power, like to Achilles' *spear*,
> Is able with the change to kill and cure.[1]

This comparison of a man to a spear, and a medicinal spear at that, is not natural.

I had observed that the word *beacon* in that day was pronounced the same as *bacon*. This is shown in an anagram quoted by Judge Holmes, from a volume of poems of the same Sir John Davies to whom Bacon wrote the letter already quoted, in which he referred to himself as a *concealed* poet:

To the Right Honorable Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, Lord High Chancellor of England:

Anagr^{m} { Beacone / Beacon

> Thy virtuous Name and Office joyne with Fate,
> To make thee the bright Beacon of the state.

In fact, it is well known that the English of Shakespeare's day was spoken as the peasants of Ireland now speak that tongue. Elizabeth's court were delighted to hear that

> A *baste* without *discoorse* of *rayson*
> Would have *morned* longer.

[1] Act v, scene 1.

The Irish obtained the English tongue just as the aristocracy of that age spoke it, and, with the conservatism of a province, retained it unchanged; and so it happens that the despised *brogue* of the sister island represents to-day, like a living fossil, the classic speech of England's greatest era.

The spelling of the Folio of 1623 gives us the pronunciation of a great many words. I note a few.

Ugly is spelled *ougly;*[1] *hoard* is spelled *hoord,*[2] *retreat* is spelled *retrait;*[3] *aboard* is spelled *aboord;*[4] *murderer* is spelled *murtherer;*[5] *second* is spelled *sucond;*[6] *earth* is spelled *earte;*[7] *grant* is spelled *graunt.*[8]

As a rule the *e* had the *a* sound; thus *beacon* became *bacon;* and even *beckon* had the same sound, and both were used in the cipher as the equivalent for *Bacon.* Hence I think the words in *Hamlet* —

It *beckons* you to go away with it[9]—

are the sequel to *Francisco.*

And again:

Iago *beckons* me.[10]

In *Troilus and Cressida* we have:

> The wound of peace is surety,
> Surety secure; but modest doubt is called
> The *beacon* of the wise, the tent that searches
> To the bottom of the worst.[11]

This is very forced. *Modest* doubt becomes a blazing signal fire, and this again becomes a probe to search a wound! And this in a master of expression, who never lacked words to set forth his real meaning.

In *Lear,* Kent speaks of the sun as

The *beacon* to this under globe.

The commentators could not understand that the part of the earth on which the sun shone could be "the *under* globe;" and so they inserted in the margin: "looking up to the *moon.*" The necessities of the cipher constrained the sentence.

In a great many instances the word *Bacon* seems to have been made by combining *Bay* with *con,* or *can,* which in that day was pro-

[1] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 1. [2] Ibid., iv, 1. [3] Ibid., iii, 2.
[4] *Tempest*, i, 1. [5] *Richard II.*, v, 3. [6] *1st Henry IV.*, v, 2.
[7] Ibid. [8] Ibid., v, 3. [9] *Hamlet*, i, 3.
[10] *Othello*, iv, 1. [11] *Troilus and Cressida*, ii, 3.

nounced with the broad sound like *con*, as it is even yet in England and parts of America.

In such a desperate *bay* of death.[1]

The other day a *bay* courser.[2]

To ride on a *bay* trotting horse.[3]

I'd give *bay* curtail.[4]

He seems to have been fond of the bay color in a horse.

Why, it hath *bay* windows.[5]

The *bay*-trees all are withered.[6]

Brutus, *bay* me not.[7]

And then we have:

Ba, pueritia, with horn added. *Ba*.[8]

Proof will make me cry *ba*.[9]

And when we come to the *con*, it is still more forced.

Thy horse will sooner *con* an oration.[10]

The cipher pressed him hard when he wrote such a sentence as this: It is not the horse will deliver an oration, or the horse will study an oration, but the horse will *con* it.

And again:

But I *con* him no thanks for it.[11]

Yet, thanks, I must you *con*.[12]

This is sheer nonsense.

Then several curious facts presented themselves. We seem to have many references in a cipher narrative to different plays and poems. I have already called attention to that instance of the word *Adonis*,—

Thy promises are like *Adonis'* gardens,[13]—

and the difficulty the commentators had to discover what it meant. In the same play, in the same act, scene 2, I found the word *Venus*:

Bright star of *Venus*, fallen down.

This gives us the two words of the name of the poem of *Venus and Adonis*, the "first heir of the poet's invention."

[1] *Richard III.*, iv, 2.
[2] *Timon of Athens*, i, 2.
[3] *Lear*, iii, 4.
[4] *All's Well that Ends Well*, ii, 3.
[5] *Twelfth Night*, iv, 2.
[6] *Richard II.*, iii, 2.
[7] *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3.
[8] *Love's Labor Lost*, v, 1.
[9] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i, 1.
[10] *Troilus and Cressida*, ii, 1.
[11] *All's Well that Ends Well*, iv, 3.
[12] *Timon of Athens*, iv, 3.
[13] *1st Henry IV.*, i, 2.

In *Titus Andronicus*[1] we have all the words necessary to construct the name of his second poem, *The Rape of Lucrece*.

The words of the name of Marlowe's play, *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, all appear in *The Merchant of Venice*.

The name of Marlowe's play *Doctor Faustus* appears in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Faustus being in the possessive case, "Doctor Faustuses."[2]

The name of Marlowe's great play *Tamburlaine* appears in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* very ingeniously concealed. The Welshman says, in his broken English,

The tevil and his *tam*.[3]

Again:

What wouldst thou have, *boor*?[4]

And it is to be observed that this word *boor* occurs nowhere else in the Plays; neither does *tam*. The word *boors*, in the plural, is found once, and once only, in *The Winter's Tale*;[5] but even that would not make the second syllable of *Tamburlaine*.

The last syllable was probably formed by a combination of *lay* and *in*.

When the court *lay* at Windsor.[6]

The *ins*, of course, are numerous in the play.

Richard Simpson, in his valuable work, *The School of Shakspere*,[7] has an interesting discussion upon the play of *Histriomastix*, which he supposes to be written by Marston. In it the author introduces *Troilus and Cressida*, and Troilus makes a burlesque speech in which this line occurs:

And when he *shakes* his furious *spear*.

This Mr. Simpson believes to be an "allusion to Shakespeare." And strange to say, while Shakespeare seems to be alluded to in the *Histriomastix* in this burlesque *Troilus and Cressida*, in the real *Troilus and Cressida* the *Histriomastix* is plainly referred to. While Marston mocks Shakespeare in his play, the real Shakespeare probably tells, in cipher, something significant about the *Histriomastix* in his play; for it is conceded that there was a battle of wits at this time, participated in by Jonson, Marston and others.

[1] Act iv, scenes 1 and 2.
[2] *Merry Wives*, iv, 5.
[3] Ibid., i, 1.
[4] Ibid., iv, 5.
[5] Act v, scene 2.
[6] Ibid., ii, 2.
[7] Vol. ii, p. 3.

In *Troilus and Cressida* the word *try* occurs only once:

Let me go and *try*.[1]

The first part of this word *Histriomastix* could be easily constructed of *his-try-o*. The *his* and *o* occur repeatedly:

O when degree is shaked.[2]

The last part of the word *mastix* is given as *mastick*

Speak, Prince of Ithaca, and be't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his *mastick* jaws,
We shall hear music, wit and oracle.[3]

In the first place "the rank Thersites" has no place here. He is not in the scene. The debate is between Ulysses and Agamemnon. Ulysses asks Agamemnon to "hear what Ulysses speaks," and Agamemnon replies as above. But what is "mastick"? There is no such word in the language. It is printed in the Folio with a capital initial, "as marking something emphatic," says Knight. In some editions the word had been changed into *mastive*, simply because the commentators did not know what it meant. But both Simpson and Knight, although they had no idea of a cipher, thought that it was an allusion to the play of *Histriomastix*.

The Massacre of Paris, another of Marlowe's plays, may be alluded to in the *1st Henry VI.*:

The general wreck and *massacre*.[4]

This word is found only in three of the Plays, and in two of these the word *Paris* occurs. In *1st Henry VI.* it occurs in the same scene with *massacre*.

Orleans, *Paris*, Guysors, Poictiers.[5]

In *Richard III.* we have:

Destruction, blood and *massacre*.[6]

In the same play we have:

Crowned in *Paris*.[7]

George Peele's play, *The Arraignment of Paris*, seems to be referred to in *Hamlet*:

Our person to *arraign* in ear and ear.[8]

[1] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 2.
[2] Ibid., i, 1.
[3] Ibid., i, 3.
[4] *1st Henry VI.*, i, 1.
[5] Ibid., ii.
[6] *Richard III.*, ii, 4.
[7] Ibid., ii, 5.
[8] *Hamlet* v.

Will he tell us what this show *meant*.

First what Danskers are in *Paris*.[2]

This is the only time the word *Paris* is used in *Hamlet*.

Ben Jonson's play of *Cynthia's Revels* seems to be referred to in *Romeo and Juliet* and in *Pericles*. It is remarkable that *Cynthia* appears only twice in the Plays, and each time in the same play we find the word *Revels*.

The pale reflex of *Cynthia's* brow.

With this night's *revels*.[4]

This is the only occasion *revels* appears in *Romeo and Juliet*.

In *Pericles* we have:

By the eye of *Cynthia* hath.[5]

And again:

Which looks for other *revels*.[6]

This is the only time the word *revels* appears in *Pericles*.

Marlowe wrote the poem of *Hero and Leander*. In the Shakespeare Plays *Leander* occurs in but three plays, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Much Ado About Nothing* and *As You Like It*, *and in each of these plays the name of Hero occurs*, and only once in any other play, to-wit, *Romeo and Juliet!* This is certainly remarkable, that out of all the Plays *Leander* should occur in but three and *Hero* in but four; and in three out of four it matches *Leander*:

In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have:

Scale another *Hero's* tower.[7]

And again:

Young *Leander*.[8]

In *Much Ado* we have:

It is proved, my lady *Hero*.[9]

And again:

Leander, the good swimmer.[10]

In *As You Like It* we have:

Though *Hero* had turned nun.[11]

And again:

Leander, he would have lived.[12]

In the last four instances *the words occur in the same act and scene*.

[1] *Hamlet*, iii, 1.
[2] Ibid., ii, 1.
[3] *Romeo and Juliet*, iii, 5.
[4] Ibid., i, 4.
[5] *Pericles*, ii, 1.
[6] Ibid., ii, 3.
[7] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii, 1.
[8] Ibid., i, 1.
[9] *Much Ado About Nothing*, v, 1.
[10] Ibid.
[11] *As You Like It*, iv, 1.
[12] Ibid.

Marlowe also translated the *Elegies* of Ovid, and we find the words *translate*, *Elegies*, *Ovid*, all in *As You Like It:*

Make thee away, *translate* thy life.[1]
And *elegies* on brambles.[2]
Honest *Ovid*.[3]

And in *Love's Labor Lost* we have again *translation* and *Ovidius*.

A *translation* of hypocrisy.[4]
Ovidius Naso was the man.[5]

This is the only time *translation* and *Ovidius* occur in the entire Shakespeare Plays, and, strange to say, we find them in the same play!

The words *Edward the Second*, another of Marlowe's plays, appear in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Henry VIII.*, *Richard II.*, *2d Henry IV.*, *1st Henry VI.*, etc.

It thus appears that we find embalmed in the Shakespeare Plays the names of every one of Marlowe's plays or poems except *The Jew of Malta*, and even in this instance the name of the principal character of the play, the bloody and murderous Jew, Barabbas, is found in *The Merchant of Venice;* and the words *Jew* and *malt* (combined by a hyphen with "malt-worms") occur in *1st Henry IV.* It would need but an *a* to complete the name. And both the *Jew* and the *malt* are found in the same act.

The full name of Christopher Marlowe appears in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Thus:

Christopher Sly.[6]
I did not bid you *mar* it.[7]
A *low*, submissive reverence.[8]

In none of the other plays is such a combination found, for the word *Christopher* occurs in no other play.

The combination *Mar* and *low* appears in *The Tempest*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Winter's Tale*, while *Mar* and *lo* will be found in several others.

The name of Bacon's beautiful home at St. Albans — *Gorhambury* — appears in *Romeo and Juliet*, thus:

In blood, all in *gore* blood."
A man to bow in the *hams*.[10]
And badest me *bury* love.[11]

[1] *As You Like It*, v, 1.
[2] Ibid., iii, 5.
[3] Ibid., iii, 2.
[4] *Love's Labor Lost*, v, 1.
[5] Ibid., iv, 2.
[6] *Taming of the Shrew*, Induction.
[7] Ibid., iv, 3.
[8] Ibid., Induction.
[9] Act iii, scene 2.
[10] Act ii, scene 4.
[11] Act ii, scene 3.

In *Hamlet* we have the name of Bacon's dear friend *Battenham*, pronounced Battenham, to whom he erected a monument at Gray's Inn:

To *fatten* on this moor.[1]
Together with most weak *hams*.[2]

I observed also the name *Rawley* (the name of his chaplain) in *Henry V.*:

Their children *rawly* left.[3]

while the combination *Sir Walter Raleigh* thus appears in *Richard III.*:

Sir Walter Herbert.[4]
The air is *Raw* and cold.[5]
A book of prayers on their pillow *lay*.[6]

And again in *Troilus and Cressida*, thus:

Cold palsies, *raw* eyes.[7]
Drink up the *lees* and dregs.[8]

While the combination *raw* and *lay* is found in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Love's Labor Lost* and five other plays.

The name of Bacon's uncle, *Burleigh*, is found in

The *burly*-boned clown.[9]
Now the hurly-*burly's* done.[10]
The news of hurly-*burly* innovation.[11]

I observed another curious fact, that the name of the play *Measure for Measure* seemed to be very often referred to in the dramas; and in many cases the words ran in couples. Thus the word *measure* appears in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* only twice:

To *measure* our weapons.[12]
To guide our *measure* round about.[13]

In *Twelfth Night* it likewise appears only twice:

In a good tripping *measure*.[14]
After a passy *measure*.[15]

In *Measure for Measure* itself the play seems to be referred to in the cipher narrative, thus:

No sinister *measure*.[16]
And *measure* still for *measure*.[17]

[1] Act iii, scene 4.
[2] Act ii, scene 2.
[3] Act iv, scene 1.
[4] Act v, scene 3 — Act iv, scene 5.
[5] Act v, scene 3.
[6] Act iv, scene 3.
[7] Act v, scene 1.
[8] Act iv, scene 1.
[9] *3d Henry VI.*, iv, 10.
[10] *Macbeth*, i, 1.
[11] *1st Henry IV.*, v, 1.
[12] Act i, scene 4.
[13] Act v, scene 5.
[14] Act v, scene 1.
[15] Act v, scene 1.
[16] Act iii, scene 2.
[17] Act v, scene 1.

In *A Winter's Tale* the word also occurs twice, and only twice:

Measure me.[1]

The *measure* of the court.[2]

In *The Comedy of Errors* it also appears twice only:

Not *measure* her from hip to hip.[3]

Took *measure* of my body.[4]

In *Macbeth* we find the same dualism:

Anon we'll drink a *measure*.[5]

We will perform in *measure*.[6]

In *Troilus and Cressida* we have the same word twice:

By *measure* of their observant toil.[7]

Fair denies in all fair *measure*.[8]

In *King Lear* also it appears in this double form:

If you will *measure* your lubber's length.[9]

And every *measure* fail me.[10]

In *Othello* we have it again twice, the last time in the possessive case, as if he was speaking of *Measure for Measure's* success, thus:

Would fain have a *measure* to the health.[11]

Nor for *measures* of lawn.[12]

If the reader will examine the subject he will find that the word *measure* runs in couples all through the other plays. It is either matched with itself in the same play, as in *As You Like It*, where it occurs in three couples; in *Love's Labor Lost*, where there are also three couples; in *Richard II.*, where there are two couples; in *3d Henry VI.*, where there are also two couples, and in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where there are also two couples; or it is found in the end of one play, matching with the same word in the beginning of the next play in the Folio, for the cipher narrative is oftentimes continuous from play to play.

The name of the plays now generally attributed to Shakespeare, the first and second parts of *The Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster*, is found in the *1st* and *2d Henry IV.*, thus:

[1] Act ii, scene 1.
[2] Act iv, scene [illegible].
[3] Act iii, scene 2.
[4] Act iv, scene [illegible].
[5] Act iii, scene 4.
[6] Act v, scene [illegible].
[7] Act i, scene 3.
[8] Act iii, scene 1.
[9] Act i, scene 4.
[10] Act iv, scene 7.
[11] Act ii, scene 3.
[12] Act iv, scene 3.

In the very heat
And pride of their *contention.*[1]

And dialls the signs of leaping-*houses.*[2]

As oft as *Lancaster* doth speak.[3]

His uncle *York.*[4]

The name reappears, abbreviated, in the beginning of *1st Henry IV.*:

The times are wild, *Contention* like a horse.[5]

Betwixt the royal field of Shrewsbury[6]

The gentle archbishop of *York* is up.[7]

Under the conduct of young *Lancaster.*[8]

And the entire name, as it appears upon the title-page of the original quarto, is given in *3d Henry VI.*, "*The Contention of the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster.*" Thus:

So quarrel, [illegible] slight *contention*[9]

Would buy *two* hours' life.[10]

Were he as *famous* and as bold.[11]

The colors of our striving *houses.*[12]

Strengthening mis-proud *York.*[13]

O *Lancaster*, I fear thy overthrow.[14]

The word *contention* is an unusual one and appears in but four other plays, viz.: *Henry V.*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Cymbeline* and *Othello*, and in each case I think it has reference, in cipher, to the play of *The Contention of York and Lancaster*, one of the earliest of the author's writings. It is not found at all in thirty of the plays.

And how strained and unnatural is the use of this word *contention?* It is plainly dragged into the text. As thus:

Contention (like a horse
Full of high feeding) madly hath broke loose.[15]

And let the world no longer be a stage
To feed *contention* in a lingering act.

The genius of the author drags a thread of sense through these sentences, but it is exceedingly attenuated and gossamery.

The name of Bacon's early philosophical work, *The Masculine Birth of Time*, appears in three of the plays. The word *masculine*

[1] Act i, scene 1.
[2] Act i, scene 2.
[3] Act iii, scene 1.
[4] Act i, scene 3.
[5] Act i, scene 1.
[6] Act i, scene 1.
[7] Act i, scene 2.
[8] Act i, scene 2.
[9] Act i, scene 2.
[10] Act ii, scene 6.
[11] Act ii, scene 1.
[12] Act ii, scene 5.
[13] Act ii, scene 6.
[14] Act ii, scene 6.
[15] *2d Henry IV.*, ii, 2.

is an unusual word in poetry; it occurs but three times in the entire Folio, and each time the words *birth* and *time* accompany it, either in the same scene or close at hand. For instance, in *Twelfth Night*, in act v, in the same scene (scene 1), we have all three of the words, *masculine*, *birth*, *time*. In *1st Henry VI.*, *masculine* is in act ii, scene 1, while *birth* and *time* occur in act ii, scene iv. In *Troilus and Cressida* they appear in act v, scene 1, and act iv, scene 4.

The Advancement of Learning, the name of one of Bacon's great works, is found in *The Tempest*, *2d Henry IV.* and *Hamlet*. The words *Scaling Ladders of the Intelligence* are all found in *Coriolanus*.

With these and many other similar observations, I became satisfied that there was a cipher narrative interwoven into the body and texture of the Plays. Any one of the instances I have given would by itself have proved nothing, but the multitude of such curious coincidences was cumulative and convincing.

Granted there was a cipher, how was I to find it?

CHAPTER III.

A VAIN SEARCH IN THE COMMON EDITIONS

He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.

1st Henry IV., ii, 3.

IF there was a cipher in the Plays, written by Francis Bacon, why should it not be Bacon's cipher, to-wit: a cipher of words infolded in other words, "the writing infolding holding a quintuple proportion to the writing infolded"?

And if I was to find it out, why not begin on those words, *Francis, Bacon, Nicholas, Bacon's, son*, in the *1st Henry IV.*, act ii?

I did so, using an ordinary edition of the Plays. For days and weeks and months I toiled over those pages. I tried in every possible way to establish some arithmetical relation between these significant words. It was all in vain. I tried all the words on page 53, on page 54, on page 55. I took every fifth word, every tenth word, every twentieth word, every fiftieth word, every hundredth word. But still the result was incoherent nonsense. I counted from the top of the pages down, from the bottom up, from the beginning of acts and scenes and from the ends of acts and scenes, across the pages, and hop, skip and jump in every direction; still, it produced nothing but dire nonsense.

Since it was announced in the daily press of the United States that I claimed to have discovered a cipher in the Shakespeare Plays, there have been some who have declared that it was easy enough to make any kind of a sentence out of any work. I grant that if no respect is paid to arithmetical rules this can easily be done. If the decipherer is allowed to select the words he needs at random, wherever he finds them, he can make, as Bacon says, "anything out of anything;" he could prove in this way that the Apostle Paul wrote Cicero's orations. But I insist that, wherever any arithmetical proportion is preserved between the words selected, it is impossible to find five words that will cohere in

sense, grammar or rhetoric; in fact, it is very rarely that three can be found to agree together in proper order.

To prove this, let me take this very page 53 of *1st Henry IV.*, on which *Nicholas Bacon* is found, and try the tenth, twentieth, fiftieth and hundredth words:

The tenth words are:

To,— it,— bids, — a, — can,— and, — found, — how,— looks, — on,— I, — ripe,— loe, — once, — beare, — we,— thrive, — short, — Heigh, etc.

The twentieth words are:

It, — a, — and, — how, — on, — ripe,— once, — we,— short, — hanged, Tom,— of, — give,— since, — in,— in, — a, — away, etc.

The fiftieth words are:

Can,— on,— beare, — hanged, — as, — in, — your, — never,— I, — go, — picking,— of,— it,— me,— mad,— pray, etc.

The hundredth words are:

On,— hanged,— in,— never,— He,— wild,— if,— then, etc.

The liveliest imagination and the vastest ingenuity can make nothing of such sentences as these, twist them how you will. The presence of order, and the coherence of things in the visible universe, prove the Creator. The existence of a regular, rhetorical, grammatical, reasonable sentence, occurring at stated and unvarying intervals in the texture of a work, proves conclusively that some mind so prearranged it. The man who would believe otherwise has just cause of complaint against the God who so miserably equipped him for the duties of life. He would be ready to believe, as Bacon himself has said, and as I have quoted elsewhere, that you could write the separate letters of the alphabet on a vast number of slips of paper, and then, by mixing and jumbling them together, they would accidentally assume the shape of Homer's *Iliad!*

A consecutive thought demonstrates a brain behind it.

> If this prove false,
> The pillared firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble.

After many weary months of this self-imposed toil, trying every kind and combination of numbers that I could think of, I gave it up in despair. I did not for one instant doubt that there was a cipher in the Plays. I simply could not find it.

I wrote my books *Atlantis* and *Ragnarök*. After these were off my hands, my mind kept recurring to the problem of the cipher. At length this thought came to me:

The common editions of the Plays have been doctored, altered, corrected by the commentators. What evidence have I that the words on these pages are in anything like their original order? The change of a word, of a hyphen, would throw out the whole count.

I must get a copy of the play as it was originally published. I knew there were *fac-simile* copies of the great Folio of 1623. I must procure one. At first I bought a copy, octavo form, reduced, published by Chatto & Windus. But I found the type was too small for the kind of work I proposed. I at length, July 1, 1882, procured a *fac-simile* copy, folio size, made by photo-lithographic process, and, therefore, an exact reproduction of type, pages, punctuation and everything else. It is one of those "executed under the superintendence of H. Staunton," and published in 1866 by Day & Son, London.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREAT FOLIO EDITION OF 1623.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for.
Julius Cæsar, IV, 3.

IN 1623 Shakspere had been dead seven years; Elizabeth had long before gone to her account; James was king; the Plays had ceased to appear more than twelve years before. In that time Bacon had mounted to the highest station in the kingdom. But a great tempest was arising—a tempest that was to sweep England, Ireland and Scotland, and bring mighty men to the surface; and its first wild gusts had hurled the great Lord Chancellor in shame and dishonor from his chair.

In 1623 Bacon, amid the wreck of his fortune, was settling up his accounts with his own age and getting ready for posterity. He said, in a letter to Tobie Matthew:

> It is true my labors are most set to have those works, which I formerly published, as that of *Advancement of Learning*, that of *Henry VII.*, that of the *Essays*, being retractate, and made more perfect, well translated into Latin by the help of some good pens, which forsake me not. For these modern languages will, at one time or another, play the bankrupt with books; and since I have lost much time with this age, I would be glad, as God shall give me leave, to recover it with posterity.

After speaking, in a letter to the Bishop of Winchester, of the examples afforded him by Demosthenes, Cicero and Seneca, in the times of their banishment, he proceeds:

> These examples confirmed me much in a resolution, whereunto I was otherwise inclined, to spend my time wholly in writing, and to put forth that poor talent, or half talent, or what it is, that God has given me, not, as heretofore, to particular exchanges, but to banks or mounts of perpetuity, which will not break.

The *De Augmentis* was published at the same time, in the same year, as the Folio, and in it, as I have shown, is contained the chapter on ciphers, and a description of that best of all ciphers—*omnia per omnia*, where one writing is infolded in another. Thus the cipher narrative and the key to it went out together in the same year.

The *Novum Organum* was published, incomplete, in the autumn of 1620; and he gave as a reason for sending it forth unfinished that "he numbered his days and would have it saved."

In the same way he desired to save *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Henry VIII.*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, etc., from the oblivion that would fall upon them unless he published them; for the man in whose name they were to be given out had taken no steps to secure their rescue from the waters of Lethe.

And he speaks of them, as I take it, enigmatically in the following:

> As for my *Essays*, and *some of the particulars of that nature*, I count them but as *the recreation* of my other studies, and in that sort *I propose to continue them*, though I am not ignorant that those kind of writings would, with less pains and embracement, perhaps yield more luster and reputation to my name than those other which I have in hand. But I count the use that a man should seek of the publishing of his own writings, before his death, to be but an untimely anticipation of that which is proper to follow a man, not to go along with him.[1]

We have seen him describing poetry as a recreation, as something that "slipped" from one like gum from the tree; and we have seen him, in his letters to Tobie Matthew, referring to certain "works of his recreation," which no one was to be allowed to copy, and to unnamed "works of the alphabet." And now he says that he proposes to publish these works, and "continue them" down to posterity. And he believes that these works would yield more luster and reputation to his name than those which he has in hand, to-wit, his philosophical and prose works. Surely the *Essays* and the acknowledged fragments he left behind would not yield more "luster and reputation" than the *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis*. He must refer, then, to some great works. And how purposely obscure is that last sentence!

> I count the use that a man should seek of the publishing of his own writings before his death to be but an untimely anticipation of that which is proper to follow a man, not to go along with him.

He is taking the utmost pains to publish his writings before his death, "remembering his days, and that they must be *saved*," and yet he tells us that this is an untimely anticipation of what must follow him. That is, if the works are not published they will be lost; and it is better they should be lost; and then the glory of

[1] Letter to the Bishop of Winchester.

them will follow the author's death! Bacon is never obscure unless he intends to be so. And in this I think he means as follows:

> . . . As for my Essays and the Shakespeare Plays, I will continue them — preserve them for posterity. I am aware that those plays would give more luster and reputation to my name, if I acknowledged them, than my philosophical writings; but I think there is a certain glory which should follow a man, by rising up long after his death, rather than accompany him by being published in his own name before his death.

If he does not hint at this, what does he mean? Surely there is no great distinction between a man publishing his writings a year before his death, and having his executors publish them a year after his death; and why should the one be an "untimely anticipation of the other"? And just about this period Bacon writes to Sir Tobie that "it is time to put the alphabet in a frame;" and we will see that the cipher depends on the paging of the great Folio, and the paging is as a frame to the text.

And side by side with the *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis*, mighty pillars of his glory, appears, at the same time, this noble Folio, which, as Collier says, "*does credit to the age*, even as a specimen of typography."[1]

And at the same time Lord Bacon sends some "great and noble token" to Sir Tobie Matthew, and Sir Tobie does not dare to name the work in his letter of thanks, but, in the obscure way common to the correspondence of these men, says: "The most prodigious wit that ever I knew, of my nation and of this side of the sea, is of your lordship's name, though he be known by another." That is to say, Sir Tobie, writing probably from Madrid, says: "Your lordship is the first of wits — you are the greatest wit I have ever known, either in England, 'my nation,' or Europe, 'on this side of the sea,' though you have disguised your greatness under an assumed name."

And "a great and noble token," indeed, is this Folio. The world has never seen, will never see such another. It is more lustrous than those other immortal books, the *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis*, and its columnar light will shine through all the ages. It is another Homer — more vast, more civilized, more varied, more complicated; multiplied in all forms and powers a

[1] *English Dramatic Poetry*, vol. iii, p. 113.

thousand-fold. And no other name than Homer is worthy to be mentioned beside it.

Collier says of the Folio:

> As a specimen of typography it is on the whole remarkably accurate; and so desirous were the editors and printers of correctness that they introduced changes for the better even while the sheets were in progress through the press.[1]

Even to-day it must be a subject of admiration. Its ponderous size, its clear, large type, its careful punctuation, its substantial paper, its thousand pages, all testify that in its day it was a work of great cost and labor.

I had read somewhere that it was very irregularly paged, and when I procured my *fac-simile* copy I turned first to this point.

I found the volume was divided, as the index showed, into three divisions, Comedies, Histories and Tragedies; and that the paging followed these divisions, commencing at page 1 in each instance. This was not unreasonable or extraordinary. In some cases there are errors of the printer, plainly discernible as such. For instance, page 153 of the Comedies is printed 151, but the next page is marked with the correct number, 154; page 59 of the Comedies is printed page 51; page 89 of the Histories is printed 91; 90 is printed 92, etc. But as a whole the Comedies are printed very regularly. In each case the first page of a play follows precisely the number of the last page of the preceding play. Between *Twelfth Night* and *The Winter's Tale* there is a blank page, but even this is taken into account, although it is not numbered. The last page of *Twelfth Night* is 275, then comes the blank page, which should be 276, and the first page of *The Winter's Tale* is 277. I call attention to this particularly, because it goes to prove that the great changes in the numbering of pages of some of the Plays, in the Histories, are not likely to have been the result of negligence.

The Histories begin with *King John*, on page 1, and the pages proceed in regular order to page 37, in the play of *Richard II.*, which is misprinted 39. *Richard II.* ends on page 45; the next play, *1st Henry IV.*, begins on page 46; then pages 47 and 48 are missing, and the next page is 49; and after this the paging proceeds in due order, with the exception of the apparent typographical errors on pages 89, 91, etc., already referred to, to the end of the *2d Henry IV.*,

[1] *English Dramatic Poetry*, vol. iii, p. [illegible].

which terminates on page 100. Then there is an *Epilogue*, which occupies an unnumbered page, which would be, if numbered, 101; then another unnumbered page is devoted to the names of the characters in the play; this should be page 102. The next page is the opening of the play of *Henry V.*, but, instead of being page 103, it is numbered 69!

If, after this number, 69, the pages had proceeded again, 104, 105, 106, etc., in regular order, we might suppose that the 69 was a typographical error. But no; the paging runs 70, 71, 72, 73, in perfect order, to 95, the last page of the play, and the next play, *1st Henry IV.*, begins on page 96; and so the paging continues, in due order, with one or two slight mistakes, which are immediately corrected, to the end of *Henry VIII.*, on page 232.

Here again we have a surprise:

The next page, unnumbered, is the prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*. It should be page 233; the next, on which the play opens, is also unnumbered, but should be page 234; the next page is numbered, but instead of page 235 it is page 79! The next is 80, and *all the rest of the pages of* Troilus and Cressida *are left unnumbered!*

Now, when it is remembered that some of the typographical errors first referred to (such as calling 153, 151, but making the rest of the paging before and after it correct) are in some of the copies of the Folio printed with the proper page numbers, showing, as Mr. Collier says, that the printers were so desirous of accuracy that they stopped the press to make necessary corrections, it is inexplicable that they should permit such a break to remain as that between *2d Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*, where the count fell off *thirty-three pages*. But it may be said the mistake occurred without their noticing it. If pages were numbered as we number manuscript copy, this might be possible, for, making a mistake in the true number in one instance, we may naturally enough continue the mistake in the subsequent pages. But how the same printers who stopped the press to correct minor errors could have allowed this great error to stand, I cannot comprehend.

But this is not all. How could they possibly fail to observe the fact that a great number of pages in *Troilus and Cressida had no*

It is said that *Troilus and Cressida* was inserted as an afterthought, and this is confirmed by the fact that it does not appear in the Table of Contents, and therefore it was not paged. But it *is* paged so far as two pages are concerned, 79 and 80. If it had been inserted all unpaged, or all paged to correspond with *Henry VIII.*, we could understand it. But where did those numbers 79 and 80 come from? There is no place in the volume where there is any break at page 78; we cannot therefore suppose that it was shifted from its proper place, and carried some of its paging with it.

But I found still another instance where the first page of a play does not follow the number of the preceding play. In the Tragedies, *Timon of Athens* ends with page 98; then follows a list of the characters in the play, which occupies a page; this, if numbered, would be page 99. Then comes a blank page, which we will call 100; then *Julius Cæsar* opens with page 109! It is correctly paged to the end of the play. Why this break of eight pages?

The paging is also broken in upon to make *Timon of Athens* begin with page 80. The preceding play is *Romeo and Juliet;* it begins on page 53, and the pages are regularly numbered until we reach the last page, which, instead of being 77, is 79. Then *Timon* opens on page 80, and the paging runs along to 81 and 82, and then repeats itself: 81, 82. If we will correct 79 to 77, we will find that the second 81 and 82 are exactly right. But why was the correction not made on the first page instead of the fourth?

It seemed to me that these repeated instances of *Henry V.*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Julius Cæsar* and *Timon of Athens* proved conclusively that there was some secret depending upon the paging of the Folio, and that these plays had been written upon the basis of a cipher which did not correspond with the natural paging of the Folio; and that this paging had to be forcibly departed from in this way, and continued, per order, even when the printers were correcting minor errors.

I was the more confirmed in this by a study of the "signatures" or "tokens" of the printers.

The signatures, as shown by the token numbers at the bottom of the pages, run in groups of twelve pages, thus: *a*, a blank; *a2*, a blank; *a3* (sometimes *a4*), and then six blanks, making twelve pages or six leaves in all. Now, where *2d Henry IV.* joins

on to *Henry V.* the signatures ran: *gg*, a blank; *gg2*, a blank; *gg3*, a blank; *gg4*, a blank, and then eight pages blanks, or four more than the regular number; then the first page of *Henry V.* is marked *h*, then a blank, then *h2*, then a blank, then *h3*, then six blanks, and then *i*, etc. It, therefore, appears that the printers had to piece out *Henry IV. by the insertion of four pages additional;* and certainly all this *doctoring* could not have been accomplished without the printers observing that the last page of *2d Henry IV.* was paged 100, and the first page of *Henry V.* numbered 69. And as the signature of *Henry V.* is *h*, following *gg*, when properly it should have been *hh*, it would seem as if the *Henry V.* was paged and tokened separately. This could only have been done under specific directions; and this would look as if the Plays were printed in separate parcels.

It also appears that the *Troilus and Cressida* must have been printed separately. All the tokens of the other plays are alphabetical, as *a*, *b*, *c*, etc., *aa*, *bb*, *cc*, etc. But in the *Troilus and Cressida* the signatures are all composed of the printers' sign for a paragraph, ¶, mixed with *g*, thus: *g*, ¶ 2, *g3*, ¶¶, ¶*g2*, ¶*g3*, and the last page of the play is marked ¶¶¶, then a blank leaf, and then the Tragedies open with *aa*. But as the twelve pages of the signature *x*, which composed the last part of *Henry VIII.*, would have properly extended over into two pages of *Troilus and Cressida*, it is evident that there must have been more *doctoring* here. A printer will see at once that *Troilus and Cressida* must have been set up by itself, and marked by different tokens, so as not to conflict with the rest of the work, which therefore *was not finished;* and consequently that it would have been most natural for the printer to have paged it regularly from page 1 to the end, or made the paging correspond with the last page of *Henry VIII.*, or not paged it at all. There is no reason for paging two leaves 79 and 80, and leaving the rest blank. And there is no reason why, when the pressmen stopped the press to correct the accidental errors in the paging in other instances, they should have left these errors standing. It seemed to me beyond a question that these inconsistencies in the paging were *made to order*.

Roberts, the actor, asserted that Henry Condell was a printer by trade;[1] and it is very possible that the Folio of 1623 may have

[1] Collier's *Annals Dram. Poetry*, iii. 17.

been set up under his immediate supervision, and hence these irregularities perpetuated by his orders.

Being satisfied that there was a cipher in the Plays, and that it probably had some connection with the paging of the Folio, I turned to page 53 of the Histories, where the line occurs:

I have a gammon of BACON and two razes of ginger.[1]

I commenced and counted from the top of the column downward, word by word, counting only the spoken words, until I reached the word BACON, and I found it was the 371st word.

I then divided that number, 371, by fifty-three, the number of the page, and the quotient was seven! That is, the number of the page multiplied by seven produces the number of the word *Bacon*. Thus:

53
7
371

This I regarded as extraordinary. There are 938 words on the page, and there was, therefore, only one chance out of 938 that any particular word on the page would match the number of the page.

But where did that *seven* come from which, multiplying 53, produced 371 = *Bacon*? I found there were seven italic words on the first column of page 53, to-wit: (1) *Mortimer*, (2) *Glendower*, (3) *Mortimer*, (4) *Douglas*, (5) *Charles*, (6) *Waine*, (7) *Robin*. If the reader will turn to the *fac-simile*, given herewith, he may verify these statements.

There are 459 words on this column, and there was, therefore, only one chance out of 459 that the number of italic words would agree with the quotient obtained by dividing 371 by 53. For it will be seen that if *Charles Waine* had been united by a hyphen, or if *waine*, being the name of a thing, a wagon, had been printed in Roman letters, the count would not have agreed. Again, if the word *Heigh-ho* (the 190th word) had not been hyphenated, or if *Chamber-lye* had been printed as two words, the word BACON would not have been the 371st word. Or if the nineteenth word, *infaith*, had been printed as two words, the count would have been thrown out. If *our selves* (the sixty-fourth and sixty-fifth words) had been run together as one

[1] 1st Henry IV., p. 1.

word, as they often are, the word *Bacon* would have been the 370th word, and would not have matched with the page. Where so many minute points had to be considered, a change of any one of which would have thrown the count out, I regarded it as very remarkable that the significant word *Bacon* should be precisely seven times the number of the page.

Still, standing alone, this might have happened accidentally.

I remembered, then, that other significant word, *Saint Albans*, in act iv, scene 2, page 67, column 1.

> And the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of *S. Albones.*

I counted the words on that column, and the word *S. Albones* was the 402d word. I again divided this total by the number of the page, 67, and the quotient was precisely 6.

$$\begin{array}{r} 67 \\ 6 \\ \hline 402 = \text{"S. Albones."} \end{array}$$

I counted up the italic words on this column, and I found there were just *six*, to-wit: (1) *Bardolph*, (2) *Pete*, (3) *Lazarus*, (4) *Jack*, (5) *Hal*, (6) *John.*

This was certainly extraordinary.

There were on that page 890 words. There was, therefore, but one chance out of 890 that the significant word *S. Albones* would precisely match the page. But there was only one chance in many thousands that the two significant words *Bacon* and *S. Albones* would both agree precisely with the pages they were on; and not one chance in a hundred thousand that, in each case, the number of italics on the first column of the page would, when multiplied by the page, produce in each case numbers equivalent to the rare and significant words *Bacon* and *S. Albones.*

On the first column of page 67 there are a great many words united by hyphens and counting as one word each, to-wit: *Sutton-cop-hill, souced-gurnet, mis-used, house-holders, a struck-foole* (fowl), *wild-duck, dis-carded, trade-fallen, dis-honorable, old-faced, swine-keeping, skare-crows.* Here are thirteen hyphens. If there had been eleven, or twelve, or fourteen, the count would not have matched. Some of these combinations are natural enough, as *swine-keeping, skare-crows*, etc., but some of the others are very forced. Why print *dishonorable, misused* and *discarded* as two words each? Why not

Sutton-cop hill? Why link together all three of these words? Does it not look like an ingenious cramming of words together so as to make the word *S. Albones* the 402d word?

And as there was but one chance in 890 that the significant word *S. Albones* would be the multiple of the page, so, as a change of any one of these thirteen hyphens would have thrown out the count, there is but one chance out of thirteen times 890, or *one out of eleven thousand five hundred and seventy*, that this could be the result of accident!

I returned to page 53. I counted from the top of the first column to the bottom, and there were 459 words; then from the top of the second column downward, and the first *Nicholas* was the 189th word; total, 648 words. I found that 648 was the precise result of multiplying 54, the next page, by 12:

459	54
189	12
648	108
	54
	648 = "NICHOLAS."

Now, if the reader will turn to the *fac-simile* he will observe that there are exactly *twelve* words in italics on the first column of page 54!

As seven times page 53 yielded the 371st word, *Bacon*, so I found that six times page 53 made 318; and that if I commenced to count from the top of the second subdivision of column one of page 55, that from there to the bottom of the column there are 255 words, which, deducted from 318, leaves 62; and from the beginning of scene iv, 2d column, page 55, downward, the 62d word is the word *Francis*.

Now, if you turn to page 54 and begin to count at the top of the subdivision of the scene, on the first column, caused by "*Enter Gads-hill*," counting in the first word, you will find there are to the top of the column 396 words; if, then, you count down to the word *Bacons*, you will find it the 198th word,—total, 594; and 594 is precisely eleven times 54:

396	54
198	11
594	54
	54
	594 = "BACONS."

And the *fac-simile* will show that there are precisely eleven words in italics from the top of the first column down to "*Enter Gads-hill.*"

And if we commence to count from the end of scene 2, column 2, page 54, backward and up the first column of the same, the 477th word is the word *son*, and 477 is precisely nine times 53.

And so I had:

53 × 6 = 318 = FRANCIS — 2nd column, page 55.
53 × 7 = 371 = BACON — 1st column, page 53.
54 × 12 = 648 = NICHOLAS — 2nd column, page 53.
54 × 11 = 594 = BACON'S — 2nd column, page 54.
53 × 9 = 477 = SON — 1st column, page 54.

All these things tended to make me more and more certain that there was a cipher in the Plays, and that it depended upon the paging of the Folio.

I had observed, on page 67, how adroitly thirteen words were hyphenated to make *S. Albones* the exact multiple of the page. I began to study the hyphenation of words, and the way in which bracket sentences were formed in the body of the text, as I judged, to enable the author to make his cipher-count match. That this was the purpose I found many proofs. It is well understood that a parenthesis in brackets is a subordinate sentence, explanatory of the main sentence, but not essential to it. That is to say, the main sentence will read and make sense just as well without it as with it. If I say:

At this time (the weather being pleasant), John came to see me,

I have formed a correct sentence, which can be read with or without the parenthesis. But if I write:

At this time, the weather (being pleasant), John came to see me,

I have formed a sentence which without the words in brackets makes nonsense.

If the reader will turn to the exact reprint of act iv, scene 1 of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, he will find the following curious instances of bracketing words:

What is (*Faire*), *William?*
What is (*Lapis*), *William?*
What is a stone (*William*)?
What is the Focative case (*William*)?
Never name her (*childe*).
Leave your prables (*'oman*). Etc.

In the first two instances the sentence, without the words in brackets, has no meaning. In the other, there is no reason in the world why the name, or designation of the person addressed, should be embraced in brackets.

Again, on the first column of the same page, Falstaff says:

> Adieu! you shall have her (Master Broome); Master Broome, you shall cuckold Ford.

Now, if there was any typographical reason for putting one of these *Master Broomes* in brackets, why was not the other similarly treated?

Multitudinous instances of the same kind can be found in the Folio.

If the use of brackets was uniform, we might consider it a habit of the writer, or a vice of the printers of that era; but such is not the case.

It is well known that the *2d Henry IV.* is but a continuation of the *1st Henry IV.* The latter ends with the death of Hotspur on the field of Shrewsbury; the other opens with Hotspur's father receiving the news of his death. The characters in the two plays are the same; the plot is the same; the two are practically one. Yet we find in the *1st Henry IV.* the brackets used very sparingly, while in the *2d Henry IV.* the pages are literally peppered with them. There are nine pages in the *1st Henry IV.* that do not contain a bracket word, to-wit, pages 54, 57, 61, 65, 66, 67, 69, 70, 72; while there is not one page in the *2d Henry IV.* which does not contain words in brackets. In the last ten pages of the *1st Henry IV.* there are but *seven* words in brackets, while in the first ten pages of *2d Henry IV.* there are *three hundred and fifty-nine!*

Take the following sentence, in the speech of the King, on page 85 of *2d Henry IV.*, and observe the ridiculous extent to which brackets are used, where there was really no necessity for them:

> But which of you was by,
> (You cousin Nevil, as I may remember),
> When *Richard*, with his eye brim-full of Teares,
> (Then checked and rated by *Northumberland*)
> Did speak these words (now prov'd a prophecy):
> *Northumberland* thou Ladder, by the which
> My cousin *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne:
> (Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
> But that necessity so bowed the State

That I and Greatnesse were compelled to kisse:)
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it),
The Time will come that foul Sinne gathering head
Shall breake into Corruption.

Here we have a sentence, containing ninety-three words, of which forty-six are in brackets, and forty-seven not in brackets! And scarcely one of these bracketings is necessary.

Now when you remember that there are nine pages in the *1st Henry IV.* without a bracket word, and ten consecutive pages with but seven, is it natural or reasonable to find here, in a continuation of the same play, forty-six bracket words out of a total of ninety-three? Must there not have been some reason for it?

Compare these totals:

	Total bracket words.	Total hyphenated words.
1st Henry IV.	111	224
2d Henry IV.	898	307

Why should there be more than eight times as many bracket words in the second part of what is practically one play as there is in the first part?

Now all these evidences were, as I have said before, cumulative; they all pointed in the same direction. If I find in the sand the tracks of many feet, directed to all points of the compass, I cannot predicate what direction the multitude took, or meant to take. But if I come across numerous tracks all pointing in the same direction, I can reasonably conclude that those who owned those feet moved toward the point so indicated; and if I find the tracks of a vast multitude, with every foot pointed to the north, and the ground trampled and cut by artillery wheels, and the herbage crushed, and the limbs of the very trees torn down, I should be a fool indeed if I doubted my own senses, and failed to conclude that an army had passed there and was marching northward.

And so this accumulation of testimonies forced me, in despite of all doubts and hesitations, to the fixed and positive belief that the text of some of the Shakespeare Plays, perhaps all of them, contained cipher-work.

To be sure, it took me some time to reason out how the book could have been printed so as to make the paging match with the cipher story; and the conclusion I reached was this: That Bacon, when he resolved to tell, in this secret manner, the history of

his life and his era, and had selected his own short acting plays, in their first brief form, for the web into which he would weave his story (for we find *The Merry Wives, Henry V., Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet* and other plays still existing in that original form, without the significant cipher words), determined that some day he would publish his cipher-plays in *folio* volume; and the cipher was constructed altogether with that end in view. To insert the cipher he had to double the size of the original plays; and this is the reason we have them "enlarged to as much again," as is stated in the preface to some of the quarto editions.

Now then, *Richard II.* having ended on page 45 (and probably *Richard II.* and *King John* constitute jointly a cipher narrative, united, just as we will see hereafter that the *1st* and *2d Henry IV.* are united), he then made his calculation that the *1st Henry IV.* would occupy twenty-eight pages and this would make the first page of *2d Henry IV.* page 74. Upon this basis he worked; for it is my impression that those coincidences I have just shown, of *Francis — Bacon — Nicholas — Bacon's — son*, are either parts of a cipher different from that which I have worked out, or that they have no relation to the cipher proper, but were put there to lead some subsequent investigator along to the conviction that there was a cipher in the Plays. And I should conclude that Bacon made a mistake in his estimate, and that the *1st Henry IV.*, when finished, contained but twenty-six pages. Hence he was driven to the expedient of dropping two pages, or one leaf, out of the count; and, hence, in the Folio, page 49 follows page 46.

But, having settled upon page 74, he begins his work. He writes his text on the basis of the equivalent in words of what he thinks each column of the Folio, when printed, will contain, using either large sheets or two sheets bearing the same number. For instance, the first column of page 74 contains 294 words. These could be readily written on one sheet of paper; and the same is true of the second column, which contains 270 words. When he comes to page 75, the first column of which contains 468 words and the second 541, if he had not single sheets large enough for these he used two or more, giving them the same paging, as, for instance, 75^1 or 75^2, etc. The number of words on a column was largely dependent on the necessities of the cipher; hence, we will

find three hundred and odd words on one column, and six hundred and odd on another. Let the reader turn to our *fac-similes,* and compare the second column of page 76 with the second column of page 80. Both are in prose, and each contains one break in the narrative, caused by the entrance of characters. Yet the first has 615 words, while the other contains 553 words. And, to get the 615 words into the second column of page 76, the type had to be crowded together very closely, and we have the words, "Doth not the King lack subjects?" printed (as the reader will see, by looking near the bottom of the column) thus:

Doth not the K. lack subjects?

On the second column of page 64 of *1st Henry IV.*, all in prose, and containing also one break, there are but 472 words; while on the first column of page 62 of the same play, all in prose, with three interruptions, there are but 375 words. There could as well have been 500 words printed on that column as 375. But we will see, as we proceed, that the necessity the cryptologist was under to use the same significant words more than once (counting from the bottom of the column up, as well as from the top of the column down) determined the number of the words on the column; even though he had to print *King* as simply *K.*, to get them all in, in the one case; or to put in such phrases as the following, heavily leaded, in the other case, as on page 64:

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets
him playing on his Truncheon
like a Fife.

Compare this with the first column of page 79, where a similar stage direction has not even a separate line given it, but is crowded in at the end of a sentence, thus:

Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallion, you Fustil-
lirian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe. *Enter Ch. Justice.*

Here the writer did not allow even room enough to print the word *Chief* in full.

Now, having the Plays written on sheets, and so paged as to correspond with a prospective Folio, Bacon was in this dilemma: If he did not print the Plays during Shakspere's life-time, with the cipher in them, and Shakspere's name on the title-page, men would

say in the future, as they have said recently, that the Plays were really Shakspere's, and that he (Bacon) had stolen them and interjected a cipher claiming them. And so he published some of them in quarto. But as the paging of the quarto would begin with page 1, while the cipher was founded on page 74, or page 69 (as in *Henry V.*), or page 79 (as in *Troilus and Cressida*), it was absolutely impossible to decipher the inner story. But, to make assurance doubly sure, Bacon cut out of the quarto whole sentences that were in the Folio sheets, and set into the text of the quarto sentences and whole scenes that were not in the Folio; so that the most astute decipherer could have made nothing out of it, however cunningly he might have worked. And this is the explanation of the fact that while the editors of the Folio of 1623 assure the public that it is printed from "the true originall copies," and that all previous quarto editions were "stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors that expos'd them;" and that the Folio copies were "*perfect* of their limbs and *absolute in their numbers*, as he (Shakespeare) conceived them," nevertheless, the publisher of Shakespeare to-day has to go to these same very much denounced quartos for many of the finest passages which go by the name of the great poet.

And here is another curious fact: Bacon was not content to publish the Plays during the life of Elizabeth and his keen-eyed cousin, Cecil, with a different paging; but where the word *Bacon* occurred, in the quartos, it is printed with a small *b*, so as not to arouse suspicion, instead of with a capital *B*, as in the Folio! And most of those curious bracketings and hyphenations which so mar the text of the great Folio, like "*smooth-comforts-false*," etc., are not to be found in the quartos.

One can fancy Francis Bacon sitting at the play — in the background — with his hat over his eyes — watching Elizabeth and Cecil, seated, as was the custom, on the stage, enjoying and laughing over some merry comedy, little dreaming that the internal fabric of the play told, in immortal words, all the darkest passages of their own dark lives — embalmed in the midst of wit and rollicking laughter, for the entertainment of all future ages. And so the long-suffering and much abused genius enjoyed

his revenge, even under the very nose of power; so he rose superior to

> The law's delay,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> Which patient merit of the unworthy takes.

And when the time came to "put the alphabet in a frame" all he had to do was to have Condell and Heminge contract with the printers to print the Folio in columns, precisely as ordered, Bacon himself secretly correcting the proofs. Or Bacon may have bought the type and had it printed at Gray's Inn, or St. Albans, or at the house of Condell or Heminge. If printers were told to follow copy precisely, and put exactly as many words on a column as there were on a sheet of the original manuscript, they would, of course, do so; and only in this way can the extraordinary features of the Folio of 1623 be accounted for. And if the printers needed a reason, to allay suspicion, it could be given in the pretended reverence of the actor-editors for the work of "their worthy friend and fellow, Shakespeare;" for it follows, of course, that Heminge and Condell, or one, at least, of them, was in the secret of the real authorship.

And this also explains why one-half the Plays were not published until 1623, and why for nearly twenty years so few were put forth. The author could never know how far suspicion might be aroused by the curiously garbled state of the text. But in 1623 the generation that had witnessed the production of the Plays was mostly dead; Burleigh and Cecil and the Queen were all gone; and Bacon himself was nearing the last mile-stone of his wonderful career. There was but little risk of discovery in the few years that remained to him between 1623 and the grave.

The great Folio was the culmination of Bacon's life-work as regarded one portion of his mighty intellect; even as the *De Augmentis* and the *Novum Organum* were the culmination of his life-work as to the other side—his philosophy. And side by side, at the same time, he erected these great pillars, the one as worthy, as enduring, as world-sustaining as the other.

CHAPTER V.

LOST IN THE WILDERNESS.

Polonius. What do you read, my lord?
Hamlet. Words, words, words.
Hamlet, *ii*, 2.

HAVING satisfied myself, in this way, that, beyond question, there was a cipher narrative in the Shakespeare Plays, I commenced the task of deciphering it. It has been an incalculable labor, reaching through many weary years.

I had but one clue: that the cipher words were to some extent the multiples of the pages on which they occur. But the problem was, In what order do they follow each other? What is the sequence of arrangement?

My first conception of the cipher narrative was that of a brief statement of the fact that Francis Bacon was the real author of the Plays. The words constituting this sentence might, I thought, be widely scattered, and but two or three to a play. On page 84 I found the word *William*.

I dare say my cousin *William* is become a good Scholler.[1]

In the subdivision above this, in the same column, being the end of act iii, scene 2, there were three hyphenated words, and thirty-five words in brackets. If you deduct 3 from 86 it leaves 83, and on page 83 we find:

Feele, Masters, how I shake.[2]

If you deduct 35 from 87, the next column, it leaves 52, and on page 52 we have:

The uncertain footing of a *Speare*.

Here, I thought, I have a clue:—*William Shakespeare*. But, unfortunately, the rule would carry me no farther.

Then I was perplexed as to the true mode of counting. Was I to analyze words into their meaning and count them accordingly? Was *what's*, as in "what's the matter," one word or two words,

[1] *2d Henry IV.*, iii, 2.

[2] *2d Henry IV.*, ii, 4.

"what is"? Was *o'th'clock*, one word, two words or three words? Was *th'other* to be counted as two words, as "the other," or as one word, "t'other"? Were the figures *100* to be counted as one word, or as "one hundred," two words?

As I was working in the dark, it was a long time before I arrived at Bacon's purpose, and then I found that he adopted the natural rule, that the typographical consideration governed, and a word was a group of letters, separated by spaces from the rest of the text, whether it meant one, or two, or a dozen objects. The only exception seems to be where the word is merely slurred to preserve the rhythm of the blank verse, as in:

Had three times slain th' appearance of the king.[1]

Here the *th'* is counted as a separate word. At different stages I was led, by coincidences, to adopt one theory and then the other, and I recounted and numbered the words from time to time, until the text was almost obliterated with the repeated markings. I give herewith one page, page 79, of *2d Henry IV.*,[2] which will show the defaced condition of my *fac-simile*, and at the same time give some idea of the difficulty of the work.

Many times I struck upon clues which held out for two or three points and then failed me. I was often reminded of our Western story of the lost traveler, whose highway changed into a wagon-road, his wagon-road disappeared in a bridle-path, his bridle-path merged into a cow-path, and his cow-path at last degenerated into a squirrel track, which ran up a tree! So my hopes came to naught, many a time, against the hard face of inflexible arithmetic.

I invented hundreds of ciphers in trying to solve this one. Many times I was in despair. Once I gave up the whole task for two days. But I said to myself: There is certainly a cipher here; and what the ingenuity of man has made, the ingenuity of man ought to be able to unravel.

My own preconceptions often misled me. Believing that each cipher word belonged to the page on which it was found, I did not look beyond the page.

At last, in my experimentations, I came across the word *volume*.

[1] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 1; 2d col., p. 75, Folio. [2] Act ii, scene 1.

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
"Past, and to Come, seemes best; things Present worst.
Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hostesse. Mr. *Fang*, haue you entred the Action?
Fang. It is entred.
Hostesse. Where's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? Will he stand to it?
Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare*?
Hostesse. I, I, good M. *Snare*.
Snare. Heere, heere.
Fang. *Snare*, we must Arrest Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.
Host. I good M. *Snare*, I haue entred him, and all.
Sn. It may chance cost some of vs our liues: he will stab.
Hostesse. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will foyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor childe.
Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.
Hostesse. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.
Fang. If I but tift him once: if he come but within my Vice.
Host. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitiue thing vpon my score. Good M. *Fang* hold him sure: good M. *Snare* let him not scape, he comes continuantly to Py-Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombard-street, to M. *Smoothes* the Silkman. I pra'ye, since my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the World, let him be brought in to his answer: A 500 Marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'd off, and [illegible] day, that I lest shame to be thought on: there is no honesty in such dealing, vnles a woman should be made an Asse and a Beast, to beare euery Knaues wrong.

Enter Falstaffe, and Bardolfe.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose *Bardolfe* with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. *Fang*, & M. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.
Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?
Fang. Sir *Iohn*, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist. *Quickly*.
Falst. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe*: Cut me off the Villaines head: throw the Quean in the Channel.
Host. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou, thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder, O thou Honey-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art a hony-seed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.
Falst. Keep them off, *Bardolfe*.
Fang. A rescu, a rescu.
Host. Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not, thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.
Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustillirian: Ile tuckle your Catastrophe.

Enter Ch. Iustice.

Iust. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.
Host. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you stand to me.
Ch. Iust. How now sir *Iohn*? What are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should haue bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st vpon him?
Host. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your Grace. I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.
Ch. Iust. For what summe?
Host. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all I haue. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o'Nights, like the Mare.
Falst. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue any vantage of ground to get vp.
Ch. Iust. How comes this, Sir *Iohn*? Fy, what a man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to so rough a course, to come by her owne?
Falst. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?
Host. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thyselfe, & the money too. Thou didst sweare to me vpon a parcell-gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a Sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week, when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a singing-man of Windsor; Thou didst sweare to me then (as I was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make me my Lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech*, the Butchers wife come in then, and call me gossip *Quickly*, comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling vs she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby I did desire to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe stayres) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And didst not thou commend me to bring in a bottle of Sacke? Come, in earnest of the truth, art thou not ashamed?
Falst. Dost thou heare, Hostesse?
Host. Pray thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst.
Falst. My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes vp and downe the Towne, that her eldest Sonne is like you. She hath bin in good case, & the truth is, pouerty hath distracted her. But for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may haue redresse against them.
Iust. Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wronging the true cause the false, seeming so confident brow, nor the throng of words, that come with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can put me from a leuell consideration. I know you haue practis'd vpon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman.
Host. Yes in troth my Lord.
Iust. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done her. the one you may do with sterling money, & the other with current repentance.
Falst. My Lord, I will not vndergo this sneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse: If a man will curtsie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remembred) I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I desire deliuerance from these Officers, being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires.
Iust. You speake, as having power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the poore woman.
Falst. Come hither Hostesse.

Enter M. Gower.

Ch. Iust. Now Master *Gower*: What newes?
Gow. The King (my Lord) and *Henrie* Prince of Wales Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper tells.
Falst. As I am a Gentleman.
Host. Nay, you said so before.
Falst. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it.
Host. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dining Chambers.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a Title-leafe,
Fore-tels the nature of a Tragicke *Volume.*[1]

I said to myself, if Bacon tells the story of the authorship of the Plays, he would be very likely to refer to this *volume*, or a *volume*. I counted the words. *Volume* was the 208th word on the first column counting from the top. I could not make 208 in any way the multiple of the page, 75. At a venture I added the total number of words on the preceding column, 248, to it, making 456. This, also, would not fit to page 74 or 75. Again I experimented. I added the total on the first column of page 74, 284 words. The sum then stood:

On the first column of page 74.....	284
On the second column of page 74.....	248
On the first column of page 75.....	208
Total.....	740 = "VOLUME."

I divided 740 by seventy-four, the number of the page on which the count commenced, and I had exactly *ten!*

$$74 \times 10 = 740.$$

And there were *ten* words in brackets on the first column of page 74!

Here was a revelation. I noticed the significant word *mask* in the same context with *volume:*

Northumberland. Yea, this man's brow, like to a Title-leafe,
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke *Volume:*
So lookes the Strond when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witnest Usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Morton. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord),
Where hateful death put on his ugliest *Maske*
To fright our party.

Note the artificial character of the language, "a witnessed usurpation"—why *witnessed?* Again: Why would death put on a mask? Is not the bare death's-head terrible enough? A mask would subdue its horrors.

I labored over *mask*. I said to myself, Shakespeare was Bacon's *mask*. I could not match it with 74 or 75. At length, after much experimentation, this question occurred to me: Why might not the cipher run *up* the columns as well as *down?* I

[1] *2d Henry IV.*, i, 1.

shrank from the proposition, as I did from every suggestion which increased the complexity of the work; but at length I went to experimenting.

I first discovered a curious fact, that while the tenth word from the top of a column was, of course, the tenth word, you could not obtain the tenth word from the bottom of a column by deducting ten from the total of words on that column. If the reader will turn to the *fac-simile*, given herewith, on page 75, he will see that there are 447 words on the first column. If now he deducts ten from 447, the result is 437, to-wit, the word *doing;* but this is really not the tenth word from the bottom, for if he starts to count each word (skipping the two words in brackets), he will find that the tenth word is *me*, the next subsequent word to *doing*. Thus: (1) *gainsaid*, (2) *be*, (3) *to*, (4) *great*, (5) *too*, (6) *are*, (7) *you*, (8) *wrong*, (9) *such*, (10) *me*. The reader will therefore find, in accordance with this rule, that wherever I count *up* a column in these pages, I deduct the number from the total of the column and add one, thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} 447 \\ 10 \\ \hline 437+1=438 \end{array}$$

If now we apply this rule, and add together the words on the two columns of page 74, viz., $284+248=532$, and deduct 532 from 740, we have left 208. We have seen that the 208th word from the top was the word *volume*. Now let us count 208 words up the same column:

$$\begin{array}{r} 447 \\ 208 \\ \hline 239+1=240 \end{array}$$

The 240th word is *mask!* If the reader doubts my accuracy, let him count up the column for himself.

This might be a coincidence, but repeated experimentations proved that it was not, and that the cipher goes up as well as down the columns.

Now, if we regard the first word of the first column of the first page as the starting-point of these words, we have the words *volume* and *mask* radiating out from that first word and going forward, the one down, the other up the column. Now let us start

from this same first word, and count *backward* until we reach the 740th word:

On second column of page 73 there are	237 words
On first column of page 73 there are	169 "
Total on page	406 "

If we deduct 406 from 740 the remainder is 334. The 334th word on the next column (second of page 72) is *therefore.* If we count up the column we have:

Total words on column	588
Deduct	334
	254+1 = 255

The 255th word is *image.*

Now let us commence again at the top of the first column of page 74, and count down that column, and backward, until we reach the 740th word. We have:

First column of page 74	284 words
Second column of page 73	237 "
First column of page 73	169 "
	690 "

If we deduct this 690 from 740 the remainder is 50. The fiftieth word down the next column is *but.* Let us count the fiftieth word up the column, thus:

Total	588
Deduct	50
	538+1 = 539

The 539th word is *own.*

If we commence at the top of the first column of page 75 we have:

10×74 =	740
On first column, page 75	447
Remainder	293

The 293d word is *his.* Up the column it is the 215–16th word, *greatest.* We found that the words *mask* and *volume* were the 208th words on that column. The 208th word on the first column of page 74 is *wrath.*

After a long time, by a great deal of experimentation, I discovered that the count runs not only from the beginnings and ends of acts, scenes and columns, but also from the beginnings and ends of such subdivisions of scenes as are caused by the stage directions, such as "Enter Morton," "Enter Falstaff," "A retreat is sounded," "Exit Worcester and Vernon," "Falstaff riseth up," etc.

If now we count the first subdivision of the first column of page 75, we will find it contains 193 words. If we start at the last word of the 193 and count upward and down the next column, we will lack thirty-nine of 740, thus:

In subdivision first column, page 75	193	words.
Second column, page 75	508	"
	701	"
Remainder	39	"
	740	"

The thirty-ninth word from the top of the second column of page 75 is the word *a*. Now let us count thirty-nine up the next column (first column of page 76), thus:

$$498$$
$$39$$
$$459+1=460$$

The 460th word is *said*.

We have seen that after counting the whole of page 74 (532), we needed 208 to make up 740, and that the 208th words yielded *volume*, *mask* and *wrath*. If we take that remainder, 208, and commence to count forward from the beginning of scene 4, page 73, column 1, we will find that the 208th word is *shown*, the 129th word on the 2d column of page 73. Again, if we commence at the same starting-point—the beginning of scene 4—and count up, we find ninety words, which, deducted from 208, leaves 118; if now we count down the next column (2 of 72), we find that the 118th word is *a*, while, if we count up, from the top of the second subdivision in the column (171st word), the 118th word is (53+1 = 54) the word *hide*; while if we count down from the same point, the beginning of scene 4, page 73, there are 79 words; these being deducted from 208, it leaves 129: and the 129th word, counted down from the same 171st word, makes 300, the word *prove;* and up from the bottom of the next subdivision, 346, it makes (217+1 = 218) the word *counterfeit*, which was used in that age for picture. Thus Bassanio says, on opening the casket, and finding therein Portia's miniature:

> What find I here?
> Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
> Hath come so near creation?[1]

[1] *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2.

If we again take that remainder, 208, and begin to count from the top of the fourth scene, 1st column of page 73, then we have 208—90=118, as before; and this, carried up the next column, yields 588 — 118=470+1=471, *Percy*.

If we now arrange these words together in some kind of order, we have *Percy — said — in — greatest — wrath — prove — image shown — upon — his — volume — but — a — counterfeit — mask — hide my — own.*

But near the word *volume*, as I have shown, is the word *title-leaf*, and near the *but* is the word *face* (57th word, 2d column of page 72), so that we can imagine a sentence reading something like this: *Percy said* he was *in a* state (134—2, 75) of the *greatest wrath*, and would *prove* that the *counterfeit image shown upon* the title-leaf of *his volume* is *but* a *mask* to *hide my own* face.

I said to myself: Although this interpretation may not be correct, it is certainly surprising that such a concatenation of significant words should all be produced by finding the 740th word from points of departure clearly related and coherent; for in every case the count is from the beginning or end of page 74.

Then I observed that if we multiplied 74 by 12 instead of 10, the result was 888; and if we commenced to count from the top of the first column of page 72, the result was 494, total on first column of page 72; this, deducted from 888, leaves 394, which is the very significant word *plays*. Then I said to myself, *Volume* of *plays*. Do the multipliers of 74 alternate?

This led to making a series of tables of all the words produced by multiplying 74, 75 and 76, the three pages embraced in scene 1 of act i of *2d Henry IV.*, and a comparison of these revealed the following startling facts, which forever put an end to any doubts that might still linger in my mind as to the existence of a cipher in the Plays.

If we multiply the last page in the scene, page 76, by 11, the number of bracket words on the first column of page 74 (counting the hyphenated word *post-horse* as two words), the result is, 76×11=836.

Now, if we commence at the beginning of column 1, page 74, and count forward to the 836th word, excluding bracket words and counting hyphenated words as one word, we have:

On page 74	532
In first column page 75	304
Total	836

The 304th word in the first column of page 75 is the word *found.*

If now we start from the top of the *next* page, page 75, and again count to the 836th word, in the same way, excluding the bracket words and counting the hyphenated words as single words, we have the following:

On first column page 75	447
On second column page 75	389
Total	836

The 389th word is *out.*

Here we have the combination "FOUND OUT"—*by the same count from the beginning of two consecutive pages.* This is remarkable; but it might be accidental. But here comes the astonishing feature of the discovery, which could not be accidental:

If you multiply 75, the number of the second page of the scene, by 12, the number of words in italics on the first column of page 74, the result is 900.

We found that the 304th word, *found*, on the first column of page 75, was the 836th word from the beginning of page 74, excluding the bracket words and counting the hyphenated words as single words. How would it be if we counted *in* the bracket words and counted the hyphenated words as separate words? Let us see:

The word *found* is the		836th word.
Bracket words, first column, page 74	10	
Bracket words, second column, page 74	22	
Bracket words, first column, page 75, preceding *found*	13—	45 words.
Hyphenated words, additional, first column, page 74	8	
Hyphenated words, additional, second column, page 74	2	
Hyphenated words, first column, page 75, preceding *found.*	9—	19 words.
		900

That is to say "FOUND" is the 836th word ($11\times76=836$) from the beginning of page 74, exclusive of the bracket words and the hyphenated words counted as single words; and it is the 900th word ($12\times75=900$) counting in the bracketed words and the hyphenated words as separate words!

Again: we found that the 389th word, on the second column of page 75, was also the 836th word.

The word *out*.....		836 words.
Bracket words, on first column, page 75.....	21	
Bracket words, on second column, page 75, preceding *out*..	30—	51 words.
Hyphenated words, first column, page 75.....	9	
Hyphenated words, second column, page 75, preceding *out*.	4—	13 words.
		900

And again we find that the word "OUT" is the 836th word ($11\times76=836$) from the beginning of page 75, less the bracketed words, and counting the hyphenated words as one word each; and it is the 900th word ($12\times75=900$), counting in the bracketed words and the hyphenated words double!

In other words:

The sum total of bracket words and hyphens, between the top of the first column of page 74 and the word "FOUND," is 64, and this is precisely the difference between 836 and 900!

And the sum total of bracket words and hyphens between the top of the first column of page 75 and the word "OUT" is again 64; and this is precisely the difference between 836 and 900!

How is this result obtained? By the most careful and delicate adjustment of the words, like the elements of a profound puzzle. The difference between 836 = *found out*, and 900 = *found out*, is, I say, the precise number of the bracketed and hyphenated words in each case. If these had varied *one word in the four columns*, it would have thrown the count out! And it is easy to see how the text was forced to get in the precise number of these words. At the bottom of the first column of page 74 we have:

> From *Rumours* tongues,
> They bring smooth-Comforts-false worse than True-wrongs.

Who ever heard of "smooth-comforts-false" being run together into one word? Only the necessities of the cipher could have justified such a violation of sense. And what a pounding together of meaning was required to make "true-wrongs"! Again, we have,—as the 181st word,—first column, page 75:

> That had stolne
> The horse he rode-on.

"Rode on" are as clearly two words as "the horse."

Again we have, 244th word, first column, page 74:

This worm-eaten-Hole of ragged stone.

"Worm-eaten" might be hyphenated, but surely not "worm-eaten-hole."

The bracketings are totally unnecessary in every case. We have, second column, page 74:

I spake with one (my Lord) that came from thence.

What human necessity was there to place "my lord" in brackets?

Again (column 1, page 75):

I ran from Shrewsbury (my noble Lord).

Again (column 2, page 75):

From whence (with life) he never more sprang up.

And yet if a single one of these extraordinary bracketings and hyphenations had failed, the count would have broken down. And that this whole thing is forced and unnatural is shown by the further fact that we have here *one hundred and twenty-eight* bracket and hyphenated words on the two pages, 74 and 75, preceding these words *found out;* while on the preceding pages, 72 and 73, there are but *three bracket words and four hyphenated words!*

In short, there is not one chance in many hundred millions that this coördination of 836 and 900, upon the same words, could have occurred by accident.

What does it prove?

That the plays—or this play at least—is a most carefully constructed piece of mosaic work, most cunningly dovetailed together, with marvelous precision and microscopic accuracy. That there is not one cipher, but many ciphers in it. That it is a miracle of industry and ingenuity. And that these are the works to which Bacon alluded when he said:

> For there is some danger, lest the understanding should be astonished and chained down, and as it were bewitched, by such works of art as appear to be *the very summit and pinnacle of human industry*, so as not to become familiar with them; but rather to suppose that nothing of the kind can he accomplished, unless the same means be employed, with perhaps a little more diligence and accurate preparation.[1]

[1] *Novum Organum*, book ii.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CIPHER FOUND.

> If circumstances lead me, I will find
> Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
> Within the center.
>
> *Hamlet*, ii, 2.

WHILE such evidences as the foregoing satisfied me of the existence of a cipher, I was still but at the beginning of my task.

What words followed *found out?* *Found out* what? Who *found out?* Was I to look on the next column, the next page, the next scene, or the next play?

The creator of the cipher was master of his work, and could throw the sequent words where he pleased. He might match a play in the Histories with one in the Comedies, and thus the words would be separated by hundreds of pages. Nothing was impossible to the ingenuity manifested in that checker-work of *found out.* All I knew was that the cipher words held an arithmetical relation to the numbers of the pages on which, or near which, they occurred, but beyond that all was conjecture. I was as if one had taken me into a vast forest, and told me that, on certain leaves of certain trees, was written a narrative of incalculable importance to mankind; and had given me a clew to know the especial trees on which the words were to be found. If I had climbed into and searched the branches of these trees, and collected, with infinite care, the words upon them, I was still at my wits' end. How was I to arrange them? As I did not know a single sentence of the story, nor the rule by which it was constructed, I might have the very words I needed before me and would not recognize them.

It seems to me that the labors of Champollion le Jeune and Thomas Young, in working out the Egyptian hieroglyphics from the tri-lingual inscription on the Rosetta stone, were simple compared with the task I had undertaken. They had before them a

stone with an inscription in three alphabets — the hieroglyphic, the demotic and the Greek; and the Greek version stated that the three inscriptions *signified the same thing.* The problem was to translate the unknown by the known. It was observed that a certain oval ring, inclosing a group of hieroglyphic phonetic signs, stood in a corresponding place with the name of *Ptolemy* in the Greek; and the same group was found, often repeated, over sitting figures of the temple of Karnak. The conclusion was inevitable, therefore, that that group signified *Ptolemy.* Furthermore, the word *king* occurred twenty-nine times in the Greek version of the Rosetta inscription, and a group holding corresponding positions was repeated twenty-nine times in the demotic. Another stone gave the phonetic elements which constituted the word *Cleopatra.* Champollion and Young thus had acquired the knowledge of numerous alphabetical signs, with the sounds belonging to them, and the rest of the work of translation was easy, for the Egyptian language still survived in a modified form in the mouths of the Coptic peasants.

But in my case I knew neither the rule nor the story. I tried to obtain a clue by putting together the words which constituted the name of the old play, *The Contention between York and Lancaster*, as found in the end of *1st Henry IV.* and the beginning of *2d Henry IV.;* but, unfortunately, *Contention* occurs twice (73d word, second column, page 74, *2d Henry IV.*, act i, scene 2, and the 496th word, second column, page 75), while *York* and *Lancaster* are repeated many times.

Even when I had progressed so far, by countless experimentations, as to guess at something of the story that was being told, I could not be certain that I had the real sense of it. For instance, let the reader write out a sentence like this:

> And then the infuriated man struck wildly at the dog, and the mad animal sprang upon him and seized him by the throat.

Then let him cut the paper to pieces, so that each slip contains a word, jumble them together, and ask a friend, who has never seen the original sentence, to reconstruct it. He can clearly perceive that it is a description of a contest between a man and a dog, but beyond this he can be sure of nothing. Was the dog *mad* or the man? Which was *infuriated?* Did the dog spring on the man, or

the man on the dog? Which was seized by the throat? Did the man strike wildly at the dog, or the dog spring wildly at the man?

Every word in the sentence is a new element of perplexity. In fact, if you had handed your friend three slips of paper, containing the three words, *struck*, *Tom*, *John*, it would have been impossible for him to decide, without some rule of arrangement, whether Tom struck John or John struck Tom; and the great question, like that of the blow inflicted on Mr. William Patterson, would remain forever unsettled.

My problem was to find out, by means of a cipher rule of which I knew little, a cipher story of which I knew less. A more brain-racking problem was never submitted to the intellect of man. It was translating into the vernacular an inscription written in an unknown language, with an unknown alphabet, without a single clue, however slight, to the meaning of either. I do not wonder that Bacon said that there are some ciphers which *exclude the decipherer*. He certainly thought he had constructed one in these Plays.

I. The Heart of the Mystery.

The central point upon which the cipher turns is the dividing line between the two plays, *the first part of Henry IV., and the second part of Henry IV.;* and the essentials of the rule are found on the last page of the former play and the first page of the latter play.

Observe how cunning this is.

Here was a puzzle the solution of which depended upon putting together the two ends of two plays. *Neither alone would give the rule or solve the problem.*

And Bacon published Part 1 of *Henry IV.* in 1598 and Part 2 in 1600. Why? Because he was not sure that the artificial character of the text might not arouse suspicion in that age of ciphers, and he desired to test it. He submitted it with curious interest to the public. But if it *had* aroused suspicion; if "Francis" "bacon" (printed with a small *b*), "Nicholas" "bacons" (also with a small *b*"), "son," "St. Albans," etc., etc., had caught the suspicious eyes of any of Cecil's superserviceable followers, then he would have held back the second part, and it would have been simply impossible for any person to have worked out the cipher story; because

it turned upon pages 73 and 74 of an intended folio, while the quarto copy of the play began with page 1.

The original sheets of the author's manuscript, arranged in pages, as we have them in the great Folio of 1623, which paging alone could have revealed the treasonable story, were doubtless inclosed in some box or coffer, and carefully buried at St. Albans or Gray's Inn; for in that age of absolute power no man's private papers or desks were safe from a visitation of the myrmidons of the law. We will see that when Nash, the actor, was arrested for writing a seditious play, the Council ordered his papers to be at once examined.

Delia Bacon said:

> We know that this was an age in which not the books of the learned only were subjected to "the press and torture which expulsed from them all those particulars that point to action"— action, at least, in which the common weal of men is most concerned; that it was a time when the private manuscript was subjected to that same censorship and question, and corrected with those same instruments and engines which made them a regular part of the machinery of the press; when the most secret cabinet of the statesman and the man of letters must be kept in order for that revision; when his most confidential correspondence, his private note-book and diary, must be composed under these restrictions; when in the church not the pulpit only, but the secrets of the study, were explored for proofs of opposition to the power then predominant; when the private desk and drawers of the poor, obscure country clergyman were ransacked, and his half-formed studies of sermons, his rude sketches and hypothetical notes of sermons yet to be — put down for private purposes, perhaps, and never intended to be preached — were produced by government as an excuse for subjecting him to indignities and cruelties to which those practiced upon the Earl of Kent and the Earl of Gloster in the play [of *Lear*] formed no parallel.[1]

And in 1600, after the first part of the play of *Henry IV.* had stood the test of two years of criticism, and the watchful eyes and ears of Francis Bacon could see or hear no sign or sound to indicate that his secret was suspected, he ventured to put forth the second part of the play. But this, like the other, began with page 1, and detection was almost impossible.

And for twenty years scarcely any of the Plays known by the name of Shakespeare were put forth, because to the keen eyes of the author they were peppered all over with suspicious words and twistings of the text, which might arouse suspicion and betray the fact that they were cipher-work. And when at last all the Plays were published in the great Folio, in 1623, arranged in their

[1] *The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded*, p. 568.

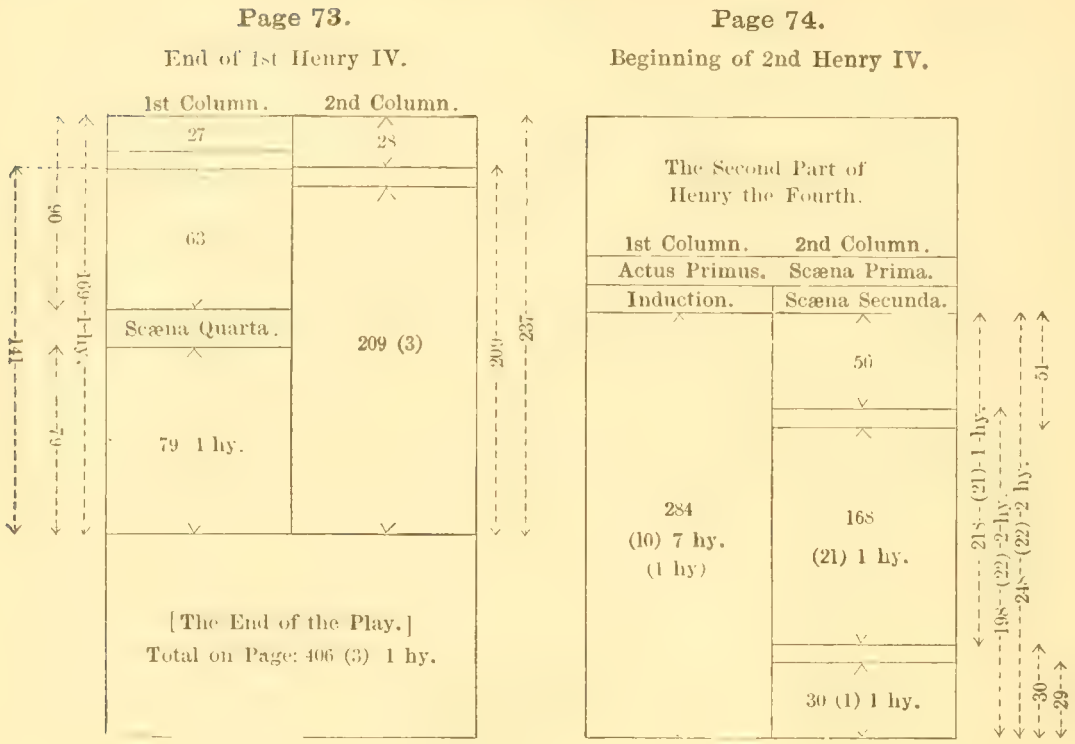
due order, there was, as I have heretofore said, little risk of discovery. And in this Folio all the Plays were matched together, as I infer, just as these two parts of *Henry IV.* are; that is, the cipher of each group of two plays depended upon the last page of one and the first page of the other. Thus there was but little risk in putting out *Othello* alone, or *Troilus and Cressida* by itself, not only because the paging of the quarto was not the same as that of the Folio, but because these plays were not accompanied by their cipher-mates, so to speak. They were like those curious writings we have read of in romances, where the paper was cut in half and each half secreted by itself, the writing not to be read and the secret revealed until they were put together.

II. The Diagram on which the Cipher Depends.

If the reader will study the *fac-similes* of pages 73 and 74 of the Folio of 1623, herewith given, he will find that the following diagram gives the skeleton, or construction, of the pages and columns, without the words. And as the entire cipher-story in the two plays, the first and second parts of *Henry IV.*, radiates out from this diagram and extends right and left to the beginning of the First Part and the last word of the Second Part, it will be well for the reader to consider it closely.

The figures in the middle of the parts of the diagram give the number of words in each subdivision. The figures on the margin give the number of words from one point of departure to another. The abbreviation "hy," in this diagram, means *hyphenated:* it indicates that there are double words in the text, like *ill-spirited*, which are to be counted as one word or as two words, according to the requirements of the cipher rule. The sign "(3)" signifies that, in addition to the regular number of words in the text, there are three additional words in brackets: like "(as we heare)," in the second column of page 73.

Throughout the cipher story, the abbreviations *h* and *b* will be used to save printing in full "hyphenated words" and "words in brackets," respectively.



Here we observe that the first column of page 73 is broken into three parts: first by the words "*A retreat is sounded,*" and secondly by the words "*Scæna Quarta.*" The first subdivision contains 27 words, the second 63 words, the last 79 words. Now if we count from the top of the column to the end of the first subdivision, we have 27 words; but if we count to and include the first word of the next subdivision, there are 28 words. If we count from the top of the column to the bottom we have 169 words; but if we count from the top of the second subdivision to the bottom of the column, we have, exclusive of the first word, 141 words; and from the end of the first subdivision, and including the first word of the second subdivision, we have 142 words.

Again: if we count from the top of the column to the break caused by the words "*Scæna Quarta,*" we have 90 words; and to the top of the second subdivision, and including the first word of the same, we have 91 words. And if we count from the end of the first subdivision to the words "*Scæna Quarta,*" we have 63 words; or, from the top of the second subdivision, excluding the first word, we have, to the end of the scene, 62 words.

Again: if we count from the end of the second subdivision, the 90th word, to the bottom of the column, we have 79 words; but from the 91st word down we have but 78 words. But there is a

hyphenated word in that subdivision, to-wit, the word *ill-spirited*, the 97th word in the column; if this is counted in, that is, if it is counted as two words instead of one, then the 79 words become 80 words, and the 78 words become 79 words.

I would here explain that in the cipher *the words spoken by the characters are alone counted:* the "stage directions," and the names of the characters speaking, are excluded from the count; so also are the numbers of the acts and scenes.

Here, then, we have in the first column of page 73 these numbers:

Words in first subdivision	27
Words in second subdivision	63
Words in third subdivision	79
Words in the column	169
Words from 27th word to bottom of column	142
Words from 27th word to the end of second subdivision	63
Words from 28th word to the end of column	141
Words from 28th word to the end of second subdivision	62
Words from the top of column to the end of second subdivision	90
Words from the top of column to the beginning of third subdivision	91
Words from the beginning of third subdivision to end of column	79
Words from the beginning of third subdivision, *plus* one hyphen	80

Now, all these numbers, in their due and regular order, become *modifiers* of the root-numbers whereby the cipher story is worked out.

But there is another set of modifying numbers in the second column of page 73.

There are two subdivisions of this column, caused by the break in the narrative where the words of the stage-direction occur:

Exit Worcester and Vernon.

The first subdivision contains 28 words, the second 209 words; the column contains 237 words, besides three words in brackets, "(as we heare)," on the seventh line from the bottom. If these are counted in, then the column contains 240 words, and the second subdivision contains 212 words. This column, then, gives us these modifying numbers:

Words in first subdivision	28
Words in second subdivision	209
Words in second subdivision, *plus* the bracket words	212
Words in column	237
Words in column, *plus* the words in brackets	240
Words from end of first subdivision to end of column	209
Words from beginning of second subdivision to end of column	208
Words from beginning of second subdivision, *plus* bracket words	211

But it will be found hereafter that the modifying numbers found on page 73 are not used in the cipher narrative until the same has been first modified by the numbers obtained, in the same way, on page 74. That is, page 74 is used before page 73. We therefore turn to that page.

The first column of page 74 contains no breaks or subdivisions. There are 284 words in the text, besides 10 words in brackets, 7 hyphenated words, and 1 hyphenated word inside a bracket — the word *post-horse*, on the fourth line. This gives us, therefore, the following numbers:

Total words in column..... 284
Total words in column, *plus* words in brackets..... 294
Total words in column, *plus* hyphenated words..... 291
Total words in column, *plus* hyphenated and bracket words..... 301
Total words in column, *plus* all the hyphenated and bracket words in the column..... 302

We pass now to the second column. Here, as in the first column of page 73, we have three subdivisions; and these two columns — the first of 73 and the second of 74 — constitute the magical frame on which the cipher principally turns, and it is from the marvelous interplay of the numbers found therein that the cipher narrative is wrought out.

The first subdivision of the second column of page 74 contains 50 words; the second, 168; the third, 30; and the reader will observe hereafter how those figures, 50 and 30, play backward and forward through the cipher story; and he will see how the whole story of Shakspere's life, as well as Marlowe's, radiates out from that central subdivision, containing 168 words, or 167, exclusive of the first word.

The second column of page 74 gives us, then, these figures:

Number of words in first subdivision..... 50
Number of words in second subdivision..... 168
Number of words in third subdivision..... 30
Number of words from top of column to beginning of second subdivision..... 51
Number of words from beginning of second subdivision to end of same..... 167
Number of words from beginning of column to end of second subdivision..... 218
Number of words from beginning of column to beginning of third subdivision..... 219
Number of words from beginning of column to end of column..... 248
Number of words from beginning of third subdivision to end of column..... 29
Number of words from end of second subdivision to end of column..... 30
Number of words from end of first subdivision to end of column..... 198
Number of words from end of column to beginning of second subdivision..... 197

But there are in this column 22 words in brackets and 2 hyphenated words. These are in the second and third subdivisions, and modify them accordingly. That is to say, there are 21 words in brackets in the second subdivision and 1 in the third; and there is 1 hyphenated word in the second subdivision and 1 in the third. Hence we have these additional numbers:

Number of words in second subdivision..... 168
Number of words in second subdivision, *plus* 21 bracket words..... 189
Number of words in second subdivision, *plus* 1 hyphenated word..... 169
Number of words in second subdivision, *plus* 22 bracket and hyphenated words 190
Number of words in third subdivision..... 30
Number of words in third subdivision, *plus* 1 bracket word..... 31
Number of words in third subdivision, *plus* 2 bracket and hyphenated words.. 32

The *multipliers* which produce the root-numbers are found in the first column of page 74. They are: 10 (the number of bracket words); 7 (the number of hyphenated words); 11 (the number of bracket words, *plus* the one hyphenated word, *post-horse*, included in the bracket); and 18 (the total of bracketed and hyphenated words in the column).

We have here, then, the *machinery* of Bacon's great cipher; and, as we proceed with the explanation of its workings, the wonder of the reader will more and more increase, that any human brain could be capable of compassing the construction of such a mighty and subtle work.

The cipher story I shall work out in the following pages is but a small part of the entire narrative in these two plays. I break, as it were, into the midst of the tale, like one who overhears the middle of a conversation between two men: he has not got it all, but from what he gleans he can surmise something of what must have preceded and of what will probably follow it.

The root-numbers out of which the story grows are as follows:

505, 506, 513, 516, 523.

These are the keys that unlock this part of the cipher story, in the two plays, *1st* and *2d Henry IV.* They do not unlock it all; nor would they apply to any other plays. They are the product of multiplying certain figures in the first column of page 74 by certain other figures. The explanation of the way in which they are obtained I reserve for the present, intending in the future to work

out the remainder of the narrative in these two plays, which I here leave unfinished. It may, of course, be possible that some keen mind may be able to discover how those numbers are obtained and anticipate me in the work. I have to take the risk of that. My publishers concur with me in the belief that the copyright laws of the United States will not give me any exclusive right to the publication of that part of the cipher narrative in the plays which is not worked out by myself. I shall therefore have worked for years for the benefit of others, unless in this way I am able to protect myself. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and if such a discovery as this could have been anticipated by the framers of our copyright laws, they would certainly have provided for it. For if a man is entitled to gather all the benefits which flow from a new application of electricity, as in the telegraph or the telephone, to the amount of millions of dollars, certainly there should be some protection for one who by years of diligent labor has lighted a new light in literature and opened a new gate in history.

Neither do I think any reasonable man will object to my reserving this part of the cipher. My friend Judge Shellabarger, of Washington, said in an address, in 1885, before a literary society of that city:

> If any man proves to me that in any writing the tenth word is *our*, the twentieth word *Father*, the thirtieth word *who*, the fortieth word *art*, the fiftieth word *in*, the sixtieth word *heaven*, and so on through the whole of the Lord's Prayer, we must confess, however astonished we may be, that such a result could not have occurred by accident; but that these words must have been ingeniously woven into the text by some one, at those regular and stated intervals.

And if this be true when the cipher word is every tenth word, would it not be equally true if the Lord's Prayer occurred in the text at intervals represented by the following figures?

10th word.	18th word.	27th word.	10th word.	18th word.	27th word.
Our	*Father,*	*who*	*art*	*in*	*heaven,*
10th word.	18th word.	27th word.	10th word.	18th word.	27th word.
hallowed	*be*	*thy*	*name:*	*thy*	*kingdom*
10th word.	18th word.	27th word.	10th word.	18th word.	27th word.
come;	*thy*	*will*	*be*	*done*	*on*
10th word.	18th word.	27th word.	10th word.	18th word.	27th word.
earth	*as*	*it*	*is*	*in*	*heaven.*

That is to say, if the cipher narrative moves through the text not 10, 10, 10, etc., but 10, 18, 27; 10, 18, 27; 10, 18, 27, etc.

And if this be true of a short writing, like the Lord's Prayer, does it not amount to an absolute demonstration if this series of numbers, or any other series of numbers, extends through many pages of narrative, from the beginning of one play to the end of another?

Instead of the cipher story in these Plays being, as some have supposed, a mere hop-skip-and-jump collocation of words, it will be found to be as purely arithmetical, and as precisely regular, as either of the examples given above.

The First Part of Henry the Fourth,
with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPVRRE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with others.

King.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath shortwinded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in Strands a-farre remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood:
No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hoofes
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shocke,
And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery,
Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,
As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,
Whose Souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we leuie,
Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
To chace these Pagans in those holy Fields,
Ouer whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete
Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse.
But this our purpose is a twelue-month old,
And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland
What yesternight our Councell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

West. My Liege: This haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge set downe
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A Post from Wales, loaden with heauy Newes;
Whose worst was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
(Without much shame) re told or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.

West. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,
Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspurre* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer-valiant and approoued Scot,
At *Holmeden* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillerie,
And shape of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Heere is a deere and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,
Strain'd with the variation of each soyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes newes:
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedons* Plaines. Of Prisoners, *Hotspurre* tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beaten *Douglas* and the Earle of *Atholl*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Cosin, is it not? Infaith it is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin,
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;
Among'st a Groue, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,
See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,
That some Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*:

Poines. Good morrow ſweet *Hal.* What ſaies Monſieur Remorſe? What ſayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar: Jacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-Friday laſt, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the diuel ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs: *He will giue the diuell his due.*

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prin. Elſe he had damn'd for cozening the diuell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rocheſter, I haue beſpoke Supper to morrow in Eaſtcheape; we may doe it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you will go, I will ſtuffe your Purſes full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee. nor thou cam'ſt not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'ſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poyn. Sir *Iohn*, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, maiſt thou haue the Spirit of perſwaſion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt, may moue; and what he heares may be beleeued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation ſake) proue a falſe theefe; for the poore abuſes of the time, want countenance. Farewell, you ſhall finde me in Eaſtcheape.

Prin. Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

Poy. Now, my good ſweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falſtaffe, Harvey, Roſſill*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhall robbe thoſe men that wee haue already way-layde, your ſelfe and I, will not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

Prin. But how ſhal we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poyn. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleaſure to faile; and then will they aduenture vppon the exploit themſelues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchieued, but wee'l ſet vpon them.

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our ſelues.

Poy. Tut our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and ſirrah, I haue Caſes of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon, Ile forſwear Armes. The vertue of this Ieſt will be, the incomprehenſible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the ieſt.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things neceſſary, and meete me to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there Ile ſup. Farewell.

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord. *Exit Poines.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold
The vnyoak'd humor of your idleneſſe:
Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious cloudes
To ſmother vp his Beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holidaies,
To ſport, would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed;
By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright Mettall on a ſullen ground:
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foyle to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke leaſt I will.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpurre, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: But be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath beene ſmooth as Oyle, ſoft as young Downe,
And therefore loſt that Title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoule ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my Soueraigne Liege) little deſerues
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be vſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſſe too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make ſo portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worceſter get thee gone: for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
O ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maieſtie might neuer yet endure
The moody Frontier of a ſeruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need
Your vſe and counſell, we ſhall ſend for you.
You were about to ſpeake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Thoſe

Hot. But ſoft I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heyre to the Crowne?
Nor. He did, my ſelfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Couſin King,
That wiſh'd him on the barren Mountaines ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you that ſet the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his ſake, wore the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curſes vndergoe,
Being the Agents, or baſe ſecond meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtill King.
Shall it for ſhame, be ſpoken in theſe dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vniuſt behalfe
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe *Richard*, that ſweet louely Roſe,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker *Bullingbrooke*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye vnderwent?
No: yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſh'd Honors, and reſtore your ſelues
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Reuenge the geering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay———
Wor. Peace Couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyuing Diſcontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnſted faſt footing of a Speare.
Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwimme:
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
So Honor croſſe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more ſtirres
To rouze a Lyon, then to ſtart a Hare.
Nor. Imagination of ſome great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of Patience.
Hot. By heauen, me thinkes it were an eaſie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowſhip.
Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend:
Good Couſin giue me audience for a-while,
And liſt to me.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame Noble Scottes
That are your Priſoners.
Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By heauen, he ſhall not haue a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would ſaue his Soule, he ſhall not.
Ile keepe them, by this Hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes.
Thoſe Priſoners you ſhall keepe.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſaid, he would not ranſome *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of *Mortimer*.
But I will finde him when he lyes aſleepe,
And in his eare, Ile holla *Mortimer*.
Nay, Ile haue a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Heare you Couſin: a word.
Hot. All ſtudies heere I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that ſame Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,
I would haue poyſon'd him with a pot of Ale.
Wor. Farewell Kinſman: Ile talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
Nor. Why what a Waſpe-tongu'd & impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & ſcourg'd with rods,
Netled, and ſtung with Piſmires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time: What do'ye call the place?
A plague vpon't, it is in Glouſterſhire:
'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,
His Vncle Yorke, where I firſt bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
When you and he came backe from Rauenſpurgh.
Nor. At Barkley Caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true:
Why what a candie deale of curteſie,
This fawning Greyhound then did proffer me.
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kinde Couſin:
O, the Diuell take ſuch Couzeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to't againe,
We'l ſtay your leyſure.
Hot. I haue done inſooth.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus imploy'd,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well belou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Briſtow*, the Lord *Scroope*.
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet downe,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it:
Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.
Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a Noble plot,

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, Ha.
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed,
To saue our heads, by raising of a Head:
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,
The King will always thinke him in our debt,
And thinke, we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.
Hot. He does, he does; wee'l be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be sodainly:
Ile steale to *Glendower* and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Dowglas*, and our powres at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertainty.
Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thriue, I trust.
Hot. Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport. *exit*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. *Car.* Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be hang'd. *Charles waine* is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point; the poore Iade is wrung in the withers, out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bottes: This house is turned vpside downe since *Robin* the Ostler dyed.

1. *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I thinke this is the most villanous house in al London rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1. *Car.* Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Christendome, could be better bit, then I haue beene since the first Cocke.

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iourden, and then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd: come away.

2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing-crosse.

1. *Car.* The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued. What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in thy head? Can'st not heare? And t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gelding in the stable.

1. *Car.* Nay soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when, canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth-a) marry Ile see thee hang'd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come to London?

2. *Car.* Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Mugges*, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge. *Exeunt*

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou variest no more from picking of Purses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Master *Gads-Hill*, it holds current that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarks, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it: I prythee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S. Nicholas as truly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir *Iohn* hangs with mee, and thou know'st hee's no Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole. I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-staffe six-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-Maltworme, but with Nobility, and Tranquillitie; Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can holde in, such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I lye, for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Commonwealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootes? Will she hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will; Iustice hath liquor'd her. We steale as in a Castle, cocksure: we haue the receit of Fernseede, we walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand.
Thou shalt haue a share in our purpose,
As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a false Theefe.

Gad. Goe too: *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy Knaue. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.

Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued *Falstaffs* Horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prin. Stand close.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. *Poines, Poines*, and be hang'd *Poines*.

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe.

Fal. What *Poines*. *Hal*?

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Theefe company: that Rascall hath remoued my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I trauell but foure foot by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourely any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hang'd; it could not be else: I haue drunke Medicines. *Poines, Hal*, a Plague vpon you both. *Bardolph, Peto*: He starue ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threescore & ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another. *They Whistle.* Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Giue my Horse you Rogues: giue me my Horse, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fal. Haue you any Leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou lyest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horse, good Kings sonne.

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparants Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a iest is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poin. O 'tis our Setter. I know his voyce: *Bardolfe*, what newes?

Bar. Case ye, case ye; on with your Vizards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauern.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned* and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir *Iohn* Paunch

Fal. Indeed I am not *Iohn of Gaunt* your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, *Hal*.

Prin. Wee'l leaue that to the proofe.

Poin. Sirra Iacke, thy horse stands behinde the hedge, when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prin. *Ned*, where are our disguises?

Poin. Heere hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: euery man to his businesse

Enter Trauellers.

Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horses downe the hill: Wee'l walke a-foot a while, and ease our Legges.

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Iesu blesse vs.

Fal. Strike down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon fed Knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer---

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Bacons on, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, you are Grand Iurers, are ye. Wee'l iure ye i'faith.

Heere they rob them, and binde them. Exeunt the Prince and Poines.

Prin. The Theeues haue bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good iest for euer.

Poynes. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter Theeues againe.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horsse before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrand Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money

Poin. Villaines.

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set vpon them. They all run away, leauing the booty behind them.

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Theeues are scattred, and possest with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned*, *Falstaffe* sweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: were I not for laughing, I should pitty him.

Poin. How the Rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee well contented to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He

He could be contented: Why is he not then? in reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe. He ſhewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous.* Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to ſleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue named vncertaine, the Time it ſelfe vnforted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of ſo great an Oppoſition.* Say you ſo, ſay you ſo: I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine is this? I proteſt, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and conſtant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Froſty-ſpirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall courſe of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Raſcall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vnckle, and my Selfe, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendour*? Is there not beſides, the *Dowglas*? Haue I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan Raſcall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my ſelfe, and go to buffets, for mouing ſuch a diſh of skim'd Milk with ſo honourable an Action. Hang him: let him tell the King we are prepared. I will ſet forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I muſt leaue you within theſe two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A baniſh'd woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me (ſweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomacke, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleepe?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitt'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheekes?
And giuen my Treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thicke-ey'd muſing, and curſt melancholly?
In my faint-ſlumbers, I by thee haue watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of Iron Warres:
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou haſt talk'd
Of Sallies, and Retires: Trenches, Tents,
Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,
Of Baſiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin,
Of Priſoners ranſome, and of Souldiers ſlaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath beene ſo at Warre,
And thus hath ſo beſtirr'd thee in thy ſleepe,
That beds of ſweate hath ſtood vpon thy Brow,
Like bubbles in a late-diſturbed Streame;
And in thy face ſtrange motions haue appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtraine their breath
On ſome great ſodaine haſt. O what portents are theſe?
Some heauie buſineſſe hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it: elſe he loues me not.

Hot. What ho; Is *Gilliams* with the Packer gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe horſes frō the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horſe, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What Horſe? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not.

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roane ſhall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

La. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What ſay'ſt thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my Loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not ſuch a deale of Spleene, as you are toſſed with. In ſooth Ile know your buſineſſe *Harry*, that I will. I feare my Brother *Mortimer* doth ſtirre about his Title, and hath ſent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go———

Hot. So farre a foot, I ſhall be weary, Loue.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me directly vnto this queſtion that I ſhall aske. Indeede Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not,
I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world
To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We muſt haue bloodie Noſes, and crack'd Crownes,
And paſſe them currant too. Gods me, my horſe.
What ſay'ſt thou *Kate*? what wold'ſt thou haue with me?

La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed?
Well, do not then. For ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Do you not loue me?
Nay, tell me if thou ſpeak'ſt in ieſt, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſeback, I will ſweare
I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you *Kate*,
I muſt not haue you hencefoorth, queſtion me,
Whether I go: nor reaſon whereabout.
Whether I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This Euening muſt I leaue thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no further wiſe
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman: and for ſecrecie,
No Lady cloſer. For I will beleeue
Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'ſt not know,
And ſo farre wilt I truſt thee, gentle Kate.

La. How ſo farre?

Hot. Not an inch further. But harke you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too:
To day will I ſet forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It muſt of force. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. *Ned*, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines. Where haſt bene *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads; amongſt 3. or foureſcore Hogſheads. I haue ſounded the verie baſe ſtring of humility. Sirra, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom*, *Dicke*, and *Francis*. They take it already vpon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curteſie: telling me flatly I am no proud Iack like *Falſtaffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I ſhall command all the good Laddes in Eaſt-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then they

they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this penyworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and sixe pence*, and, *You are welcome*: with this shril addition, *Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the Halfe Moone*, or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: step aside, and Ile shew thee a President.

Poines. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon sir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe*.

Prince. Come hither *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth fiue yeares, and as much as to——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Fiue yeares: Berlady a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord sir, I would it had bene two.

Prin. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.

Fran. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your browne Bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What sir?

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call?

Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Looke to the Guests within. My Lord, olde Sir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore, *Poines*.

Enter Poines.

Poin. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match haue you made with this ieast of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselues humors, since the old dayes of goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That euer this Fellow should haue fewer words then a Parret, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is vp-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hotspurre of the North, he that killes me some sixe or seauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and saies to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet *Harry* sayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Risso*, sayes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poin. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile sowe nether stockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weauer, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Woolsacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prin. Why you horson round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and *Poines* there?

Prin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damn'd ere I call thee Coward: but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you

that

that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk'st last.

Falst. All's one for that. *He drinkes.* A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Falst. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, *Iack?* where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Prince. Speake sirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure set vpon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.

Gad. As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs.

Falst. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought yee with them all?

Falst. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde *Iack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered some of them.

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou sayd'st but two, euen now.

Falst. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he said foure.

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainely thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my Targuet, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falst. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

Falst. Dost thou heare me, *Hal?*

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iack.*

Falst. Doe so, for it is worth the listning too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hose.

Falst. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prin. O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

Falst. But as the Deuill would haue it, three mis-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let driue at me; for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

Prin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, grosse as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horson obscene greasie Tallow Catch.

Falst. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reason, *Iack*, your reason.

Falst. What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-presser, this Horse-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

Falst. Away you Starueling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-pissell, you stocke-fish: O for breth to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath you Bow-case, you vile standing tucke.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thou hast tyr'd thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus.

Poin. Marke Iacke.

Prin. We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can shew it you in the House. And *Falstaffe*, you carried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roar'd, as euer I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

Poines. Come, let's heare Iacke: What tricke hast thou now?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware Instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Instinct. I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Mony. Hostesse, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extemporie.

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. A, no more of that *Hal*, and thou louest me.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin.

Prin. How now my Lady the Hoſteſſe, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſteſſe. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would ſpeake with you: hee ſayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my Mother.

Falſt. What manner of man is hee?

Hoſteſſe. An old man.

Falſt. What doth Grauitie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke*.

Falſt. 'Faith, and Ile ſend him packing. *Exit.*

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought faire; ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol*: you are Lyons too, you ranne away vpon inſtinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ranne when I ſaw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid, hee would ſweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noſes with Spear-graſſe, to make them bleed, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeeres before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuices.

Prin. O Villaine, thou ſtoleſt a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore: thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe Meteors? doe you behold theſe Exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purſes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Heere comes leane *Iacke*, heere comes bare-bone. How now my ſweet Creature of Bombaſt, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine owne Knee?

Falſt. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waſte, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: heere was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your Father; you muſt goe to the Court in the Morning. That ſame mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and hee of Wales, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and ſwore the Deuill his true Liege-man vpon the Croſſe of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower*.

Falſt. *Owen*, *Owen*; the ſame, and his Sonne in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly Scot of Scots, *Dowglas*, that runnes a Horſe-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high ſpeede, and with a Piſtoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falſt. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falſt. Well, that Raſcall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a Raſcall art thou then, to prayſe him ſo for running?

Falſt. A Horſe-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſtinct.

Falſt. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: Well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew-Cappes more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffeting hold, wee ſhall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.

Falſt. By the Maſſe Lad, thou ſay'ſt true, it is like wee ſhall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three ſuch Enemyes againe, as that Fiend *Dowglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Deuill *Glendower*? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſt. Well thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practiſe an anſwere.

Prin. Doe thou ſtand for my Father, and examine mee vpon the particulars of my Life.

Falſt. Shall I? content: This Chayre ſhall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Ioyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falſt. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyſes* vaine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

Falſt. And heere is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Hoſteſſe. This is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Falſt. Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Hoſteſſe. O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

Falſt. For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene, For teares doe ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hoſteſſe. O rare, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as euer I ſee.

Falſt. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time; but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet Youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefely, a villanous trick of thine Eye, and a foolifh hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou ſo poynted at? Shall the bleſſed Sonne of Heauen proue a Micher, and eate Black-berryes? a queſtion not to bee aſkt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purſes? a queſtion to be aſkt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to

many

Meſſ. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.
Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?
Meſſ. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Phyſician.
Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt beene whole,
Ere he by ſickneſſe had beene viſited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.
Hotſp. Sicke now? droope now? this ſickneſs doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterpriſe,
'Tis catching hither, euen to our Campe.
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne:
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiſement,
That with our ſmall coniunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how Fortune is diſpos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainely poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?
Wor. Your Fathers ſickneſſe is a mayme to vs.
Hotſp. A perillous Gaſh, a very Limme lopt off:
And yet, in faith, it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall finde it.
Were it good, to ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one Caſt? To ſet ſo rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good: for therein ſhould we reade
The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope,
The very Liſt, the very vtmoſt Bound
Of all our fortunes.
Dowg. Faith, and ſo wee ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reuerſion.
We may boldly ſpend, vpon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retyrement liues in this.
Hotſp. A Rendeuous, a Home to flye vnto,
If that the Deuill and Miſchance looke bigge
Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here:
The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt
Brookes no diuiſion: It will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyaltie, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,
And breede a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For well you know, wee of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs:
This abſence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,
Before not dreamt of.
Hotſp. You ſtrayne too farre.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe:
It lends a Luſtre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome; with his helpe,
We ſhall o're-turne it topſie-turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.
Dowg. As heart can thinke:
There is not ſuch a word ſpoke of in Scotland,
As this Dreame of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotſp. My Couſin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soule.
Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Weſtmerland, ſeuen thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince *Iohn*.
Hotſp. No harme: what more?
Vern. And further, I haue learn'd,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hither-wards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mightie preparation.
Hotſp. He ſhall be welcome too.
Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades, that daſh the World aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Vern. All furniſht, all in Armes;
All plum'd like Eſtridges, that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,
As full of ſpirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-ſummer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,
His Cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fierie *Pegaſus*
And witch the World with Noble Horſemanſhip.
Hotſp. No more, no more,
Worſe then the Sunne in March:
This prayſe doth nouriſh Agues: let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of ſmoakie Warre,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh;
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horſe,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarſe?
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes:
I learned in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteene dayes.
Dowg. That's the worſt Tidings that I heare of
yet.
Wor. I, by my faith, that beares a frowſty ſound.
Hotſp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach
vnto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be;
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powres of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a muſter ſpeedily:
Doomes day is neere; dye all, dye merrily.
Dow. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.
Exeunt Omnes.

Scena

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolph.

Falſt. *Bardolph*, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers ſhall march through: wee'le to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you giue me Money, Captaine?

Falſt. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falſt. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it make twentie, take them all, Ile anſwere the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Falſt. If I be not aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowc't-Gurnet: I haue miſ-vs'd the Kings Preſſe damnably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſe-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: ſuch a Commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtruck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I preſt me none but ſuch Toſtes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: And now, my whole Charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sores; and ſuch, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſ-carded vniuſt Seruingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapſters and Oſtlers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them that haue bought out their ſeruices: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and preſt the dead bodyes. No eye hath ſeene ſuch skar-Crowes: Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a Heralds Coat, without ſleeues: and the Shirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolne from my Hoſt of S. Albones, or the Red-Noſe Inne-keeper of Dauintry But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prince. How now blowne *Iack?* how now Quilt?

Falſt. What *Hal?* How now mad Wag, what a Deuill do'ſt thou in Warwickſhire? My good Lord of Weſtmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir *Iohn*, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie. The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we muſt away all to Night.

Falſt. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Car, to ſteale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, *Iack*, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?

Falſt. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prince. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull Raſcals.

Falſt. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſtm. I, but Sir *Iohn*, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falſt. Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they had that; and for their bareneſſe, I am ſure they neuer learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But ſirra, make haſte, *Percy* is already in the field.

Falſt. What is the King encamp'd?

Weſtm. Hee is, Sir *Iohn*, I feare wee ſhall ſtay too long.

Falſt. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Gueſt.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hotſp. Wee'le fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Dowg. You giue him then aduantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hotſp. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Vern. So doe wee.

Hotſp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Worc. Good Couſin be aduis'd, ſtirre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Dowg. You doe not counſaile well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no ſlander, *Dowglas*: by my Life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,
If well-reſpected Honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſaile with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues.
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the Battell,
Which of vs feares.

Dowg. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotſp. To night, ſay I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading as you are
That you fore-ſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſe
Of my Couſin *Vernons* are not yet come vp,
Your Vncle *Worceſters* Horſe came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is aſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe.

Hotſp. So are the Horſes of the Enemie
In generall iourney bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Were. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods sake Cousin, stay till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.
Hotsp. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt:*
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of vs loue you well: and euen those some
Enuie your great deseruings, and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs like an Enemie.
Blunt. And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anoynted Maiestie.
But to my Charge.
The King hath sent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
You coniure from the Brest of Ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Cruelties. If that the King
Haue any way your good Deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed
You shall haue your desires, with interest;
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.
Hotsp. The King is kinde:
And well wee know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, my Vncle, and my selfe,
Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares:
And when he was not sixe and twentie strong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore vnminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mou'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him.
The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh:
And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;
Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This seeming Brow of Iustice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Fauorites, that the absent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,
When hee was personall in the Irish Warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hotsp. Then to the point.
In short time after, hee depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,
Who is, if euery Owner were plac'd,
Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ransome, to lye forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vncle from the Councell-Boord,
In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out
This Head of safetie; and withall, to prie
Into his Title: the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?
Hotsp. Not so, Sir *Walter.*
Wee'le with-draw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Vncle
Bring him our purpose: and so farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.
Hotsp. And 't may be, so wee shall.
Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, beare this sealed Briefe
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin *Scroope*, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste.
Sir Mich. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
The King, with mightie and quick-raysed Power,
Meetes with Lord *Harry:* and I feare, Sir *Michell*,
What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,
Whose Power was in the first proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,
And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.
Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *Mortimer.*
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir Mic. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*
And there is my Lord of Worcester,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,
The Noble Westmerland, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many moe Corriuals, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in Armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd
Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,
And to preuent the worst, Sir *Michell* speed;
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not, ere the King
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs:
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And, 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must go write againe
To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir *Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Aboue yon busky hill: the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.
Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaues,
Foretels a Tempest, and a blustring day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.
The Trumpet sounds.
Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet vpon such termes,
As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our trust,
And made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace,
To crush our old limbes in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you againe vnknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred Warre?
And moue in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent
Of broached Mischeefe, to the vnborne Times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I do protest,
I haue not sought the day of this dislike.
King. You haue not sought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your lookes
Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my staffe of Office did I breake
In *Richards* time, and poasted day and night
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of Lancaster,
To this, we sware our aide: But in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune showring on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the absent King,
What with the iniuries of wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the vnlucky Irish Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall sway into your hand;
Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster,
And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs so,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,
Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest,
Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulke,
That euen our Loue durst not come neere your sight
For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safety sake, to flye
Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes
As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe,
By vnkinde vsage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.
King. These things indeede you haue articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Crosses read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly Innouation:
And neuer yet did Insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:
Nor moody Beggars, starting for a time
Of pell-mell hauocke, and confusion.
Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world
In praise of *Henry Percie*: By my Hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I haue a Truant beene to Chiualry,
And so I heare, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to saue the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.
King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite

Do make against it: No good Worster, no,
We loue our people well; euen those we loue
That are misled vpon your Cousins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you; yea, euery man
Shall be my Friend againe, and I le be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduisedly.

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotspurre* both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,
For on their answer will we set on them;
And God befriend vs, as our cause is iust. *Exeunt.*

Manet Prince and Falstaffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell,
And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that frendship
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why, thou ow'st heauen a death.

Falst. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him
before his day. What needs I bee so forward with him,
that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes
me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come
on? How then? Can Honour set too a legge? No: or an
arme? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No.
Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Ho-
nour? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A
trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wednes-
day. Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it
insensible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not liue with
the liuing? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, there-
fore I le none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so
ends my Catechisme. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberall kinde offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all vndone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still and finde a time
To punish this offence in others faults:
Suposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who ne're so tame, so cherisht, and lock'd vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his Ancestors:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feede like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
My Nephewes trespasse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,
A haire-brain'd *Hotspurre*, gouern'd by a Spleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on
And his corruption being tane from vs,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliuer what you will, I le say 'tis so.
Heere comes your Cosin.

Enter Hotspurre.

Hot. My Vncle is return'd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland.
Vncle, what newe-?

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*: Go you and tell him so.

Dow. Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

Exit Dowglas.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our greeuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He cals vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown
A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth:
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell mee,
How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,
Vnlesse a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercise, and proofe of Armes.
He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valew'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his Wantonnesse.

Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie.
Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you haue to do,
That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,

Can

Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, heere are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot reade them now

O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long.
If life did ride vpon a Dials point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to treade on Kings:
If dye; braue death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Conſciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord prepare, the King comes on ſpeed.

Hot. I thanke him, that he curs me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his beſt. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whoſe worthy temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meete withall,
In the aduenture of this perilious day.
Now Eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on:
Sound all the lofty Inſtruments of Warre,
And by that Muſicke, let vs all imbrace:
For heauen to earth, ſome of vs neuer ſhall,
A ſecond time do ſuch a curteſie.

The embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King entereth with his power, alarum vnto the battell. Then enter Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battel thus y croſſeſt me?
What honor doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?

Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe: for inſted of thee King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as a Priſoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou ſhalt finde a King that will reuenge
Lords Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is ſlaine, then enters Hotſpur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumphed o re a Scot.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king

Hot. Where?

Dow. Heere.

Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelfe.

Dow. Ah foole: go with thy ſoule whether it goes,
A borrowed Title haſt thou bought too deere.
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wer't a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Vntill I meet the King

Hot. Vp, and away,
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairely for the day. *Exeunt*

Alarum, and enter Falſtaffe ſolus.

Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at London, I fear the ſhot heere: here's no ſcoring, but vpon the pate. Soft who are you? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you: here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I need no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I haue left my rag of Muffins where they are peppet'd: there's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? Lend me thy ſword.
Many a Nobleman likes ſtarke and ſtiffe
Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are vnreuenged. Prethy lend me thy ſword

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breath awhile:
Turke *Gregory* neuer did ſuch deeds in Armes as I haue done this day. I haue paid *Percy*, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay *Hal* if *Percy* bee aliue, thou getſt not my Sword but take my Piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: What, is it in the Caſe?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now. *Exit.*

Throwes it at him.

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him: if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me: I like not ſuch grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Giue mee life, which if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and there's an end. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Alarum, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*, go you with him.

P. Ioh. Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin I beſeech your Maieſty make vp,
Leaſt you retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do ſo:
My Lord of Weſtmerland leade him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;
And heauen forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue
The Prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtain'd Nobility lyes troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

Ioh. We breath too long: Come coſin Weſtmerland,
Our duty this way lies, for heauens ſake come

Prin By heauen thou haſt deceiu'd me Lancaſter,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit.
Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, *Iohn*;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my Soule.

King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne Warriour.

Prin. O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the *Dowglas*, fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?

King. The King himſelfe; who *Dowglas* grieues at hart

So

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very King. I haue two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe about the Field:
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.
Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeit:
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoere thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the K. being in danger,*
Enter Prince.
Prin. Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly, Stafford, Blunt*, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.
They Fight, Dowglas flyeth.
Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawsey* hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* straight.
King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.
Prin. O heauen, they did me too much iniury,
That euer said I hearkned to your death.
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,
Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And sau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.
K. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to Sir *Nicholas Gawsey*. *Exit*
Enter Hotspur.
Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.
Prin. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harrie Percie*.
Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come
To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Creft,
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*
Enter Falstaffe.
Fal. Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay you shall finde no
Boyes play heere, I can tell you.
Enter Dowglas he fights with Falstaffe, who fals down as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.
Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,
They wound my thoghts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought's the slaue of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could Prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No *Percy*, thou art dust
And food for——
Prin. For Wormes, braue *Percy*. Farewell great heart:
Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,
A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
For doing these fayre Rites of Tenderneſſe.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell:
I could haue better spar'd a better man.
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,
If I were much in loue with Vanity.
Death hath not strucke so fat a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percie* lye. *Exit.*
Falstaffe riseth vp.
Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morow,
'Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot,
had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the
counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But
to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life in-
deede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the
which better part, I haue saued my life. I am affraide of
this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee
should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid hee would
proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure:
yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as
well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie
sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh
come you along me. *Takes Hotspurre on his backe.*
Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.
Prin. Come Brother *Iohn*, full brauely hast thou flesht
thy Maiden sword.
Iohn. But soft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?
Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse and bleeding on the ground: Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.
Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but
if I be not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a Iacke: There is *Per-*
cy, if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him
kill the next *Percie* himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or
Duke, I can assure you.
Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead.
Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen
to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath,
and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought
a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee beleeu-
ued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare
the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death
I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were a-
liue, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece
of my sword.
Iohn. This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard.
Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *Iohn*.
Come

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
Ile gild it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

A Retreat is sounded.

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt*

Fal. Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that rewards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again, Ile grow leſſe? For Ile purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman ſhould do. *Exit*

Scæna Quarta.

The Trumpets ſound.
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with Worceſter & Vernon Priſoners.

King. Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited Worceſter, did we not ſend Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turne our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy Kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights vpon our party ſlaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou had'ſt truly borne
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my ſafety vrg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on mee.

King. Beare Worceſter to death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pauſe vpon.

Exit Worceſter and Vernon.

How goes the Field?

Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when hee ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble *Percy* ſlaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reſt;
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruiz'd
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then Brother *Iohn* of Lancaſter,
To you this honourable bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleaſure, ranſomleſſe and free:
His Valour ſhewne vpon our Creſts to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherriſh ſuch high deeds,
Euen in the boſome of our Aduerſaries.

King. Then this remaines: that we diuide our Power.
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my Couſin Weſtmerland
Towards Yorke ſhall bend you, with your deereſt ſpeed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are buſily in Armes.
My Selfe, and you Sonne *Harry* will towards Wales,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall loſe his way;
Meeting the Checke of ſuch another day:
And ſince this Buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,

Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

INDVCTION.

Enter Rumour.

OPen your Eares: For which of you will ſtop
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* ſpeakes?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping Weſt
(Making the winde my Poſt-horſe) ſtill vnfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in euery Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with falſe Reports:
I ſpeake of Peace, while couert Enmitie
(Vnder the ſmile of Safety) wounds the World:
And who but *Rumour*, who but onely I
Make fearfull Muſters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'ſt the bigge yeare, ſwolne with ſome other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the ſterne Tyrant, Warre,
And no ſuch matter? *Rumour*, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmiſes, Iealouſies, Coniectures;
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a ſtop,
That the blunt Monſter, with vncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant, wauering Multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what needs I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anathomize
Among my houſhold? Why is *Rumour* heere?
I run before King *Harries* victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
Hath beaten downe yong *Hotſpurre*, and his Troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To ſpeake ſo true at firſt? My Office is
To noyſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble *Hotſpurres* Sword:
And that the King, before the *Douglas* Rage
Stoop'd his Anoynted head, as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peaſant-Townes,
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hotſpurres* Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes craſty ſicke. The Poſtes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From *Rumours* Tongues,
They bring ſmooth-Comforts-falſe, worſe then True-wrongs. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keepes the Gate heere hoa?
Where is the Earle?
Por. What ſhall I ſay you are?
Bar. Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.
Por. His Lordſhip is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Pleaſe it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himſelfe will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle.
Nor. What newes Lord *Bardolfe*? Eu'ry minute now
Should be the Father of ſome Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horſe
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke looſe,
And beares downe all before him.
L.Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.
Nor. Good, and heauen will.
L.Bar. As good as heart can wiſh:
The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince *Harrie* ſlaine out-right: and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Douglas*. Yong Prince *Iohn*,
And Weſtmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.
And *Harrie Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *Iohn*)
Is priſoner to your Sonne. O, ſuch a Day,
(So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairely wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Cæſars* Fortunes.
Nor. How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
L.Bar. I ſpake with one (my L.) that came frō thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me theſe newes for true.
Nor. Heere comes my Seruant *Trauers*, whom I ſent
On Tueſday laſt, to liſten after Newes.

Enter Trauers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retaile from me.
Nor. Now *Trauers*, what good tidings comes frō you?

Tra. My Lord, Sir *Iohn Umfreuill* turn'd me backe
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rod me. After him, came spurring head
A Gentleman (almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed)
That ſtopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horſe.
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.
With that he gaue his able Horſe the head,
And bending forwards ſtrooke his able heeles
Againſt the panting ſides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running, to deuoure the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha? Againe:
Said he yong *Harrie Percyes* Spurre was cold?
(Of *Hot-Spurre*, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?

L.Bar. My Lord: Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a ſilken point
Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.

Nor. Why ſhould the Gentleman that rode by *Trauers*
Giue then ſuch inſtances of Loſſe?

L.Bar. Who, he?
He was ſome hielding Fellow, that had ſtolne
The Horſe he rode on: and vpon my life
Speake at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leafe,
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witneſt Vſurpation.
Say *Morton*, did'ſt thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his vgliеſt Maske
To fright our party.

North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
Thou trembl'ſt; and the whiteneſſe in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Euen ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſſe,
So dull, ſo dead in looke, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priams* Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my *Percies* death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This, thou would'ſt ſay: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Douglas*,
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to ſtop mine Eare indeed)
Thou haſt a Sigh, to blow away this Praiſe,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. *Douglas* is liuing, and your Brother, yea:
But for my Lord, your Sonne.

North. Why he is dead.
See what a ready tongue Suſpition hath:
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Inſtinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet ſpeake (*Morton*)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,
And I will take it, as a ſweet Diſgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me ſuch wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainſaid:
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

North. Yet for all this, ſay not that *Percies* dead.
I ſee a ſtrange Confeſſion in thine Eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it Feare, or Sinne,
To ſpeake a truth. If he be ſlaine, ſay ſo:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſinne that doth belye the dead:
Not he, which ſayes the dead is not aliue:
Yet the firſt bringer of vnwelcome Newes
Hath but a looſing Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds euer after as a ſullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

L.Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your ſon is dead.

Mor. I am ſorry, I ſhould force you to beleeue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not ſeene.
But theſe mine eyes, ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance, (wearied, and out-breath'd)
To *Henrie Monmouth*, whoſe ſwift wrath beate downe
The neuer-daunted *Percie* to the earth,
From whence (with life) he neuer more ſprung vp.
In few, his death (whoſe ſpirit lent a fire,
Euen to the dulleſt Peazant in his Campe)
Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away
From the beſt temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
For from his Mettle, was his Party ſteel'd;
Which once, in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelues, like dull and heauy Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heauy in it ſelfe,
Vpon enforcement, flyes with greateſt ſpeede,
So did our Men, heauy in *Harries* loſſe,
Lend to this weight, ſuch lightneſſe with their Feare,
That Arrowes fled not ſwifter toward their ayme,
Then did our Soldiers (aiming at their ſafety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worceſter
Too ſoone ta'ne priſoner: and that furious Scot,
(The bloody *Douglas*) whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vaile his ſtomacke, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The ſumme of all,
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaſter
And Weſtmerland. This is the Newes at full.

North. For this, I ſhall haue time enough to mourne.
In Poyſon, there is Phyſicke: and this newes
(Hauing beene well) that would haue made me ſicke,
Being ſicke, haue in ſome meaſure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whoſe Feauer-weakned ioynts,
Like ſtrengthleſſe Hindges, buckle vnder life,
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes: Euen ſo, my Limbes
(Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,
Are thrice themſelues. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
A ſcalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele
Muſt gloue this hand. And hence thou ſickly Quoife,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, fleſh'd with Conqueſt, ayme to hit.
Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach
The ragged'ſt houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.
Let Heauen kiſſe Earth: now let not Natures hand
Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,
And let the world no longer be a ſtage
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:
But let one ſpirit of the Firſt-borne *Caine*

Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being set
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
And darknesse be the burier of the dead. (Honor.

L.Bar. Sweet Earle, divorce not wisedom from your
Mor. The liues of all your loving Complices
Leane-on your health, the which if you giue-o're
To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.
You cast th'euent of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And summ'd the accompt of Chance, before you said
Let vs make head: It was your presurmize,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you say go forth: and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could restraine
The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?

L.Bar. We all that are engaged to this losse,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,
And since we are o're-set, venture againe.
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,

Mor. 'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:
The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp
With well appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes,
But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.
For that same word (Rebellion) did diuide
The action of their bodies, from their soules,
And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Turnes Insurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood
Of faire King *Richard*, scrap'd from Pomfret Bones,
Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause:
Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
Gasping for life, vnder great *Bullingbrooke*,
And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and councell euery man
The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doctor to my water?

Pag. He said sir, the water it selfe was a good healthy water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more diseases then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Seruice for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I haue no iudgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will sette you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vilde apparell, and send you backe againe to your Master, for a Iewell. The *Iuuenall* (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may finish it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet: he may keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man euer since his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said M. *Dombledon*, about the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He said sir, you should procure him better Assurance, then *Bardolfe*: he wold not take his Bond & yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horson *Achitophel*; a Rascally-yea-forsooth-knaue to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then stand vpon Secu[rity]. The horson smooth-pates doe now weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at their girdles: and if a man is through with them in honest Taking-vp, then they must stand vpon Securitie: I had as liefe they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should haue sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him. Where's *Bardolfe*?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horse in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.

Enter Chiefe Iustice, and Seruant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch.Iust. What's he that goes there?

Ser. *Falstaffe*, and't please your Lordship.

Iust. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some Charge, to the Lord *Iohn of Lancaster*.

Iust. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.

Iust. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

Ser. Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. What? a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is there not imployment? Doth not the K. lack subiects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on

on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to begge, then to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You miſtake me Sir.

Fal. Why ſir? Did I ſay you were an honeſt man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldierſhip aſide, I had lyed in my throat, if I had ſaid ſo.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then ſet your Knighthood and your Souldier-ſhip aſide, and giue mee leaue to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you ſay I am any other then an honeſt man.

Fal. I giue thee leaue to tell me ſo? I lay a-ſide that which growes to me? If thou get'ſt any leaue of me, hang me: if thou tak'ſt leaue, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter, hence: Auant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would ſpeake with you.

Iuſt. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: giue your Lordſhip good time of the day I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip abroad: I heard ſay your Lordſhip was ſicke. I hope your Lordſhip goes abroad by aduiſe. Your Lordſhip (though not clean paſt your youth) hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you: ſome reliſh of the ſaltneſſe of Time, and I moſt humbly beſeech your Lordſhip to haue a reuerend care of your health.

Iuſt. Sir *Iohn*, I ſent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsburie.

Fal. If it pleaſe your Lordſhip, I heare his Maieſtie is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from Wales.

Iuſt. I talke not of his Maieſty: you would not come when I ſent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreouer, his Highneſſe is falne into this ſame whorſon Apoplexie. (yon.

Iuſt. Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me ſpeak with

Fal. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargie, a ſleeping of the blood, a horſon Tingling.

Iuſt. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originall from much greefe; from ſtudy and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the cauſe of his effects in *Galen*. It is a kinde of deafeneſſe.

Iuſt. I thinke you are falne into the diſeaſe: For you heare not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't pleaſe you) it is the diſeaſe of not Liſtning, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Iuſt. To puniſh you by the heeles, would amend the attention of your eares, & I care not if I be your Phyſitian

Fal. I am as poore as *Iob*, my Lord; but not ſo Patient: your Lordſhip may miniſter the Potion of impriſonment to me in reſpect of Pouertie: but how I ſhould bee your Patient, to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or indeede, a ſcruple it ſelfe.

Iuſt. I ſent for you (when there were matters againſt you for your life) to come ſpeake with me.

Fal. As I was then aduiſed by my learned Councel, in the lawes of this Land-ſeruice, I did not come.

Iuſt. Well, the truth is (ſir *Iohn*) you liue in great infamy

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cánot liue in leſſe.

Iuſt. Your Meanes is very ſlender, and your waſt great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waſte ſlenderer.

Iuſt. You haue miſled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath miſled mee. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Iuſt. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your dales ſeruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-poſting that Action.

Fal. My Lord? (Wolfe

Iuſt. But ſince all is well, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to ſmell a Fox.

Iu. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out

Fal. A Waſſell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

Iuſt. There is not a white haire on your face, but ſhold haue his effect of grauity.

Fal. His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

Iuſt You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like his euill Angell.

Fal. Not ſo (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in ſome reſpects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of ſo little regard in theſe Coſtermongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard. Pregnancie is made a Tapſter, and hath his quicke wit waſted in giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age ſhapes them) are not woorth a Gooſeberry. You that are old, conſider not the capacities of vs that are yong: you meaſure the heat of our Liuers, with the bitterneſs of your gals: & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſſe, are wagges too.

Iuſt. Do you ſet downe your name in the ſcrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charracters of age? Haue you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheeke? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increſing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde ſhort? your wit ſingle? and euery part about you blaſted with Antiquity? and wil you cal your ſelfe yong? Fy, fy, fy, ſir *Iohn*.

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & ſomthing a round belly. For my voice, I haue loſt it with hallowing and ſinging of Anthemes. To approue my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderſtanding: and he that will caper with mee for a thouſand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue at him. For the boxe of th'eare that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a ſenſible Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in aſhes and ſack-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Iuſt. Wel, heauen ſend the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heauen ſend the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Iuſt. Well, the King hath ſeuer'd you and Prince *Harry*, I heare you are going with Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter, againſt the Archbiſhop, and the Earle of Northumberland

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty ſweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kiſſe my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies ioyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I meane not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but my Bottle, would I might neuer ſpit white againe: There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thruſt vpon it. Well, I cannot laſt euer.

Iuſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and heauen bleſſe your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordſhip lend mee a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Iuſt. Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impotient to beare croſſes. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Cofin Weſtmerland.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more ſeparate Age and Couetouſneſſe, then he can part yong limbes and letchery: but the Gowt galles the

one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the Degrees preuent my curses. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seuen groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incureable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris *Vrsula*, whome I haue weekly sworne to marry, since I perceiu'd the first white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne diseases to commodity. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our causes, & kno our Means:
And my most noble Friends, I pray you all
Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes;
And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How (in our Meanes) we should aduance our selues
To looke with forhead bold and big enough
Vpon the Power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present Musters grow vpon the File
To fiue and twenty thousand men of choice:
And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes
With an incensed Fire of Iniuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord *Hastings*) standeth thus
Whether our present fiue and twenty thousand
May hold-vp-head, without Northumberland:

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought to feeble,
My iudgement is, we should not step too farre
Till we had his Assistance by the hand.
For in a Theame so bloody fac'd, as this,
Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmise
Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord *Bardolfe*, for indeed
It was yong *Hotspurres* case, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply,
Flatt'ring himselfe with Project of a power,
Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts,
And so with great imagination
(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But (by your leaue) it neuer yet did hurt,
To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre,
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,
Liues so in hope: As in an early Spring,
We see th'appearing buds, which to proue fruite,
Hope giues not so much warrant, as Dispaire
That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build,
We first suruey the Plot, then draw the Modell,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the Erection,
Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell
In fewer offices? Or at least, desist
To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,
(Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And set another vp) should we suruey
The plot of Situation, and the Modell;
Consent vpon a sure Foundation:
Question Surueyors, know our owne estate,
How able such a Worke to vndergo,
To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
Vsing the Names of men, instead of men:
Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house
Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through)
Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Cost
A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds,
And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)
Should be still-borne, and that we now possest
The vtmost man of expectation:
I thinke we are a Body strong enough
(Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but fiue & twenty thousand?

Hast. To vs no more: nay not so much Lord *Bardolfe*.
For his diuisions (as the Times do braul)
Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,
And one against *Glendower*: Perforce a third
Must take vp vs: So is the vnfirme King
In three diuided: and his Coffers sound
With hollow Pouerty, and Emptinesse.

Ar. That he should draw his seuerall strengths togither
And come against vs in full puissance
Need not be dreaded

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch
Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland:
Against the Welsh himselfe, and *Harrie Monmouth*.
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I haue no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on:
And publish the occasion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice,
Their ouer-greedy loue hath surfetted:
An habitation giddy, and vnsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applause
Did'st thou beate heauen with blessing *Bullingbrooke*,
Before he was, what thou would'st haue him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires,
Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him,
That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp
So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge
Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall *Richard*,
And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit vp,
And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times?
They, that when *Richard* liu'd, would haue him dye,
Are now become enamour'd on his graue:
Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on,
After th'admired heeles of *Bullingbrooke*,
Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King agine,

And

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
"*Paſt, and to Come, ſeemes beſt; things Preſent, worſt.*
Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?
Haſt. We are Times ſubiects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Hoſteſſe, with two Officers. Fang, and Snare
Hoſteſſe. Mr. *Fang*, haue you entred the Action?
Fang. It is enter'd.
Hoſteſſe. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a luſty yeoman? Will he ſtand to it?
Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare*?
Hoſteſſe. I, I, good M. *Snare*.
Snare. Heere, heere.
Fang. *Snare*, we muſt Arreſt Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.
Hoſt. I good M. *Snare*, I haue entred him, and all.
Sn. It may chance coſt ſome of vs our liues: he wil ſtab
Hoſteſſe. Alas the day: take heed of him: he ſtabd me in mine owne houſe, and that moſt beaſtly: he cares not what miſcheefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will foyne like any diuell, he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor childe.
Fang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.
Hoſteſſe. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow
Fang. If I but fiſt him once: if he come but within my Vice.
Hoſt. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitiue thing vpon my ſcore. Good M. *Fang* hold him ſure: good M. *Snare* let him not ſcape, he comes continuantly to Py-Corner (ſauing your manhoods) to buy a ſaddle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombard-ſtreet, to M. *Smoothes* the Silkman. I pra'ye, ſince my Exion is enter'd, and my Caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer: A 100. Marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'd off, and fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, vnles a woman ſhould be made an Aſſe and a Beaſt, to beare euery Knaues wrong. *Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolfe.* Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmeſey-Noſe *Bardolfe* with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. *Fang*, & M. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.
Fal. How now? whoſe Mare's dead? what's the matter?
Fang. Sir *Iohn*, I arreſt you, at the ſuit of Miſt. *Quickly*.
Falſt. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe*: Cut me off the Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.
Hoſt. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue. Murder, murder, O thou Hony-ſuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? O thou hony-ſeed Rogue, thou art a honyſeed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.
Falſt. Keep them off, *Bardolfe*. *Fang.* A reſcu, a reſcu.
Hoſt. Good people bring a reſcu. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempſeed
Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fuſtilirian: Ile tucke your Cataſtrophe. *Enter. Ch. Iuſtice.*
Iuſt. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.
Hoſt. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beſeech you ſtand to me.
Ch. Iuſt. How now ſir *Iohn*? What are you brauling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſſe? You ſhould haue bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'ſt vpon him?
Hoſt. Oh my moſt worſhipfull Lord, and t'pleaſe your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eaſtcheap, and he is arreſted at my ſuit. *Ch. Iuſt.* For what ſumme?
Hoſt. It is more then for ſome (my Lord) it is for all: all I haue, he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; hee hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his: but I will haue ſome of it out againe, or I will ride thee o Nights, like the Mare.
Falſt. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue any vantage of ground, to get vp.
Ch. Iuſt. How comes this, Sir *Iohn*? Fy, what a man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? Are you not aſham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to ſo rough a courſe, to come by her owne?
Falſt. What is the groſſe ſumme that I owe thee?
Hoſt. Marry (if thou wer't an honeſt man) thyſelfe, & the mony too. Thou didſt ſweare to mee vpon a parcell gilt Goblet, ſitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a ſea-cole fire, on Wedneſday in Whitſon week, when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a ſinging man of Windſor; Thou didſt ſweare to me then (as I was waſhing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my Lady thy wife. Canſt y deny it? Did not good wife *Keech* the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me goſſip *Quickly*? comming in to borrow a meſſe of Vinegar: telling vs, ſhe had a good diſh of Prawnes: whereby ỹ didſt deſire to eat ſome: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didſt not thou (when ſhe was gone downe ſtaires) deſire me to be no more familiar with ſuch poore people, ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me Madam? And did'ſt ỹ not kiſſe me, and bid mee fetch thee 30. s? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canſt.
Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad ſoule: and ſhe ſayes vp & downe the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you. She hath bin in good caſe. & the truth is, pouerty hath diſtracted her: but for theſe rooliſh Officers, I beſeech you, I may haue redreſſe againſt them.
Iuſt. Sir *Iohn*. ſir *Iohn*. I am well acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cauſe, the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with ſuch (more then impudent) ſawcines from you, can thruſt me from a leuell conſideration, I know you ha' practis'd vpon the eaſie-yeelding ſpirit of this woman.
Hoſt. Yes in troth my Lord.
Iuſt. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do with ſterling mony, & the other with currant repentance.
Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this ſneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcineſſe: If a man wil curt'ſie, and ſay nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remẽbred) I will not be your ſutor. I ſay to you, I deſire deliu'rance from theſe Officers being vpon haſty employment in the Kings Affaires.
Iuſt. You ſpeake, as hauing power to do wrong: But anſwer in the effect of your Reputation, and ſatisfie the poore woman.
Falſt. Come hither Hoſteſſe. *Enter M. Gower*
Ch. Iuſt. Now Maſter *Gower*; What newes?
Gow. The King (my Lord) and *Henrie* Prince of Wales Are neere at hand: The reſt the Paper telles.
Falſt. As I am a Gentleman.
Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.
Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it
Hoſt. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I muſt be faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapiſtry of my dyning Chambers.

Falſt.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the onely drinking: and for thy walles a pretty ſlight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane-hunting in Waterworke, is worth a thouſand of theſe Bed-hangings, and theſe Fly-bitten Tapiſtries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canſt.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou muſt not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Prethee (Sir *Iohn*) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earneſt la.

Fal. Let it alone, Ile make other ſhift: you'l be a fool ſtill.

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall haue it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I liue? Go with her, with her: hooke-on, hooke-on.

Hoſt. Will you haue *Doll Teare-ſheet* meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's haue her.

Ch. Iuſt. I haue heard bitter newes.

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. Iu. Where lay the King laſt night?

Meſ. At Baſingſtoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. Iuſt. Come all his Forces backe?

Meſ. No: Fifteene hundred Foot, fiue hundred Horſe Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland, and the Archbiſhop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Waies, my noble L?

Ch. Iuſt. You ſhall haue Letters of me preſently. Come, go along with me, good M. *Gowre.*

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Iuſt. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter *Gowre*, ſhall I entreate you with mee to dinner?

Gow. I muſt waite vpon my good Lord heere. I thanke you, good Sir *Iohn.*

Ch. Iuſt. Sir *Iohn*, you loyter heere too long being you are to take Soulditrs vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, Maſter *Gowre*?

Ch. Iuſt. What fooliſh Maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir *Iohn*?

Fal. Maſter *Gower*; if they become mee not, hee was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and ſo part faire.

Ch. Iuſt. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durſt not haue attach'd one of ſo high blood.

Prin. Ie doth me: though it diſcolours the complexion of my Greatneſſe to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vildely in me, to deſire ſmall Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weake a Compoſition.

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede theſe humble conſiderations make me out of loue with my Greatneſſe. What a diſgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silke ſtockings y haſt? (Viz. theſe, and thoſe that were thy peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluity, and one other, for vſe. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou keepſt not Racket there, as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy Low Countries, haue made a ſhift to eate vp thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you haue labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talke ſo idlely? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do ſo, their Fathers lying ſo ſicke, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Pointz*?

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It ſhall ſerue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to: I ſtand the puſh of your one thing, that you'l tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I ſhould be ſad now my Father is ſicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poin. Very hardly vpon ſuch a ſubiect.

Prin. Thou think'ſt me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as thou, and *Falſtaffe*, for obduracie and perſiſtencie. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is ſo ſicke: and keeping ſuch vild company as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me, all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poin. The reaſon?

Prin. What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhold weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a moſt Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be euery mans thought: and thou art a bleſſed Fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes: neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better then thine: euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your moſt worſhipful thought to thinke ſo?

Poin. Why, becauſe you haue beene ſo lewde, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaffe*.

Prin. And to thee.

Pointz. Nay, I am well ſpoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worſt that they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands: and thoſe two things I confeſſe I cannot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes *Bardolfe*.

Prince. And the Boy that I gaue *Falſtaffe*, he nad him from me Chriſtian, and ſee it the fat villain haue not transform'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Saue your Grace.

Prin. And yours, moſt Noble *Bardolfe*.

Poin. Come you pernitious Aſſe, you baſhfull Foole, muſt you be bluſhing? Wherefore bluſh you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could diſcerne no part of his face from the window.

window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, & peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horson vpright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you rascally *Althea* dreame, away.

Prin. Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

Page. Marry (my Lord) *Althea* dream'd, she was deliuer'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.

Poin. O that this good Blossome could bee kept from Cankers: Well, there is six pence to preserue thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallowes shall be wrong'd.

Prince. And how doth thy Master, *Bardolph*?

Bar. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Poin. Deliuer'd with good respect: And how doth the Martlemas, your Master?

Bard. In bodily health Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needes a Physitian: but that moues not him: though that bee sicke, it dyes not.

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with me, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Poin. Letter. *John Falstaffe Knight*: (Euery man must know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe:) Euen like those that are kinne to the King: for they neuer pricke their finger, but they say, there is som of the kings blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes vpon him not to conceiue? the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap: I am the Kings poore Cosin, Sir.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they will fetch it from *Iaphet*. But to the Letter: ——*Sir John Falstaffe, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neerest his Father, Harrie Prince of Wales, greeting.*

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie:

Poin. Sure he meanes breuity in breath: short-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Bee not too familiar with* Poynz, *for hee misuses thy Fauours so much, that he swearcs thou art to marrie his Sister* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou vsest him. Iacke Falstaffe *with my Familiars:*
Iohn *with my Brothers and Sisters: & Sir* Iohn, *with all Europe.*

My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Sack, and make him eate it.

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you vse me thus *Ned*? Must I marry your Sister?

Poin. May the Wench haue no worse Fortune. But I neuer said so.

Prin. Well; thus we play the Fooles with the time & the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is your Master heere in London?

Bard. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where supps he? Doth the old Sore, feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.

Prin. What Company?

Page. Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Mistris *Quickly*, and M *Doll Teare-sheet.*

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman of my Masters.

Prin. Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?
Shall we steale vpon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

Poin. I am your shadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Master that I am yet in Towne.
There's for your silence.

Bar. I haue no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.
This *Doll Teare sheet* should be some Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we see *Falstaffe* bestow himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our selues be seene?

Poin Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A heauie declension: It was Ioues case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low transformation, that shall be mine: for in euery thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned.* *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie.

North. I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:
Put not you on the visage of the Times,
And be like them to Percie, troublesome.

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will speak no more,
Do what you will: your Wisedome, be your guide.

North. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heauens sake, go not to these Warrs;
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endeer'd to it, then now,
When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere *Harry*,
Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father
Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.
Who then perswaded you to stay at home?
There were two Honors lost; Yours, and your Sonnes.
For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it:
For His, it stucke vpon him, as the Sunne
In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light
Did all the Cheualrie of England moue
To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse
Wherein the Noble-Youth did dresse themselues.
He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate:
And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)
Became the Accents of the Valiant.
For those that could speake low, and tardily,
Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse,
To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

He was the Marke, and Glaſſe, Coppy, and Booke,
That faſhion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue
(Second to none) vn-ſeconded by you,
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,
In diſ-aduantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the ſound of *Hotſpurs* Name
Did ſeeme defenſible: ſo you left him.
Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your Honor more preciſe and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marſhall and the Arch-biſhop are ſtrong.
Had my ſweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hotſpurs* Necke)
Haue talk'd of *Monmouth's* Graue.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient Ouer-ſights.
But I muſt goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will ſeeke me in another place,
And finde me worſe prouided.

Wife. O flye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Haue of their Puiſſance made a little taſte.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength ſtronger. But, for all our loues,
Firſt let them try themſelues. So did your Sonne,
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a Widow:
And neuer ſhall haue length of Life enough,
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and ſprowt, as high as Heauen,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde, ſwell'd vp vnto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neyther way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-biſhop,
But many thouſand Reaſons hold me backe.
I will reſolue for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Drawer.* What haſt thou brought there? Apple-Iohns? Thou know'ſt Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple-Iohn.

2. *Draw.* Thou ſay'ſt true: the Prince once ſet a Diſh of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were fiue more Sir *Iohns*: and, putting off his Hat, ſaid, I will now take my leaue of theſe ſixe drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then couer, and ſet them downe: and ſee if thou canſt finde out *Sneakes* Noyſe; Miſtris *Tearſheet* would faine haue ſome Muſique.

2. *Draw.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Maſter *Points*, anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins, and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* muſt not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* Then here will be old *Vſis*: it will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2. *Draw.* Ile ſee if I can finde out *Sneake*. *Exit.*

Enter Hoſteſſe, and Dol.

Hoſt. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie: your Pulſidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would deſire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Roſe: But you haue drunke too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous ſearching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can ſay what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Hoſt. Why that was well ſaid: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Falſt. When Arthur firſt in Court—(emptie the Iordan) *and was a worthy King*: How now Miſtris *Dol*?

Hoſt. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-ſooth.

Falſt. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddie Raſcall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falſt. You make fat Raſcalls, Miſtris *Dol*.

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Falſt. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diſeaſes (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Iewels.

Falſt. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to ſerue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgerie brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd-Chambers brauely.

Hoſt. Why this is the olde faſhion: you two neuer meete, but you fall to ſome diſcord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Toſtes, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One muſt beare, and that muſt bee you: you are the weaker Veſſell; as they ſay, the emptier Veſſell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Veſſell beare ſuch a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you haue not ſeene a Hulke better ſtufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee *Iacke*: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I ſhall euer ſee thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient *Piſtoll* is below, and would ſpeake with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering Raſcall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'dſt Rogue in England.

Hoſt. If hee ſwagger, let him not come here: I muſt liue amongſt my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very beſt: ſhut the doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I haue not liu'd all this while, to haue ſwaggering now: ſhut the doore, I pray you.

Falſt. Do'ſt thou heare, Hoſteſſe?

Hoſt. Pray you pacifie your ſelfe (Sir *Iohn*) there comes no Swaggerers heere.

Falſt. Do'ſt

Falſt. Do'ſt thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally (Sir *Iohn*) neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Maſter *Tiſick* the Deputie, the other day: and as hee ſaid to me, it was no longer agoe then Wedneſday laſt: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes hee;) Maſter *Dombe*, our Miniſter, was by then: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes hee) receiue thoſe that are Ciuill; for (ſayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon: for (ſayes hee) you are an honeſt Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Gueſts you receiue: Receiue (ſayes hee) no swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would bleſſe you to heare what hee ſaid. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Falſt. Hee's no Swaggerer (Hoſteſſe:) a tame Cheater, hee: you may ſtroke him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not ſwagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him vp (Drawer.)

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honeſt man my houſe, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue ſwaggering; I am the worſe when one ſayes, ſwagger: Feele Maſters, how I ſhake: looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Aſpen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Piſtol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Piſt. 'Saue you, Sir *Iohn*.

Falſt. Welcome Ancient *Piſtol*. Here (*Piſtol*) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you diſcharge vpon mine Hoſteſſe.

Piſt. I will diſcharge vpon her (Sir *Iohn*) with two Bullets.

Falſt. She is Piſtoll-proofe (Sir) you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt Come: Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you (Miſtris *Dorothie*) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I ſcorne you (ſcuruie Companion) what? you poore, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Maſter.

Piſt. I know you, Miſtris *Dorothie*.

Dol. Away you Cut-purſe Raſcall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thruſt my Knife in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the ſawcie Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Raſcall, you Basket-hilt ſtale Iugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your ſhoulder? much.

Piſt. I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

Hoſt. No, good Captaine *Piſtol*: not heere, ſweete Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them. You a Captaine? you ſlaue, for what? for rearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-houſe? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie ſtew'd-Prunes, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? Theſe Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. 'Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falſt. Hearke thee hither, Miſtris *Dol*.

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Piſt. Ile ſee her damn'd firſt: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde alſo. Hold Hooke and Line, ſay I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good Captaine *Peeſel* be quiet, it is very late: I beſeeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horſes, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Aſia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Cæſar*, and with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare: ſhall wee fall foule for Toyes?

Hoſt. By my troth Captaine, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Piſt. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes: Haue we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. On my word (Captaine) there's none ſuch here. What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denye her? I pray be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis*.) Come, giue me ſome Sack, *Si fortune me tormente ſperato me contente*. Feare wee broad-ſides? No, let the Fiend giue fire: Giue me ſome Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet Knight, I kiſſe thy Neaſe: what? wee haue ſeene the ſeuen Starres.

Dol. Thruſt him downe ſtayres, I cannot endure ſuch a Fuſtian Raſcall.

Piſt. Thruſt him downe ſtayres? know we not Galloway Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a ſhoue-groat ſhilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but ſpeake nothing, hee ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe ſtayres.

Piſt. What? ſhall wee haue Inciſion? ſhall wee embrew? then Death rocke me aſleepe, abridge my doleſull dayes: why then let grieuous, gaſtly, gaping Wounds, vntwin'd the Siſters three: Come *Atropos*, I ſay.

Hoſt. Here's good ſtuffe toward.

Fal. Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee *Iack*, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe ſtayres.

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forſweare keeping houſe, before Ile be in theſe tirrits, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee *Iack*, be quiet, the Raſcall is gone: ah, you whorſon little valiant Villaine, you.

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i'th' Groyne? me thought hee made a ſhrewd thruſt at your Belly.

Fal. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Raſcall's drunke: you haue hurt (Sir) in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A Raſcall to braue me.

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorſon Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou

art

art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth fiue of *Agamemnon*, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A raſcally Slaue, I will toſſe the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: if thou doo'ſt, Ile canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Muſique.

Page. The Muſique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Raſcall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-ſiluer.

Dol. And thou followd'ſt him like a Church: thou whorſon little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Poines diſguis'd.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol*) doe not ſpeake like a Deaths-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: hee would haue made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They ſay *Poines* hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tewkſburie Muſtard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their Legges are both of a bigneſſe: and hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinkes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpon Ioyn'd-ſtooles, and ſweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very ſmooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and breedes no bate with telling of diſcreete ſtories: and ſuch other Gamboll faculties hee hath, that ſhew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himſelfe is ſuch another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their *Haber-de-pois*.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not ſtrange, that Deſire ſhould ſo many yeeres out-liue performance?

Fal. Kiſſe me *Dol.*

Prince. *Saturne* and *Venus* this yeere in Coniunction? What ſayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie *Trigon*, his Man, be not liſping to his Maſters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'ſt giue me flatt'ring Buſſes.

Dol. Nay truely, I kiſſe thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue ere a ſcuruie young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I ſhall receiue Money on Thurſday: thou ſhalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late, wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt ſet me a weeping, if thou ſay'ſt ſo: proue that euer I dreſſe my ſelfe handſome, till thy re-turne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis*.

Prin. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Baſtard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou *Poines*, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of ſinfull Continents, what a Life do'ſt thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hoſt. Oh, the Lord preſerue thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen bleſſe that ſweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorſon mad Compound of Maieſtie: by this light Fleſh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I ſcorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorſon Candle-myne you, how vildly did you ſpeake of me euen now, before this honeſt, vertuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhe is by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not ſo: I did not thinke, thou waſt within hearing.

Prince. I ſhall driue you then to confeſſe the wilfull abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe (*Hall*) on mine Honor, no abuſe.

Prince. Not to diſpraiſe me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe (*Hal*)

Poin. No abuſe?

Fal. No abuſe (*Ned*) in the World: honeſt *Ned* none. I diſprais'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and thy Father is to giue me thankes for it. No abuſe (*Hal*:) none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardiſe, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to cloſe with vs? Is ſhee of the Wicked? Is thine Hoſteſſe heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honeſt *Bardolph* (whoſe Zeale burnes in his Noſe) of the Wicked?

Poin. Anſwere thou dead Elme, anſwere.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecouerable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Priuy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but roſt Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, ſhee is in Hell already, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether ſhee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No.

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment vpon thee, for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Host. All Victuallers doe so: What is a Ioynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What sayes your Grace?

Falst. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebells against.

Host. Who knocks so lowd at doore? Looke to the doore there, *Francis*?

Enter Peto.

Prince. *Peto*, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster,
And there are twentie weake and wearied Postes,
Come from the North: and as I came along,
I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes,
And asking euery one for Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Prince. By Heauen (*Peines*) I feele me much to blame,
So idly to prophane the precious time,
When Tempest of Commotion, like the South,
Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads.
Giue me my Sword, and Cloake:
Falstaffe, good night. *Exit.*

Falst. Now comes in the sweetest Morsell of the night, and wee must hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently,
A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you.

Falst. Pay the Musitians, Sirrha: farewell Hostesse, farewell *Dol*. You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after: the vndeseruer may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie to burst--- Well (sweete *Iacke*) haue a care of thy selfe.

Falst. Farewell, farewell. *Exit.*

Host. Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come Peascod-time: but an honester, and truer-hearted man---- Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mistris *Teare-sheet*.

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistris *Teare-sheet* come to my Master.

Host. Oh runne *Dol*, runne: runne, good *Dol*.
Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick:
but ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters,
and well consider of them: make good speed. *Exit.*

How many thousand of my poorest Subiects
Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse?
Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in smoakie Cribs,
Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee,
And huisht with buzzing Night, flyes to thy slumber,
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
Vnder the Canopies of costly State,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?
O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the vilde,
In loathsome Beds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch,
A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell?
Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast,
Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the visitation of the Windes,
Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes?
Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude:
And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,
With all appliances, and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
Vneasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)
Haue you read o're the Letters that I sent you?

War. We haue (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome,
How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow,
And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good aduice, and little Medicine:
My Lord *Northumberland* will soone be cool'd.

King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Booke of Fate,
And see the reuolution of the Times
Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent
(Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe
Into the Sea: and other Times, to see
The beachie Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes; how Chances mocke
And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration
With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,
Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends,
Did feast together; and in two yeeres after,
Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since,
This *Percie* was the man, neerest my Soule,
Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires,
And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot:
Yea, for my sake, euen to the eyes of *Richard*
Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by
(You Cousin *Neuil*, as I may remember)
When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares,
(Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)
Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie:)
Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

My

My Couſin *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my Throne:
(Though then, Heauen knowes, I had no ſuch intent,
But that neceſſitie ſo bow'd the State,
That I and Greatneſſe were compell'd to kiſſe:)
The Time ſhall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: ſo went on,
Fore-telling this ſame Times Condition,
And the diuiſion of our Amitie.

War. There is a Hiſtorie in all mens Liues,
Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd:
The which obſerued, a man may prophecie
With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
And weake beginnings lye entreaſured:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the neceſſarie forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect gueſſe,
That great *Northumberland*, then falſe to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falſeneſſe,
Which ſhould not finde a ground to roote vpon,
Vnleſſe on you.

King. Are theſe things then Neceſſities?
Then let vs meete them like Neceſſities:
And that ſame word, euen now cryes out on vs:
They ſay, the Biſhop and *Northumberland*
Are fiftie thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord:)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,
The numbers of the feared. Pleaſe it your Grace
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you already haue ſent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I haue receiu'd
A certaine inſtance, that *Glendour* is dead.
Your Maieſtie hath beene this fort-night ill,
And theſe vnſeaſon'd howres perforce muſt adde,
Vnto your Sickneſſe.

King. I will take your counſaile:
And were theſe inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfe.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your Hand, Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early ſtirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Couſin *Silence?*

Sil. Good-morrow, good Couſin *Shallow.*

Shal. And how doth my Couſin, your Bed-fellow? and your faireſt Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter *Ellen?*

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Couſin *Shallow.*)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay my Couſin *William* is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford ſtill, is hee not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my coſt.

Shal. Hee muſt then to the Innes of Court ſhortly: I was once of *Clements* Inne; where (I thinke) they will talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd luſtie *Shallow* then (Couſin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *Iohn Doit* of Staffordſhire, and blacke *George Bare*, and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot-ſal-man, you had not foure ſuch Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of Court againe: And I may ſay to you, wee knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the beſt of them all at commandement. Then was *Iacke Falſtaffe* (now Sir *Iohn*) a Boy, and Page to *Thomas* of *Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolke.

Sil. This Sir *Iohn* (Couſin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir *Iohn*, the very ſame: I ſaw him breake *Scoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was a Crack, not thus high: and the very ſame day did I fight with one *Sampſon Stock-fiſh*, a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes-Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee ſhall all follow (Couſin.)

Shal. Certaine: 'tis certaine: very ſure, very ſure: Death is certaine to all, all ſhall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?

Sil. Truly Couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne liuing yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, ſee: hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee ſhot a fine ſhoote. *Iohn* of Gaunt loued him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelue-ſcore, and carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart good to ſee. How a ſcore of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a ſcore of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde *Double* dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *Iohn Falſtaffes* Men (as I thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honeſt Gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Iuſtice *Shallow?*

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Eſquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iuſtices of the Peace: What is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you: my Captaine, Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe:* a tall Gentleman, and a moſt gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well. (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid Sir; and it is well ſaid, indeede, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is it: good phraſes are ſurely, and euery where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo:* very good, a good Phraſe.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phraſe call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phraſe: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is (as they ſay) accommodated: or, when a man is, being whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Shal. It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir *Iohn*. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. *Robert Shallow*: Master *Sure-card* as I thinke?

Shal. No sir *Iohn*, it is my Cosin *Silence*: in Commission with mee.

Fal. Good M. *Silence*, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you prouided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry haue we sir: Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so: yea marry Sir, *Raphe Mouldie*: let them appeare as I call: let them do so, let them do so: Let mee see, Where is *Mouldie*?

Moul. Heere if it please you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sir *Iohn*) a good limb'd fellow: yong, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie*?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldie, lacke vse: very singular good. Well saide Sir *Iohn*, very well said.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace *Mouldie*, you shall goe. *Mouldie*, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other sir *Iohn*: Let me see: *Simon Shadow*.

Fal. I marry, let me haue him to sit vnder: he's like to be a cold souldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Heere sir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whose sonne art thou?

Shad. My Mothers sonne, Sir.

Fal. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fathers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir *Iohn*?

Fal. *Shadow* will serue for Summer: pricke him: For wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vppe the Muster-Booke.

Shal. *Thomas Wart*?

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Heere sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe, Sir *Iohn*?

Fal. It were superfluous: for his apparrel is built vpon his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it sir: you can doe it: I commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Heere sir.

Shal. What Trade art thou *Feeble*?

Feeble. A Womans Taylor sir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him, sir?

Fal. You may:

But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaile, as thou hast done in a Womans petticote?

Feeble. I will doe my good will sir, you can haue no more.

Fal. Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well 'tyde Courageous *Feeble*: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrathfull Doue, or most magnanimous Mouse. Pricke the woman's Taylour well Master *Shallow*, deepe Maister *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might haue gone sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that y might'st mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a priuate Souldier, that is the Leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most Forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reuerend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

Shal. *Peter Bulcalfe* of the Greene.

Fal. Yea marry, let vs see *Bulcalfe*.

Bul. Heere sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me *Bulcalfe* till he roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What? do'st thou roare before th art prickt.

Bul. Oh sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold sir, a cough sir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne: we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you must haue but foure heere sir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. O sir *Iohn*, doe you remember since wee lay all night in the Winde-mill, in S Georges Field.

Falstaffe. No more of that good Master *Shallow*: No more of that.

Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is *Iane Nightworke* aliue?

Fal. She liues, M. *Shallow*.

Shal. She neuer could away with me.

Fal. Neuer, neuer: she would alwayes say shee could not abide M. *Shallow*.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: shee was then a *Bona-Roba*. Doth she hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M. *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be old:

old: certaine ſhee's old: and had *Robin Night-worke*, by old *Night-worke*, before I came to *Clements* Inne.

Sil. That's fiftie fiue yeeres agoe.

Shal. Hah, Couſin *Silence*, that thou hadſt ſeene that, that this Knight and I haue ſeene: hah, Sir *Iohn*, ſaid I well?

Falſt. Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir *Iohn*, wee haue: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that wee haue ſeene. Come, come.

Bul. Good Maſter Corporate *Bardolph*, ſtand my friend, and heere is foure *Harry* tenne ſhillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, ſir, I had as lief be hang'd ſir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, ſir, I do not care; but rather, becauſe I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a deſire to ſtay with my friends; elſe, ſir, I did not care, for mine owne part, ſo much.

Bard. Go-too: ſtand aſide.

Mould. And good Maſter Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames ſake, ſtand my friend: ſhee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and ſhe is old, and cannot helpe her ſelfe: you ſhall haue fortie, ſir.

Bard. Go-too: ſtand aſide.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will neuer beare a baſe minde: if it be my deſtinie, ſo: if it be not, ſo: no man is too good to ſerue his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will beare no baſe minde.

Falſt. Come ſir, which men ſhall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to free *Mouldie* and *Bull-calfe*.

Falſt. Go-too: well.

Shal. Come, ſir *Iohn*, which foure will you haue?

Falſt. Doe you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldie*, *Bull-calfe*, *Feeble*, and *Shadow*.

Falſt. *Mouldie*, and *Bull-calfe*: for you *Mouldie*, ſtay at home, till you are paſt ſeruice: and for your part, *Bull-calfe*, grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, Sir *Iohn*, doe not your ſelfe wrong, they are your likelyeſt men, and I would haue you ſeru'd with the beſt.

Falſt. Will you tell me (Maſter *Shallow*) how to chuſe a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the ſtature, bulke, and bigge aſſemblance of a man? giue mee the ſpirit (Maſter *Shallow*.) Where's *Wart*? you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: hee ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, ſwifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this ſame halfe-fac'd fellow, *Shadow*; giue me this man: hee preſents no marke to the Enemie, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how ſwiftly will this *Feeble*, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, giue me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuer into *Warts* hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Trauerſe: thus, thus, thus.

Falſt. Come, manage me your Calyuer: ſo: very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well ſaid *Wart*, thou art a good ſcab: hold, there is a Teſter for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-maſter, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at *Clements* Inne, I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthurs* Show: there was a little quiuer fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee ſay, Bounce would hee ſay, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I ſhall neuer ſee ſuch a fellow.

Falſt. Theſe fellowes will doe well, Maſter *Shallow*. Farewell Maſter *Silence*, I will not vſe many wordes with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you: I muſt a dozen mile to night, *Bardolph*, giue the Souldiers Coates.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, Heauen bleſſe you, and proſper your Affaires, and ſend vs Peace. As you returne, viſit my houſe. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peraduenture I will with you to the Court.

Falſt. I would you would, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Go-too: I haue ſpoke at a word. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Falſt. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *Bardolph*, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off theſe Iuſtices: I doe ſee the bottome of Iuſtice *Shallow*. How ſubiect we old men are to this vice of Lying? This ſame ſtaru'd Iuſtice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildeneſſe of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-ſtreet, and euery third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at *Clements* Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheeſe-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radiſh, with a Head fantaſtically carv'd vpon it with a Knife. Hee was ſo forlorne, that his Dimenſions (to any thicke ſight) were inuincible. Hee was the very *Genius* of Famine: hee came euer in the rere-ward of the Faſhion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of *Iohn* of Gaunt, as if hee had beene ſworne Brother to him: and Ile be ſworne hee neuer ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burſt his Head, for crowding among the Marſhals men. I ſaw it, and told *Iohn* of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue truſs'd him and all his Apparrell into an Eele-skinne: the Caſe of a Treble Hoboy was a Manſion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it ſhall goe hard, but I will make him a Philoſophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I ſee no reaſon, in the Law of Nature, but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there an end. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-biſhop, Mombray, Haſtings, Weſtmerland, Coleuile.

Biſh. What is this Forreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis Gualtree Forreſt, and't ſhall pleaſe your Grace.

Biſh. Here ſtand (my Lords) and ſend diſcouerers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Haſt. We

PART II.

THE CIPHER NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE TREASONABLE PLAY OF RICHARD II.

A most contagious treason come to light.
Henry V., iv, 8.

AFTER the Table of Contents of this book, especially that part of it which relates to the Cipher narrative, had been published, the remark was made, by some writers for the press: "Why, history knows nothing of the events therein referred to." And by this it was meant to imply that if the history of Elizabeth's reign did not give us these particulars they could not be true. The man who uttered this did not stop to think that it would have been a piece of folly for Francis Bacon, or any other man, to have laboriously inclosed in a play a Cipher narrative regarding things that were already known to all the world. The reply of the critics would have been, in the words of Horatio:

There needs no ghost, my Lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.

A cipher story implies a secret story, and a secret story can not be one already blazoned on the pages of history.

But it is indeed a shallow thought to suppose that the historian, even in our own time, tells the world all that occurs in any age or country. As Richelieu says:

History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we were; and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features.
Without the roundness and the glow of life,
How hideous is the skeleton!

But, at the same time, I admit that the Cipher narrative, to be true, must be one that coheres, in its general outlines, with the well-known facts of the age of Elizabeth; and this I shall now attempt to prove that it does.

The Cipher story tells us of a great court excitement over the so-called Shakespeare play of *Richard II.;* of an attempt on the part of the Queen to find out who was the real author of the play; of her belief, impressed upon her by the reasoning of Robert Cecil, Francis Bacon's cousin, that the purpose of the play was treasonable, and that the representation on the stage of the deposition and murder of the unfortunate Richard was intended to incite to civil war, and lead to her own deposition and murder. The Cipher also tells us that she sent out posts to find and arrest Shakspere, intending to put him to the torture,—or "the question," as it was called in that day,—and compel him to reveal the name of the man for whom, as Cecil alleged, he was but a mask; and it also tells how this result was avoided by getting Shakspere out of the country and beyond the seas.

What proofs have we that the Queen did regard the play of *Richard II.* as treasonable?

They are most conclusive.

I. The Play.

If the reader will turn to Knight's *Biography of Shakspere*, p. 414, he will find the following:

> The Queen's sensitiveness on this head was most remarkable. There is a very curious record existing of "that which passed from the Excellent Majestie of Queen Elizabeth, in her Privie Chamber at East Greenwich, 4° Augusti, 1601, 43° Reg. sui, towards William Lambarde," which recounts his presenting the Queen his *Pandecta* of historical documents to be placed in the Tower; which the Queen read over, making observations and receiving explanations. The following dialogue then takes place:
>
> *William Lambarde.* He likewise expounded these all according to their original diversities, which she took in gracious and full satisfaction; so her Majesty fell upon the reign of King Richard II., saying: "I am Richard II., know ye not that?"
>
> *W. L.* [Lambarde]. Such a wicked imagination was determined and attempted by the most unkind gentleman, the most adorned creature that ever your Majesty made.
>
> *Her Majesty.* He that will forget God will also forget his benefactors; *this tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses.* . . .

The "wicked imagination" that Elizabeth was Richard II. is fixed upon Essex by the reply of Lambarde, and the rejoinder of the Queen makes it clear that the "wicked imagination" was attempted through the performance of the tragedy of

The Deposition of Richard II. "This tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses." The Queen is speaking six months after the outbreak of Essex, and it is not improbable that the outdated play — that performance which in the previous February the players "should have loss in playing" — had been rendered popular through the partisans of Essex after his fall, and had been got up in open streets and houses with a dangerous avidity.

But this is not all.

It will be remembered that Essex had returned from Ireland, having patched up what was regarded by Elizabeth as an unreasonable and unjustifiable peace with the rebel O'Neill, whom he had been sent to subdue. He was placed under arrest.

I again quote from Knight's *Biography of Shakspere*, pp. 413 and 414:

Essex was released from custody in the August of 1600, but an illegal sentence had been passed upon him by commissioners, that he should not execute the offices of a Privy Councilor, or of Earl Marshal, or of Master of the Ordnance. The Queen signified to him that he was not to come to court without leave. He was a marked and a degraded man. The wily Cecil, who at this very period was carrying on a correspondence with James of Scotland, that might have cost him his head, was laying every snare for the ruin of Essex. He desired to do what he ultimately effected, to goad his fiery spirit into madness. Essex was surrounded by warm but imprudent friends. They relied upon his unbounded popularity, not only as a shield against arbitrary power, but as a weapon to beat down the strong arm of authority. During the six months which elapsed between the release of Essex and the fatal outbreak of 1601, Essex House saw many changing scenes, which marked the fitful temper and the wavering counsels of its unhappy owner. Within a month after he had been discharged from custody the Queen refused to renew a valuable patent to Essex, saying that "to manage an ungovernable beast he must be stinted in his provender." On the other hand, rash words that had been held to fall from the lips of Essex were reported to the Queen. He was made to say, "She was now grown an old woman, and was as crooked within as without." The door of reconciliation was almost closed forever. Essex House had been strictly private during its master's detention at the Lord Keeper's. Its gates were now opened, not only to his numerous friends and adherents, but to men of all persuasions, who had injuries to redress or complaints to prefer. Essex [illegible] always professed a noble spirit of toleration, far in advance of his age; and he now received with a willing ear the complaints of all those who were persecuted by the government for religious opinions, whether Roman Catholics or Puritans. He was in communication with James of Scotland, urging him to some open assertion of his presumptive title to the crown of England. It was altogether a season of restlessness and intrigue, of bitter mortifications and rash hopes. Between the closing of the Globe Theater and the opening of the Blackfriars, Shakspere was, in all likelihood, tranquil amidst his family at Stratford.

. . .

The winter comes, and then even the players are mixed up with the dangerous events of the time. Sir Gilly Merrick, one of the adherents of Essex, was accused, amongst other acts of treason, with "having procured the outdated tragedy of *The Deposition of Richard II.* to be publicly acted at his own charge, for the entertainment of the conspirators."

In the "Declaration of the Treasons of the late Earl of Essex and his Complices," which Bacon acknowledges to have been written by him at the Queen's command, there is the following statement: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merrick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing King Richard II.; when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was old and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was."

In the *State Trials* this matter is somewhat differently mentioned: "The story of Henry IV. being set forth in the play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the King upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir Gilly Merrick and some others of the Earl's train having an humor to see a play, they must needs have the play of *Henry IV.* The players told them that was stale, they could get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve, and Sir Gilly Merrick gives forty shillings to Phillips, the player, to play this, besides whatsoever he could get."

Augustine Phillips was one of Shakspere's company, and yet it is perfectly evident that it was not Shakspere's *Richard II.* nor Shakspere's *Henry IV.* that was acted on this occasion. In his *Henry IV.* there is no "killing of the King upon a stage." His *Richard II.*, which was published in 1597, was certainly not an out-dated play in 1601.

But Knight fails to observe that he has just quoted from Bacon's official declaration, written with all the proofs before him, that it *was* "the play of deposing *King Richard II.*" And the very fact that there is no killing of a king in the play of *Henry IV.*, while there is such a scene in the play of *Richard II.*, shows that the writer of the *State Trials* had fallen into an error.

Neither is Knight correct in supposing that a play published in 1597 could not have been an outdated play in 1601. It does not follow that because the play was first printed in 1597 it was first presented on the stage in that year. Some of the Shakespeare Plays were not printed for twenty years after they first appeared, and a good many plays of that era were not printed at all. And a play may be outdated in a year—yes, in a month. And, moreover, the canny players would be ready enough with any excuse that would bring forty shillings into their pockets, whether it was true or not.

Knight continues:

A second edition of it [the play of *Richard II.*] had appeared in 1598, and it was no doubt highly popular as an acting-play. But if any object was to be gained by the conspirators in the stage representation of "deposing King Richard II.," Shakespeare's play would not assist that object. The editions of 1597 and 1598 do not contain the deposition scene. That portion of this noble history which contains the scene of Richard's surrender of the crown was not printed till 1608, and the edition in which it appears bears in the title the following intimation of its novelty: "The Tragedie of King Richard the Second, with *new additions of the*

Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been *lately acted* by the Kinge's servantes, at the Globe. By William Shake-speare."

But Richard Grant White argues that, as there appear, in the quartos of 1597 and 1598, the words, "A woeful pageant have we here beheld," the deposition scene, which precedes these words in the play, must have been already written, but left out in the printed copies. For, says White, if the Abbot had not witnessed the deposition, he had not beheld "a woeful pageant." Therefore, the new additions, referred to in the title of the quarto of 1608, were additions to the former printed quartos, not to the play itself.

And if the original play, before it was printed, contained the deposition scene, why would it not have been acted? The play was made to act; the scene was written to act. So that it is plain, beyond a question, that it was Shakespeare's play of *Richard II.* which was mixed up in the treasonable events that marked the closing years of Elizabeth's reign. Around this mimic tragedy the living tragedy, in which Essex played the principal part, revolved.

And Knight makes this further remark:

> In Shakespeare's Parliament scene our sympathies are wholly with King Richard. This, even if the scene were acted in 1601, would not have forwarded the views of Sir Gilly Merrick, if his purpose were really to hold up to the people an example of a monarch's dethronement. But, nevertheless, it may be doubted whether such a subject could be safely played at all by the Lord Chamberlain's players during this stormy period of the reign of Elizabeth.

But it must be remembered that no man would dare, in that age, or in any other age under a monarchy, to openly advocate or justify the murder of kings; and hence the writer of the play puts many fine utterances therein, touching the divine right of kings. But the ignorant are taught, as Bacon said, more by their eyes than their judgment; and what they *saw* in the play was a worthless king, who had misgoverned his country, deposed and slain. A very suggestive lesson, it might be, to a large body of worthy people who thought Elizabeth had also misgoverned her country, and had lived too long already, and who hoped great things for themselves from the coming in of King James.

Now, we will see in the next chapter that a certain Dr. Hayward had put forth a pamphlet history, in prose, of this same deposition, and had dedicated it to Essex, and that he had been arrested and was threatened with torture.

If, then, Elizabeth believed, as I have shown she did, that the play of *King Richard II.* was treasonable; that she was represented therein by the character of King Richard II., and that his fate was to be her fate if the conspirators triumphed, what more natural than that she should seek to have Shakspere arrested and locked up, and submitted to the same heroic course of treatment she contemplated for Dr. Hayward? For certainly the offense of the scholar, who merely wrote a sober prose history of Richard's life, for the perusal of scholars, was infinitely less than the crime of the man who had set those events forth, in gorgeous colors, upon a public stage, and had represented the deposition and killing of a king, night after night, before the very eyes of swarming and exulting thousands.

And if, as we will show, the Queen thought that Hayward was not the real writer of his history, but that he was simply the cover for some one else, why may she not have conceived the same idea about Shakspere and his play?

Why was Shakspere not arrested? The Cipher story tells the reason.

And here we note a curious fact. Judge Holmes says:

> So far as we have any positive knowledge, the second edition of the *Richard II.*, which was printed in 1598, with the scene of deposing King Richard left out, was *the first one that bore the name of William Shakespeare on the title-page;* and there may have been some special reasons as well for the publication of it at that time as for a close concealment of the real author's name.[1]

Why should Shakespeare's name first appear, as the author of any one of the Plays, upon the title-leaf of a play which was mixed up with matters regarded as seditious and treasonable? And why was the deposition scene left out, unless the writer of the play knew that it was seditious? And if so, why was such a dangerous play published at all? And observe the name of the author is given in this first play that bears his name as "*Shake-speare*," not as the man of Stratford always signed his name, "*Shakspere.*" Was it because of the treasonable nature of the work that the real author allowed Shakspere this hole to retreat into? Was it that he might be able to say: "*I* never wrote the Plays; that is not my name. *My* name is *Shakspere*, not *Shake-speare*"?

[1] *The Authorship of Shak.*, vol. 1, p. 135.

There are many things here the Cipher narrative will have to explain, when it is all unraveled. Certain it is that there are mysteries involved in all this business. It was an age of plots and counter-plots.

Knight well says:

> In her conversation with Lambarde Elizabeth uttered a great truth, which might not be unmingled with a retrospect of the fate of Essex. Speaking of the days of her ancestors, she said: "In those days force and arms did prevail, but now the wit of the fox is everywhere on foot so as hardly a faithful or virtuous man may be found."[1]

And, curiously enough, we here find that not only was one of the Shakespeare Plays mixed up with the events which caused Essex to lose his head and sent Southampton to the Tower, but we will see that Francis Bacon was also in some way connected with the play.

And if we will concede that there is a probability that the Queen might have ordered the arrest of Shakspere, as she ordered the arrest of Dr. Hayward, the question is, Why was he *not* arrested? If he remained in England, surely he would have been arrested if the Queen had so ordered. And if he had been arrested, we should have had some tradition of it, or some record of it, in the proceedings of courts or council. And if he was not arrested with Hayward, then he must have fled. How did he fly? Who told him to fly? Who warned him in time to get out of the country?

All this the Cipher tells.

Let me put the argument clearly:

1. Hayward wrote a pamphlet history of the deposition of King Richard II. Hayward was thrown into the Tower and threatened with torture to make him reveal the real author.

2. Shakspere was the reputed author of a treasonable play, representing the deposition and killing of Richard II.; a play which was regarded as so objectionable that the hiring of the actors to play it was made one of the charges against Essex which brought his head to the block.

3. Why, therefore, was Shakspere not arrested?

[1] *Knight's Pictorial Shak.—Biography*, p. 415.

II. Bacon Assigned to Prosecute Essex for Having Had Shakspere's Play Acted.

But this is not all.

When the Qeeen came to prosecute Essex for his treasons, the Council assigned to Francis Bacon, as his part, that very hiring of the actors to enact the deposition and murder of King Richard II. And what was Bacon's reply?

I quote from Judge Holmes:

Nor was this all. But when the informal inquiry came on before the Lords Commissioners, in the summer of 1600, Bacon, in a letter to the Queen, desired to be spared from taking any part in it as Queen's Counsel, out of consideration of his personal obligations to his former patron and friend. But the Queen would listen to no excuse, and his request was peremptorily refused. It will be borne in mind that the Queen's object in this inquiry was to vindicate her own course and the honor of the crown without subjecting Essex to the dangers of a formal trial for high treason, and that her intention then was to check and reprove him, but not to ruin his fortunes. Bacon made up his mind at once to meet the issues thus intentionally forced upon him, and he resolved to show to her, as he says, that he "knew the degrees of duties;" that he could discharge the highest duty of the subject to the sovereign, against all obligations of private friendship toward an erring friend; wherein, says Fuller, very justly, "he was not the worse friend for being the better subject;" and that if he must renounce either, it should be Essex, rather than the Queen, who had been, on the whole, personally, perhaps, the better friend of the two to him: — well knowing, doubtless, that conduct is oftentimes explained equally well by the basest as by the loftiest motives, and that the latter are generally the most difficult of appreciation. The next thing he heard was, that the Lords, in making distribution of the parts, had assigned to him, "by the conclusion binding upon the Queen's pleasure directly, *nolens volens*," that part of the charges which related to this same "seditious prelude"; at which he was very much annoyed. And they determined, he says, "That I should set forth some undutiful carriage of my lord, in giving occasion and countenance to a seditious pamphlet, as it was termed, which was dedicated unto him, which was the book before mentioned of King Henry IV. Whereupon I replied to that allotment, and said to their lordships that it was an old matter, and had no manner of coherence with the rest of the charge, being matters of Ireland, and thereupon that *I, having been wronged by bruits before*, this would expose me to them more; and it would be said *I gave in evidence mine own tales*." What bruits? What tales? The Lords, evidently relishing the joke, insisted that this part was fittest for him, as "all the rest was matter of charge and accusation," but this only "matter of *caveat* and admonition": wherewith he was but "little satisfied," as he adds, "because I knew well a man were better to be charged with some faults, than admonished of some others." Evidently, here was an admonition which he did not like, and it is plain that he took it as personal to himself. Nevertheless he did actually swallow this pill; for we learn from other history that on the hearing before the Lords Commissioners "the second part of Master Bacon's accusation was, that a certain dangerous seditious pamphlet was of late put forth into print concerning the first year of the reign of Henry IV., but indeed the end of Richard II., and that my lord of Essex, who thought fit to be patron of that book, after the book had been

out a week, wrote a cold, formal letter to my lord of Canterbury to call it in again, knowing belike that forbidden things are most sought after."[1]

But he who reads the proceedings of this trial will see that the play of *Richard II.* filled a much more conspicuous place than Dr. Hayward's pamphlet, and that it was to this, probably, that Bacon really alluded when he said he had been "the subject of bruits," and that the public would say "he gave in evidence his own tales." Does it not occur to every intelligent reader that Bacon, in this covert way, really says: "It has been reported that I am the real author of that play of *Richard II.;* and now if I prosecute Essex for having had it played, it will be said that I am using my own composition for the overthrow of my friend"?

And it seems to me that when the whole of the Cipher story is worked out, we shall find that Bacon was completely in the power of Cecil; that he (Cecil) knew that Bacon was the author of the play; that therefore he knew that Bacon had shared in the conspiracy; and that Bacon had to choose between taking this degrading work on his hands or going to the scaffold with Essex. If such was the case, it was the climax of Cecil's revenge on the man who had represented him on the stage as Richard III. It was humiliation bitterer than death.

III. "The Isle of Dogs."

And we turn now to another curious fact, illustrative of how greatly the Plays were mixed up in public affairs, and showing the spirit of sedition which at this time pervaded the very air.

J. Payne Collier, in his *Annals of the Stage*, shows that in the year 1597 an order was given by the Queen's Council to *tear down and destroy all the theaters of London*, because one Nash, a play-writer, had, in a play called *The Isle of Dogs*, brought matters of state upon the stage; and Nash himself was thrown into prison, and lay there until the August following.

What the seditious matter was that rendered *The Isle of Dogs* so objectionable to the government, we do not know; it must have been something very offensive, to cause a Queen who loved theatricals as much as Elizabeth did to decree the destruction of all the theaters of London. But all the details will probably be found

[1] Holmes, *The Authorship of Shak.*, pp. 255-7.

hereafter in the Cipher story, together with an explanation of the causes which induced the Queen to revoke her order.

Collier says:

We find Nash, in May, 1597, writing for the Lord Admiral's players, then under Philip Henslowe, and producing for them a play called *The Isle of Dogs*, which is connected with an important circumstance in the history of the stage, viz., the temporary silencing of that company, in consequence of the very piece of which Nash was the author. The following singular particulars are extracted from the Diary kept by Henslowe, which is still, though in an imperfect and mutilated state, preserved at Dulwich College. Malone published none of them:

Pd 14 of May, 1597, to Edw Jube, upon a notte from Nashe, twentye shellinges more for *the Iylle of Dogges*, which he is wrytinge for the companey.

Pd this 23 of August, 1597, to Henerey Porter to cary to T. Nashe, nowe att this tyme in the flete for wrytinge of the *Eylle of Dogges*, ten shellinges, to be payde agen to me wen he cann. I saye ten shillinges.

Pd to M. Blunsones, the Mr. of the Revelles man, this 27 of August, 1597, ten shellinges, for newes of the restraynt beying recaled by the lordes of the Queene's Counsell.

Here we see that in the spring of 1597, Nash was employed upon the play, and, like his brother dramatists of that day, who wrote for Henslowe's company, received money on account. *The Isle of Dogs* was produced prior to the 10th of August, 1597, because, in another memorandum by Henslowe (which Malone has quoted, though with some omissions and mistakes), he refers to the restraint at that date put upon the Lord Admiral's players.

On the 23d of the same month, Nash was confined in the Fleet prison, in consequence of his play, when Henry Porter, also a poet, carried him ten shillings from Henslowe, who took care to register that it was not a gift; and on the 27th of August "the restraint was recalled" by the Privy Council. We may conclude also, perhaps, that Nash was about the same time discharged from custody.

In reference to this important theatrical transaction, we meet with the following memorandum in the Registers of the Privy Council. It has never before been printed or mentioned:

A Letter to Richard Topclyfe, Thomas Fowler and Ric. Skevington, Esqs., Doctour Fletcher and Mr. Wilbraham.

Uppon information given us of a lewd plaie that was plaied in one of the plaie howses on the Bancke side, contayninge very seditious and sclaunderous matter, wee caused some of the players to be apprehended and comytted to pryson; whereof one of them was not only an actor, but a maker of parte of the said plaie. For as muche as yt ys thought meete that the rest of the players or actours in that matter shal be apprehended to receave soche punyshment as their lewde and mutynous behavior doth deserve; these shalbe, therefore, to require you to examine those of the plaiers that are comytted, whose names are knoune to yow, Mr. Topclyfe; what ys become of the rest of theire fellowes that either had their partes in the devysinge of that sedytious matter, or that were actours or plaiers in the same, what copies they have given forth of the said playe, and to whome, and such other pointes as you shall thincke meete to be demaunded of them; wherein you shall require them to deale trulie, as they will looke to receave anie favour. Wee praie you also to peruse soch papers as were founde *in Nash his lodgings*, which Ferrys, a messenger of the chamber, shall delyver unto you, and to certifie us the examynations you take. So, etc.

Greenwich, 15th August, 1597.

There is also another entry at page 327, dated 28 July, 1597, addressed to the Justices of the Peace of Middlesex and Surrey, directing that, in consequence of great disorders committed in common play-houses, and lewd matters handled on

the stages, the Curtain Theater and the theater near Shoreditch should be dismantled, and no more plays suffered to be played therein; and a like order to be taken with the play-houses on the Bankside, in Southwark, or elsewhere in Surrey, within three miles of London. In February, 1597–8, about six months before the death of Lord Burghley, are to be observed the first obvious indications of a disposition on the part of the government of Elizabeth permanently to restrain theatrical representations. At that date, licenses had been granted to two companies of players only — those of the Lord Admiral and of the Lord Chamberlain — "to use and practise stage playes" in order that they might be the better qualified to appear before the Queen. A third company, not named, had, however, played "by way of intrusion," and the Privy Council, on the 19th February, 1597–8, sent orders to the Master of the Revels and to the Justices of the Peace of Middlesex and Surrey for its suppression.[1]

IV. The Date of the Cipher Story.

I am unable to fix with precision the date of the events narrated in the Cipher narrative. They may have been in the spring of 1597, at the same time the destruction of the theaters was ordered: they may have been later. I fall, as it were, into the middle of the story. Neither can we be sure of the year in which the first part of *Henry IV.* was really printed by the date upon it. We know that in the case of the great Folio of 1623 there have been copies found bearing the date of 1622, and one, I think, of 1624. It would be very easy to insert an erroneous date upon the title-leaf of the quarto of the *1st Henry IV.*, and we have no contemporary record to show what was the actual date of publication.

But I think I have established that the years 1597, 1598 and 1599 were full of plots and conspiracies against the Queen and Cecil, and in favor of King James and Essex; and that the play of *Richard II.* was used as an instrumentality to play upon the minds of men and prepare them for revolution. I have also shown that the Queen and the court were aware of these facts; that the arrest of Shakspere as the reputed author of the treasonable play must have accompanied the arrest of Dr. Hayward, unless some cause prevented it — and that cause the Cipher narrative gives us.

It follows that the events set forth in the Cipher story are all within the reasonable probabilities of history.

[1] *The History of English Dramatic Poetry and Annals of the Stage*, by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F. S. A., pp. 294–8.

CHAPTER II.

THE TREASONABLE HISTORY OF HENRY IV., WRITTEN BY DR. HAYWARD.

> My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
> Than can my ears thy tragic history.
>
> *3d Henry VI.*, v, 6.

JUDGE HOLMES gives the following interesting account of the pamphlet supposed to have been written by Dr. John Hayward, with, it was claimed, an intent to incite the Essex faction to the overthrow of Queen Elizabeth:

Her disposition toward Essex had been kindly and forgiving, but she was doubtful of him, and kept a watchful eye upon his courses. As afterward it became evident enough, all his movements had reference to a scheme already formed in his mind to depose the Queen by the help of the Catholic party and the Irish rebels. He goes to Ireland in March, 1599, and after various doubtful proceedings and a treasonable truce with Tyrone, he suddenly returns to London, in October following, with a select body of friends, without the command, and to the great surprise and indignation of the Queen; and a few days afterward finds himself under arrest, and a quasi-prisoner in the house of the Lord Keeper. During this year Dr. Hayward's pamphlet appeared. It was nothing more than a history of the deposing of King Richard II., says Malone. It was dedicated to the Earl of Essex, without the author's name on the title-page; but that of John Hayward was signed to the dedication. This Hayward was a Doctor of Civil Law, a scholar, and a distinguished historian of that age, who *afterward held an office in Chancery under Bacon.* This pamphlet followed on the heels of the play, and it may have been suggested by the popularity of the play on the stage, or by the suppression of the deposing scene in the printed copy.

According to Mr. Dixon, "it was a singular and mendacious tract, which, under ancient names and dates, gives a false and disloyal account of things and persons in his own age; the childless sovereign; the association of defense; the heavy burden of taxation; the levy of double subsidies; the prosecution of an Irish war, ending in a general discontent; the outbreak of blood; the solemn deposition and final murder of the Prince." Bolingbroke is the hero of the tale, and the existence of a title to the throne superior to that of the Queen is openly affirmed in it. A second edition of the *Richard II.* had been printed in 1598, under the name of Shakespeare, but with the obnoxious scene still omitted; and it is not until 1608, in the established quiet of the next reign, that the omitted scene is restored in print. It is plain that during the reign of Elizabeth it would have been dangerous to have printed it in full; nevertheless, it had a great run on the stage during these years.

Now, Camden speaks of both the book of Hayward and the tragedy of *Richard II.* He states that, on the first informal inquiry, held at the Lord Keeper's house, in June, 1600, concerning the conduct of Essex, besides the general charges of dis-

obedience and contempt, "they likewise charged him with some heads and articles taken out of a certain book, dedicated to him, about the deposing Richard II." This was doubtless Hayward's book. But in his account of the trial of Merrick (commander at Essex' house), he says he was indicted also, among other things, "for having procured the outdated tragedy of *Richard II.* to be publicly acted at his own charge, for the entertainment of the conspirators, on the day before the attack on the Queen's palace." "This," he continues, "the lawyers construed as done by him with a design to intimate that they were now giving the representation of a scene, upon the stage, which was the next day to be acted in reality upon the person of the Queen. And the same judgment they passed upon a book which had been written some time before by one Hayward, a man of sense and learning, and dedicated to the Earl of Essex, viz.: that it was penned on purpose as a copy and an encouragement for deposing the Queen." He further informs us that the judges in their opinion "produced likewise several instances from the Chronicles of England, as of Edward II. and Richard II., who, being once betrayed into the hands of their subjects, were soon deposed and murdered." And when Southampton asked the Attorney-General, on his trial, what he supposed they intended to do with the Queen when they should have seized her, Coke replied: "The same that Henry of Lancaster did with Richard II.: . . . when he had once got the King in his clutches, he robbed him of his crown and life." This account of Camden may be considered the more reliable in that, as we know from manuscript copy of his *Annals*, which (according to Mr. Spedding) still remain in the Cottonian Library, containing additions and corrections in the handwriting of Bacon, it had certainly passed under his critical revision before it was printed in 1627. And this may help us to a more certain understanding of the allusions which Bacon himself makes to those same matters in his *Apology* and in his account of the trial of Merrick; for, while in the latter he expressly names the tragedy of *Richard II.*, in the former, as also in the *Apophthegms*, the book of Dr. Hayward only is mentioned by name, and there is, at the same time, a covert (yet very palpable) allusion in them both to the tragedy also, and to his personal connection with it.[1]

And we find Bacon referring again to this same book of Dr. Hayward, in his *Apology*. After telling how he wrote a sonnet in the name of Essex, and presented it to the Queen, with a view to bringing about a reconciliation with the great offender, he adds:

But I could never prevail with her, though I am persuaded she saw plainly whereat I leveled; and she plainly had me in jealousy, that I was not hers entirely, but still had inward and deep respect toward my Lord, more than stood at that time with her will and pleasure. About the same time I remember an answer of mine in a matter which had some affinity with my Lord's cause, which, though it grew from me, went after about in others' names. For her Majesty being mightily incensed with that book which was dedicated to my Lord of Essex, being a story of the first year of King Henry IV.; thinking it a seditious prelude to put into the people's heads boldness and faction, said she had an opinion that there was treason in it, and asked me if I could not find any places in it which might be drawn within case of treason. Whereto I answered: For treason, surely I found none; but for felony, very many. And when her Majesty hastily asked me wherein, I told her the author had committed very apparent theft; for he had taken most of

[1] *The Authorship of Shakespeare* — Holmes, vol. 1, pp. 243-6.

the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus and translated them into English, and put them into his text.[1]

Judge Holmes shows that this jest did not apply to Dr. Hayward's book, but that it does apply to the play of *Richard II.*, which is full of suggestions from Tacitus. But Bacon did not want to touch too closely upon the play; although one can readily see that if the Queen was thus moved against a mere pamphlet, she must have been much more incensed against that popular dramatic representation, which had been acted "more than forty times in houses and the public streets," as she told Lambarde, and which showed, in living pictures, the actual deposition and murder of her prototype, Richard II.

Judge Holmes seems to think that the words, "a matter which had some affinity with my Lord's cause, which, though it grew from me, went after about in others' names," meant that the pamphlet or play "grew from him;" but Mr. Spedding claims that it was the "answer" which "grew from him and went after about in others' names," and the sentence seems to be more reasonably subject to this construction. Bacon would hardly have dared to thus boldly avow that he wrote the pamphlet or play, although as a pregnant jest he may have constructed a sentence that could be read either way.

Judge Holmes continues:

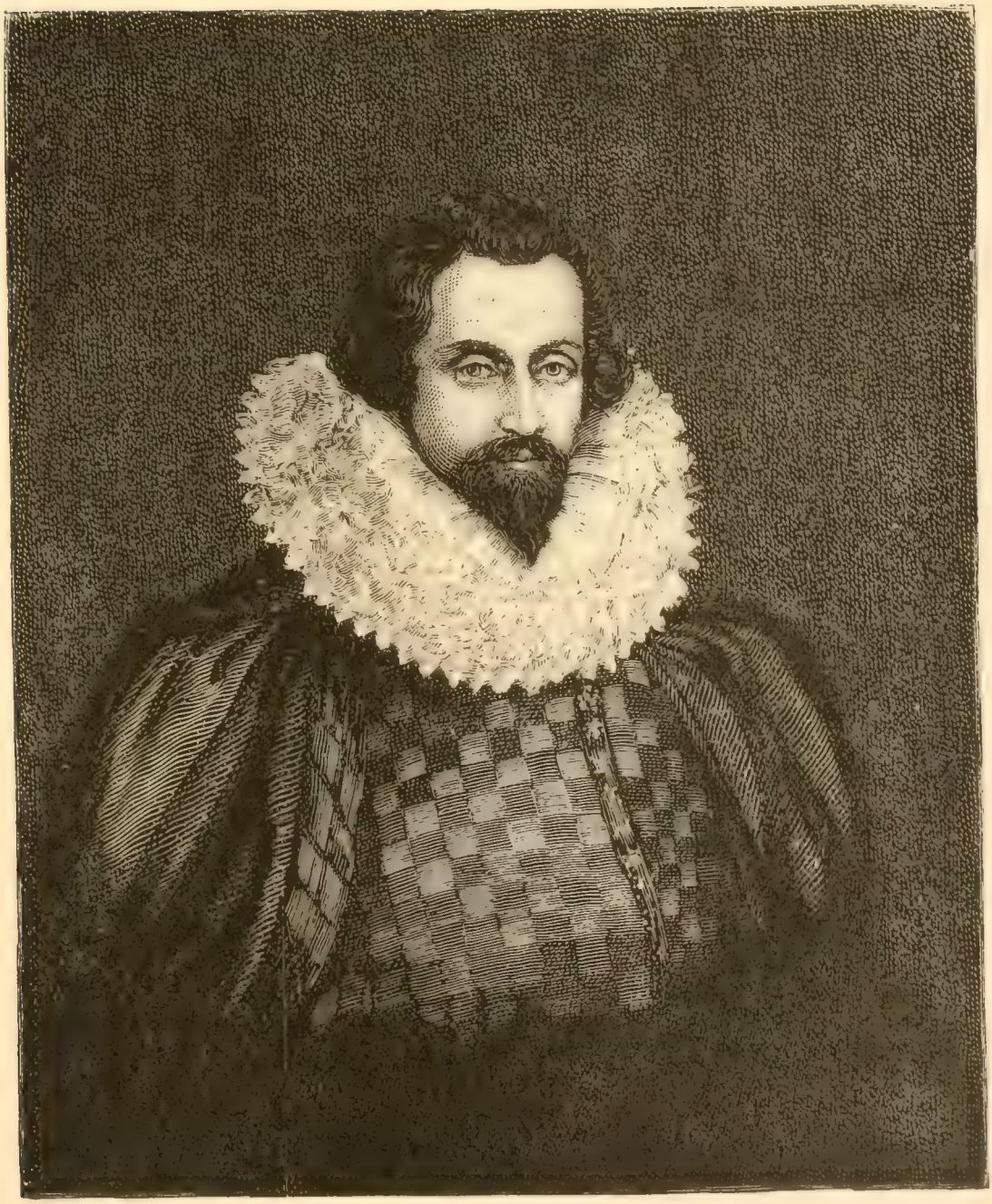
So capital a joke did this piece of wit of his appear to Bacon, that he could not spare to record it among his *Apophthegms*, thus:

58. The book of deposing King Richard II. and the coming in of Henry IV., supposed to be written by Dr. Hayward, who was committed to the Tower for it, had much incensed Queen Elizabeth, and she asked Mr. Bacon, being of her learned counsel, whether there was any treason contained in it? Mr. Bacon, intending to do him a pleasure, and to take off the Queen's bitterness with a merry conceit, answered, "No, Madam, for treason I cannot deliver an opinion that there is any, but very much felony." The Queen, apprehending it, gladly asked, How? and wherein? Mr. Bacon answered, "Because he hath stolen many of his sentences and conceits out of Cornelius Tacitus."

The designation here given to the book comes much nearer to a correct naming of the play than it does to the title of Dr. Hayward's pamphlet, and the suggestion that the Doctor was committed to the Tower for only being *supposed* to be the author, and that he, in his answer, intended to do the Doctor a pleasure, looks very much like an attempt at a cover; and is, to say the least, a little curious in itself. That Dr. Hayward had translated out of Tacitus was, of course, a mere pretense; but that the play drew largely upon the "sentences and conceits of Cornelius Tacitus," will be shown to be quite certain.[2]

And Bacon alludes to this matter again, in his *Apology*, as follows:

[1] Holmes, *The Authorship of Shak.*, p. 250. [2] Ibid., p. 252.



ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX.

And another time, when the Queen could not be persuaded that it was his writing whose name was to it, but that it had some more mischievous author; and said, with great indignation, that she would have him racked to produce his author, I replied: "Nay, Madam, he is a doctor, never rack his person, but rack his style; let him have pen, ink and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake, by collating the styles, to judge whether he were the author or no."

Now, all these things go to show that there was a storm in the court; that there were suspicions of treasonable motives on the part of some man or men in writing what were, on their face, harmless pamphlets or plays; that the Queen was enraged, and wanted to know who were the real authors.

So much does history (or a few brief glimpses of history in the trial of Essex and the *Apophthegms* of Bacon) afford us; and the Cipher narrative takes up the story where history leaves it. But it will be seen that that narrative is perfectly consistent in all its parts with these historical events.

II. The Capias Utlagatum.

But, it will be said, did Shakspere ever fly the country? Could he have done so without the fact being known to us? Would he not have been arrested on his return? Could he have ended his days peacefully at Stratford, if he had committed any offense against the laws?

I grant you that if he had been proclaimed as a fugitive from justice, we should have heard of it, either from the court records or tradition. But if he, an obscure actor, had wandered away and after a time had come back again, it is not likely any notice would have been taken of it that would have reached us. The man was, in the eyes of his contemporaries, exceedingly insignificant; and hence the absence of all allusions to his comings or goings. Hence we have his biographers arguing that he must have gone with his company to Scotland, and even Germany, while there is not the slightest testimony that he did or did not. In fact, his whole life is veiled in the densest obscurity. As William Henry Smith says, the only fact about him of which we are positive is the date of his death.

But suppose that Shakspere and the play of *Richard II.* and Francis Bacon were all simply incidents of a furious contest between the Cecil faction and the Essex faction to rule England; suppose they were mere pawns on the great checker-board of court

ambition. Then we can understand that at one stage of the game Essex' star may have been obscured and Cecil's in the ascendant; and Cecil may have filled the ears of the Queen with just such representations as are set forth in the Cipher story; and in her rage the Queen may have sent out posts to arrest Shakspere and his followers; and the Council may at the same time have issued the order, quoted in the last chapter, to tear down all the play-houses in London.

But Essex was the Queen's favorite; he was young and handsome, and she loved young and handsome men; in the last years of her life she enriched one young man simply because he was handsome. Their quarrel may have been made up, and Essex may, in the rosy light of renewed confidence, have made light of Cecil's charges; and the Queen may have relented and revoked the order for the destruction of the Curtain and the Fortune, and agreed to let Shakspere return unmolested.

Or, facts may have come out which showed that Bacon was the real author of the Plays; there may have been a scene and a confession; he may have apologized and denied any treasonable intent, for it was difficult to prove treason in a play which simply repeated historical events, larded with platitudes of loyalty; and he may have been forgiven, and yet never again fully trusted by the Queen. He may have described his own condition in the words which he puts into the mouth of Worcester, in the play of *1st Henry IV.*:

> It is not possible, it cannot be,
> The King would keep his word in loving us,
> He will suspect us still, and find a time
> To punish this offense in others' faults.
> Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
> For treason is but trusted as the fox,
> Who, ne'er so tame, so cherished and locked up,
> Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
> Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
> Interpretation will misquote our looks.[1]

Certain it is there was some cause that kept Francis Bacon down for many years despite all his ambition and ability.

When the entire Cipher story is worked out we shall doubtless have the explanation of many facts in Bacon's life which now seem inexplicable.

[1] *1st Henry VI.*, v, 2.

But we have a piece of historical evidence which goes far to confirm the internal narrative in the Plays.

If the reader will turn back to page 292 of this work, he will find a copy of a letter addressed by Bacon to his cousin Robert Cecil, in 1601, complaining of some insults put upon him in open court by his old enemy, Mr. Attorney-General Coke. I quote from the letter the following:

> Mr. Attorney kindled at it and said: "Mr. Bacon, if you have any tooth against me pluck it out, for it will do you more hurt than all the teeth in your head will do you good." I answered coldly, in these very words: "Mr. Attorney, I respect you; I fear you not; and the less you speak of your own greatness, the more will I think of it."
>
> He replied: "I think scorn to stand upon terms of greatness toward you, *who are less than little, less than the least;" and other such strange light terms he gave me, with such insulting which cannot be expressed.* Herewith stirred, yet I said no more but this: "Mr. Attorney, do not depress me so far; for I have been your better, and may be again, when it please the Queen." With this he spake, neitner I nor himself could tell what, as if he had been born Attorney-General, and in the end bade me not meddle with the Queen's business, but mine own. . . . *Then he said it were good to clap a capias utlegatum upon my back!* To which I only said he could not, and that he was at fault; *for he hunted up an old scent.*
>
> He gave me a *number of disgraceful words besides*, which I answered with silence.[1]

Upon reading this, I said to myself, What is a *capias utlegatum?* Wherein does it differ from any ordinary writ? And I proceeded to investigate the question. I found that the old law authorities spell the word a little differently from Mr. Spedding: he has it, in the letter, "utlegatum;" the proper spelling seems to have been "utlagatum."

What does it mean?

It is derived from the Saxon *utlaghe*, the same root from which comes the word *outlaw*.

Jacobs says:

> OUTLAW. Saxon, *utlaghe*; Latin, *utlagatus*. One deprived of the benefit of the law, and out of the King's protection. When a person is restored to the King's protection he is inlawed again.[2]

And what is outlawry. It means that the person has refused to appear when process was issued against him; that he has secreted himself or fled the country. I quote again from Jacobs:

> OUTLAWRY. *Utlagaria.* The being put *out of the law.* The loss of the benefit of a subject, that is, of the King's protection. Outlawry is a punishment inflicted

[1] Spedding's *Life and Works*, vol. iii, p. 2. London: Longmans.

[2] Jacobs' *Law Dictionary*, vol. iv, p. 454.

for a contempt in *refusing to be amenable to the justice of that court which hath authority to call a defendant before them;* and as this is a crime of the highest nature, being an act of rebellion against that state or community of which he is a member, so it subjects the party to forfeitures and disabilities, for he loses his *liberam legem*, is out of the King's protection, etc.[1]

And the *capias utlagatum* was issued where a party who had thus refused to appear — who had fled or secreted himself — returned to his domicile.

I again quote from Jacobs' *Law Dictionary:*

CAPIAS UTLAGATUM. Is a writ that lies against a person who is outlawed in any action, by which the sheriff is commanded to apprehend the body of the party outlawed, *for not appearing upon the exigent*, and keep him in safe custody till the day of return, and then present him to the court, there to be dealt with for his contempt; who, in the Common Pleas, was in former times to be committed to the *Fleet*, there to remain till he had sued out the King's pardon and appeared to the action. And by a special *capias utlagatum* (against the body, lands and goods in the same writ) the sheriff is commanded to seize all the defendant's lands, goods and chattels, for the contempt to the King; and the plaintiff (after an inquisition taken thereupon, and returned into the exchequer) may have the lands extended and a grant of the goods, etc., whereby *to compel the defendant to appear;* which, when he doth, if he reverse the outlawry, the same shall be restored to him.[2]

Now, then, when the Attorney-General, Coke, threatened Bacon with a *capias utlagatum*, he practically charged him with being an outlaw; with having refused to appear in some proceeding when called upon by the government's law officers; with being, in short, out of the Queen's protection; with having forfeited all his goods and chattels.

But we know that Bacon never fled the country; that he always had real estate which could have been seized upon if he had done so. What, then, did Coke mean? It was a serious charge for one respectable attorney to make against another.

Anciently outlawry was looked upon as so horrid a crime that any one might as lawfully kill a person outlawed as he might a wolf or other noxious animal.[3]

But suppose A employs B to commit some act in the nature of a crime, but evidence cannot be obtained against A unless B is taken and compelled to testify against A; and suppose, under these circumstances, A induces B to fly the country. Now, if it can be shown that there was some connection between A and the flight of B, would not the outlawry of B attach to A, his principal?

[1] Jacobs' *Law Dictionary*, vol. iv, p. 454. [2] Ibid., pp. 394, 395. [3] Ibid., p. 455.

Jacobs says:

4thly. That it seems the better opinion that where there are more than one principal, the *exigent* shall not issue till all of them are arraigned; and herein it is said by Hale that if A and B be indicted as principals in felony, and C as accessory to them both, the *exigent* against the accessory shall stay till both be attainted by outlawry or plea; for that it is said if one be acquitted the accessory is discharged, because indicted as accessory to both, therefore shall not he be put to answer till both be attaint; but hereof he adds a dubitatur, because, though C be accessory to both, he might have been indicted as accessory to one, because the felonies are in law several; but if he be indicted as accessory to both, he must be proved so. *2 Hawk. P. C.*, c. 27, § 132—*2 Hale's History P. C.*, 200–201. If one *exigent* be awarded against the principal and accessory together, it is error only as to the latter. *1 Term Rep. K. B.*, 521. In treason all are principals; therefore, process of outlawry may go against him who receives, at the same time, as against him that did the fact. *1 Hale's History P. C.*, 238.[1]

Now, then, if Shakspere fled the country to escape arrest on the charge of writing a treasonable play, and Bacon was the principal in the offense, Bacon could not have been proceeded against, under these rulings, until Shakspere was arraigned: hence, in some sense, it might be claimed by Coke that Bacon was an outlaw by the act of his accessory. And thus we can understand Coke's threat to issue a *capias utlagatum* against Bacon.

And it will be observed that Bacon understands what Coke referred to. There was no surprise expressed by him. He knew there was some past event which gave color to Coke's threat, but he defied him. His answer was:

To which I only said he *could not*, and that he was at fault; *for he hunted up an old scent.*

And Bacon tells us Coke gave him "a number of disgraceful words besides," but he is careful not to tell what they were. And it will be observed that while Bacon very often refers in his letters to *bruits* and *scandals* which attack his good name, he never stops to explain the nature of them. Did they refer to the Shakespeare Plays?

And observe, too, how he lays this matter before Cecil. I read between the lines of the letter something like this:

You know the agreement and understanding was that my connection with the Plays was to be kept secret, and here you have told it, or some one has told it, all to my mortal enemy, Coke; and he is blurting it all out in open court. I appeal to you for protection; you must stop him.

[1] Jacobs' *Law Dictionary*, vol. iv, p. 110.

If this be not the correct interpretation of the letter, why should Bacon complain to his enemy, Cecil, about something his other enemy, Coke, said against him concerning some threat to dig up an old matter and clap a writ of outlawry on his back?

It seems to me, however, that all these historical facts form a very solid basis for the Cipher narrative which follows.

CHAPTER III.

THE CIPHER EXPLAINED.

Give me the ocular proof.
Othello, iii, 3.

I AM aware that nine-tenths of those who read this book will turn at once to that part of it which proves the existence of a Cipher in the Shakespeare Plays. That is the all-important question: that is the essence and material part of the work.

Is there or is there not a Cipher in the Plays? A vast gulf separates these two conclusions. Are the Plays simply what they are given out to be by Heminge and Condell, untutored outpourings of a great rustic genius; or are they a marvelously complicated padding around a wonderful internal narrative?

I am sorry to see that some persons seem to think that this whole question merely concerns myself, and that it is to be answered by sneers and personal abuse. I am the least part, the most insignificant part, of this whole matter.

The question is really this: Is the voice of Francis Bacon again speaking in the world? Has the tongue, which has been stilled for two hundred and sixty years, again been loosened, and is it about to fill the astonished globe with eloquence and melody?

If it were announced to-morrow that from the grave at Stratford there were proceeding articulated utterances, — muffled, if you please, but telling, even in fragments, a mighty and wonderful story, — how the millions would swarm until all the streets and lanes and fields and farms of Stratford were overflowed with an excited multitude; how the foremost ranks would sink upon their knees, around the privileged persons who were at the open tomb; how every word would be repeated backward, from man to man, with reverent mien and bated breath, to be, at last, flashed on the wings of the lightning to all the islands and continents; to every habitation of civilized man on earth.

I ask all just-minded men to approach this revelation in the same spirit. Abuse and insults may wound the individual: they cannot help the untruth nor hurt the truth.

I. The Cipher a Reality.

That the Cipher is there; that I have found it [illegible]hat the narrative given is real, no man can doubt who reads this book to the end. There may be faults in my workmanship; there are none in the Cipher itself. All that I give is reality; but I may not give all there is. The difficulties are such as arise from the wonderful complexity of the Cipher, and the almost impossibility of the brain holding all the interlocking threads of the root-numbers in their order. Some more mathematical head than mine may be able to do it.

I would call the attention of those who may think that the results are accidental to the fact that each scene, and, in fact, each column and page, tells a different part of the same continuous story. In one place, it is the rage of the Queen; in another, the flight of the actors; in another, Bacon's despair; in another, the village doctor; in another, the description of the sick Shakspere; in another, the supper, etc.—all derived from the same series of numbers used in the same order.

II. The Nicknames of the Actors.

In the Cipher narrative, the actors are often represented by nicknames, probably derived from the characters they usually played. And Henry Percy is sometimes called *Hotspur*, because that was the title given to the great Henry Percy, of Henry IV.'s time.

It is an historical fact that Francis Bacon had a servant by the name of Henry Percy. His mother alludes to him, in one of her letters, as, "that bloody Percy." His relations to Bacon were very close. He seems to have had charge of all Bacon's manuscripts at the time of his death. It is possible Bacon may have intended, at one time, to authorize the publication of an avowal of his authorship of the Plays. He said in the first draft of his will:

> But toward the durable part of memory, which consisteth in my writings, I require my servant Henry Percy to deliver to my brother Constable all my manu-

script compositions, and the fragments also of such as are not finished; to the end that if any of them be fit to be published, he may accordingly dispose of them. And herein I desire him to take the advice of Mr. Selden, and Mr. Herbert, of the Inner Temple, and *to publish or suppress what shall be thought fit.*[1]

It is also evident that Bacon held Henry Percy in high respect. In his last will he says:

I give to Mr. Henry Percy one hundred pounds.[2]

He was not a mere servant; he was "*Master* Henry Percy." Did this tender and respectful feeling represent Bacon's gratitude to Henry Percy for invaluable services in a great crisis of his life?

We see exemplified the habit of the actors in assuming the names of the characters they acted on the stage, in Shakspere's remark in the traditional jest that has come down to us: "William the Conqueror comes before Richard III.;" representing himself as William the Conqueror, and Burbage by the name of his favorite rôle, the bloody Duke of Gloster.

As illustrating still further how the names of the actors became identified with the names of the characters they impersonated, I would call attention to the following fact:

Bishop Corbet, writing in the reign of Charles I., and giving a description of the battle of Bosworth, as narrated to him on the field by a provincial tavern-keeper, tells us that when the perspicuous guide

> Would have said, King Richard died,
> And called, a horse! a horse! he Burbage cried.[3]

III. Queen Elizabeth's Violence.

It may be objected by some that the scene in which the Queen beats Hayward was undignified and improbable; but he who reads the history of that reign will find that Queen Elizabeth was a woman of the most violent and man-like temper. We find it recorded that she boxed Essex' ears, and that he half-drew his sword upon her, and swore "he would not take such treatment from Henry VIII. himself, if he were alive." And Rowland White records:

The Queen hath of late used the fair Mrs. Bridges with words and blows of anger.

[1] Spedding, *Life and Works*, vol. vii, p. 540.
[2] Ibid., p. 542.
[3] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, p. 96.

Mrs. Bridges was one of the Queen's maids-of-honor who had offended her.

IV. The Language of the Period.

I would touch upon one other preliminary point before coming to the Cipher story. Some persons may think that the sentences which I give as parts of the internal narrative sound strangely, and are strained in their construction; but it must be remembered that the English of the sixteenth century was not the English of the nineteenth century. The powers of our tongue have been vastly increased. It is curious to note how many words, now in daily use, cannot be found at all in the Shakespeare Plays. Here are some of them:

Actually,
Admission,
Alternate,
Alternately,
Amuse,
Amusement,
Amusing,
Announce,
Announcement,
Apologize,
Artful,
Assert,
Assort,
Attack,
Aware,
Brutal,
Cargo,
Clenches,
Completely,
Concede,
Concession,
Coffee,
Confinement,
Conflagration,
Connect,
Connected,
Connection,
Considerable
Constructed,
Correctly,
Decided,
Declaration,
Degradation,
Dejection,
Despicable,
Director,
Disappointment,
Disappoint,
Disgust,
Earnings,
Effort,
Efforts,
Entitled,
Era,
Exclusively,
Exertions,
Exhausted,
Exorbitant,
Failure,
Fatigue,
Farce,
Fees,
Fiendish,
Flog,
Flogged,
Fun,
Funny,
Grasping,
Humiliation
Inability,
Income,
Indebtedness,
Intense,
Interfere,
Interference,
Lineage,
Mob,
Occupied,
Pauper,
Petitioning,
Pledged,
Popularity,
Position,
Precarious,
Production,
Prominent,
Promote,
Rapid,
Rapidly,
Rebuff,
Recent,
Reduce,
Ridicule,
Risk,
Series,
Shrubbery,
Starvation,
State (meaning to *declare*),
Statement,
Stating,
Surround,
Surrounding,
Tea,
Tobacco,
Treated,
Treatment,
Valuable,
Various.

To illustrate the difference in the style of expression, between that day and this, let us take this brief letter, written by Bacon in 1620:

I went to Kew for pleasure, but I met with pain. But neither pleasure nor pain can withdraw my mind from thinking of his Majesty's service. And because his Majesty shall see how I was occupied at Kew, I send him these papers of Rules for the Star-Chamber, wherein his Majesty shall erect one of the noblest and durablest pillars for the justice of this kingdom in perpetuity that can be; after by his own wisdom and the advice of his Lords he shall have revised them, and established them. The manner and circumstances I refer to my attending his Majesty. The rules are not all set down, but I will do the rest within two or three days.

Or take this sentence from a letter written by Bacon, in 1594, to the Lord Keeper Puckering:

I was wished to be here ready in expectation of some good effect; and therefore I commend my fortune to your Lordship's kind and honorable furtherance. My affection inclineth me to be much your Lordship's; and my course and way, in all reason and policy for myself, leadeth me to the same dependence; hereunto if there shall be joined your Lordship's obligation in dealing strongly for me as you have begun, no man can be more yours.

I need not say that no person to-day would write English in that fashion. And that we do not so write it is partly due to Bacon himself, because, not only in the Plays, but in his great philosophical works, he has infinitely polished and perfected our language. He studied, in the *Promus*, the "elegancies" of speech; in the Plays he elaborated "the golden cadence of poesy;"[1] and in *The Advancement of Learning* he gave us many passages that are perfectly modern in their exquisite smoothness and rhythm.

If the Cipher sentences are quaint and angular, the reader will therefore remember that he is reading a dialect three hundred years old.

V. Our Fac-similes.

Since the discussion arose about my discovery of the Cipher in the Plays, one of those luminous intellects which occasionally adorn all lands with their presence, and which, I am happy to say, especially abound in America, has made the profound observation that probably I had *doctored* the Plays of Shakespeare, and changed the phraseology, so as to work in a pretended Cipher!

That rasping old Thersites of literature, Carlyle, said, in his

[1] *Love's Labor Lost*, iv, 2.

acrid and bowie-knife style: "England contains twenty-seven millions of people, — *mostly fools.*" Now, while I have, as we say in the law, "no knowledge or information sufficient to form a belief" as to the truth or falsity of this observation, touching the English people, I can vouch for it that, to some extent, Carlyle's remark applies with great force to my native country. And, therefore, to meet the observation of the luminous intellect first referred to, and prevent it being taken up and echoed and re-echoed by multitudinous other luminous intellects, as is their wont, I have requested my publishers to procure *fac-similes* of the pages of the Folio under consideration in my book, copied by the sun itself, from the pages of one of those invaluable copies of the original Folio of 1623 which still exist among us. And consequently Messrs. Peale & Co. proceeded to New York, and, upon application to Columbia College, which possesses the most complete copy, I am informed, in the United States, they were permitted, through the kindness and courtesy of the officers of the College, to photograph the original pages, (pages that might have been at one time in the hands of Francis Bacon himself), directly onto the plates on which they were engraved. The great volume was sent every day, in the care of an officer of the College, to the artists' rooms, and the custodian was instructed never to permit it to be taken out of his sight for a single instant, so precious is it esteemed. And we have the certificate of Mr. Melvil Dewey, Chief Librarian of Columbia College, to the fidelity of the *fac-similes* now presented in this volume. They are, of course, reduced in size, to bring them within the compass of my book, but otherwise they are exact and faithful reproductions of the original. The numbers given on their margins, and the underscoring in red ink of every tenth word, were printed on them subsequently, to enable the critical to satisfy themselves that the words actually occupy the numerical places on the pages which I assert they do. Here is the certificate referred to:

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Chief Librarian.

CERTIFICATE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

VI. Another Brilliant Suggestion.

But another of those luminous intellects (whose existence is a subject of perpetual perplexity to those who reverence God) has made the further suggestion that, granted there *is* a Cipher in the Plays, Bacon put it there to cheat Shakspere out of his just rights and honors! Bacon,—says this profound man,—was a scoundrel; he was locked up in the Tower for bribery (the same Tower in which Mr. Jefferson Brick insisted Queen Victoria always resided, and ate breakfast with her crown on); and being in Cæsar's Tower, and having nothing else to do, this industrious villain took Shakspere's Plays and re-wrote them, and inserted the Cipher in them, in which he feloniously claimed them for himself.

But as Bacon was only in the Tower one night, the performance of such a work would be a greater feat of wonder than anything his admirers have ever yet claimed for him.

But if any answer is needed to this shallowness, it is found in the fact that the original forms of the Shakespeare Plays, where they have come down to us, as in the case of the first copy of *The Merry Wives*, *Hamlet*, *Henry V.*, etc., as they existed before they were doubled in size and the Cipher injected into them, are very meager and barren performances; and that it is in the Plays, *after Bacon had inserted the Cipher story in them* (that night in the Tower), that the real Shakespearean genius is manifested.

And if any further answer were needed it will be found in the revelations of the Cipher itself. It will be seen that in many places almost every word is a Cipher word. If I might be permitted, in so grave a work as this, to recur to the style of the rostrum, I would cite an anecdote:

A father had a very troublesome son,—not to say vicious, but very vivacious. The boy was taken sick. A doctor was sent for. The doctor applied a mustard-plaster. The father held a light for him.

"Doctor," said the fond parent, "while you are at it, could you not put a plaster on this young gentleman that would draw the d——l out of him?"

The doctor, who knew the boy well, replied, "I fear, my dear sir, if I did so, there would be nothing left of the boy."

And so I would say that, if you take out of the Plays the Baconian Cipher, there will be nothing left for the man of Stratford to lay claim to.

And here I would remark that it is sorrowful — nay, pitiful — nay, shameful — to read the fearful abuse which in sewer-rivers has deluged the fair memory of Francis Bacon in the last few months, in these United States, since this discussion arose; — let loose by men who know nothing of Bacon's life except what they have learned from Macaulay's slanderous essay. If Bacon had been a common malefactor, guilty of all the crimes in the calendar, and was still alive, and still persecuting mankind, they could scarcely have attacked him more brutally, viciously, savagely or vindictively.

It teaches us all a great lesson: — that no man should ever hereafter complain of slanders and unjust abuse, when such torrents of obloquy can be poured, without stint, by human beings, over the good name of one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. And it suggests that if the Darwinian theory be true, that we are descended from the monkeys, then it would appear that, in some respects, we have not improved upon our progenitors, but possess traits of baseness peculiarly and exclusively human.

VII. The Method of the Cipher.

I have stated that there are five root-numbers for this part of the narrative. These are 505, 506, 513, 516, 523. *These are all modifications of one number.*

I have also stated that these numbers are modified by certain other numbers, which appear on page 73 and page 74, to-wit: on the last page of the first part of *King Henry IV.*, and the first page of the second part of *King Henry IV.* These numbers I have given on pages 581, etc., *ante.*

In the working out of the Cipher, 505 and 523 coöperate with each other: that is, at first part of the story is told by 505; then it interlocks with 523; or a number due to 523 alternates with a number due to 505. The number 506, as will be shown, is separately treated. The numbers 513 and 516 go together, just as 505 and 523 do. Afterwards a number which is a product, we will say, of 505, goes forward, separating from the 523 products, and is put

through its own modifications, as will be explained hereafter, and the same is true of the products of 523.

In the order of the narrative the words growing out of 513 and 516 precede the words growing out of 505 and 523.

The first "modifiers" used are 218 and 219, and 197 and 198; then follow 30 and 50. These are the modifiers found in the second column of page 74; then follow the modifiers found on page 73.

Where the count begins from the beginning of a scene, it also runs from the end of the same scene. Where it begins to run from a scene in the midst of an act, it is carried to the beginnings and ends of that scene and of all the other scenes in that act. Where it begins from a page alone, it is confined to that page, or to the column next but one thereafter, and moves only in one direction. Where the Cipher runs from the beginning of a *scene* and goes forward, it will also to a certain extent move backward.

The numbers acquired by working one page become root-numbers, and are carried forward or backward to other pages.

Thus, if we commence with the root-number 505, in the first column of page 75, we find two subdivisions in that column, due to the break in the narrative caused by the words of the stage direction: "*Enter Morton.*" There are 193 words in the upper subdivision, and 253 in the lower. If we deduct these from 505 and 523, for instance, we have these results:

505	505	523	523
193	253	193	253
312	252	330	270

Now, these numbers, we will see, are carried forward and backward, in due order, and yield, according to the page or column to which they are applied, different parts of the Cipher story. But as these numbers would soon exhaust the number of pages, columns, scenes and fragments of scenes to which they could be applied, they are in turn modified again, as already stated, by the modifiers on pages 73 and 74. Thus, 30 and 50 deducted from 312 make the new root-numbers 282 and 262; treated the same way, 523 produces the root-numbers 300 and 280; and these new root-numbers, like the others, are carried entirely through both the first and second parts of *Henry IV.*

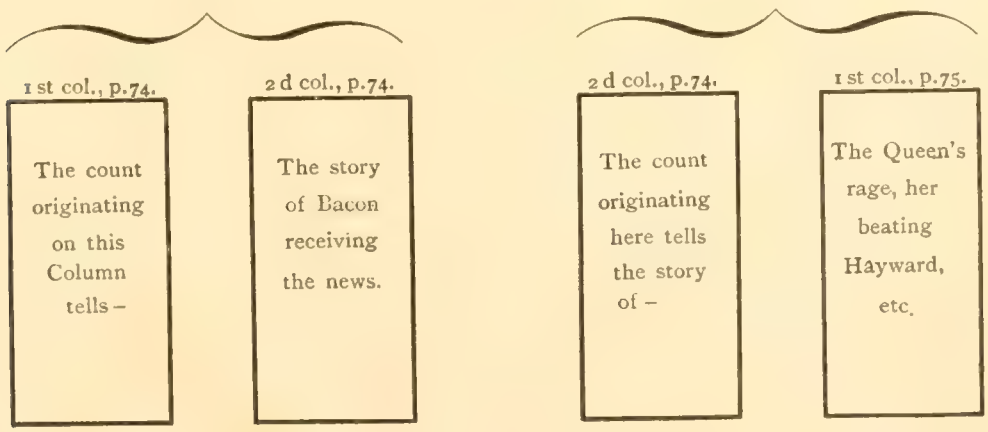
And the reader will observe that the order in which these numbers *progress* is regular and orderly. For instance, the above numbers, 282, 262, 300, 280, will work out an entirely different part of the story from the numbers derived by deducting the first column of page 74, with its modifications, from 505 and 523. And the order is in the historical order of the narrative.

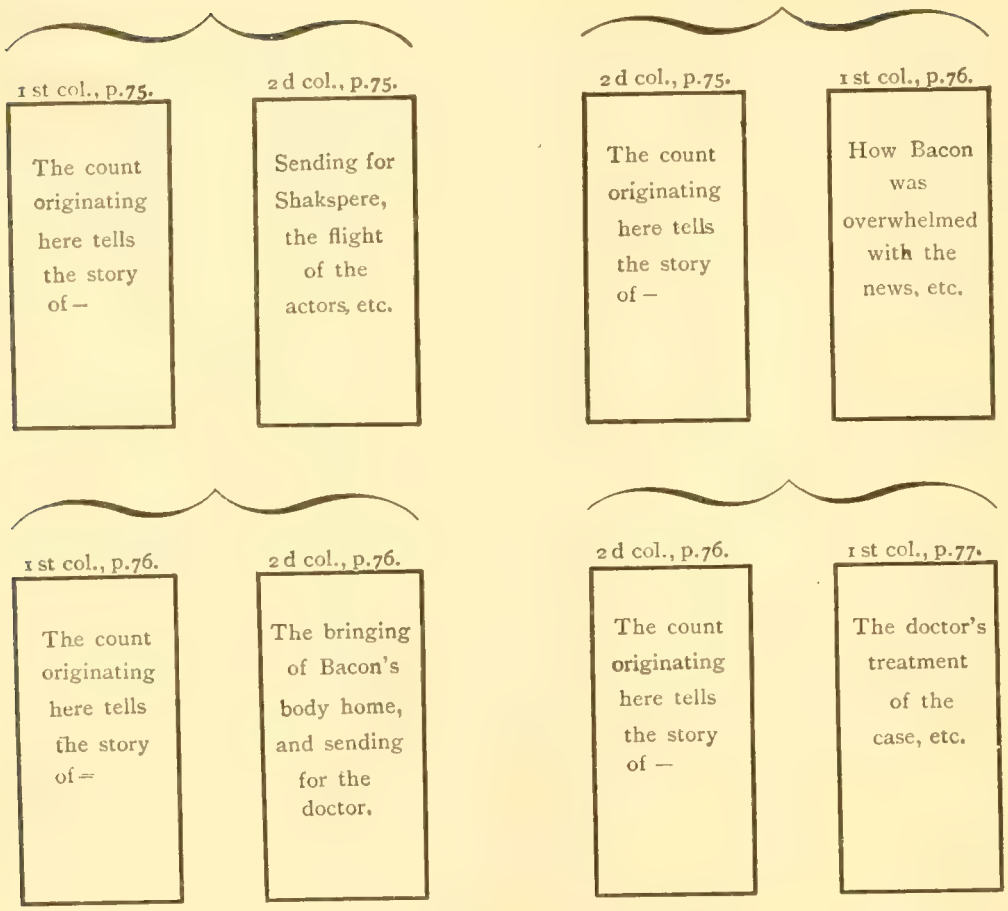
For instance, if we commence on the first column of page 75, and work forward, the story that comes out is about the Queen sending out the soldiers to find Shakspere and his fellows, and the flight of the terrified actors. This is all produced by 505, 506, 513, 516, 523, modified first by those two fragments of that first column of page 75, to-wit, 193 and 253; and these, in turn, modified by the modifying numbers in the second column of page 74, to-wit, 50, 30, 218, 198, or 49, 29, 219 and 197, accordingly as we count from the last word of one fragment or the first word of the next.

And this story, so told, it will be seen, is different from and subsequent in order to the story told by commencing to work from the last column of page 74, instead of the first column of page 75, which relates to the Queen's rage, the beating of Hayward, etc. While, if we commence at the first column of page 74, the story told is about the bringing of the news to Bacon.

VIII. The Story Reduced to Diagrams.

For instance, let me represent the flow of the story, from the fountain of one column into the pool of another, by diagrams; the reader remembering that the story always grows out of those same root-numbers, 505, 506, 513, 516, 523, modified always, in the same order, by the same modifiers, 30, 50, 198, 218, 27, 62, 90, 79, etc.



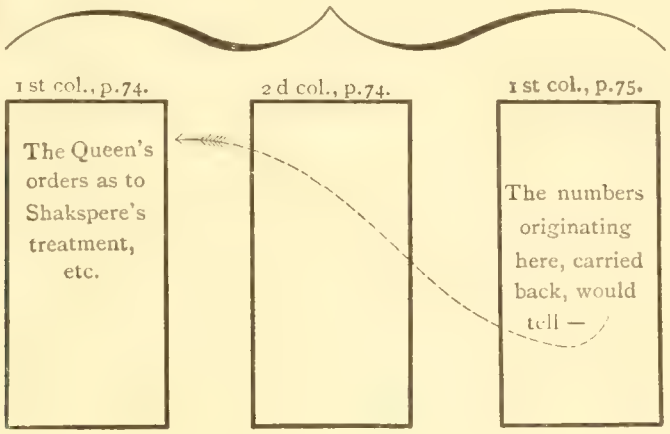


But it will be said that we have a break here, between Bacon being overwhelmed with the bad news, and the carrying home of his body after he had taken poison. Yes, but the missing part of the story is told by going backward instead of forward in the same due and regular order.

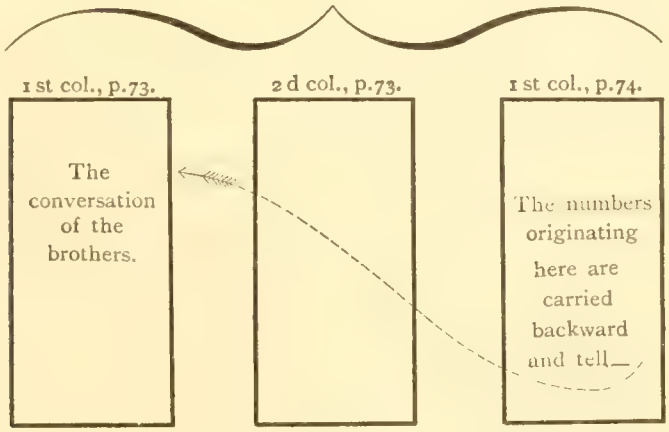
That is to say, we take the root-numbers produced by modifying 505, 506, 513, 516 and 523 by 193 and 253 (first column of page 75), and we carry those root-numbers backward to the first column of page 73, and we work out the directions of the Queen as to how Shakspere was to be treated when arrested, how he was to be offered rewards to reveal the real author of the Plays, etc.; and it also tells how the Queen expressed her disbelief in Bacon's guilt, and denounced his cousin Cecil for his lies and slanders concerning him.

And when we take the root-numbers produced by the modifying numbers found in the first column of page 74, and which told of how the news was brought to Bacon, the same numbers so produced are carried backward to the next page, and, working backward

and forward, they tell that which follows in due order, to-wit, the conversation between Bacon and his brother Anthony, in which Anthony urges him to fly. Thus:



And again:



While Bacon's taking the poison is told partly on page 76 and partly on page 72, the finding of the body is told in the second column of page 72, and carried by the root-numbers so created forward to page 76. The same rule applies to all the narrative which I have worked out: the story radiates from that common center, which I have called "*The Heart of the Mystery*," the dividing line between the first and second parts of the play of *Henry IV.*

Many have supposed that the Cipher story was made by jumping about from post to pillar, picking out a word here and a word there; but the above diagrams will show that it is nothing of the kind. It moves with the utmost precision and the most microscopic accuracy, from one point of departure to another, carrying the numbers created by that point of departure with it. And the cunning

with which the infolding play is adjusted to the requirements of the infolded story is something marvelous beyond all parallel in the achievements of the human mind. One of the difficulties I found in tracing it out was this very exactness: the difference of a column would make the greatest difference in the story told, and hence, if I was not very careful, I would have two different parts of the narrative running into each other.

IX. A Cipher of Words, not Letters.

One thing that must be understood is this, that the Cipher is not one of letters, but of words. This renders it, in one sense, the more simple. There is no translating of alphabetical signs into *aaaab*, *abbaa*, *abaab*, etc., as in Bacon's biliteral cipher, which Mr. Black and Mr. Clarke sought to apply to the inscription on Shakspere's tombstone. The *words* come out by the count, and *all of them.*

To illustrate the Cipher in this respect, we will suppose the reader was to find in an article, referring to the cipher-writings of the middle ages, a sentence like this :

> For there can be no doubt whatever, that if it be examined closely, there is reason to believe that a cunningly adjusted and concealed cipher story, and one not of alphabetical signs, but of words, may be found hidden, not only in books, but letters of those ages, of which the very intricate key is lost. It may be revealed by some laborious student in the future, but for the present age all the great stories told therein, in cryptogram, are hopelessly buried.

Now, the reader might suppose this sentence to be just what it appears to be on its surface. But if we arrange the words numerically, placing the proper number over each word, and then pick out every fifth word, we will find that they form together this sentence:

> *No : it is a cipher of words, not letters, which is revealed in The Great Cryptogram.*

Now, the Cipher in the Plays is on the same principle, only more complicated:—the internal words hold an arithmetical relation to the external sentence, and you have but to count the words to eliminate the story. But, instead of the number being, as in the above sentence, 5, it is one which is the product of multiplying a certain number in the first column of page 74 with another; this number being in turn put through various modifications.

X. How the Cipher was Made.

But it may be asked: In what way was the Cipher narrative inserted in the Plays?

Bacon, as I suppose, first wrote out his internal story. Then he determined upon the mechanism of the Cipher. It was necessary to use some words many times over; but it would not do to pepper the text with significant words. Hence, such words as *shake* and *speare* and *plays* and *volume* and *suspicion* had to be so placed that they would sometimes fit the Cipher counting down the column, and sometimes fit it counting up the column; and the necessities of this work determined the number of words in a column or subdivision of a column; and hence the fact, which I have already pointed out, that some columns contain nearly twice as many words as others.

And here I would note that the word *please*, in Elizabeth's time, was pronounced as the Irish peasant pronounces it to-day, that is to say, as *plaze;* and it will be seen that Bacon uses *please* to represent *plays*. And very wisely, since the word *plays*, recurring constantly, would certainly have aroused suspicion. The word *her* was then pronounced like *hair*, even as the Irish brogue would now give it; and, to avoid the constant use of *her*, in referring to Queen Elizabeth, as *her Grace*, *her Majesty*, etc., Bacon uses the word *here*, which also had the sound of *hair*. This is shown in the pun made by Falstaff, in the first part of *Henry IV.*, act i, scene 2, where, speaking to Prince Hal, he says:

> That were it *here apparent*, that thou art *heir apparent*.

In fact it may be assumed that in that age in England the vowels had what might be called the continental sound, that is to say, the *a* had the broad sound of *ah*, and the *e* the sound of *a*. Thus, *reason* was pronounced *rayson*, as we see in another of Falstaff's puns, which would be unintelligible with the present pronunciation of the word:

> Give you a *reason* on compulsion? If *reasons* were as plenty as *blackberries*, I would give no man a *reason* on compulsion.[1]

Here Falstaff antagonizes *raisins* with *blackberries*.

In fact, the Cipher will give us, for the entertainment of the

[1] *1st Henry IV.*, ii, 3.

curious, so to speak, a photograph, or rather phonograph, of the exact sound of the speech of Elizabeth's age.

But, having written his internal story and decided upon the mechanism of his Cipher, Bacon had to arrange his modifiers so that they would enable him to use the same words more than once. And it will be seen hereafter that the 50 on the second column of page 74 is duplicated by the 50 at the bottom of column 1 of page 76, so that such words as *lift him up*, and *wipe his face*, etc., may be used in describing the keepers caring for the body of the wounded Shakspere, and also of the lifting up of the body of Bacon after he had taken the poison.

Now, having constructed his Cipher story, he applies his mechanism to it, and he determines that in column 2, we will say, of page 75, the word *men* shall be the 221st word down the column, and the word *turned* the 221st word up the column; then, in their proper places, he puts the words *turned*, *their*, *backs*, *and*, *fled*, *in*, *the*, *greatest*, *fear*, *swifter*, *than*, *arrows*, *fly*, *toward*, *their*, *aim;* and then he constructs that part of the play so that it will naturally bring in these words. But as the Cipher words are very numerous, he is constrained to describe something in the play kindred to the story told by the Cipher. Thus, this flight of the actors is couched in a narrative of the flight of Hotspur's soldiers from the battle-field of Shrewsbury, after he was slain. And, as Hotspur was Harry Percy and Harry Percy was Bacon's servant, whenever there is a necessity to name the servant in the interior story, the name of the Earl of Northumberland's heroic and fiery son appears in the external story. So when the doctor appears, in column 1 of page 77, to prescribe for Bacon, after he took the poison, we have Falstaff telling the Chief Justice all the symptoms of apoplexy.

> This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, a sleeping of the blood, a horson tingling. . . . It hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain.[1]

And a little further down the same column we have *disease*, *physician*, *minister*, *potion*, *patient*, *prescriptions*, *dram*, *scruple;* all of which words, as we will see in the Cipher story, besides *sick*, and *belly*, and *discomfort*, and *grows*, in the same column, and *hotter*, and *ratsbane*, and

[1] *2d Henry IV.*, i, 2.

mouth, in the preceding column, are used to tell the story of Bacon's sickness and his treatment by the physician.

In the same way, when Percy visits Stratford and labors with Shakspere to induce him to fly to Scotland until the dangers of the time are past, Shakspere's wife and daughter being present, one aiding Percy and the other opposing him, the story is told in scene 3 of act ii of the second part of *Henry IV.*, page 81 of the Folio; and this short scene is an account of the effort of Northumberland's wife and daughter to persuade *him* to fly to Scotland, until the dangers of the time are past. It must have been very difficult to construct this scene, for the shorter the scene the more the Cipher words are packed into it, until almost every word is used both in the play narrative and the Cipher narrative.

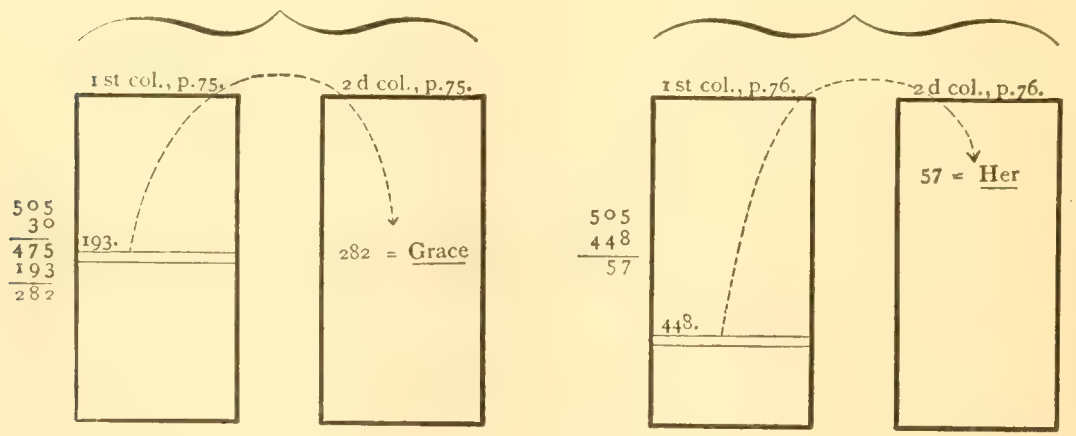
In the same way it has been noted recently, by some one, that the names of the characters in *Love's Labor Lost*, the scene of which is laid in France, are the names of the generals who conducted the great war raging in France during Bacon's visit to that country; and no doubt there is a Cipher story in this play, relating to these historical events, as Bacon perhaps witnessed them, in which it was necessary to use the names of these generals; and by this cunning device Bacon was able to do so repeatedly without arousing suspicion. And the name of *Armado*, the Spaniard, in the same play, was doubtless a cover for references to the great *Spanish Armada*. And, as a corroboration of this, we find the word *Spain*, a rare word in the Plays, used twice in *Love's Labor Lost*, and the word *Spaniard* also used twice in this play, while it occurs but four times in all the other plays in the Folio. And the word *great*, which would naturally be associated with *Armada*, which was spoken of usually as the *Great Armada*, occurs in *Love's Labor Lost* twenty-four times, while in the comedy of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* it occurs but seven times; in *The Merchant of Venice* but seven times; and in *All's Well that Ends Well* but four times.

XI. How the Cipher is Worked Out.

If the reader will turn to page 76 of the *fac-similes*, being page 76 of the original Folio, and the third page of the second part of *King Henry IV.*, and commence to count at the bottom of the scene,

to-wit, scene second, and count upward, he will find that there are just 448 words (exclusive of the bracketed words, and counting the hyphenated words as single words) in that fragment of scene second in that column. Now, then, if we deduct 448 from 505, the remainder is 57, and if he will count down the next column, forward, (second of page 76), the reader will find that the 57th word is the word *her*. That is to say, the word *her* is the 505th word from the end of scene second; and the reader will remember that 505 is one of the Cipher root-numbers.

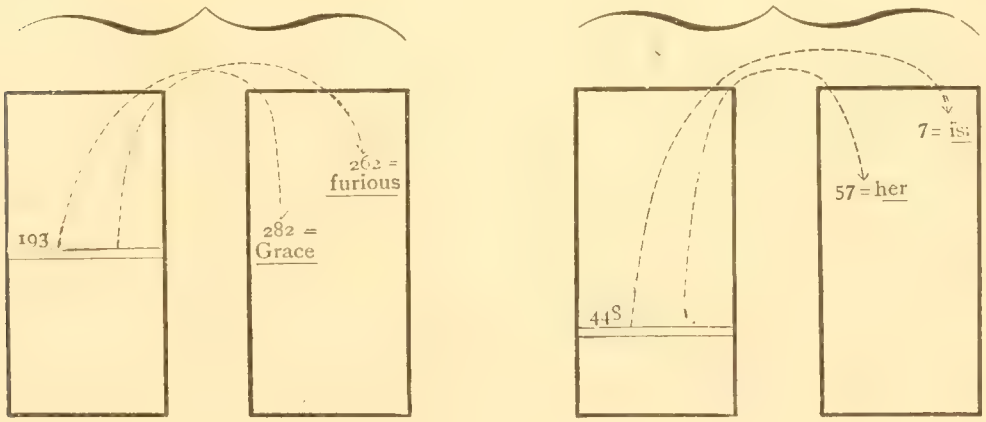
Now, I have stated that one of the modifying numbers was 30. Let us take 505 again and deduct 30; the remainder is 475. If, instead of starting to count from the end of the second scene in the first column of page 76, we count from the end of the first subdivision of the corresponding column (one page backward), to-wit, the first column of page 75, we will find that in that first subdivision there are 193 words; and that number deducted from 505 leaves as a remainder 282. Now, if the reader will count down the next column forward, just as we did in the former case, he will find that the 282d word is *Grace;* the two countings together making the combination "*her Grace.*" Thus:



Now let us go a step farther. We have seen that *Grace* was produced by deducting from 505 the modifying number 30. The other modifying number, in this connection, is 50, to-wit, the number of words in the first subdivision of column 2 of page 74; as 30 represents the number of words in the last subdivision of the same column. We have seen that *her* was the fifty-seventh word in the second column of page 76. Now let us deduct 50 from

505, and again start from the same point of departure, the end of scene second, second column of page 76: 505 less 50 leaves 455. If we deduct from 455 the 448 words in that fragment of the scene, we have as a remainder 7; and if we again, as in the former instance, count down the next column, we find that the seventh word is the word *is*. (The same result is reached by deducting 50 from that fifty-seventh word, *her*, the remainder being 7.) Now we have: *Her Grace is*. Her grace is what?

Let us go back again to the former starting-point, that 193d word in the first column of page 75. We again use the root-number 505, but this time we deduct 50 from it, as in the last instance, instead of 30, and again we have 455. Now, if we deduct 193 from 455, or, in other words, if we count the 193 words, the remainder to make up 455 is 262; and if we again count down the next column forward, the 262d word is the word *furious*. "*Her Grace is furious.*" Thus:



Here it will be observed that the difference between 57 and 7 is 50, and the difference between 282 and 262 is 20, the difference between 30 and 50.

But if *her Grace is furious*, what has she done?

We have seen that *her* was the 505th word from the end of the scene; and *grace* the 605th word from the beginning of the second subdivision of column 1 of page 75, counting upwards; and *is* the 505th word from the end of the scene, less 50; and *furious* the 505th word from the beginning of the second subdivision of column 1 of page 75, counting upwards again, less 50. But what is the 505th word from the same last-named starting-point? There are 193 words

in column 1 of page 75 above the said second subdivision: if therefore we deduct 193 from 505, the remainder is 312; that is to say, the 312th word in the second column of page 75 is the 505th from the top of the second subdivision of column 1 of page 75. What is the 312th word? Turn to the *fac-simile* of page 75, and you will see that the 312th word is *sent*, in the sentence "and hath *sent* out." But where is the *out*, which is necessary to make the phrase *sent out?* Again we deduct 50 from 312, and we have left 262:—262, you will remember, was,—counting *down* column 2 of page 75,—the word *furious*. Now let us count 262 words *upward* from the end of scene 2d, just as we did to obtain the words *her* and *is;* and we will find that the 262d word is the 187th word, to-wit: *out*. But there are two words lacking to complete the sentence,—"Her grace is furious *and hath* sent out." Where are these? If we will again take 312, and count upward from the end of the scene, we will find that the 312th word is the 137th word, *and;* and now take the same common root, 505, which has produced all these words, but, instead of counting from the beginning of the second subdivision of column 1 of page 75 *upward*, count from that point downward: there are 254 words in this second subdivision of column 1; this deducted from 505 leaves 251. Now suppose we go again to that end of scene 2, from which we derived *her*, *is*, *and* and *out*, but count *downward* instead of *upward*, just as we did to get that remainder 251, and the result will be that after counting the 50 words in that fragment of scene 3 in the first column of page 76, we will have 201 words left, and if we go *up* the preceding column (2d of page 75), we will find that the 251st word is the word *hath*,—the 308th word in the second column of page 75. Here, then, we have, *all growing out of 505*, alternating regularly:

"*Her Grace is furious and hath sent out.*"

Can any one believe that this is the result of accident? If so, let them try to create a similar sentence, in the same way, with numbers not cipher numbers. Take the number 500, for instance, and count from the same points of departure, in the same order that we have used in the previous instance, and they will have as a result, instead of the above coherent sentence, the words:

Sow — vail — of — soon — restrain — sent — king — one.

Now let the reader, by the exercise of his ingenuity, try to make a sensible sentence out of these words, twisting them how he will.

I do not at this time give the regular narrative, but simply some specimens to explain the way in which the Cipher moves. The narrative will be given in subsequent chapters.

Let me give another specimen, growing, in part, out of the same starting-points, and being in itself part of the same story. We have seen that 505 less 30, one of the modifiers, was 475, and that 475 less 193, the upper subdivision of column 1 of page 75, produced 282, the word *grace.* Now let us try the same 475, but count *down* the said first column of page 75, from the same starting-point, instead of up. There are 254 words in the second subdivision of page 75; 254 deducted from 475 leaves 221, and the 221st word in the next column (second of 75) is the word *men;* and if we count up the column it is *turned*, the 288th word; thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} 508 \\ 221 \\ \hline 287+1=288. \end{array}$$

But if we recur to the upper subdivision again, that is, if we deduct from 475, 193 instead of 245, we have the same 282 which produced *grace.* But here we come upon another feature of the rule which runs all through the Cipher: If the reader will look at column 1 of page 75, he will see that in the upper subdivision there are ten words in brackets and five hyphenated words. Now, there are four ways of counting the words of the text: (1) Counting the words of the text, exclusive of the bracket-words, and regarding the hyphenated words or double words as one word; (2) counting all the words of the text, including the bracket words, and treating the hyphenated word as two or three words, as the case may be; (3) counting in the bracket-words without the hyphenated words, and (4) the hyphenated words without the bracket-words. The first two modes of counting were exemplified in the instance which I gave in chapter V., page 571, *ante*, where the words *found* and *out* were reached by counting first 836 words, in the first mode of counting, and then 900 words by the second mode of counting; the count departing, as in these instances, from two different pages, succeeding each other, to-wit: pages 74 and 75; while here it is pages 75 and 76.

If, now, we start with any Cipher number, say, 475, which is 505 less 30, from the beginning of the second subdivision of the first column of page 75, and count upward, we will find that there are to the top of the column 193 words, *plus* 10 words in brackets and 5 words hyphenated, making a total of 208; and this deducted from 475 leaves a remainder of 267, instead of 282. And we will find that the 267th word, counting *down* the second column of page 75, is the word *had.* Here we have: "*men had turned.*" But if we carry that 267 *up* that column we have

$$\begin{array}{r} 508 \\ 267 \\ \hline 241+1=242. \end{array}$$

But there are in this count three hyphenated words; if we count these in, then the 267th word is the 245th word on the column, *our.* Now we have: "*our men had turned.*"

Let us recur again to 505 and again deduct 30, and again we have 475 as a remainder; then deduct 193 from it, as before, and the remainder is again 282; now let us go to the beginning of the next scene, in the first column of page 76; that scene begins with the 449th word, and if we count the number of words *below that word*, we will find there are 49; we deduct 49 from 282 and we have left 233, and the 233d word, going down the same column, in which all the other words have been found, is the word *their.* And if we recur to the alternating number 221 and go up the same column again, but count in the hyphenated words, we have as the 221st word, the 290th word, *backs.*

Here, then, we have the following:

		Word.	Page and Column.	
505—30=475—193=282—15 *b* & *h*=267	*up* the column + *h*	=245	75:2	**Our**
505—30=475—254=221	*down* "	=221	75:2	**men**
505—30=475—193=282—15 *b* & *h*=267	*up* "	=267	75:2	**had**
505—30=475—254=221	*down* "	=288	75:2	**turned**
505—30=475—193=282—49	*up* "	=233	75:2	**their**
505—30=475—254=221	*down* " + *h*	=290	75:2	**backs**
505—30=475—193=282	*up* " + *h*	=280	75:2	**and**

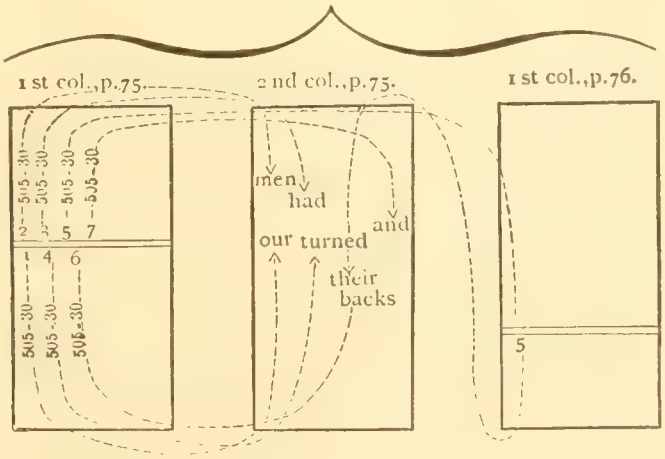
It will be observed that *our*, the first word above, was obtained by counting in the hyphenated words in the column, as we passed over them in the count; this is expressed by the sign "+ *h;*" and

the word *backs* was obtained, also, in the same way; and the word *and* was obtained in like manner, and in each case we have this represented, as above, by the sign "+ *h.*" I would here explain that "245 75:2—*our*," in the above table, signifies that *our* is the 245th word in the second column of page 75; in this way the reader can count every word and identify it for himself.

Observe how regularly the root-numbers alternate, as to their movement after leaving the original point of departure, every other word going *up* from the first word of the second subdivision of page 75, while the intervening words move *downward;* thus, we have 193 —254—193—254—193—254—193; and hence, counting from these points of departure, we have the alternations of *up*, *down*, *up*, *down*, *up*, *down*, *up*. And every word of the sentence begins in the first column of page 75 and is found in the second column of page 75; and observe also how the numbers of the words alternate: 282—221—282—221—282—221—282; the sentence is perfectly symmetrical throughout; and every word is the 475th word from precisely the same point of departure.

Can any one believe that this is the result of accident? If so, let them produce something like it in some composition where no cipher has been placed.

The above table, presented in a diagram, will appear something like this:



XII. Another Proof of the Cipher.

And here I would pause for a moment, to call attention to a fact which shows the wonderfully complex nature of the Cipher, and which deserves to be remembered with that instance, given in

Chapter V. of Book II., where the same words *found* and *out* were used, in two different stories, by two different sets of cipher-numbers, to-wit: $11 \times 76 = 836$ and $12 \times 75 = 900$; the same words being 836 from two points of departure by excluding the bracketed words and counting the hyphenated words as single words, and 900 from the same points of departure by counting in the bracketed words and counting the hyphenated words as double words. Now, in the second column of page 75 the 262d word is *furious.* This is a word repeatedly used to describe the rage of the Queen, and hence we find the number of words in the column and the number of bracketed and hyphenated words cunningly adjusted to produce it by several different counts. Thus: $505 - 50 = 455$; this, less 193 (the number of words above the second subdivision of column 1 of page 75), makes 262—*furious.* But now, if we deduct from 262 the 15 bracket and hyphenated words in those 193 words—in other words, if we count them in—as we have done in the other instances given above—we have 247; and 247 down the page is a very significant word, in connection with the Queen being *furious*, the word *fly;* but if we count *up* the column, the 247th word is again the same 262d word, *furious!* And if we take another root-number, 516, and deduct 254 from it, that is, count down from the top of that same second subdivision in column 1 of page 75, we again have 262, the same word *furious.* And if we go *up* the column, instead of down, the 262d word is again that significant word, *fly.* And if we take still another root-number, 513, and deduct 254 from it, as above, we have as a remainder 259, and if we carry this *down* the column we reach the significant word *prisoner*, and if we go *up* the column, counting in the bracketed and hyphenated words, we find that the 259th word is again the same 262d word, *furious.*

Let the incredulous reader verify these countings, and he will begin to realize the tremendous nature of the Cipher, its immensity and the incalculable difficulty of unraveling it; and he will be rather disposed to thank me for the work I have performed, and to help me to perfect it, where that work is imperfect, than to meet me, as I have been met, with insults and denunciation.

XIII. Why Bacon Made the Cipher.

But the astonished world may ask: Why would any man perform the vast labor involved in the construction of such a Cipher? Why, I answer, have men in all ages performed great intellectual feats? What is poetry but fine thoughts invested in a sort of cipher-work of words? To obtain the precise balance of rhythm, the exact enumeration of syllables and the accurate accordance of rhyme, implies an ingenuity and adaptiveness of mind very much like that required to form a cipher; so that, in one sense, a cipher work, like the Plays, is a higher form of poetry. And nature itself may be said to be a sort of Cipher of which we have not as yet found the key. Montaigne says: "Nature is a species of enigmatic poesy." But I may go a step farther, and argue that all excessive mental activity, such as Bacon exhibited, even in his acknowledged works, is abnormal, and in some respects a departure from the sane standard. The normal man is a happy, well-conditioned creature, with good muscles and a sound stomach, whose purpose in life is to eat, sleep and raise children, and who doesn't care a farthing what anybody may think of him a thousand years after his death. Anything above and beyond this is imposed on man by the Creator, for his own wise ends. The great geniuses of mankind have been simply a long line of heavily-burdened, sweating, toiling porters, who bore God's precious gifts to man from the spiritual world to the material shore.

> And like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
> Thou bear'st thy heavy burden but a journey,
> Till death unloads thee.

But, on the other hand, Bacon probably enjoyed the exercise of his own vast ingenuity, just as children enjoy the working-out of riddles; just as the musician takes pleasure in the sound of his own instrument; just as the athlete delights in the magnificent play of his own muscles. And he probably had the Shakespeare Cipher in his mind when he said,

> The labor we delight in physics pain;

and

> To business that we love we rise betime,
> And go to 't with delight.

We can imagine him, shut up in the hermitage of St. Albans, poor, downcast, powerless; annoyed by debts; the whole force of the reigning powers in the state bent to his suppression; with every door of possibility apparently closed in his face forever; his heart raging within him the while like a caged lion. We can imagine him, I say, rising betimes to go to the task he loved, the preparation of the inner history of his times, in cipher, and the creation of an intellectual work which, apart from the merits of poetry or drama, must, he knew, live forever, when once revealed, as one of the supreme triumphs of the human mind; as one of the wonders of the world.

XIV. The Cipher Continued.

We have worked out the sentence, *Our men turned their backs and.* Let us proceed.

We have heretofore, in counting down column 1, page 75, deducted 254 words, that being the number of words below the 193d word, the end of the first subdivision in the column. But if we count from the first word of the second subdivision there are, *below that word*, in the column, 253 words. We shall see hereafter that this subtle distinction, as to the starting-points to count from, runs all through the Cipher. Now, if we again take that root-number 505, and deduct 253, we have as a remainder 252; but if we count in the bracket and hyphenated words in that subdivision, (15), we will have as a remainder 237; and the 237th word in column 2 of page 75 is the word *fled*, which completes the sentence, *Our men turned their backs and fled.*

We saw, in the first instance, that *her Grace is furious and hath sent out;* we come now to finish that sentence. What was it she sent out? As we have counted downward all the words *below the first word* of the *second* subdivision of column 1 of page 75, so we count upwards all the words *above the last word* in the *first* subdivision. There are in that first subdivision 193 words; hence 192, the number of the words above the last word, becomes, in the progress of the Cipher, a modifier, just as we have seen 253 to be. Let us again take the root-number 505, from which we have worked out thus far all the words given, and after deducting from it the modifier 50, we have left 455, which, it will be remembered, produced the

words *furious, is, hath* and *out.* If from 455 we deduct 192, we have as a remainder 263, and if we carry this up the next column (2d of 75), we find that the 263d word is the 246th word, *soldiers. Her Grace is furious and hath sent out soldiers.*

But what kind of soldiers? Up to this point every word has flowed out of 505; now, the Cipher changes to 523, the root-number which I have said, under certain conditions, alternated with 505. Again we deduct the number 192, (which produced *soldiers*), from 523, and we have as a remainder 331; we carry this up the next column, as usual, and the 331st word is the 178th word, *troops.* Again we take 505 and go down the column, instead of up, that is, we deduct 254, as in the former instances, and we have as a remainder 251; or if we count in the bracket and hyphenated words, 236; we go up the second column of page 75, and the 236th word is *of*, the 273d word in the column. Here, then, we have: *Her Grace is furious and hath sent out troops of soldiers*, and *Our men turned their backs and fled.*

Now we turn again to the interlocking number 523, and, after deducting the modifier 50, which leaves 473, counting up the column, we have as a remainder 280, or, counting in the bracketed and hyphenated words, which formerly produced *hath* (*hath* turned), and the 265th word is the word *well*, the first part of the hyphenated word *well-laboring;* but as the 265th was obtained by counting in the hyphenated words in 193, we therefore count the hyphenated words separately, and that gives us *well.* Now, if we count 505 from the beginning of scene 3, column 1, page 76, down the 50 words in that fragment of scene, and forward and down the next column, we find the 505th word to be the 455th word in the second column of page 86, to-wit, the word *horsed.* Here, then, we have *sent out troops of soldiers well horsed.* In that day they used the word *horsed* where we would employ the expression *mounted;* thus, *Macbeth* speaks of

> Pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
> *Horsed* on the sightless couriers of the air.

And at the top of the first column of page 75 we have:

> My lord, Sir John Umfreville turned me back
> With joyful tidings; and (being better *horsed*)
> Out-rode me.

But how did our men fly? We have seen that 505 *minus* 30 produced 475, and this *minus* 254 left 221, and that 221, down the second column of page 75, was *men*, and up the same column was *turned* (*our men turned their backs*). Now let us carry 221 up the same column again, but count in the bracketed and hyphenated words in the space we pass over, and we will find that the 221st word is the 296th word, *in*. Again let us take 505, deduct 193, and we have left 312; now let us go again to the beginning of the next scene, as we did to find the word *their*, and deduct, as before, 49, carrying the remainder (263) up the second column of page 75, but counting in the three additional hyphenated words, and we will find the 263d word to be the 249th word from the top, *the*. Again let us recur to 505, and, counting down the same first column of page 75, from the usual starting-point, 254 words, we have left as before 251 words; or, counting in the bracketed and hyphenated words, 236; and if we count down the next column, counting in the bracketed words, the 236th word is the 216th word, *greatest*. And if we again take 505, and count up from the end of the first subdivision of the first column of page 75, counting in the bracketed and hyphenated words, as we did in the last instance, we have 297, which carried down the next column produces the word *fear*.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—30=475—254=221. 508—221+*b* & *h* on col.=	296	75:2	**in**
505— 193—312—49=263—508—263+*h*=	249	75:2	**the**
505 254=251—15 *b* & *h*=236—20 *b*=216.	216	75:2	**greatest**
505 193=312—15 *b* & *h*=297.	297	75:2	**fear**

Observe again the symmetry of this sentence: it all grows out of 505; it is all found in the second column of page 75; the count all begins at the same point in the first column of page 75, and it regularly alternates: 254—193—254—193;—221—312—251—312; two words go up the column together, and two words go down the column together. Can any one believe that this is the result of accident?

We now have: *Our men turned their backs and fled in the greatest fear.*

We go a step farther. We recur to the interlocking number 523 and again deduct from it the modifier 30, which leaves 493; we count down from the beginning of the second subdivision, to-wit,

deduct 254, and we have 239 left; and the 239th word in the next column is *swifter*. We take 523 again, but deduct this time the other modifier, 50, instead of 30, and we have 473 left. We count up the column, this time, instead of down, and, deducting 193 from 473, we have 280 left, or, counting in the 15 bracketed and hyphenated words in that first subdivision, we have 265 left (the same number that produced *well*); and this, carried down the next column, counting in the bracketed and hyphenated words, produces the word *then*, the 243d word in the second column of page 75. And the reader will observe that in the text *then* is constantly used for *than*. Here, in column 2 of page 74, we have:

> That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
> *Then* did our soldiers (aiming at their safety)
> Fly from the field.

We recur again to 505, and, counting down the column,— that is, deducting 254,— we have 251 left, and counting in the 15 bracketed and hyphenated words, we have 236 words left; we go down the next column, and we find that the 236th word is *arrows*. Again we take 505, and deduct the modifier 50, leaving 455, and, alternating the movement, we go up from the beginning of the second subdivision, that is, we deduct 193 from 455, and we have left 262, (the number which produced *furious*). We carry this up the next column, and the 262d word is the word *fly*. And if we again take the root-number 523, and count down the first column of page 75, that is, deduct 254, we have 269 left; and if we count up the next column, this brings us to the word *toward*, the 240th word. We take the root-number 523 again, and, counting up the column, we deduct 193, which leaves 330; we carry this down the first column of page 76, counting in 18 bracketed and hyphenated words, and the 330th word is the 312th word, *their*. And this illustrates the exquisite cunning of the adjustment of the brackets and hyphens to the necessities of the Cipher: this same 312th word was the word *their* which became part of *turned their backs;* it resulted from deducting 193 from the root-number 505, which left 312; now we find that 193 deducted from another root-number, 523, leaves 330, and as there are precisely 18 bracketed and hyphenated words above it in the column, the 330th word lights upon the same 312th word *their*.

Thus:

505—193=312	down column 1, page 76	312	76:1	**their**
523—193=330—18 *b* & *a*	" " " " "	312	76:1	their

One has but to compare this with the marvelous adjustments shown on pages 571, 572 and 573, *ante*, whereby the same words, *found* and *out*, are made to do double duty, by two different modes of counting, (the difference between 836 and 900, the two root-numbers employed, being precisely equal, as in this case, to the number of bracketed and hyphenated words in the text, between the words themselves and the starting-point of the count), to realize the extraordinary nature of the compositions we call the Shakespeare Plays.

And observe again, in this last group of words, how regularly 254 and 193 alternate: 254 — 193 — 254 — 193 — 254 — 193; and two groups of 523 each alternate with two groups of 505 each, thus: 523, 523, 505, 505, 523, 523, 505.

But to continue: We recur to 505 again; deduct from it again the modifier 30; this leaves us 475; deduct from this 193 *plus* the bracketed and hyphenated words inclosed in the 193 words, and we have left 267; we advance up the next column, and the 267th word is the 242d word, *aim*.

Here, then, we have the sentence:

Our men turned their backs and fled in the greatest fear, swifter than arrows fly toward their aim.

I might go on and fill out the rest of the narrative, but that will be done in a subsequent chapter. This at least will explain the mode in which the Cipher is worked out.

While it may be objected that I have not the different paragraphs in their due and exact order in the sentences I have given, or may give, hereafter, no reasonable man will, I think, doubt that these results are not due to accident; that there is a Cipher in the Plays, and a Cipher of wonderful complexity. And I shall hope that the ingenuity of the world will perfect any particulars in which my own work may be imperfect; even as the complete working-out of the Egyptian hieroglyphics was not the work of any one man, or of any half-dozen men, or of any one year, or of any ten years.

There is, of course, a species of incredulity which will claim that all this wonderful concatenation of coherent words is the

result of chance; just as there was a generation, a century or two ago, which, when the fossil forms of plants and animals were first noticed in the rocks, (misled by a preconceived notion as to the age of the earth), declared that they were all the work of chance; that the plastic material of nature took these manifold shapes by a series of curious accidents. And when they were driven, after a time, from this position, the skeptics fell back on the theory that God had made these exact imitations of the forms of living things, and placed them in the rocks, to perplex and deceive men, and rebuke their strivings after knowledge.

With many men the belief in the Stratford player is a species of religion. They imbibed it in their youth, with their mother's milk, and they would just as soon take the flesh off their bones as the prejudices out of their brains. Ask them for any reason, apart from the Plays and Sonnets, (the very matters in controversy), why they worship Shakspere; ask them what he ever did as a man that endears him to them; what he ever said, in his individual capacity, that was lofty, or noble, or lovable; and they are utterly at loss for an answer; there is none. Nevertheless they are ready to die for him, if need be, and to insult, traduce and vilify every one who does not agree with them in their unreasoning *fetish* worship. It reminds me of an observation of Montaigne:

> How many have been seen patiently to suffer themselves to be burnt and roasted for opinions taken upon trust from others, and by them not at all understood. I have known a hundred and a hundred women (for Gascony has a certain prerogative for obstinacy) whom you might sooner have made eat fire than forsake an opinion they had conceived in anger.

And a remarkable feature, not to be overlooked, is, that not only do a few numbers produce some of the twenty-nine words in these sentences, but they produce them all. Thus nearly all come out of 505, towards the last intermixed with 523; and we derive from 312 *sent, out, soldiers, fly, furious, fear, their;* while from 221 we get *men, turned, backs, in;* and 251 gives *greatest, arrows,* etc. It seems to me that if the reader were to write down these words, just as I have given them, and submit them to any clear-headed person, and tell him they were parts of a story, he would say that they evidently all related to some narrative in which *soldiers* were *sent out,* that somebody was *furious,* and some other parties were *in* the *greatest fear* and had *turned their backs* to *fly.*

CHAPTER IV.

BACON HEARS THE BAD NEWS.

> Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
> Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
> Sounds ever after as a sullen bell
> Remembered knolling a departing friend.
>
> *2d Henry IV.*, 1, 2.

THE Cipher grows out of a series of root-numbers. Before we reach that part of the story which is told by the root-numbers 505, 513, 516 and 523, there is a long narrative which leads up to it, and which is told by another series of numbers, which grow in due and regular order out of the primal root-number, which is the parent of 505, 513, 516 and 523. They start at "*The Heart of the Mystery*," the dividing line between the first and second parts of *Henry IV.* and progress in regular order, forward and backward, moving steadily away from that center, as the narrative proceeds, until they exhaust themselves on the first page of the first part and the last page of the second part of the play. Then the primal number is put through another arithmetical progression, and we reach the numbers I have named, 505, 513, 516 and 523, and these give us that part of the story which is now being worked out. And to tell that story we begin, properly, with the very beginning, at "*The Heart of the Mystery*," in the first column of the second part of the play of *King Henry IV.*

And here I would observe that as the Cipher flows out of the first column of page 74 its mode of progression is different from the Cipher referred to in the last chapter, for that grew out of the first column of page 75, which is broken into two parts by the stage direction "*Enter Morton;*" and hence the root-numbers were modified at one time by subtracting the upper half, and at another time by subtracting the lower half; that is to say, by counting *up* from

"*Enter Morton,*" or counting *down.* But the first column of page 74 has no such break in it; it is solid; and hence the root-numbers sooner exhaust themselves. And this perhaps was rendered necessary by the fact that there are but 248 words in the second column of page 74, while there are 508 words in the second column of page 75. There would have been great difficulty in packing as many Cipher words into 248 words as into 508 words. Hence the different Cipher numbers interlock with each other more frequently, and in a short space we find all the Cipher numbers (except 506, which has a treatment peculiar to itself and apart from the others) brought into requisition.

The former Cipher numbers, to which I have alluded, ended with some brief declaration from Harry Percy of the evil tidings; and the first words spoken by Bacon are based on the hope that there may be some mistake, that the news may not be authentic. He inquires: "*Saw you the Earl? How is this derived?*" "The Earl," of course, means the Earl of Essex, and the head of the conspiracy. And here I would also explain, that just as we sometimes modified 505 and 523, in the examples given in the last chapter, by counting the words *above the first word* of the *second* subdivision of column 1 of page 75, to-wit, 193; and sometimes the words *above the last word* of the *first* subdivision, to-wit, 192: so with this first column of page 74, if we count down the column there are 284 words, exclusive of bracketed and the additional hyphenated words, but if we count up the column we will find that the number of words *above the last word* of the column is but 283, exclusive of bracketed words and the additional hyphenated words. And this the reader will perceive is a necessary distinction, otherwise counting up and down the column would produce the same results; and as the Cipher runs from *the beginnings and ends of scenes*, and as the "*Induction*" is in the nature of a first scene (for the next scene is called "*Scena Secunda*"), it follows that we must adopt the same rule already shown to exist as to 193, 254, etc., and which we will see hereafter runs all through the Cipher, in both plays. And these subtle distinctions not only show the microscopic accuracy of the work, but illustrate at the same time the difficulty of deciphering it.

I place at the head of the column the root-numbers and their

modifications; and the reader will note that every word of the coherent narrative which follows is derived from one or the other of these numbers, modified by the same modifiers, 30 and 50, which we found so effective on page 75, together with the other modifiers, 197, 198, 218 and 219, which are also found, as we have already explained, in the second column of page 74.

I would also call attention to the fact that just as we, in the preceding chapter, sometimes counted in the bracketed and additional hyphenated words in the subdivisions of column 1 of page 75, and sometimes did not: so in this case, sometimes we count in the bracketed and additional hyphenated words in column 1 of page 74, and sometimes we do not. And as in the former instance we indicated it by the marks "—15 *b & h*," there being 15 bracketed and hyphenated words in both those subdivisions, so in the following examples we indicate it by the marks "—18 *b & h*," there being 18 bracketed and additional hyphenated words in column 1 of page 74. Where the figures "21 *b*" or "22 *b & h*" occur, they refer to the bracketed words or the bracketed and additional hyphenated words in the same column in which the words are found.

I would call attention to the significant words in the narrative that flow out of the modifiers; for instance, 523 — 284 = 239, *from;* less 50 = 189, *gentleman;* less 30 = 209 — 21 *b* = 188, *a;* less 30 = 158, *whom;* 505—284 = 221, *I;* less 50 = 171, *derived;* less 30 = 191, *bred;* 505 — 284 = 221 — 21 *b* in column = 200, *these;* 523 — 284 = 239 — 21 *b* in column = 218, *news;* while 523 — 283 = 240, *me;* — 50 = 190, *well;* — 30 = 210, *I.* Here in two root-numbers, alternated with the modifiers 50 and 30, we produce the significant words: *I, derived, these, news, from, a, well, bred, gentleman, whom, I.* Surely, all this cannot be accidental?

Suppose instead of these root-numbers, 505 and 523, we take any other numbers, say 500 and 450, and apply them in the same way, and in the same order, as in the above sentence; and we will have as a result the following words: *came, the, a, name, listen, you, fortunes, Monmouth, the, that, after.* Not only do these words make no sense arranged in the same order as in the above coherent sentence, but it is impossible to make sense out of them, arrange them how you will. You might put together: *after that Monmouth came;*

but the remaining words will puzzle the greatest ingenuity; and then comes the question: Who is Monmouth, and what has he to do with any story that precedes or follows this? But 505, 523, etc., not only produce a coherent narrative on this page, but on all the other pages examined, and *the story on one page is a part of the story on all the other pages.*

I. The Narrative.

523	523	516	516	513	513	505	505
284	283	284	283	284	283	284	283
239	240	232	233	229	230	221	222

	Word.	Page and Column.	
523—284=239—51=188—20 *b* & *h*=168.	168	74:2	**How**
505—284=221—51=170—1 *h*=169.	169	74:2	**is**
523—284=239—50=189—19 *b*=170.	170	74:2	**this**
505—284=221—50=171.	171	74:2	**derived?**
523—283=240—18 *b* & *h*=222—50=172.	172	74:2	**Saw**
505—283=222—30=192—19=173.	173	74:2	**you**
523—283=240. 248—240=8+1=9.	9	74:2	**the**
505—284=221—167=54.	54	74:2	**Earl?**
523—284=239—7 *h* (74:1)=232.	232	74:2	**No,**
505—284=221.	221	74:2	**I**
523—284=239—18 *b* & *h* (74:1)=221—50=171.	171	74:2	**derived**
505—284=221—21 *b*=200.	200	74:2	**these**
523—284=239—21 *b*=218.	218	74:2	**news**
505—284=221—219=2. 248—2=246+1=247.	247	74:2	**from**
523—284=239—30=209—21 *b*=188.	188	74:2	**a**
523—283=240—50=190.	190	74:2	**well**
505—284=221—30=191.	191	74:2	**bred**
523—284=239—50=189.	189	74:2	**gentleman**
505—283=222—29=193.	193	74:2	**of**
523—284=239—18 *b* & *h*=221—50=171. 248—171=77+1=78+15=93.	93	74:2	**good**
505—284=221—167=54. 248—54=194+1=195	195	74:2	**name**
523—284=239—30=209.	209	74:2	**whom**
505—284=221—18 *b* & *h*=203—19 *b*=184.	(184)	74:2	**my**
523—284=239—18 *b* & *h*=221—1 *h*=220.	220	74:2	**lord**
505—284=221—218=3.	3	74:2	**the**
523—284=239. 248—239=9+1=10.	10	74:2	**Earl**
516—284=232—21 *b*=211.	211	74:2	**sent**
513—283=230—50=180—19=161.	161	74:2	**to**
516—284=232. 248—232=16+1=17.	17	74:2	**tell**
523—283=240. 248—240=8+1=9+30=39.	39	74:2	**your**
523—284=239. 248—239=9+1=10+30=40.	40	74:2	**Honor**
505—284=221—168=53.	53	74:2	**the**

This 168 is the middle subdivision of column 2 of page 74. It runs from 50 to 218, as is shown in the diagram, on page 580, *ante;* it contains 21 bracketed words and one additional hyphenated word; its modifications will appear further on. From 50 to 218 there are 168 words; from 51 to 218 there are 167.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—283=222—21 *b*=201.	201	74:2	**news.**
516—584=232—30=202. 248—202=46+1=47.	47	74:2	**He**
513=284=229.	229	74:2	**is**
505—283=222—198=24—4 *b* + *h*=20.	20	75:1	**a**
513—284=229—22 *b* & *h*=207.	207	74:2	**servant**

The word *servant* had anciently the sense of follower or subordinate. Horatio, although a gentleman, and a scholar with Hamlet at Wittenberg, called himself the servant of Hamlet:

> *Hamlet.* Horatio, or do I forget myself?
> *Horatio.* The same, my lord, and your poor *servant* ever.
> *Hamlet.* Sir, my good friend,
> I'll change that name with you.

516—284=232—18 *b* & *h*=214—21 *b*=193.	193	74:2	**of**
505—284=221—30=191. 193—191=2+1=3.	3	75:1	**Sir**

Here the Cipher, as it begins to exhaust the possibilities of column 2 of page 74, overflows upon the next column through the channel of the subdivisions of 74:2. That is to say, instead of counting 221 down that column, we commence to count at the bottom of the second subdivision. This gives us to the bottom of the column thirty words, which, deducted from the 221, leaves us 191, and this, carried up from the bottom of the first subdivision of the next column, gives us the word *Sir*.

523—283=240—50=190. 193—190=3+1=4.	4	75:1	**John**
505—284=221—30=191—30=161.	161	75:1	**Travers,**
505—283=222—198=24.	24	75:1	**by**

The 198 here is one of the modifiers in the second column of page 74; that is to say, from the top of the second subdivision of the column to the top of the column there are 50 words, and from the bottom of the first subdivision to the bottom of the column there are 198 words; and from the top of the second column to the bottom of the column there are 197 words.

516—284=232—18 *b* & *h*=214. 248—214=34+1=35.	35	74:2	**the**
516—284=232—30=202—7 *h*=195.	195	74:2	**name**
516—284=233—50=183. 248—183=60.	66	74:2	**of**
523—284=239—50=189. 193—189=4+1=5.	5	75:1	**Umfreville.**

This 189 is the middle subdivision 168 *plus* the 21 bracketed words contained therein, making together 189.

513—283=230—2 *h*=228.	228	74:2	**He**
513—284=229.	229	74:2	**is**
513—273=230.	230	74:2	**furnished**
516—284=232—30=202—20 *b* & *h*=182.	182	74:2	**with**
516—283=233—50=183. 248—183=65+1=66+15 *b*=81	81	74:2	**all**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—283=233—50=183—19 *b*=174.	174	84:2	**the**
516—283=233	233	74:2	**certainties,**
516—283=233—30=203. 248—203=45+1=46	46	74:2	**and**
516—283=233—30=203—50=153. 248—153=95+1=	96	74:2	**will**
513—284=229—30=199. 248—199=49+1=50.	50	74:2	**answer**
516—284=232—30= 202	202	74:2	**for**
516—283=233—30=203—248—203=43+1=46+2 *h*=	48	74:2	**himself,**
516—284=232—30=202—197=5. 18 *b* & *h*—5= 13+1=14.	14	74:1	**when**

This last count needs a little explanation. In the former instances there was always, after counting in all the words in column 1 of page 74, a remainder which was carried over to the next column, or, through the subdivision in the second column of page 74, overflowed into the first column of page 75. But suppose there is, after deducting the modifier, no remainder to be thus carried to the next column, then we must look for the word in the first column of page 74, by moving up or down that column. And this is what is done in this instance. I might state the matter thus: 516—30=486—197=289. Now, we are about to carry 289 up the first column of page 74; but there are 18 *b* & *h* in that column, which added to 284 makes a total in the column of words of all kinds of 302; — now, if we deduct 288 from 302 we have 13+1=14=*when*. We find the same course pursued to obtain the word *of* on the eighth line below.

505—283=222—198=24. 193—24=169+1=170.	170	75:1	**he**
505—284=221. 248—221=27+1=28+24 *b*+*h*=52.	52	74:2	**comes**
505—284=221. 248—221=27+1=28.	28	74:2	**here.**
523—284=239—218=21. 248—21=227+1=228.	228	74:2	**He**
513—284=229—198=31.	31	74:2	**is**
505—283=222—198=24+4 *b*+*h*=20.	20	75:1	**a**
523—284=239—218=21.	21	74:2	**gentleman**
516—284=232—30=202—18 *b*+*h*=184—198=14. 284—14=270—1+3 *h*=274.	274	74:1	**of**
516—284=232—30=202=197=5. 248—5=243+1=	244	74:2	**good**
516—284=232—30=202—7 *h* (74:1)=195.	195	74:2	**name,**
505—283=222—30=192.	192	74:2	**and**
505—284=221—168=53. 248—53=195+1=196+1 *b*=197	197	74:2	**freely**
505—284=221—168=53—248—53=195+1=196 +2 *b*+*h*=198.	198	74:2	**rendered**
523—283=240.	240	74:2	**me**
505—283=222—22 *b*+*h*=200.	200	64:2	**these**
523—283=240—22 *b*+*h*=218.	218	74:2	**news**
505—284=221—167=54—7 *h* 284=47. 248—47= 201+1=202.	202	74:2	**for**
505—284=221—18 *b* & *h*=203.	203	74:2	**true.**
505—283=222—197=25. 193—25=168+1=169.	169	75:1	**He**
505—283=222—197=25. 193+25=218.	218	75:1	**left**

We have just seen that the root-number was carried upward from the top of the second subdivision in column 2 of page 74 and thence to the next column. Here we see that the root-number is also carried downward from the same point, by deducting 197, the number of words from that point to the bottom of the column.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
523—284=239—218=21. 193+21=214.	214	75:1	**the**
523—284=239—218=21. 193+21=214—2 *h*=212.	212	75:1	**Strand**
523—284=239—30=209—30=179. 193—179= 14+1=15.	15	75:1	**after**
505—283=222—197=25.	25	75:1	**me,**
505—284=221—18 *b* & *h*=203—50=153+193=246.	246	75:1	**but,**
505—284=221—30=191. 193—191=2+1=3+*b*=	(13)	75:1	**being**

Here we come to an example that is often found in the Cipher, where the count ends in a word in a bracketed sentence. It is difficult to explain in figures the result; the critical reader will have to count for himself up or down the column, as the case may be, and he will ascertain that my count is correct. Where the number of the word is inclosed in brackets, as in the above "(13) 75:1," it signifies that it is not the 13th word by the ordinary count, but the 13th word counting in the words in a bracketed sentence, and that the word itself is in such a sentence.

523—283=240—50=190. 193—190=3+1=4+*b*=	(14)	75:1	**better**

The accuracy of this count can only be demonstrated by counting from 193, inclusive, upwards, counting in the bracketed words, but not the hyphenated words; and the 190th word will be found to be, by actual count, the word *better*.

523—284=239—50=189. 193—189=4+1=5+*b*=	(15)	75:1	**horsed,**
505—283=222.	222	74:2	**over-rode**
505—284=221—22 *b* & *h*=199.	199	74:2	**me.**
505—284=221—168=53—7 *h*=46.	46	74:2	**He**
523—284=239—218=21—4=17.	17	75:1	**came**
523—284=239—218=21—3 *b*=18.	18	75:1	**spurring**
505—284=221—198=23—4 *b* & *h*=19.	19	75:1	**head,**
523—284=239—50=189—50=139. 193—139=54+ 1=55.	55	75:1	**and**
505—284=221—50=171. 193—171=22+1=23.	23	75:1	**stopped**
523—283=240—50=190—30=160.	160	75:1	**by**
505—284=221—219=2. 447—2+*h*=(446).	(446)	75:1	**me**
505—284=221—50=171. 193—171=22+1=23+3 *b*=	26	75:1	**to**
505—284=221—50=171. 193—171=22+1=23+ 3 *b* & 1 *h* exc.=27.	27	75:1	**breathe**

Here we count in the bracketed words and the additional hyphenated words not included in bracket sentences. This is indicated by the sign "*b* & *h* exc.," meaning, count in the bracket words and the hyphenated words exclusive of those in brackets. The expression "came spurring head" means came spurring with headlong speed. It was the customary expression of the day and is found in the text.

505—283=222—50=172. 193—172=21+1=22+ 6 *b* & *h*=28.	28	75:1	**his**
523—284=239—30=209—30=179.	179	75:1	**horse.**
516—283=233—50=183.	183	75:1	**Upon**
516—283=233—50=183+193=376.	376	75:1	**my**
513—283=230—30=200—15 *b* & *h*=185.	185	75:1	**life**
513—283=230—50=180.	180	75:1	**he**
523—283=240—30=210.	210	75:1	**looks**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—283=222—30=192.	192	75:1	more
523—283=240—30=210—10 *b*+2 *h* exc.=198.	198	75:1	like
505—283=222—50=172.	172	75:1	some
505—284=221—18 *b* & *h*=203—30=173.	173	75:1	hilding
523—284=239—219=20. 193—20=173+1=174.	174	75:1	fellow
516—284=232—50=182—14 *b* & *h*=168.	168	75:1	who
523—283=240—50=190—14 *b* & *h*=176.	176	75:1	had
505—284=221—30=191—14 *b* & *h*=177.	177	75:1	stolen
516—283=233—30=203	203	75:1	the
523—284=239—50=189 —10 *b*=179.	179	75:1	horse
523—283=240—50=190 —10 *b*=180.	180	75:1	he
505—284=221—30=191 —10 *b*=181.	181	75:1	rode-on
516—283=233—30=203—30=173—10 *b*=163.	163	75:1	than
523—283=240—30=210 —10 *b*=200.	200	75:1	a
505—283=222—198=24 —3 *b*=21.	21	75:1	gentleman;
523—283=239—30=209—30=179—10 *b*=169.	169	75:1	he

Observe here how a whole series of words has in each case the mark "10 *b*," showing that the brackets have been counted in in every instance; while above it is a group of words marked "14 *b* & *h*," where both the bracketed words and the additional hyphenated words have in each case been counted in. The 10 *b* is only varied, in the first series, once, where it becomes "3 *b*," because there are but three bracketed words before the Cipher word is reached, while in the other cases there are 10.

516—284=232—30=202. 447—202=245+1=246.	246	75:1	doth
523—284=239—50=189.	189	75:1	look
523—284=239—30=209.	209	75:1	so
513—284=229—50=179. 447—179=268+1=269+8 *b*	277	75:1	dull,
516—283=233—30=203—30=173. 447—173=274+1=275.	275	75:1	spiritless

I would here call attention to another curious fact. We see in the above that 173, counting down the column, is *hilding* (or skulking—hiding), while up the column it is *spiritless*,—the 275th word;—and if we count in the bracket words it is *woe-begone*. While we will find hereafter that when we take 523 and count from the top of the second column of page 74, downwards, 248 words, we have 275 words left, and the 275th word is the same word, *spiritless*, and if we go up the column it is the same word, *hilding*. This is another of the many proofs, like "*found-out*," that the words are many times cunningly adjusted to do double duty.

513—283=230—30=200—30=170. 193+170=363.	363	75:1	and
516—283=233—30=203—30=173. 447—173=274+1=275+8 *b*=283.	283	75:1	woe-begone.
523—284=239—30=209—30=179—1 *h*=178.	178	75:1	The
513—284=229—50=179.	179	75:1	horse
523—283=240—30=210—30=180.	180	75:1	he
523—284=239—30=209—50=159.	159	75:1	rode
523—284=239—50=189—50=139.	139	75:1	upon
523—284=239—50=189—50=139. 193—139=54+1=55+6 *b* & *h*=61	61	75:1	was

	Word.	Page and Column.	
523—284=239—30=209—30=179. 193—179=14+1=15+8 *b*=(23).	(23)	75.1	**sore-spent**
523—284=239—50=189—50 (74:2)=139. 193—139=54+1=55.	55	75:1	**and**
523—283=240—30=210—30=180. 193—180=13+1=14+8 *b*=(22).	(22)	75:1	**almost**
523—284=239—30=209—50=159. 447—159=288+1=289+8 *b*=297.	297	75:1	**half**
523—283=240—50=190. 193+190=383.	383	75:1	**dead**
513—284=229—50=179—30=149. 193—149=44+1=45.	45	75:1	**from**
516—283=233—50=183. 193—183=10+1=11+7 *b*=	18	75:1	**spurring.**
523—283=240—50=190—50=140—10 *b*=130.	130	75:1	**My**
523—284=239—30=209. 194+209=403.	403	75:1	**instinct**
513—284=229—218=11. 193+11=204—2 *h*=202.	202	75:1	**tells**
513—283=230—198=32—22=10. 447—10=437+1=	438	75:1	**me**
516—284=232—50=182—10 *b*=172.	172	75:1	**some**
516—283=233—30=203. 193+203=396.	396	75:1	**thing**
523—284=239—50=189. 193+189=382.	382	75:1	**is**
513—283=230—198=32—22 *b*=10. 447—10=437+1=438+2 *b*=440.	440	75:1	**wrong.**

Here the "22 *b*" represents the 22 bracketed words in the 198; that is, from the end of the first subdivision of column 2 of page 74 to the bottom of the column there are 22 words in brackets.

513—283=230—30=200—30=170.	170	75:1	**He**
513—283=230—198=32.	32	75:1	**asked**
513—283=230—218=12. 447—12=435+1=436+2 *b*=438.	438	75:1	**me**
513—283=230—30=200—30=170—14 *b* & *h*=156+1=157.	157	75:1	**the**
523—284=239—198=41—7 *b*=34.	34	75:1	**way**
523—283=240—50=190.	190	75:1	**here;**
513—283=230—218=12.	12	75:1	**and**
505—283=222—198=24. 447—24=423+1=424.	424	75:1	**I**

Here we begin to call into requisition the modifiers in the first column of page 73; heretofore, the modifiers we have used have been altogether those in the second column of page 74; hereafter, in this part of the story, we will find those of the first column of page 73 coming more and more into use, until all the words grow out of 505, 523, 516 and 513, less 284, modified by the modifying numbers in column 1 of page 73, to-wit, 28, 62, 90, 142 and 79.

The reader is asked to observe that every one of the last seventy-five words is found in the first column of page 75, while the preceding part of the story was all found in the second column of page 74; and the reader can see for himself that this part of the story follows the other in natural historical order.

523—284=239—198=41—9 *b* & *h*=32.	32	75:1	**asked**
516—283=233—50=183—28=155. 193—155=38+1=	39	75:1	**him**
513—283=230—30=200. 193+200=393—8 *b*=385.	385	75:1	**what**
513—283=230—50=180.	180	75:1	**he**
523—284=239—50=189. 447—189=258+1=259.	259	75:1	**is**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
513—284=229—218=11. 447—11=436+1=437.	437	75:1	**doing**
513—283=230—30=200—10 *b*=190.	190	75:1	**here,**
516—284=232—50=182. 193—182=11+1=12.	12	75:1	**and**
505—283=222—30=192. 193+192=385	385	75:1	**what**
513—283=230—50=180. 193+180=373.	373	75:1	**are**
516—283=233—50=183—90=93. 193—93=100+1=101		75:1	**the**
513—284=229—218=11.	11	75:1	**tidings**
523—284=239—198=41. 447—41=406+1=407.	407	75:1	**from**
523—283=240—50=190—90=100. 447—100=347+ 1=348.	348	75:1	**the**
505—283=222—50=172. 447—172=275+1=276+ 10 *b* & *h*=286.	286	75:1	**Curtain?**

The "Curtain Play-house" was probably the meeting-place of Harry Percy, Umfreville and the other young men. To Percy it must have been a regular resort, for it is probable he was the intermediary between Bacon and Shakspere.

505—284=221—50=171—90=81—50=31.	31	75:1	**He**
516—284=232—30=202—50=152. 193—152=41+ 1=42+6 *b* & *h*=48.	48	75:1	**told**
516—284=232—30=202. 193—202=6+1=7.	7	75:1	**me**

This needs a little explanation: it is difficult to state it in figures in the same way as the other examples. We have 202 to carry up the first subdivision of 75:1, but there are only 193 words in that subdivision, which would leave a remainder of 9; but suppose we add in the *b* & *h* words, we then have in the subdivision not 193 but 193+15=208; now if we deduct 202 from 208, we have: 208—202=6+1=7. 75:1, *me*, as above.

523—284=239—50=189—62=127.	127	75:1	**that**
505—283=222—50=172—90=82=30—52. 193+ 52=245—2=243.	243	75:1	**our**
505—284=221—50=171—90=81—30=51. 193+51=244		75:1	**party**
513—284=229—50=179—50=129—10 *b*=119.	119	75:1	**had**
516—284=232—50=182—62=120.	120	75:1	**met**
505—284=221—50=171—50=121.	121	75:1	**ill**
505—283=222—50=172—50=122.	122	75:1	**luck;**
505—283=222—50=172—50=122. 193—122=71+1= 72		75:1	**and**
505—284=221—50=171—1 *h*=170.	170	75:1	**he**
513—284=229—50=179—50=129. 193—129=64+ 1=65+1 *h*=66.	66	75:1	**gave**
505—283=222—50=172. 193—172=21+1=22+ 3 *b*=25.	25	75:1	**me**
523—283=240—30=210—198=12. 193+12=205—2 *h*.	203	75:1	**the**
516—283=233—30=203—10 *b*=193.	193	75:1	**news.**

We return now to the second column of page 74, and we learn what the news was that Percy received from Umfreville. And here we have a testimony to the reality of the Cipher which should satisfy the most incredulous.

The reader will remember that I gave on page 580, *ante*, a diagram of what I called *The Heart of the Mystery*, in which I showed that this part of the Cipher originated out of certain root-numbers, 505, 506, 513, 516, 523, modified, first by the

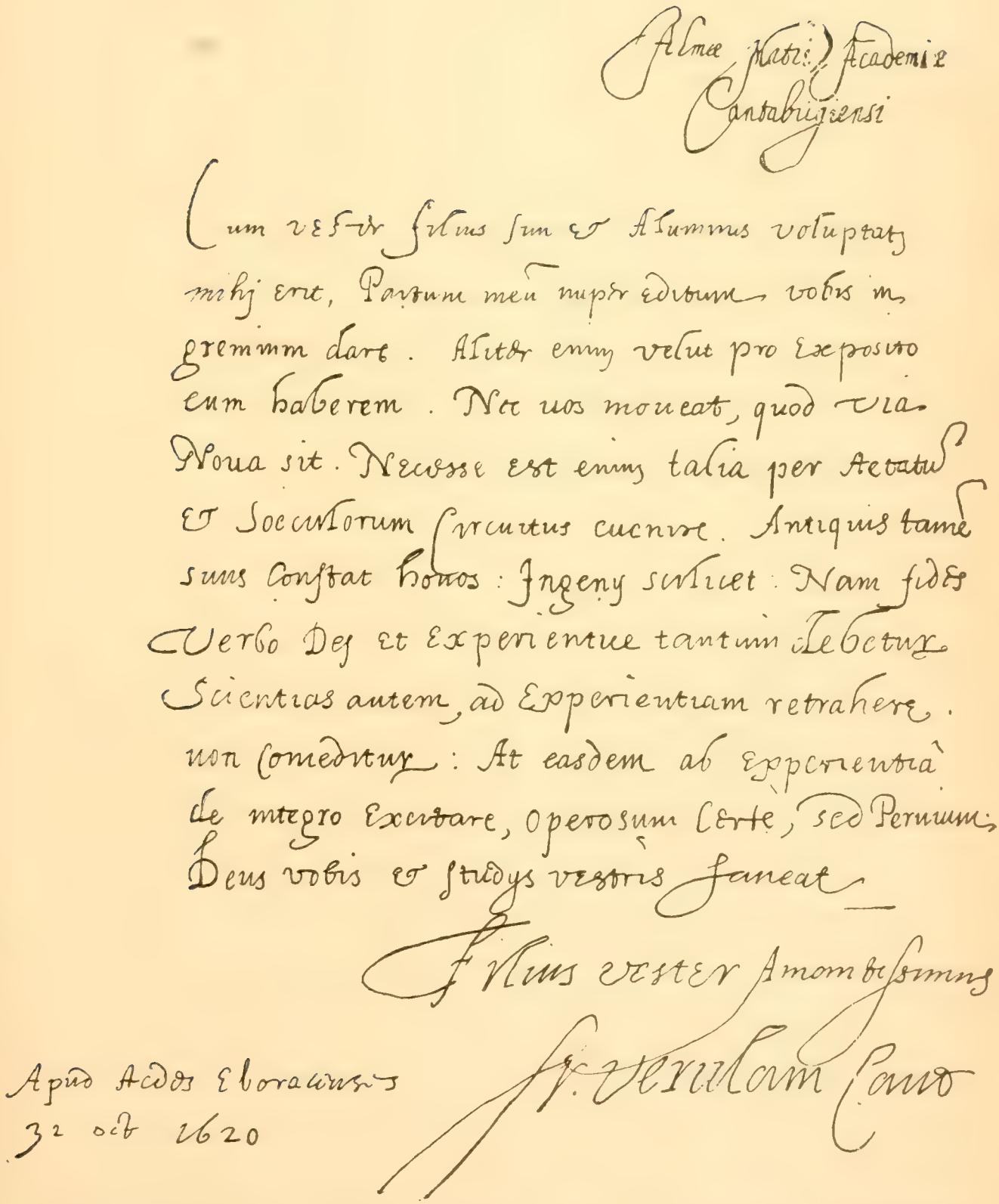
fragments of the scene in the second column of page 74; and, afterward, by the fragments in the first column of page 73. And up to this point in the Cipher story all the modifications (with two or three exceptions at the end of the narrative) grow out of those modifiers which are found in the second column of page 74, to-wit, 50, 30, 218, 198, etc. Now we come to the modifiers in the first column of page 73, to-wit, 27 or 28, 62 or 63, 89 or 90, 78 or 79, 141 or 142, etc. If what I have given was the result of accident, the probabilities are that the application of these modifiers would bring out words that could not be fitted at all into the story produced by the modifiers on page 74, and that would have no relation whatever to the news brought by Umfreville.

And here I would ask the incredulous to write down a sentence of their own construction upon any subject, however simple, so that it contains a dozen or more words, and then try to find those words in any column of the Shakespeare Plays. The chances are nine out of ten they will not succeed. Take these last eleven words, which, without premeditation, I have just written down: *the chances are nine out of ten they will not succeed;* turn to the first column of page 75 and try to find them. There is no *chances* in the column; it occurs but twice in the whole play, and the nearest instance is on page 85 of the Folio, twenty columns distant. There is no *nine* in the column, it occurs but once in the whole play, on page 84 of the Folio, eighteen columns away. Even the simple little word *they* cannot be found in that column. Neither can *ten;* it appears on page 76, two columns distant. The word *succeed* is not found in the entire play. The nearest approach to it is *succeeds*, on page 97 of the Folio, forty-four columns distant. If the reader will experiment with any other sentence he will be satisfied of the truth of my statement. You may sometimes examine a whole column and not find in it such a common word as *it* or *or* or *were*. In fact, there are 114,000 words in the English language, and the chances, therefore, of finding the precise words you need for any given sentence, upon a single page of any work, are very slight indeed; for the page can at most contain but a few hundred words out of that vast total; and, if we reduce the vocabulary from 114,000 to 14,000, the same difficulty will to a large extent still present itself. Therefore, even though it may be claimed that I have not reduced the Cipher story to that perfect symmetry which greater labor might secure, I think it will be conceded by every intelligent mind that the results I have shown could not have come about by accident, but that there is a Cipher in the Plays.

To resume: We saw by the Cipher words given in the last chapter that the Queen was furious and had sent out soldiers to arrest somebody, and that the play-actors had taken fright and run away; and we will see hereafter that the Queen had beaten some one savagely and nearly killed him. Now, we have just learned how the news was brought to Bacon; how Harry Percy (for I will show hereafter that it was Harry Percy) had been over-ridden by a messenger from the Earl (of Essex) who had told him the news. Now, if there was no Cipher in this text, the next series of modifications, to-wit, those of the first column of page 73, would not bring out any words holding any coherence with this narrative, but a haphazard lot of stuff having no more to do with it than the man in the moon. But what are the facts?

Let us, for the purpose of making the explanation clearer, confine ourselves to 505 and 523. Now, I showed that if we commenced at the beginning of column 1 of page 74—that is, if we deducted 284 down the column, and 283 up the column—we would have as a result certain root-numbers, thus:

505—284=221.	523—284=239.
505—283=222.	523—283=240.



Letter from the Lord Chancellor Verulam (Francis Bacon) to the University of Cambridge, upon sending to their library his *Novum Organum*. (Reduced *fac-simile*)

And I showed that if we modified these numbers, so obtained, by 30 and 50, the modifiers in the second column of page 74, we would have these results:

221—50=171.	239—50=189.
222—50=172.	240—50=190.
221—30=191.	239—30=209.
222—30=192.	240—30=210.

And I showed that these root-numbers produced, alternately counting and not counting the bracketed and additional hyphenated words, the sentence I have given:—"*I derived these news from one whom I spake with on the way here, a well-bred gentleman whom my Lord the Earl sent to tell your Honor the news.*"

Now, let us take these same root-numbers and deduct from them the modifiers in the first column of page 73, and see what the news was that Umfreville brought from Essex.

We have 505—283=222. Let us deduct the words below the first word of the last subdivision of column 1, page 73, to-wit, 78, from 222: 222—78=144. The 144th word in the second column of page 74, counting in the one hyphenated word, is *Field*, the 143d word, printed in the Folio with a capital F. Now, Richard Field, son of Henry Field, of Stratford, was a printer in London. In 1593 he printed Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, and the work was published and sold, Halliwell-Phillipps tells us, at the White Greyhound, St. Paul's Churchyard, by his friend John Harrison, publisher.[1] In 1594 Field printed the *Rape of Lucrece*.

How he came into this business is not clear. Or the *Field* here, and so often referred to in the Cipher narrative, may have been Nathan Field, the player, who was one of the principal actors of the day. It is true that Collier thinks Nathan Field was the son of the Puritan preacher John Field, and if so he would have been too young in 1597 or 1598 for the part suggested; but Collier may have made a mistake. Nathan Field was more likely a Stratford man.

Now, let us take the root-number 523, deduct 284, and we have 239; let us deduct from this another of the modifiers in the first column of page 73, to-wit: 90, being the nnmber of words above the first word of the third subdivision, and the remainder is 149; now, let us count down the second column of page 74, again counting in the one additional hyphenated word, and we find that the 149th word becomes the 148th word—*is*. Now, take again the same root-number, 222; modify it by deducting one of the numbers of the second column of page 74 (for thus the modifiers of pages 73 and 74 interlock with each other), to-wit: 50; we have left 172; now, again deduct the modifier 78, which we have seen produced the word *Field*, and we have left 94; we carry 94 up the second column of page 74 and we reach the word *a*, the 155th word. We return again to the root-number 239, which produced the word *is*, and again deduct the same modifier, 90, and we have: 239—90=149, and the 149th word, in the second column of page 74, is *prisoner*. Here we have: *Field is a prisoner*, thus expressed:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—283=222—78=144—1 *h*=143.	143	74:2	**Field**
523—284=239—90=149—1 *h*=148.	148	74:2	**is**
505—283=222—50=172—78=94. 248—94=154+ 1=155.	155	74:2	**a**
523—284=239—90=149.	149	74:2	**prisoner,**

But let us go on with the story. The 28 used hereafter is the number from

[1] *Outlines Life of Shakspere*, p. 70.

the top of the column 1 of page 73 to the top word of the second subdivision, inclusive; the "17 *b* & *h*" means that in carrying the number up the column we count in the bracketed and additional hyphenated words in the column, in the space passed over.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—283=222—78=144.	144	74:2	**and**
523—284=239—50=189—28=161. 248—161=87+ 1=88+17 *b* & *h*=105.	105	74:2	**is**
505—283=222—78=144. 248—144=104+1= 105+2 *h*=107.	107	74:2	**wounded**
523—284=239—78=161.	161	74:2	**to**
505—283=222—79=143. 143—30=113.	113	74:2	**the**
523—284=239—50=189—79=110.	110	74:2	**death;**
505—284=221—30=191—90=101—7 *b*=94.	94	74:2	**and**
523—284=239—188 (167+21 *b*)=51—27 (73:1)=24.	24	74:2	**Bardolfe**
505—284=221—30=191—79 (73:1)=112—7 *b*=105.	105	74:2	**is**
523—283=240—18 *b* & *h*=222—62 (73:1)=160.	160	74:2	**now**
505—283=222—79=143. 248—143=105+1=106.	106	74:2	**almost**
523—284=239—50=189—90=99.	99	74:2	**as**
505—283=222—50=172—79=93.	93	74:2	**good**
523—283=240—90=150. 248—1[illegible]0=98+1=99.	99	74:2	**as**
505—283=222—79=143—50=93+193=286—7 *b* & *h*=	279	75:1	**dead;**
523—284=239—50=189—62=127. 248+127=121+ 1=128.	122	74:2	**slain;**
523—283=240—50=190—62=128.	128	74:2	**killed**
505—284=221—30=191—63=128. 248—128=120+ 1=121+2 *h*=123.	123	74:2	**out-right**
505—284=221—30=191—62=129.	129	74:2	**by**
523—284=239—50=189—79=110—7 *b*=103.	103	74:2	**the**
505—284=221—90=131.	131	74:2	**hand**
523—284=239—90=149. 248—149=99+1=100+ 15 *b*=	115	74:2	**of**
505—284=221—79=142.	142	74:2	**the**
523—167=356—90=266—15 *b* & *h*=251.	251	74:1	**old**
505—283=222—79=143—50=93—7 *b*=86.	86	75:1	**jade.**

"Bardolfe" was probably a nickname for Dr. Hayward;—we will see him described hereafter as anything but a gentleman in appearance. I have shown, on page 30, *ante*, that the country so swarmed, at that time, with graduates of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, who made their living as beggars, that Parliament had to interfere to abate the nuisance.

Here we have the excited Percy telling the news. It will be observed that through twenty-nine instances the root-numbers 505 and 523 alternate without a break; and it will also be observed that through thirteen instances the numbers 505—283 222 alternate regularly with 523—284=239; and that every word of this connected story grows out of these root-numbers, modified by the modifiers 30 and 50, belonging to the second column of page 74, or 90 and 89, or 28, or 79 and 78, or 62 and 63, the modifiers found in the first column of page 73. Can any one believe that order can thus come out of a chaos of words by a coherent rule if there is no Cipher here? If I had the time to do more accurate work, all the above passages could be reduced to perfect symmetry, as could every word of the Cipher narrative.

The faults rest upon the neglect of certain subtle distinctions. For instance, the modifier 50 becomes, when counted upward from the last word of the first subdivision of column 2 of page 74, 49; just as we see that 79 becomes 78, in the first column of page 73, if we count from the beginning of the third subdivision, instead of the end of the second; just as we saw, in column 1 of page 76, that there were 50 words from the end of scene 2 downward, but 49 words from the beginning of scene 3 downward. In the same way there are 30 words from the end of the second subdivision of column 2 of page 74, but only 29 from the beginning of the third subdivision; and we will find this 29 playing an important part hereafter in the Cipher. Now, if we use 49 or 29, where I have employed 50 or 30, we may thereby alter the root-number from 240 to 239, or from 221 to 222, and thus restore the harmony of the movement of the root-numbers. But it would require another year of patient labor to bring this about. And it is these subtle differences which make the work so microscopic in its character; and if they are not attended to closely, they break up the symmetrical appearance of the narrative. But the reader will find, as he proceeds, that these distinctions are not invented by me to meet the exigencies of this part of my work; but that they prevail all through the Cipher story. Thus the evidences of the reality of the Cipher are cumulative; and where one page does not carry conviction to the reader, another may; and where both fail, a dozen surely cannot fail to satisfy him.

And the reader will observe that twenty-six words of the twenty-nine in the above example all originate in the first column of page 74, and are found in the second column of the same. One might just as well suppose that the complicated movements of the heavenly bodies resulted from chance, as to believe that these twenty-six words, together with all the other seventy-nine words given in the beginning of this chapter, could have occurred, *in the second column of page 74*, by accident, and at the same time match precisely with the same root-numbers which we have seen producing coherent sentences on page 75, and which we will find hereafter to produce coherent sentences on all the pages of these two Plays, so far as I have examined them. In other words, to deny the existence of the Cipher, the incredulous reader will have to assert that *one hundred and five words out of the two hundred and forty-eight* in that column, did, by accident, cohere arithmetically with each other, and with certain root-numbers, to make the connected story I have given! It will require a vaster credulity to believe this than to believe in the Cipher.

Where the word *dead* is found in the above example the Cipher story overflows into the next column, just as it did to produce the narrative of Umfreville stopping his weary horse near Percy, on the road to St. Albans. And the reader will observe that the same number,— 93,— which produces *dead*, down from the top of the second subdivision in column 1 of page 75, produces also the word *jade* down from the top of the first subdivision.

The word *old* requires some explanation. We have seen that the modifiers in the second column of page 74 grow out of three subdivisions, the first containing 50 words, the second 167, the third 30. Now, we have seen that in the other words of this story we start either from the top of column 2 of page 74, or from the 50 or the 30, etc., and we carry this back practically to the first column of page 73, deduct from it one of the modifiers in that column, return to the top of the first column of page 74, pass through that column, and the remainder over finds the Cipher word in the next column forward. But suppose we have deducted a number from the root-number so large that after going to column 1 of page 73, and being modified by one of the modifiers there, the remainder is not so great a number as 284, then, when we try to deduct from it the 284 words on column 1 of

page 74, there is nothing left to carry over to the next column forward, and the result is we must find the Cipher word in the first column of page 74, where the count gives out, instead of in the second. This is just what occurs in the case of the word *old*. Let me give a parallel instance:—let us take the word *as;* strictly speaking, we find it in this way:

523—50 (74:2)=473—90 (73:1)=383—284 (74:1)=99. 99 74:2 **as**

Let us put the word *old* through the same formula, and we have it thus expressed:

523—167 (74:2)=356—90 (73:1)=266 (74:1)—15 *b* & *h*= 251 74:1 **old**

I. More of the Cipher Story.

But this is not all of the Cipher story that is found in this second column of page 75; but as it begins to run, as I have shown, from the first column of page 73, so the root-numbers produced therefrom commence to apply themselves to other columns besides the second of page 74; for it follows of course that the Cipher cannot always cling to that column, or it would soon be exhausted; you cannot insert a story of 2,000 words in a column of 248 words. Hence we will find the Cipher beginning to radiate, right and left, from column 1 of page 73, to the next column forward and the next column backward; and even through the fragments of these columns it will be found to overflow into the next columns, just as we found it overflowing through the fragments of column 2 of page 74 into column 1 of page 75. Thus the reader will perceive that there is order even in apparent disorder, and that a symmetrical theory runs all through the Cipher work.

Here we have, following the preceding statement, and in the same order, the words being alternately derived from 505 and 523, modified by the modifiers in the last column of page 74, and the first column of page 73, the following statement. And the identification of the writer of the internal narrative with Francis Bacon is here established. It will be seen that it is "your cousin" that is in authority and that sends out the *posts*, or mounted men who ride post, to bring Bacon into court to answer the charges which assail his good name; and we know that Bacon's uncle, Burleigh, and his cousin, Robert Cecil, really controlled England at that time. And we will see hereafter that this "cousin" of the Cipher story is this same *Cecil*—represented in the Cipher as "*Sees-ill*," or "*Seas-ill*," or even "*Says-ill;*" for the name had in that day the broad sound of the *e*, even as the peasant of Ireland still calls the *sea* the *say*. And this is one of the proofs of the reality of my work: the teller of the story does not say, in a formal manner: "*I, Francis Bacon, wrote the Shakespeare Plays;*" but we stumble upon the middle of a long narrative, in which, possibly, the authorship of the Plays was but a minor consideration.

I would also add that the *Fortune* and the *Curtain* were the two leading playhouses of that day, at which most of the Shakespeare Plays were first produced; and it will be seen how completely this statement that they were in the hands of the soldiers accords with the order of the Council stated on page 628, *ante*, in which the Queen directed all the theaters to be dismantled, because the actors had brought matters of state on the stage.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
523—283=240—142=98. 248—98=150+1=151.	151	74:2	**Your**
505—284=221—30=191—27=164.	164	73:2	**cousin**
523—284=239—50=189. 248—189=59+1=60+15 *b*=75		74:2	**hath**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—283=222—78=144.	144	73:2	even
523—283=240—28=212—1 *h*=211.	211	74:2	sent
505—284=221—90=131—8 *b* & *h*=123.	123	74:2	out
523—30=493—218=275—90=185—12 *b* & *h*=173.	173	74:1	his
505—30=475—218=257.	257	74:1	posts
523—284=239—78=161.	161	74:2	to
505—284=221—30=191—27=164. 248—164=84 +1=85+2 *h*=87.	87	74:2	bring
523—284=239—62=177.	177	74:2	you
505—284=221—30=191—79=112.	112	74:2	in.
505—284=221—79=142.	142	74:2	The
523—283=240—90=150. 248—150=98+1=99+15 *b*=114		74:2	Fortune
505—284=221—90=131—7 *b*=124.	124	74:2	and
523—283=240—30=210—79=131—1 *h*=130.	130	74:2	the
505—284=221—78=143—50=93. 193+93=286.	286	75:1	Curtain
523—283=240—62=178. 248—178=70+1=71.	71	74:2	are
505—284=221—89=132—7 *b*=125.	125	74:2	both
523—284=239—79=160.	160	74:2	now
505—284=221—27=194. 248—194=54+1=55+*b*=	(77)	74:2	full
523—284=239—90=149. 248—149=99+1=100+*b*=	115	74:2	of
505—284=221. 79—50=29—1 *h*=28.	28	75:1	his
523—30=493—219=274—90=184—10 *b*=174.	174	74:1	troops.

But even this does not exhaust the possibilities of this little column of 248 words in the hands of the magical cryptographist. I stated that 505 and 523 alternated with each other, and that 516 and 513 ran in couples. Much that I have worked out came from 523 and 505; let us now turn to the other numbers. And here we have a typical sentence:

516—284=232—30=202. 248—202=46+1=47+22 *b*=	69	74:2	The
513—284=229—50=179. 248—179=69+1=	70	74:2	times
516—284=232—30=202. 248—202=46+1=47+ 24 *b* & *h*=	71	74:2	are
513—284=229—50=179. 248—179=69+1=70+2 *h*=	72	74:2	wild.

Observe the perfect symmetry of this sentence. Take it in columns:—the figures of the first column are 516—513—516—513; those of the second column are 284—284—284—284; those of the third column are 232—229—232—229; those of the fourth column are 30—50—30—50; those of the fifth column are 202—179—202—179; those of the sixth column, 248—248—248—248; those of the seventh column, 202—179—202—179; and they produce in regular order the *69th*, *70th*, *71st*, *and 72d words*, to-wit: *the times are wild.* And every one of these words is obtained by going *up* the *same column.* And even in the application of the bracket and hyphenated words the reader will perceive, as he goes on, a regular system and sequence.

And here I would call the attention of the reader to the fact that this expression, "*the times are wild*," was used in that age where we to-day would say the times are disturbed or dangerous. We see the expression in this very column:

> What news, Lord Bardolfe? . . .
> The times are wild.

One such Cipher sentence as the above is by itself enough to demonstrate the existence of a Cipher in the Shakespeare Plays. And I think the reader will be ready to take it for granted that any imperfections which may exist in other sentences are due to my imperfect work, and not to the Cipher itself.

But this sentence does not stand alone:—the proofs are cumulative. He will find flowing right out of the same roots, varied only by the fact that the ground gone over becomes exhausted, and the Cipher numbers have therefore to apply themselves in contiguous columns, a continuous story. And here I would say that the Earl of Shrewsbury herein referred to was one of the Cecil or anti-Essex party. He was one of the Commissioners to try Essex on the preliminary charges preferred against him, and afterwards sat as one of the jury of peers who tried him for his life.[1] He was an acquaintance of Bacon, for we find him on the 15th of October, 1601, writing the Earl a letter, asking "to borrow a horse and armor for a public show" of some kind, probably "the joint mask of the four Inns of Court."[2] He was one of the Cecil courtiers, and very likely to have been sent out by Cecil for the purpose indicated.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—284=232—18 *b* & *h*=214. 248—214=34+1=35..	35	74:2	**The**
513—284=229—50= 179. 248—179=69+1=70+ 15 *b*=85	85	74:2	**Earl**
516—283=233—50= 183. 248—183=65+1=66.	66	74:2	**of**
513—284=229—50=179.	179	74:2	**Shrewsbury**
513—284=229.	229	74:2	**is**
513—283=230—50= 180—20 *b* & *h*=160.	160	74:2	**now**
516—284=232—21 *b*=211.	211	84:2	**sent**
513—283=230—50= 180—50=130—7 *b*=123.	123	74:2	**out**
=233—18 *b* & *h*=215.	215	74:2	**to**
513—284=229—50=179. 248—179=69+1=70+ 17 *b* & *h*=	87	74:2	**bring**
513—50=483—217=266.	266	74:1	**them**
516—283=233—50= 183. 248—183=65+1=66 +15 *b*=81	81	74:2	**all**
516—284=232—50=182. 248—182=66+1=67+15 *b*=	82	74:2	**before**
513—284=229—18 *b* & *h*=211—30=181. 248—181= 67+1=68+15 *b*=83.	83	74:2	**him**
516—283=233—30=203. 248—203=45+1=46.	46	74:2	**and**
513—284=229—50=179—50=129.	129	74:2	**by**
516—284=232—50=182. 248—182=66+1=67.	67	74:2	**some**
513—284=229—18 *b* & *h*=211—30=181. 248—181= 67+1=68.	68	74:2	**stratagem**
516—284=232—217=15. 447—15=432+1=433.	433	75:1	**make**
513—50=463—197=266.	226	74:1	**them**
516—284=232—217=15.	15	74:2	**say**
513—218=295—10 *b*=285—284=1.	1	74:2	**who**
516—284=232—2 *h*=230.	230	74:2	**furnished**
513—283=230—30=200.	200	74:2	**these**
516—284=232—18=214. 248—214=34+1=35+2 *h*=	37	74:2	**plays.**

But this is not all the story originating from the first column of page 74, and

[1] Spedding, *Life and Works*, vol. 7, pp. 173 and 283. [2] Ibid., p. 370.

found in the second column of page 74 and the first column of page 75. For instance, in the first column of page 75 we have the conversation between Percy and Umfreville, and a description of how Percy "struck the rowell of his spur against the panting sides of his horse" and rode ahead to St. Albans to tell the news. And in the second column of page 74 we have the directions from Bacon to the servant "who keeps the gate" to take Umfreville into the orchard, where Bacon followed him and had a secret conversation with him, in which he tells him all the news which is related in the following chapters. To work out all this fully would take more space and time than I can afford; but if the reader will employ the root-numbers I have given above, and modify them as I have shown in the above examples, he will be able to elaborate this part of the Cipher story for himself.

I am aware that Collier[1] claims that the Fortune play-house was built originally in 1599–1600, by Phillip Henslow and Edward Allen, while I suppose the narrative to refer to 1597; but this, in all probability, was a re-building or enlargement; for Maitland called the Fortune "the oldest theater in London," and Sir John Chamberlain spoke of it as "the first play-house in this town." It would be very natural on such re-building or enlargement to use the old name, which already had a trade value; and we know that the *Fortune* play-house was burned down in 1621 and re-erected with the same name; and if this was done in 1621, it may also have been done in 1599–1600.

[1] *English Dramatic Poetry*, vol. iii, p. 114.

CHAPTER V.

CECIL TELLS THE STORY OF MARLOWE.

> Let them tell thee tales
> Of woeful ages long ago betid.
>
> *Richard II.*, v, 1.

UMFREVILLE tells Bacon what Cecil told the Queen. Cecil is trying to show that Shakspere did not write the Plays, and incidentally he tells the story of Marlowe. The words *more-low* doubtless give the broad pronunciation which attached to the name Marlowe in that age; and for the better hiding of the Cipher it was necessary to use words having the same sound, but a different spelling.

The facts stated in the Cipher narrative accord substantially with what we know of the biography of Marlowe.

> The dagger of Francis Archer averted one trouble which was hanging ominously over his victim's head. A very few days before the poet's death a "note" of his "damnable opinions and judgment of religion and God's work had been laid before Elizabeth's council, with a view to the institution of proceedings against him." [1]

And, singularly enough, when we turn to the original paper now in the British Museum (MS. Harl. 6853, folio 320), in which the informer, Richard Bame, made those charges against Marlowe, after giving many of the poet's irreligious and anti-Christian utterances, the document concludes with the following:

> He sayeth, moreover, that he hath coated [quoted] a number of *contrarieties out of the Scriptures*, which he hath geeven to *some great men, who in convenient tyme shal be named.* When these things shall be called in question, the witnesses shall be produced.[2]

It would almost seem as if there was a knot of young men, among whom was Bacon, of an irreligious turn of mind; and

[1] *The Works of Marlowe*, Chatto & Windus, p. 20. [2] Ibid., note *B*, page 370.

Marlowe had inconsiderately repeated in public some of the current expressions which he had heard among them; and the "contrarieties out of the Scriptures" might have been the very *Characters of a Believing Christian in Paradoxes*, which Bacon may have read over to his Bohemian associates. And we can here see that whoever had this "note" of the informer's statements laid before the council, knew that there were "some great men" connected, in some way, with Marlowe, whom it was probably desirous to get at. And all this strikingly confirms the Cipher story.

And here I would note that heretofore the Cipher has advanced from one column to the next; but as we now reach the beginning of the second scene, it not only flows forward to the next column, but it moves backward and forward from the end of the same scene second, and also from the beginning and end of the preceding scene, called the *Induction*. And it will be observed that, having in this way more points of departure, the root-numbers do not alternate as in the simpler instances already given, but a great deal more of the story flows out of one number.

And I would further note that heretofore the outside play bore some resemblance to the internal story, because the Cipher words were all packed in a small compass; but here we come to a part of the work where the Cipher narrative, being more widely scattered, has no resemblance to the tale told in the play; and yet out of the same root-numbers is eliminated a narrative as coherent and rhetorical as that already given.

It will be observed that the following sentence alternates regularly between 523 and 505, and that in each instance the starting-point is from the top of the third subdivision of column 2 of page 74. From and including the word *my*, at the beginning of the sentence, "My Lord, I over-rode him on the way," to the top of the column, there are 219 words. And the reader will perceive that each word starts from this point, so that we have, in this long sentence of twenty words, 523 alternated with 505, in each case 219 being deducted; and each word is either the 304th word or the 286th word. But in the space comprising those 219 words there are twenty-one bracket words. These constitute the "21 *b*" which, the reader will see, are deducted from both 304 and 286. The 15

b & *h* refers, as shown previously, to the 15 bracketed and hyphenated words comprised in the upper or lower subdivisions of column 1 of page 75, the count moving through these to reach the next column.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
523—219=304—254=50. 248—50=198+1=199+1 *b*=200		74:2	**These**
505—219=286—50=236. 248—236=12+1=13+ 24 *b* & *h*=37.	37	74:2	**plays**
523—219=304—218=86. 447—86=361+1=362+3 *b*=365		75:1	**are**
505—219=286—50=236.	236	75:1	**put**
523—219=304—21 *b*=283. 283—193=90. 284— 90=194+1=195+6 *h*=201.	201	74:1	**abroad**
505—219=286—21 *b*=265. 447—265=182+1= 183+4 *h*=187.	187	75:1	**at**
523—219=304—21 *b*=283. 283—193=90. 284— 90=194+1=195.	195	74:1	**first**
505—219=286—21 *b*=265. 447—265=182+1=183.	183	75:1	**upon**
523—219=304—50=254.	254	75:1	**the**
505—219=286—254=32—15 *b* & *h*=17. 508—17= 491+1=492+1 *h*=493.	493	75:1	**stage**

This sentence is perfectly symmetrical. Observe the arrangement of the lines: (1) 523—505—523—505—523—505—523—505—523—505; (2) 219—219—219—219—219—219—219—219—219—219; (3) 304—286—304—286—304—286—304—286—304—286.

505—219=286—30=256.	256	75:1	**in**
523—219=304—21 *b*=283—218=65.	65	74:1	**the**
505—197=308—254=54. 248—54=194+1=195.	195	74:2	**name**
523—219=304—22 *b* & *h*=282. 447—282=165+1=	166	75:1	**of**
505—219=286—30=256. 447—256=191+1=192.	192	75:1	**More**
523—219=304—21 *b*=283. 283—218=65. 284—65= 219+1=220+6 *h*=226.	226	74:1	**low,**
505—219=286—254=32—15 *b* & *h*=17. 508—17 491+1=492	492	75:2	**a**
523—219=304—21 *b*=283.	283	75:1	**woe-begone,**
505—219=286—193=93.	93	75:2	**sullen**
523—219=304—30=274. 447—274=173+1=174.	174	75:1	**fellow.**

Here the Cipher numbers change from 523 and 505 to 516 and 513.

516—167=349—30=319—254=65.	65	75:2	**He**
516—167=349—30=319.	319	76:1	**had**
516—167=349—21 *b*=328. 498—328=170+1=171.	171	76:1	**engaged**
513—167=346—30=316—193=123—15=108. 448— 108=340+1=341.	341	76:1	**in**
513—167=346—254=92.	92	75:2	**a**
513—167=346—254=92—15 *b* & *h*=77. 448—77= 371+1=372.	372	76:1	**quarrel**
513—167=346—254=92. 448—92=356+1=357.	357	76:1	**with**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
513—167=346—1 *h*=345—30=315. 498—315=183+1=184+8 *b*=192.	192	76:1	one
513—167=346—22 *b* & *h*=324—30=294—50 (76.1.)=241—4 *h*=240.	240	76:1	Arch
516—167=349—50=299. 448—299=149+1=150.	150	76:1	or,
513—167=346—254=92.	92	75:2	a
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43. 248—43=205+1=206+1 *b*=207.	207	74:2	servant,
516—167=349—50=299—49 (76:1)=250.	250	76.2	about
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—50=247—193=54—15=39.	39	75:2	a
513—167=346—254=92—15 *b* & *h*=77. 508—77=431+1=432+1 *h*=433.	433	75:2	wanton,
513—167=346—254=92. 447—92=355+1=356+3 *b*=359.	359	75:1	ending
516—167=349—49 (76:1)=300. 508—300=208+1=	209	75:2	in
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327.	327	76:1	a
516—167=349—30=319—197 (74:2) =122. 284—122=162+1=163.	163	74:1	bloody
513—167=346—1 *h*=345—30=315—10 *b* & *h*=305.	305	76:2	hand
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327. 498—327=171+1=	172	76:1	to
516—167=349—50=299. 603—299=304+1=305.	305	76:2	hand
513—167=346—22 *b* & *h*=324—30=294.	294	76:1	fight,
516—167=349—49 (76:1)=300. 603—300=303+1=	304	76:2	in
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254=73. 508—73=435+1=436+1 *h*=437.	437	75:2	which
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—7 *b* & *h*=	270	76:2	he
516—167=349. 448—349=99+1=100+11 *b*=111.	111	76:1	was
516—167=349—30=319—49 (176.1) =270.	270	75:2	slain.
513—167=346—22 *b* & *h*=324—248=76. 284—76=208+1=209+6 *h*=215.	215	74:1	The
516—167=346—30=319. 447—319=128+1=129+16 *b* & *h*=145.	145	75:1	point
513—167=346—22 *b* & *h*=324—248=76. 2°4—76=208+1=209.	209	74:1	of
513—167=346—22 *b* & *h*=324—248=76.	76	75:1	his
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—284=13—10 *b* (74:1)=3. 237—3=234+1=235.	235	73:2	own
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248 (74:2)=79. 284—79=205+1=206+6 *h*=212.	212	74:1	sword
513—167=346—22 *b* & *h*=324—248 (74:2)=76—1 *h*=	75	75:1	struck
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79.	79	75:1	against
513—167=346—22 *b* & *h*=324—248=76—9 *b* & *h*=67.	67	75:1	his
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—8 *b* & *h* exc.=	71	75:1	head
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—7 *b*=72.	72	75:1	and
513—167=346—22 *b* & *h*=324—50=274—248=26.	26	75:2	eye,
513—167=346—22 *b* & *h*=324—50=274—248=26.	26	74:1	making
513—167=346—22 *b* & *h*=324—248=76.	76	74:1	fearful
513—167=346— 248=98—24 *b* & *h* (74:2)=74—10 *b*=64.	64	74:1	wounds.

This account of Marlowe's death agrees exactly with the records and traditions which have come down to us. The parish register of Debtford, the village to which he had fled, records "Christopher Marlowe, slaine by ffrancis Archer, the 1 of June, 1593." His biographer says:

In the last week of May, 1593, he was carousing at Debtford, in — to say the least — very doubtful company; and, taking offense at some real or supposed insult to himself or his female companion, he unsheathed his dagger to avenge it, and, in the scuffle which ensued, received a mortal wound in the head from his own weapon.

And in a contemporary ballad, *The Atheist's Tragedie*, the story of Marlowe's death is thus told:

His lust was lawless as his life,
  And brought about his death,
For, in a deadlie mortal strife,
  Striving to stop the breath
Of one who was his rival foe,
  With his own dagger slaine,
He groaned and word spake never moe,
  Pierced through the eye and braine.

The reader will observe the exquisite cunning with which the name of *Archer* is concealed in the text. The first syllable is the first syllable of *Arch-bishop*, separated from *bishop* by a hyphen. *Arch* comes from 513—167—30, and *or* from 516—167—50: here we have the two common modifiers 30 and 50. But to obtain the first syllable, we count in the brackets and hyphens in 167; in the other case we do not; and, in the first instance, we begin at the end of scene 2, descend to the bottom of the column, and, returning to the top of the column, go *downward;* in the other case, we begin at the same point of departure and go *up* the column.

But there is even more of the story about Marlowe. We have references to these very proceedings against him for blasphemy.

523	356	356	356	356
167	50	30	21	22 *b* & *h*
356	306	326	335	334

	Word.	Page and Column.	
523—167=356—50=306—193=113. 508—113=395 +1=396.	396	75:2	My
523—167=356—284=72—7 *h* (74:1)=65.	65	74:2	father
523—167=356—50=306—13 *b*=293.	293	75:1	would,
523—167=356—192=164. 508—164=344+1=345.	345	75:2	in
523—167=356—21 *b* (167)=335—192=143—15 *b* & *h* =128. 498—128=370+1=371.	371	76:1	his
523—167=356—21 *b* (167)=335—192=143.	143	75:2	wrath,
523—167=356—248=108. 193+108=301—7 *b* & *h*=	294	75:1	have
523—167=356—248=108. 193+108=301.	301	75:1	burned
523—167=356—50=306. 448—306=143.	143	76:1	the
523—167=356—193=163. 458—163=295+1=296.	296	76:2	horson
523—167=356—193=163. 458—163=295+1=296+ 3 *h*=299.	299	76:2	rascally-yea-forsooth-knave
523—167=356—30=326—254=72.	72	75:2	alive

	Word.	Page and Column.	
523—167=356. 447—356=91+1=92+5 *h*=97.	97	75:1	in
523—167=356. 498—356=142+1=143.	143	76:1	the
523—167=356—50=306.	306	75:1	fire
523—167=356—21 *b*=335—192=143—15 *b* & *h*=128.	128	76:1	of
523—167=356—193=163. 603—163=440+1=441.	441	76:2	Smithfield
523—167=356—193=163—50=113. 603—113=490+1=491+3 *b*=494.	494	76:2	for
523—167=356—21 *b* (167)=335—192=143. 603—143=460+1=461.	461	76:2	the
523—167=356—50=306—248=58.	58	75:2	sin
523—167=356—253=103. 603—103=500+1=501.	501	76:2	he
523—167=356—254=102. 603—102=501+1=502.	502	76:2	hath
523—167=356—21 *b* (167)=335—192=143. 603—143=460+1=461+3 *h*=464.	464	76:2	committed

Here the Cipher root-number changes, by one degree, from 523—167=356 to 516—167=349.

516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79.	79	75;1	against
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79. 448—79=369+1=370.	370	76:1	Heaven
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—7 *b*=72.	72	75:1	and
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297. 498—297=201+1=202.	202	76:1	the
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134.	134	75:2	state.

The reader will observe here another of those extraordinary hyphenations, which, of themselves, ought to go far to prove the artificial and unnatural character of the text of the Plays: *rascally-yea-forsooth-knave*. Here are *four* words united into *one* word by hyphens! I doubt if another such example can be found in the literature of the last two hundred and fifty years.

Smithfield, the reader is aware, is that part of London where offenders against religion were burned alive. It was there John Rogers suffered in 1555.

If there is no Cipher here, is it not remarkable that *Smithfield* should occur in the text just where it is wanted so as to cohere arithmetically with *burned*, *alive* and *fire*. And we will see hereafter, in the chapter on the Purposes of the Plays, that the same 163 (523—167=356—193=163) which, carried up the *second* column of page 76, brings us to *Smithfield*, carried up the *first* column of the same page brings us to *religion*, the 336th word in the column. A very pregnant association of ideas in that age: *Smithfield* and *religion!* For we will see that Cecil charges that the Plays, not only under the name of Shakespeare, but also under that of Marlowe, were written by Bacon with intent to bring the religious opinions of the day into contempt.

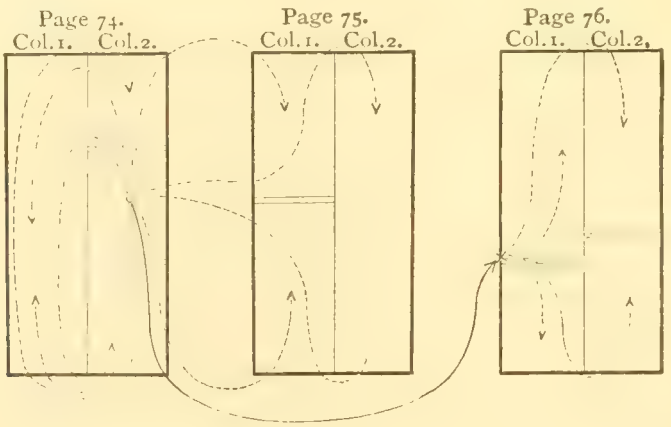
CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY OF SHAKSPERE'S YOUTH.

I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Tempest, *v*, *1*.

HERETOFORE the story has flowed mainly from the first column of page 74, or, as in the last chapter, from the last subdivision of column 2 of page 74. We come now to a part of the story which is derived altogether from the middle subdivision of column 2 of page 74, and which flows forward and backward, after this fashion:



That is to say: starting from that middle subdivision of column 2 of page 74, the count is carried up and down the next column, forward and backward, and through these, or their subdivisions, to the contiguous columns. And the count (as indicated by the continuous line) is carried forward to the end of the same scene in which that second subdivision is found, and thence radiates up and down, right and left, as shown in the diagram. It is also carried backward to the beginning of the preceding scene, and of the scene preceding that, and from these points of departure radiates up and

down, backward and forward, until all the possibilities are exhausted.

And even the incredulous reader will be forced to observe that these numbers, so applied, bring out a body of words totally different from those which told of the flight of the actors or the bringing of the news to St. Albans; and these words describe the events of Shakspere's youth, and could scarcely be twisted into describing anything else.

And every word is produced by one of the following root-numbers, used directly or subjected to the ordinary modifications, to-wit: 356, 338, 349 and 346. And these numbers are thus obtained:

523	505	516	513
167	167	167	167
356	338	349	346

This 167 is, of course, the number of words in that middle subdivision of 74:2; that is to say, from 51, the first word of the middle subdivision, to 318, the last word of the same, counting in that last word, there are just 167 words.

But the above numbers are first modified by the counting in of the bracketed words and additional hyphenated words in that second subdivision of column 2 of page 74, to-wit, 22. This gives us, applied to the above root-numbers, the following results:

356	338	349	346
22	22	22	22
334	316	327	324

And these, in turn, are modified by the modifiers on pages 74 and 73, as in the former chapters. And here again, as in the former instances, for a time the 523 alternates with the 505, and the 516 with the 513, and then the story is all told by a single number.

But these numbers are also modified by the counting in of the 21 bracket words alone in that second subdivision, exclusive of the one additional hyphenated word; and also by counting in the one hyphenated word alone exclusive of the 21 bracket words; and this gives us the following results:

Counting in the bracketed words alone—

356	338	327	346
21	21	21	21
335	317	306	325

Counting in the hyphenated word alone—

356	338	327	346
1	1	1	1
355	337	326	345

And it will be observed hereafter that these numbers are cunningly adjusted so as to use the same words in different sentences, the external play, as well as the internal story, being twisted to conform thereto. And hence peculiarities of expression may sometimes be accounted for by the necessities of this Cipher story interlocking with itself.

I do not give the story in its regular order, but in fragments, selecting first those examples which are simplest, and therefore more easily capable of demonstration. Describing Shakspere's revenge on Sir Thomas Lucy, the Cipher story furnishes us the following statements. The 145 and 146 relate to the second subdivision of the second column of page 76; there being 145 words from the top of the subdivision inclusive and 146 words from the end word inclusive of the first subdivision. There are also three words in brackets in this subdivision, and these, when counted in, increase the 145 to 148, and the 146 to 149. The 254 and 193, used below, are, of course, the same 193 and 254 which produced the story of the flight of the actors; that is to say, they represent the two subdivisions of column 1 of page 75.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—284=54—7 *h*=47.	47	74:2	**He**
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—145=189—8 *b* & *h*=	181	77:1	**goes**
505—167=338—146=192.	192	76:1	**one**
523—167=356—50=306—145=161.	161	77:1	**day**
505—167=338—145=193.	193	76:1	**and**
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—50=284—254=30. 448—30=418+1=419.	419	76:1	**with**
505—167=338—145=193—3 *b*=190.	190	76:1	**ten**
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—254=80—15 *b* & *h*=	65	76:1	**of**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—30=286. 457—286= 171+1=172.	172	76:2	**his**
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—145=189. 448—189= 259+1=260.	260	76:1	**followers**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—22=316—30=286—5 *h*=281.	281	76:1	did
523—167=356—30=326. 448—326=122+1=123.	123	76:1	lift
505—167=338—50=288—145=143.	143	76:1	the
523—167=356—30=326—50=276—254=22+ 448=470.	470	76:1	water
505—167=338—50=288—284=4.	4	74:1	gate
523—167=356. 356—146=210—6 *b*=204.	204	76:1	of
505—167=338—22=316—145=171—3 *b*=168. 448— 168=330+1=331.	331	76:1	the
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—30=304—30=274— 145=128—3 *b*=125. 448—125=323+1=324.	324	76:1	fish
505—167=338—22=316—145=171. 498—171=328.	328	76:1	pond
523—167=356—22=334—193=141—15=126—49=77.	77	76:2	off
505—167=338—22=316—50=266.	266	76:1	the
523—167=356—30=326—193=133. 508—133=375+ 1=376.	376	75:2	hinges
505—167=338—30=308—193=115.	115	76:1	and
505—167=338—5 *h*=335	335	76:1	turns
523—167=356—30=326—145=181—3 *b*=177—9 *b* & *h*=168	168	76:1	all
505—167=338—50=288—145=143.	143	76:1	the
523—167=356—22=334—50=284—254=30—15 *b* & *h* =15+448=463.	463	76:1	water
505—167=338—145=193—6 *b*=187.	187	76:1	out
523—166=357—50=306—145=161. 448—161= 287+1=288.	288	76:1	from
523—167=356—22=334—50=284—193=91. 448— 91=357+1=358.	358	76:1	the
505—167=338—50=288—22=266—145=121. 448— 121=327+1=328.	328	76:1	pond,
523—167=356—22=334—14 *b*=320.	320	76:1	froze
505—167=338—22=316—145=171—3 *b*=168.	168	76:1	all
523—167=356—145=211. 448—211=237+1=238.	238	76:1	the
505—167=338—14 *b*=324.	324	76:1	fish,
523—167=356—50=306—284=22. 248—22=226+1	227	74:2	and
505—167=338—11 *b* & *h*=327.	327	76:2	girdles
523—167=356—50=306—284=22.	22	74:2	the
505—167=338—284=54—18 *b* & *h*=36.	36	74:2	orchard.

There may, of course, be flaws discovered in the workmanship of the above; but I think the candid man will concede that these significant words could not all have come together through the same root-numbers, by accident. They will be found nowhere else in the same order. In fact, *pond* is not found in any other place in these two plays, and but four other times in all the Shakespeare Plays, and *froze* occurs but this one time in both these plays, and but three other times in all the Shakespeare Plays; while *fish* occurs but once in *2d Henry IV.* But here we have *fish*, *pond* and *froze* and *turns* all coming together *in the same paragraph;* and in the next paragraph *water*, and in the same column nearly all the words out of which the above sentence is constructed. The word *hinges* is rare; it occurs but one other time in all the Plays, and the word *hinge* but twice. It would be little less than a miracle if these unusual words should all come together in one spot,

just where they are needed, to tell the story of Shakspere's youth. And the story that is here told, be it observed, while consistent with the traditions of Stratford that there had been a riot (the same riot alluded to in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*), in which the young men of the town took part with Shakspere as their leader, against Sir Thomas Lucy, is, at the same time, not a statement of anything which had already come down to us.

And to show that this story is not forced, observe how markedly the significant words grow out of the root-numbers. For instance, 505 less 167 is 338; the 338th word is *sincere*, which, as we will see hereafter, refers to Shakspere's father; but, if we count in the five hyphenated words, then the 338th word is the 333d word, *turns*—*turns* the water out of the pond. But if we count in the fourteen bracketed words, then the 338th word is the 324th word, *fish*. And if we take 523 and deduct 167, we have 356, which is *rising;* or, counting in the 22 bracketed and hyphenated words contained in the 167 words, we have 334, which is *insurrection*, referring, with *rising*, to the riot inaugurated by the boys of Stratford; and, if we count in the 14 bracketed words in the column, we have 320, *froze*.

But let us go a step further and find 356 in the first column of page 75, and the word is *away*, referring to the running away of the young men; while 334 (356 less the 22 *b* & *h* words) is *fought;* and up the column it is *spur*, the latter part of Shakspere's name; and if we take 356 and modify it by deducting the modifier 30, we have 326, and if we take from this 193, the first subdivision of column 1 of page 75, the remainder is 133, the word *bloody;* and if we take 505—167=338 and deduct from this the modifier 50, we have 288, and if we carry this down the first column of page 76, counting in the twelve bracketed words, we find that the 288th word is the 276th word, *fight*. So that we see that not only do these roots, even subjected to the simplest treatment, yield the story I have given in detail about the destruction of the fish-pond, but the same roots also tell the story of how Shak-*spur fought a bloody fight*. But all this I shall give with more detail hereafter.

What I claim is, that the existence of the Cipher is not only proved by the fact that certain root-numbers, applied to a particular column, yield a consistent narrative peculiar to that column, and which could not be found anywhere else; but that these same root-numbers applied to other contiguous columns, produce other parts of that same story, each part being consistent with the rest and forming together a continuous narrative.

For instance, these root-numbers, so applied, give us the following narrative of the battle between the young men of Stratford and Sir Thomas Lucy's gamekeepers:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—22=316—30=286—15 *b* & *h*=271.	271	74:1	**They**
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—50=284.	284	75:1	**drew**
505—167=338—30=308—5 *h*=303.	303	76:1	**their**
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—30=304.	304	76:1	**weapons**
505—167=338—30=308—193=115.	115	76:1	**and**
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334.	334	76:1	**fought**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—193=123. 508—123=385+1=386+1 *h*=387	387	75:2	**a**
523—167=356—30=326. 326—193=133.	133	75:2	**bloody**
505—167=338—50=288—12 *b*=276.	276	76:1	**fight**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—5 *h*=311	311	76:1	**for**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95,	95	76:1	**an**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—30=308—254=54. 508—54=454+1	455	75:1	**hour,**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—50=266—4 *h*=262.	262	74:1	**not**
505—167=338.	338	75:1	**stopping**
505—167=338—30=308—193=115. 508—115=393+1=394.	394	75:2	**even**
505—167=338—30=308. 498—308=190+1=191.	191	76:1	**to**
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—248=86—50=36—9 *b* & *h*=27.	27	75:1	**breathe.**

The reader will note the constant recurrence of the numbers 316, 334, 308, etc.

And here we have a statement which accords well with what we know, by tradition, of Shakspere's hurried departure for London:

505—167=338—30=308.	308	75:1	**He**
505—167=338—50=288—50 (76:1)=238. 447—238=209+1=210+8 *b*=218.	218	75:1	**left**
505—167=338—50=288—50 (76:1)=238.	238	75:1	**his**
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—248=86—1 *h*=85.	85	75:1	**poor**
505—167=338—193=145—14 *b* & *h*=131.	131	75:1	**young**
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—248=86.	86	75:1	**jade**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—30=286—193=93—10 *b*=85.	83	74:1	**big**
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—248=86—22 *b* (74:2)=64—1 *h*=63.	63	75:1	**with**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—30=289—193=93.	93	74:1	**child.**

Observe that there is a difference of precisely ten words between *big* and *child:*—*big* is 83, *child* is 93; and there are precisely ten bracketed words in the column above the 83 and 93. The evidences of arithmetical adjustment are found everywhere.

And here, in the same connection, I would call the attention of the critical reader to the marvelous evidences of the artificial character of the text shown in that word *jade*. It is often used in the narrative in connection with the word *old*—"the old jade"—to describe the Queen. It would, of course, have provoked suspicion if the Plays had been dotted all over with the word *queen;* and hence, as Bacon had repeated cause to refer to her in his internal narrative, he had to do so in some indirect way; and one of his favorite expressions was "the old jade." But it would not have been safe to use even these words too often, and therefore, when they were employed, the scenes and fragments of scenes had to be so adjusted that they would fit to them by the different counts of the Cipher, so that they might be used over and over again, in the progress of the story.

For instance:

(1.) We have here seen that 523, less all the words in the second subdivision of 74:2, is 334. If now we commence to count from the beginning of column 74:2, the 334th word is the 86th word in the next column, *jade*. (2.) But if we take 523 again, and deduct from it the same second subdivision, exclusive of the words in brackets and the additional hyphenated words, we have 356; and if again we commence to count from the top of column 74:2, but count in the words in brackets and carry the remainder over to the next column, again the count lights on the same 86th word—*jade*. (3.) And if we again take the first count above, 334, and modify it by deducting the modifier 30, we have left 304, and if we begin to count

from the bottom of the second subdivision of 74:2, counting up and forward, the 304th word is the same 86th word—*jade*. (4.) And if we take 505 and commence to count from the end of the first subdivision of the same 74:2, and count downward, we have left 307; if we carry this to the middle of the next column, 75:1, and count upwards from the beginning of the second subdivision, we have 114 left, and this carried up from the end of the first subdivision, 75:1, counting in the bracketed words and additional hyphenated words, again brings us to the same word, *jade*. (5.) And if we go back to the second example above (523—167=356), and again begin at the top of 74:2, and count down, we have left 108; and this carried up the next column from the bottom of the first subdivision, not counting in the bracketed and hyphenated words, again brings us to the 86th word, *jade*. (6.) And if we take 505 and count from the top of the third subdivision of 74:2 upward, we have 286 left; and this, less 193, is 93, and this, carried down column 1 of page 75, counting in the words in brackets, falls again on the same 86th word, *jade*. (7.) And if we take 505 and deduct 167, we have left 338; modify this by deducting the modifier 50, and we have 288 left; carry this up through the first subdivision of column 1 of page 75, and we have 95 left; descend again down column 1 of page 75, but counting in this time the additional hyphenated as well as the bracketed words, and again we come to the 86th word, *jade*. There are other counts which produce the same result, but they are with root-numbers with which the reader is not so familiar as with the above.

Here, then, are seven times where the same word, *jade*, is reached by seven different countings, used in seven different parts of the same Cipher narrative. One can conceive from this the careful adjustments to each other of pages, scenes, fragments of scenes, words, brackets and hyphens which were necessary to perfect this delicate piece of skeleton work, before Bacon set pen to paper to manipulate the external padding into a coherent play. And one can perceive, also, the extent of a Cipher narrative in which the Queen is so often referred to. The truth is, I give but fragments of the story.

If the reader thinks that this is also accident, let him take some other numbers and see if he can make this word match with them. It is doubtful if he can find a single number (not a Cipher number) which can be made to agree, from the starting-point of any of these pages or subdivisions, with this word, *jade*, so as to cohere precisely. I have tried it with many numbers without success. And it must be remembered that the seven numbers here used, and which do match with *jade*, hold an infinitesimally small proportion to all the combinations of figures which are possible even in groups of three each. It would be an Ossa of marvels piled on a Pelion of miracles if these seven figures should, *by accident*, be so precisely adjusted to the size of the pages, scenes and fragments of scenes, and to the exact number of bracketed and hyphenated words therein, as to produce, by all these different countings, the same word *jade*.

And when we turn to the word *old*, which accompanies the word *jade* when applied to the Queen, we find the same significant adjustments; but not so numerous, for we have seen the word *jade* once applied to Shakspere's wife, and it is also applied in the Cipher story to a horse.

(1.) If, for instance, we take 505 and deduct 254, the second subdivision of 75:1, we have left 251, a root-number which we shall find to be extensively used; we turn to 74:1, and the 251st word is *old*. (2.) If we take 505 and deduct 167, we have 338; if we count in the 22 bracket and hyphenated words, this becomes 316; this, modified by deducting 50, becomes 266; and if we carry this down the first column of page 74, counting in the bracketed and hyphenated words, the 266th word is

the 251st word, the same word *old*. (3.) If, again, we take 523 and deduct 218, (from 30 upward 74:2), we have 305 left; deduct the modifier 50, and we have 255 left; this carried down 74:1, counting in the hyphenated words, brings us again to *old*. (4.) If we take 523 and deduct 167, we have 356, and, less the *b* & *h* words, 334; and, less the modifier 30, it becomes 304: if we count down the 74:2 column, counting in the bracketed words, we have a remainder of 34, which, carried up the next column forward, brings us again to the same word, *old*. (5.) If we take 505 and deduct 198, (50, 74:2 downward), we have 307; or, less the 22 bracket words, 285; carry this again through 74:2 and we have a remainder of 37, which, carried up the next column forward, 74:1, counting in the hyphenated words, again brings us to the same word *old*.

Let me put these remarkable results in regular order:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—254=251.	251	74:1	old
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—50=266—15 *b* & *h*=	251	74:1	old
523—218=305—50=255—4 *h*=251.	251	74:1	old
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—30=304—248=56—22 *b*=34. 284—34=250+1=251.	251	74:1	old
505—198=307—22 *b* & *h*=285—248=37. 284—37=247+1=248+3 *h*=251.	251	74:1	old
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—248=86.	86	75:1	jade
523—167=356—248=108—22 *b* (74:2)=86.	86	75:1	jade
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—30=304—218=86.	86	75:1	jade
505—198=307—193=114 193—114=79+1=80+6 *b* & *h*=86.	86	75:1	jade
523—167=356—248=108. 193—108=85+1=86.	86	75:1	jade
505—219=286—193=93—7 *b*=86.	86	75:1	jade
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—9 *b* & *h*=86.	86	75:1	jade

And that these results are not accidental the reader can satisfy himself by observing that every one of these *olds* and *jades* comes out of 505 and 523; not one is derived from the other root-numbers 516 and 513. This shows that it is in the part of the story told by 505 and 523 the Queen is referred to as "the old jade." And see how completely some of these accord, the same root-number producing both words:

523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—30=304—248=56—22 *b*=34. 284—34=250+1=251.	251	74:1	old
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—30=304—218=86.	86	75:1	jade

Again:

505—198=307—22 *b* & *h*=285—248=37. 284—37=247+1=248+3 *h*=251.	251	74:1	old
505—198=307—22 *b* & *h*=285—198=87—1=86.	86	75:1	jade

CHAPTER VII.

THE PURPOSES OF THE PLAYS.

> Now I see
> The bottom of your purpose.
>
> *All's Well that Ends Well*, iv., 3.

CECIL tells the Queen that, having heard that the Essex party were representing the deposition and murder of Richard II. on the stage, and cheering uproariously at every "hit," even as the liberty-loving German students in a later age applauded every pregnant sentence in Schiller's play of *The Robbers*, he sent a friend to ascertain the facts, who returned with the statement that the reports were all true. And we have the following sentence, descriptive of the scene on the death of the King, who was murdered at Pomfret by Sir Pierce of Exton, as represented in the last act of the play of *Richard II.*:

523	356	356	356
167	21 *b* (167)	1 *h* (167)	22 *b* & *h* (167)
—	—	—	—
356	335	355	334

	Word.	Page and Column.	
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—193=141—15 *b* & *h*=126.	126	75:2	**But**
356—50=306—284=22+193=215—2 *h*=213.	213	75:1	**when**
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—248=86—1 *h*=85.	85	75:1	**poor**
356—254=102—15 *b* & *h*=87. 448—87=361+1=	362	76:1	**King**
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—248=86. 448—86=362+1=	363	76:1	**Richard**
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—248=86. 284—86=198+1= 199+6 *h*=205.	205	74:1	**fell**
356—30=326—193=133—15 *b* & *h*=118. 498—118= 380+1=381.	381	76:1	**a**
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—50=284—17 *b* & *h*=267.	267	76:1	**corpse**
356—30=326—50=276. 447—276=171+1=172+ 15 *b* & *h*=187.	187	75:1	**at**
356—30=326—193=133. 498—133=365+1=366.	366	76:1	**Pomfret,**
356—1 *h*=355—248=107—22 *b* (74:2)=85. 284—85= 199+1=200+6 *h*=206.	206	74:1	**under**
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—193=141—15 *b* & *h*=126.	126	74:1	**uncounted**
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—248=86—3 *b*=83.	83	76:1	**blows,**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—50=284—248=36—22 *b* (74:2)=14. 284—14=270+1=271.	271	74:1	they
356—1 *h*=335—248=107—22 *b* (74:2)=85—10 *b*=75.	75	75:1	make
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—193=141. 498—141=357+1=	358	76:1	the
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—193=141—15 *b* & *h*=126.	126	76:1	most
356—21 *b*=335—248=87—11 *b* & *h*=76.	76	74:1	fearful
356—1 *h*=355—248=107—22 *b*=85. 284—85=199+1=200.	200	74:1	noise;
356—248=108.	108	75:1	again
356—30=326—50=276—15 *b* & *h*=261.	261	74:1	and
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—248=86. 193—86=107+1=	108	75:1	again
356—22=326—284=42. 193—42=151+1=152+1 *h*=153		75:1	it
356—21 *b*=335—284=51—18 *b* & *h*=33+50=83—7 *h*= 76.	76	74:2	broke
356—21 *b*=335—284=51—18 *b* & *h*=33.	33	74:2	forth;
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—248=86. 498—86=412+1=	413	76:1	it
356—50=306.	306	76:1	seemed
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—193=141—15 *b* & *h*=126. 448—126=322+1=323.	323	76:1	as
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—193=141. 508—141=367+1 65=128+1=129	129	75:1	if
356—30=326—50=276—248=28—22 *b*=6. 284—6=278+1=279.	279	74:1	they
356—50=306—13 *b*=293.	293	75:1	would
356—30=326—50=276—253=23—15 *b* & *h*=8. 448—8=440+1=441.	441	76:1	never
356—30=326—50=276. 284—276=8+1=9.	9	74:1	stop.

The reader will note that every word here is the 356th word; and the figures at the beginning of the chapter show how that number is obtained. He will further observe the constant recurrence of the same terminal numbers, 86, 133, 108, 141, 276, and their modifications. It would require some art, in any other writing, to pick out the words of such a coherent sentence without any arithmetical limitations whatever, simply taking a word here and there where you find it; but when you obtain every word of such a sentence as the above in arithmetical order, each one being the 356th from certain points of departure, it surely cannot be accident.

But Cecil goes on still further to give his views of the purposes of the play of *Richard II.* And here we still have the same original root-number, and we find the same terminal numbers constantly recurring, to-wit, 108, 141, 133, etc., and again they work out a coherent narrative which holds due relation to the whole Cipher story.

356—248=108. 193—108=85+1=86+3 *b*=89.	89	75:1	The
356—30=326—192=134.	134	74:1	play
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—50=284—12 *h*=272.	272	76:1	shows
356—248=108—7 *b*=101.	101	75:1	the
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—193=141—15 *b* & *h*=126. 284—126=158+1=159.	159	74:1	victory
356—1 *h*=355—248=107. 284—107=177+1=178.	178	74:1	of
356—1 *h*=355—248=107. 284—107=177+1=178+6 *h*=184.	184	74:1	rebels

	Word.	Page and Column.	
356—1 *h*=355—50=305—193=112—15 *b* & *h*=97— 5 *b* & *h*=92.	92	76:1	o'er
356—50=306—193=113—15 *b* & *h*=98—3 *b*=95.	95	76:1	an
356—30=326—193=133—15 *b* & *h*=118—50=68. 284 —68=216+1=217+6 *h*=223.	223	74:1	anointed
356—248=108—11 *b* & *h*=97.	97	74:1	tyrant;
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—254=80—15 *b* & *h*=65. 498—65 =433+1=434.	434	74:1	and
356—248=108.	108	74:1	by
356—50=306. 448—306=142+1=143+10 *b* & *h*=	153	76:1	this
356—248=108—2 *h* (74:2)=106.	106	74:1	pipe
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—254=80—15 *b* & *h*=65.	65	75:2	he
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—254=80.	80	75:2	hath
356—1 *h*=355—248=107.	107	74:1	blown
356—248=108. 284—108=176+1=177+6 *h*=183.	183	74:1	the
356—248=108. 284—108=176+1=177.	177	74:1	flame
356—1 *h*=355—248=107. 284—107=177+1=178.	178	74:1	of
356—1 *h*=355—248=107—2 *h* (74:2)=105. 284— 105=179+1=180.	180	74:1	rebellion
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—30=304—49=255—7 *b* & *h*=248.	248	76:1	almost
356—1 *h*=355—30=325—284=41—7 *h* (74:1)=34.	34	74.2	into
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—50=284. 284—284=0+1=1.	1	74:1	open
356—248=108—10 *b*=98.	98	74:1	war.

It may be asked why the root-number (523—167=) 356 is here continuous, while in some of our former examples it alternated with (505—167=) 338; but it would appear, from my researches, that it is only at the beginning that this alternation exists; and that, as the Cipher progresses, it diverges, and follows out one of the root-numbers after another to its ramifications: thus 338 will be found, after a time, to produce a story different from, but connected with, that told by 356. The process might be compared to a nimble squirrel on two branches of a tree, growing out of the same portion of the trunk. For a time it leaps from branch to branch; then, as they widen out, it follows the ramifications of one branch to the end.

The reader will also note that all the story we have thus far given is derived from three pages, 74, 75 and 76; and most of it is from pages 74 and 75; and it will be found, as we proceed, that we have not exhausted one-tenth of the possibilities of these pages. It would be marvelous if we had been able to make such connected grammatical and historical sentences out of a dozen pages; it is still more marvelous that they have been found in two or three. We have on these three pages not only the names of *Marlowe*, and *Archer* and *Cecil* and *Shak'st-spur*, *Hayward* and the *old jade*, but the name of *King Richard* and *Pomfret* and *King John*, and, as we will see, the *Contention of York and Lancaster*, and a number of other typical words, which, if there is no Cipher, could only have coincided here by a species of miracle. I am aware that the hypercritical will say, as has been intimated already, that the foregoing results are due to my "ingenuity;" but ingenuity cannot create the very significant words which are shown to exist in the text, on these pages 74, 75 and 76, together with *Bacon*, *Bacons*, *St. Albans*, *Gray's Inn*, etc., which appear near at hand. Those words were there two hundred years before I was born.

We have seen that 356, modified by carrying it through column 74:2, produced the statement that Bacon had used the play of *Richard II.* as a pipe wherewith to

blow the flame of rebellion almost into open war. Now let us take the very next portion of the text which follows column 74:2, to-wit, the first subdivision of 75:1, and we have results running in the same direction of thought, viz.: that Bacon had also been trying to poison the mind of the multitude with irreligious views. Surely, such connected thoughts could not, by accident, run out of the same root-numbers, counting, in the one instance, from the top of one column, and, in the other instance, from the top or middle of the next column.

And it will also be observed that the statements here made agree precisely with what I have shown, in the first part of this book, as to Bacon's early religious views, and the treasonable purposes of some of the plays; and also with the facts revealed on the trial of Essex as to the conspirators hiring the actors to enact this very play of *Richard II.*, so that they might gloat their eyes with the sight of a tragedy on the mimic stage which they hoped to bring into effect very soon upon the stage of the world. It follows that partisans and conspirators, assembled for such a purpose, would act very much as the Cipher story describes.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
356—21 *b*=335—284=51. 248—51=197+1=198+2 *b* & *h*=200.	200	74:2	These
356—21 *b*=335—193=142. 284—142=142+1=143.	143	74:1	well-known
356—30=326—284=42—7 *h* (74:1)=37.	37	74:2	plays
356—193=163—15 *b* & *h*=148. 508—148=360+1=	361	76:2	have
356—30=326—193=133—15 *b* & *h*=118. 508—118=390+1=391+3 *b*=394.	394	75:2	even
356—193=163—15 *b* & *h*=148. 508—148=360+1=361+4 *b* & *h*=365.	365	75:2	made
356—50=306—146 (76:2) =160.	160	77:1	the
356—30=326—50 (76:1)=276—145=131—5 *b* & *h*=	126	76:1	most
356—1 *h* (74:2)=355—50=305—146=159. 498—159=339+1=340.	340	76:1	holy
356—30=326—145=131. 577—131=446+1=447+11 *b* & *h*=461.	(461)	77:1	matters
356—30=326—145=131—3 *b*=128.	128	76:1	of
356—193=163. 498—163=335+1=336.	336	76:1	religion,
356—1 *h*=355—30=325—193=132—15 *b* & *h*=117.	117	75:2	which
356—30=326—146=180—3 *b* (146)=177—9 *b* & *h*=	168	76:1	all
356—50=306—146=160—3 *b* (146)=157.	157	77:1	good
356—30=326—146=180—3 *b* (146)=177. 448—177=271+1=272+2 *b*=274.	274	76:1	men
356—30=326—193=133—15 *b* & *h*=118+162 (78:1)=	280	78:1	hold
356—30=326.	326	76:1	in
356—50=306—145=161. 498—161=337+1=338.	338	76:1	sincere
356—50=306. 498—306=192+1=193+10 *b* & *h*=	203	76:1	respect,
356—30=326—193=133. 456+133=590.	590	76:2	subjects
356—30=326—193=133.	133	76:2	for
356—30=326—50=276—193=83—15 *b* & *h*=68—50 (76:1)=18—1 *h*=17.	17	76:2	laughter;
356—193=163. 448—163=285+1=286.	286	76:1	their
356—30=326—193=133—15=118—50 (76:1) =68. 508—68=440+1+1 *h*=442.	442	75:2	aim
356—193=163.	163	75:2	being,

	Word.	Page and Column.	
356—30=326—50 (76:1)=276—145=131. 448—131=317+1=318.	318	76:1	**it**
356—193=163. 508—163=345+2 *h*=347.	348	75:2	**is**
356—19 *b* & *h*=337.	337	7:61	**supposed,**
356—253=103.	103	76:1	**to**
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—193=141.	141	74:1	**thus**
356—193=163. 508—163=345+1=346.	346	75:2	**poison**
356—193=163. 284—163=121+1=122.	122	74:1	**the**
356—193=163—15 *b* & *h*=148. 498—148=350+1=	351	76:1	**mind**
356—193=163—50 (74:2)=113.	113	74:1	**of**
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—193=141. 498—141=357+1=	358	75:2	**the**
356—193=163. 284—163=121+1=122+7 *h*=129.	129	74:1	**still**
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—193=141—11 *b* & *h*=130.	130	74:1	**discordant,**
356—21 *b*=335—193=142—11 *b* & *h*=131.	131	74:1	**wavering**
356—21 *b*=335—193=142—10 *b*=132.	132	74:1	**multitude.**

The reader will here observe that every word of the above sentence is the 356th word from certain well-defined starting-points; just as every word of the last sentence was also derived, in the same way, from 356. He will also observe that 356—248=108, and, as 108 produced so many of the words touching the blowing of the flame of rebellion into open war, so here 356—193=163 and 356—193=163—15 *b* & *h*=148 produce the significant words *being*, *poison*, *mind*, *religion*, etc. And what is the difference between these numbers 108 and 163? Simply this,—that 108 is 356 less the second column of page 74; and 163 is 356 less the next subdivision of the text — the first subdivision of column 1 of page 75; so that the ends of these two fragments, which produce these two coherent parts of the same statement, as to the purposes of the Plays, touch each other.

And it will be remembered, as I have shown heretofore, that *Measure for Measure* contained many irreligious utterances; and that the character of Sir John Oldcastle was regarded, by the court, as a reflection on Protestantism, and the author of the play was compelled to change the name of the character to Sir John Falstaff.

But the significant utterances growing out of the same root-number (356), and the same parts of the same columns, do not end here. The purposes of the Plays are still further discussed by Cecil, and he makes an assertion as to the intents of the conspirators which is amply confirmed by the subsequent insurrection which cost Essex his head.

356—50=306—146=160—3 *b* (146)=157. 448—157=291+1=292.	292	76:1	**They**
356—253=103. 284—103=181+1=182+6 *h*=188.	188	74:1	**mean**
356—248=108. 448—108=340+1=341.	341	76:1	**in**
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—50=284—193=91. 498—91=407+1=408.	408	76:1	**this**
356—30=326—254=72—10 *b*=62.	62	74:1	**covert**
356—253=103—1 *h*=102.	102	75:1	**way**
356—253=103. 498—103=395+1=396.	396	76:1	**to**
356—146=210. 284—210=74+1=75.	75	74:1	**make**
356—30=326—193=133—15=118. 498—118=380+1=381.	381	76:1	**a**
356.	356	76:1	**rising**
356—50=306—146=160. 498—160=338+1=339.	339	76:1	**and**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—254=80—50 (76:1)=30. 508—30=478+1=479+1 *h*=480.	480	75:2	**flood**
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—50=284—193=91. 498—91=407+1=408.	408	76:1	**this**
356—253=103—15 *b* & *h*=88. 448—88=360+1=	361	76:1	**fair**
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—253=81—15 *b* & *h*=66. 448—66=482+1=483.	483	76:1	**land**
356—254=102. 448—102=346+1=347.	347	76:1	**with**
356—21 *b*=335—50=285—145=140. 498—140=358—9=359.	359	76:1	**blood,**

The text will show the reader that the word *rising* was the usual expression in that day for insurrection.

But Cecil thinks the writer of the Plays intends not only to make rebels, but infidels, of those who witness the representation of them on the stage; and we have this significant utterance:

356—30=326—193=133—15 *b* & *h*=118. 508—118=390+1=391+4 *b* & *h*=395.	395	75:2	**so**
356—50 (76:1)=306—146=160.	160	76:1	**that**
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—254=80—50 (76:1)=30—1 *h*=29.	29	76:2	**not**
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—254=80—50 (76:1)=30.	30	76:2	**only**
356—50=306—146=160. 448—160=288+1=289.	289	76:1	**their**
356—193=163. 448—163=285+1=286+1 *h*=287.	287	76:1	**bodies,**
356—22 *b* & *h*=334—253=81.	81	75:2	**but**
356—193=163. 448—163=285+1=286.	286	76:1	**their**
356—50=306—146=160. 448—160=288+1=289+1 *h*=290.	290	76:1	**souls,**
356—253=103—15 *b* & *h*=88—2 *h*=86.	86	76:1	**might**
356—30=326—50 (76:1)=276—145=131.	131	77:1	**be**
356—30=326. 603—326=277—1=278—8 *b*=286.	286	76:2	**damned.**

Observe here how the root-numbers bring out the words: 356 carried forward through the second subdivision of 76:2 (146) and brought back and carried up the column 76:1 yields *their*, and, counting in the one hyphenated word, *souls;* while the same 356 carried through the first subdivision of 75:2 (193) and taken up the same column 76:1 produces *their*, and, counting in that same one hyphenated word, produces *bodies*.

And then we have this further sentence, showing that Essex was supposed to be represented on the stage in the popular character of Harry Monmouth, Prince of Wales, in the Plays of *1st* and *2d Henry IV*.

516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—145=152—3 *b* (145)=149. 284—149=135+1=136.	136	74:1	**It**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—145=152—3 *b* (145)=149—1 *h*=148.	148	74:2	**is**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—145 (76:2)=132—3 *b* (145)=129—11 *b* & *h*=118.	118	74:1	**plain**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—22=57—7 *b*=	50	75:1	**that**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43. 248—43=205+1=206.	206	74:2	**my**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43—7 *h* (284)=36.	36	73:2	**Lord**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43.	43	73:1	**the**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43—7 *h* (284)= 36. 237—36=201+1=202.	202	73:2	**Earl**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219 (74:2)=108—21 *b* (219)=87. 284—87=197+1=198.	198	74:1	**is**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134.	134	74:2	**young**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134—15 *b* & *h*= 119. 248—119=129+1=130—15 *b*=145.	145	74:2	**Harry**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219 (74:2(=108— 21 *b* (219)=87. 284—87=197+1=198+6 *h*=	204	74:1	**Monmouth,**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—145 (76:2) =132—3 *b*=129. 248—129=119+1=120.	120	74:2	**Prince**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43.	43	73:2	**of**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43. 237—43= 194+1=195.	195	73:2	**Wales,**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134—15 *b* & *h*= 119. 248—119=129+1=130.	130	74:2	**the**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—145 (76:2) =152—28=124. 588—124=464+1=465.	465	72:2	**Duke**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134. 248—134 =114+1=115.	115	74:2	**of**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134—15 *b* & *h*= 119. 248—119=129+1=130+16 *b* & *h*=146.	146	74:2	**Monmouth's**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—145 (76:2)=	152	74:2	**son.**

It will be observed here that every word grows out of the same root-number, 327 (516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327). Here is certainly a most astonishing array of words to occur accidentally.

The reader may say to himself, that such curious words as are found in these three pages of this play occur in all writings; but this is not the fact. For the purpose of testing the question I turned to Lord Byron's great drama, *Manfred*. It is the work of a lofty genius, as the Plays are; it contains much exquisite poetry, as do the Plays; it is made up altogether of conversations between the characters, as are the Plays. Yet I failed to find in it all a single *shake—spur—jade—curtain—play—stage—scene—act—contention*, or any other of the significant words out of which such a narrative as the above could be constructed.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE QUEEN BEATS HAYWARD.

Thou vinew'dst leaven, speak!
I will beat thee into handsomeness.
Troilus and Cressida, ii, 1.

IN the following examples I think the critical reader will see conclusive evidence of the existence of a Cipher. The root-numbers go out from the beginning and end of that middle subdivision of 74:2 which we have already seen producing the story of Marlowe and of Shakspere's youth: that is to say, if we go down from the top of that subdivision we have 198 words to the bottom of the column; if we go up from the bottom of that subdivision, or, strictly speaking, from the top of the third subdivision, we have 219 words; and all this story which follows grows out of 523 and 505 modified by deducting 198 or 219, and moving forward to the next column, and backward or forward from the end of the scene.

And when we come to observe how every word that goes out of these roots is utilized in the Cipher story, and also to note how the same numbers produce so many significant words, it seems to me that all incredulity must disappear. Take, for instance, the root-number 505—219=286—193=93; the number 93 gives us (75:2 down) *sullen;* (76:1 up) *rising;* (75:1 down) *starting;* (75:2 up) *joints;* (75:1 up) *blow;* (75:1 down) *plus* the bracket words, *jade;* (75:1 up from 193) *plus* the *b & h* words, *Ha*, the first part of the name of Hayward; (75:1 down from 193) *Curtain*, the name of the play-house; *plus* the bracket words, *woe-be-gone*, describing Hayward's appearance. In the same way the root-number 505—198=307 produces (up 75:2) *crutch* and (up 75:1) *end;* while 286—50=236 from the end of the scene forward and backward yield us *steeled;* and down 75:2 it produces *friend*, alluding to Hayward. In fact, if the reader will carefully study the examples that follow he must conclude that not only is there a Cipher here, but that the rule is as stated, with the

exception perhaps of the position of some of the minor words, which may be displaced. In fact, the words that flow out of these root-numbers tell the story I have given, and could scarcely be made to tell anything else.

Hayward has evidently been imprisoned for some time when brought before the Queen; he attempts to defend his dedication of the *Life of Henry IV.* to Essex by praising the latter. This infuriates the Queen, and the scene follows which is described:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
523—219=304—22 *b*=282. 284—282=2+1=3+7 *h*=	10	74:1	The
505—219=286—193=93.	93	75:2	sullen
523—219=304—22 *b* & *h*=282—248=34. 284—34= 250—1=251.	251	74:1	old
505—219=286—193=93—7 *b*=86.	86	75:1	jade
505—219=286—21 *b*=265—193=72—15 *b* & *h*=57.	57	75:2	doth
523—219=304—254=50—15 *b* & *h*=35. 248—35= 213+1=214+2 *b* & *h*=216.	216	74:2	listen
523—219=304—50=254—193=61. 508—61=447+ 1=448+1 *h*=449.	449	75:2	with
505—198=307—193=114. 193—114=79+1=80.	80	75:1	the
523—219=304—50=254—193=61—15 *b* & *h*=46 +193=239.	239	75:1	ugliest
523—219=304—50=254—193=61—15 *b* & *h*=46. 508—46=462+1=463.	463	75:2	frown
523—219=304—50=254—193—61—15 *b* & *h*=46. 508—46=462+1=463+1 *h*=464.	464	75:2	upon
505—219=286—21 *b*=265—193=72—15 *b* & *h*=57.	57	76:2	her
523—219=304—50=254—193=61—15 *b* & *h*=46+ 193=239—5 *b* & *h*=234.	234	75:1	hateful
523—219=304—50=254—193=61. 508—61=447+1=448		75:2	brows,
505—219=286—193=93—15 *b* & *h*=78. 508—78= 430+1=431+1 *h*=432.	432	75:2	too
505—219=286—193=93—50 (76:1)=43. 508—43= 465+1=466.	466	75:2	enraged
505—198=307—193=114.	114	75:2	to
505—219=286—193=93. 498—93=405+1=406.	406	76:1	speak;
505—198=307—193=114—15 *b* & *h*=99. 284—99= 185+1=186.	189	74:1	but,
505—219=286—193=93. 448—93=355—1=356.	356	76:1	rising
523—219=304—50=254—10 *b*=244.	244	76:1	up
505—219=286—193=93—15 *b* & *h*=78. 498—78= 420+1=421.	421	76:1	and
505—219=286—193=93.	93	75:1	starting
523—198=325—2 *b* (74:2)=323—248=75—1 *h*=74.	74	75:1	forwards,
505—219=286—50=236—50=186—20 *b*=166.	166	75:2	took
505—219=286—193=93. 193—93=100+1=101+ 6 *b* & *h*=107.	107	75:1	Ha
523—198=325—193=132. 448—132=316+1=317.	317	76:1	word

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—219=286—50=236—193=43. 603—43=560+1=561		76:2	by
505—219=286—193=93—15 *b* & *h*=78. 448—78=370+1=371.	371	76:1	his
505—219=286—50=236—146=90—3 *b* (146)=87.	87	77:1	throat
505—219=286—193=93—15 *b* & *h*=78. 498—78=420+1=421.	421	76:1	and
505—219=286—30=256. 448—256=192+1=193+8 *b*=201.	201	76:1	choked
523—198=325—254=71+458=529—3 *b*=526.	526	76:2	him.
523—198=325—193=132—15 *b* & *h*=117—7 *b*=110.	110	75:1	He
505—219=286—21 *b*=265—49 (76:1)=216. 508—216=292+1=293+6 *b*=299.	299	75:2	took
523—219=304—218 (74:2)=86. 284—86=198+1=	199	74:1	to
505—219=286—21 *b*=265—49 (76:1)=216. 508—216=292+1=293.	293	75:2	his
523—198=325—193=132—15 *b* & *h*=117. 193—117=76+1=77+1 *h*=78.	78	75:1	heels
505—198=307—193=114—15 *b* & *h*=99—7 *b*=92.	92	75-1	and
523—219=304—22 *b* & *h*=282. 447—282=165+16 *b* & *h*=171.	171	75:1	was
505—198=307—193=114—15 *b* & *h*=99. 193—99=94+1=95+3 *b*=98.	98	75:1	running
523—198=325—248=77.	77	76:2	off
523—198=325—193=132.	132	75:2	in
505—198=307—193=114—15 *b* & *h*=99. 193—99=94+1=95+6 *b* & *h*=101.	101	75:1	the
505—219=286—21 *b*=265—49 (76:1)=216.	216	75:2	greatest
505—198=307—50=257—193=64—15 *b* & *h*=49+193=242.	242	75:1	fright,
523—198=325—248=77. 447—77=370+1=371+3=374	374	75:1	but
505—219=286—30=256.	256	74:1	the
505—219=286—30=256—4 *h*=251	251	74:1	old
523—219=304—218 (74:2)=86.	86	75:1	jade
523—198=325—2 *h* (198)=323—248=75.	75	75:1	struck
505—198=307—193=114. 508—114=394+1=395+1 *h*=396.	396	75:2	my
523—219=304—218 (74:2)=86—1 *h*=85.	85	75:1	poor
523—219=304—193=111.	11	75:1	young
505—198=307—193=114—15 *b* & *h*=99.	99	75:2	friend
523—198=325—50=275—193=82.	82	75:2	a
523—219=304—218 (74·2)=86—10 *b*=76.	76	74:1	fearful
505—219=286—193=93. 447—93=354+1=355.	355	75:1	blow
523—219=304—218 (74:2)=86.	86	74:1	with
523—198=325—193=132—15 *b* & *h*=117. 193—117=76+1=77+3 *b*=80.	80	75:1	the
505—219=286—50=236—50 (76:1)=186.	186	75:2	steeled
505—198=307—193=114—15 *b* & *h*=99. 447—99=348+1=349.	349	75:1	end
523—198=325—193=132—15 *b* & *h*=117. 193—117=76+1=77+6 *b* & *h*=83.	83	75:1	of

	Word.	Page and Column.	
523—219=304—50=254.	254	75:1	the
523—219=304—193=111. 498—111=387+1=388.	388	76:1	great
505—198=307—193=114—15 *b* & *h*=99. 508—99=409—1=310.	410	75:2	crutch,
523—198=325—193=132—15 *b* & *h*=117. 117—9=	108	75:1	again
505—219=286—193=93—1 *h*=92.	92	75:1	and
523—219=304—218 (74:2)=86. 193—86=107+1=	108	75:1	again.
523—219=304—193=111. 193—111=82+1=83+1 *h*=84	84	75:1	His
523—198=307—2 *b* (198)=305—193=112. 508—112=396+1=397.	397	75:2	limbs
523—218=304—193=111. 508—111=397+1=398.	398	75:2	being
523—218=304—193=111. 508—111=397+1=398 +1 *h*=399.	399	75:2	now
505—198=307—193=114. 508—114=394+1=395.	395	75:2	so
505—198=307—193=114. 508—114=394+1=395 +3 *b*=(398).	(398)	75:2	weakened
505—219=286—50=236—193=43. 603—43=560 +1=551.	561	76:2	by
523—219=304—1 *h* (219)=303—146=157. 577—157 =420+1=421.	421	77:1	imprisonment
523—219=304—193=111.	111	74:2	and
505—198=307—2 *b* (198)=305—193=112. 508—112 =396+1+*b*=(397).	(397)	75:2	grief,
505—198=307—193=114—15 *b* & *h*=99. 193—99 =94+1=95.	95	75:1	he
505—198=307—193=114—10 *b*=104.	104	74:1	is
523—198=325—254=71.	71	75:2	not
523—198=325—248=77—9 *b* & *h*=68.	68	75:1	able
523—219=304—50=254—13 *b*=241.	241	75:1	to
523—198=325—193=132—15 *b* & *h*=117. 457—117= 340+1+1 *h*=342.	342	76:2	stand
505—219=286—50=236.	236	76:1	the
505+198=307—193=114—2 *b*=112.	112	75:2	force
523—198=325—248=77.	77	75:2	of
523—219=304—193=111. 193—111=82+1=83+ 6 *b* & *h*=89.	89	75:1	the
523—219=304—218 (74:2)=86—3 *b*=83.	83	76:1	blows;
505—219=286—50=236—2 *h*=234.	234	74:1	the
523—198=325—193=132. 508—132=376+1=377.	377	75:2	hinges
505—219=304—22 *b* & *h*=282. 447—282=165+1=	166	75:1	of
523—198=325—2 *h* (74:2)=323—193=130. 508—130 =378+1=379+4 *b* & *h*=383.	383	75:2	his
505—219=286—193=93. 508—93=415+1=416.	416	75:2	joints
523—198=325—248=87—2 *b*=75—9 *b* & *h*=66.	66	75:1	gave
505—219=286—193=93. 193—93=100+1=101+1 *h*=102	102	75:1	way
523—198=325—2 *b* (74:2)=323—193=130. 508—130 =378+1=379.	379	75:2	under
523—198=325—145=180—49 (76:1)=131.	131	75:2	him;
505—219=286—30=256. 448—256=192+1=193.	193		and
505—219=286—50=236—146=90—3 *b*=87. 577—87=490+1=491.	491	77:1	he



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
523—219=304—218 (74:2)=86. 284—86=198+1=199+6 *h*=205.	205	74:1	fell
523—198=325—193=132—15 *b* & *h*=117. 498—117=381+1=382.	382	76:1	bleeding
505—198=307.	307	76:1	on
523—198=325—248=77—7 *b*=70.	70	75:1	the
523—198=325—193=132. 498—132=366+1=367.	367	76:1	stones.

I am not proceeding in the historical order of the narrative. We first have the account of Hayward being brought before the Queen. It is in the orchard of the royal palace. The Queen and Cecil assail him fiercely about the dedication of his *History of Henry IV.* to Essex. The name of Cecil is thus formed:

523—198 (74:2)=325. 498—325=173+1=174+8 *b*=	182	76:1	Seas
505—198 (74:2)=307—254=53.	53	75:1	ill

These are the same root-numbers, 325 and 307, which we saw running together in the previous examples; and the primary root-numbers, 523 and 505, are the same which we have seen alternating together through whole columns of examples. The point of departure is the same, to-wit, from the end of the first subdivision of 74:2, at the 50th word; there are 248 words in the column, and 50 from 248 leaves 198. In the first instance the root-number 325 is carried to the bottom of column 1 of page 75 and up the column; in the other instance it is taken to the middle of 75:1, thence *down*, thence returning *down* the same column.

And we find then this sentence:

505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71—2 *h*=69.	69	76:1	said
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264.	264	75:1	to
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—248 (74:2)=16.	16	75:1	him:
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—30=234. 448—234=214+1=215.	215	76:1	Come,
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264. 498—264=234+1=	235	76:1	speak
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264. 498—264=234—50=184+1=185+2 *h*=187.	187	76:1	out.
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71. 447—71=376+1=377+3 *b*=380.	380	75:1	Why
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—30=234—10 *b*=224.	224	75:1	didst
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—13 *b*=251.	251	75:1	thou
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—50=214. 447—214=233+1=234+2 *h*=236.	236	75:1	put
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—50=214.	214	75:1	the
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71—15 *b* & *h*=56. 248—56=192+1=193+2 *b* & *h*=195.	195	74:2	name
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71—15 *b* & *h*=56. 248—56=192+1=193.	193	74:2	of
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264. 447—264=183+1=	184	75:1	my
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71. 447—71=376+1=377.	377	75:1	Lord
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71—1 *h*=70.	70	75:1	the
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—254=10.	10	74:2	Earl

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71—15 *b* & *h*=56. 193—56=137+1=138+1 *h*=138.	138	75:1	**upon**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71—15 *b* & *h*=56. 447—56=391+1=392+3 *b*=395.	395	75:1	**the**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—50=214—13 *b* & *h* exc. =201.	201	75:1	**title-leaf**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71—15 *b* & *h*= 56. 248—56=192+1=193.	193	74:2	**of**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264. 447—264=183+1= 184+11 *b*=195.	195	75:1	**this**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—248=16+194=210— 2 *h*=208.	208	75:1	**volume?**

The reader will observe that we have here a sentence of twenty-three words, which not only cohere with each other grammatically and rhetorically, but accord with the history of events as they have come down to us. We have just seen that the Queen beat Hayward. What was his offense? History tells us that it was because of the dedication of his book to the Earl of Essex. And here, without our looking for it, the root-number 505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264 brings out the question of Cecil: *said to him: Come, speak out. Why didst thou put the name of my Lord the Earl upon the title-leaf of this volume?* And of these twenty-three words every one originates from 505—219, counting in the bracketed and hyphenated words in 219, to-wit, 22, which gives us the formula as above: 505—219—22 *b* & *h* =264. And out of these twenty-three words *fifteen are found in the same column of page 75, within a few inches of space;* and the other four are found in the next preceding column. Surely never before did accident pack so much reason, history, grammar, rhetoric and sense into so small a compass. And what a marvelous piece of composition is this, where we find the names of *Marlowe*, *Archer*, *Hayward*, *Shakspere*, *Cecil*, *Henslow*, the *old jade*, the *Contention of York and Lancaster*, *King John*, the *Fortune*, the *Curtain*, *act*, *scene*, *stage*, and such sentences as the above, all grouped together on *three pages*. And so arranged that many of the words are used over and over again.

Take the words which constitute the name of *Cecil*—I say nothing of other pages, but speak only of these three, or, strictly speaking, these two and a half pages, containing about 2,000 words. The word *ill*, the terminal syllable of *Cecil*, occurs in the plays, either alone or hyphenated with other words, about 250 times. It occurs in the entire Bible, including the Old and New Testament, but eleven times! And yet, as the equivalent of *evil*, we would expect to find it used many times in writings having such relation to moral wrong-doing as the Scriptures. The word *ill* occurs in the second part of *Henry IV.* eighteen times standing alone; *it does not occur once alone* in the first part of *Henry IV.* But it is cunningly concealed in "*ill*-sheathed knife," "*ill*-weaved ambition" and "*ill*-spirited Worcester;" and also in *hill*, pronounced in those good old days, "'*ill*." This word *hill*, unusual in dramatic poetry or elevated composition, occurs seven times in the first part of *Henry IV.* and *only once in the second part.* Why these differences? Because, as I have shown, the first part was first published, to run the gauntlet of suspicion, and Bacon took especial care to exclude all words that might look like Cipher work; and assuredly, if Cecil suspected a Cipher narrative, or had any intimation of such, he would be on the lookout for such words as might, compounded, constitute his own name.

On these three pages the word *ill* occurs twice, both times in the first subdivision of 75:1.

He told me that Rebellion had *ill* luck.

Said he . . . Rebellion
Had met *ill* luck.

And just as we found the position of the words and the dimensions of the pages, columns, scenes and subdivisions of scenes adjusted to each other to produce *old jade*, etc., so we find these words *seas ill* and *says ill* holding curious relations to the text. For instance

	Wo	Page and Column.	
523—248=275—193=82—15 *b* & *h*=67.	67	75:2	says
523—198=325—193=132—15 *b* & *h*=117—50 (76:1)=	67	75:2	says
523—193=325—50=275—193=82—15 *b* & *h*=67.	67	75:2	says
523—193=325—254=71—4 *h* (254)=67.	67	75:2	says
523—193=325. 498—325=173+1=174+8 *b*=182.	182	76:1	seas
523—193=325—50=275. 448—275=173+1=174+ 8 *b*=182.	182	76:1	seas
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—146 (76:2)=182.	182	76:1	seas
523—198=325—248=77—24 *b* & *h* (248)=53.	53	75:1	ill
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h* (167)=334—193=141. 193— 141=52+1=53.	53	75:1	ill
516—167=349—193=156—15 *b* & *h*=141. 193—141= 52+1=53.	53	75:1	ill
516—50=466—50 (76:1)=416. 447—416=31+ 21 *b* & *h*=53.	53	75:1	ill
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h* (167)=327. 447—327= 120+1=121.	121	75:1	ill
505—167=338. 447—338=109+1=110+11 *b*=121.	121	75:1	ill
513+167=346—248=98—24 *b* & *h*=74. 193—74= 119+1=120+1 *h*=121.	121	75:1	ill

I here give seven *seas* or *says* and seven *ills;* but this does not begin to exhaust the possibilities. The reader will observe that Cecil is especially referred to in that part of the narrative which grows out of 523—198=325, and 516—167=349.

In answer to Cecil's question, Hayward is foolish enough to praise Essex as a great and good man and the first among princes, (505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71. 508—71=437+1=438, 75:2, *princes*), and then we have, preceding the sentence given in the first part of this chapter, the words following, describing the Queen's rage:

505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—4 *h*=260.	260	74:1	On
523—219=304—22 *b* & *h*=282. 284—282=2+1=3+ 10 *b*=13.	13	74:1	hearing
523—219=304—22 *b* & *h*=282—193=89. 508—89= 419+1=420+1 *h*=421.	421	75:2	this
505—219=286—193=93—15 *b* & *h*=78.	78	75:2	unwelcome
505—219=286—193=93. 447—93=354+1=355+ 3 *b*=358.	358	75:2	praise
523—219=304—22 *b* & *h*=282—193=89. 448—89= 359+1=360.	360	76:1	of

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71. 193—71=122+1=123.	123	75:1	my
523—219=304—50 (76:1)=254.	254	75:2	noble
505—219=286+22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71. 193—71=122+1=123+1 *h*=124.	124	75:1	Lord
505—219=286—21 *b*=265—193=72—15 *b* & *h*=57.	57	76:2	her
523—219=304—22 *b* & *h*=282.	282	75:2	Grace
523—219=304—193=111+193=304—4 *b* col.=300.	300	75:1	was
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71.	71	75:2	not
523—219=304—218 (74:2)=86—9 *b* & *h*=77.	77	75:1	able
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264.	264	75:1	to
505—198=307. 448—307=141+1=142.	142	76:1	restrain
523—198=325—253=72—15=57.	57	76:2	her
505—198=307—254=53—2 *h*=51.	51	76:1	passion
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71—1 *h*=70.	70	76:1	any
523—219=304—22 *b* & *h*=282—193=89. 193—89=104+1=105.	105	75:1	longer.

Then follows the description of the beating of Hayward already given.

We learn from Bacon's anecdote that the Queen did not believe that Hayward was the real author of the pamphlet history of the deposition of Richard II., but suspected that some greater person was behind him. And the Cipher tells us that she tried to frighten him into telling who this person was. She threatens him with the —

523—219=304—22 *b* & *h*=282—254=28. 193—28=165+1=166+1 *h*=167.	167	75:1	loss
523—219=304—22 *b* & *h*=282. 447—282=165+1=	166	75:1	of
523—219=304—22 *b* & *h*=282—254=28.	28	75:1	his
523—219=304—22 *b* & *h*=282. 284—282=2+1=3.	3	74:1	ears.

Observe the symmetry of this sentence. Every word grows out of the same root-numbers, (523—219=304—22 *b* & *h*=282); *loss* is the 28th word up from the bottom of the second subdivision of 75:1, and *his* is the 28th word up from the bottom of the second subdivision of 75:1; while *of* is the 282d word up the same 75:1 and *ears* the 282d word up the corresponding column of the next preceding page, to-wit: 74:1. In every case the bracketed and hyphenated words are not counted in. While if we carry the same 282 through the second column of page 74 and up the preceding column it brings us to *old*, (the *old jade*); or, counting in the three bracketed words in the lower part of 74:1, to the word *crafty*.

The Queen denounces Hayward. She speaks of —

505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—198=66+193=259—2 *h*=257.	257	75:1	Thy
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—30=234.	234	75:1	hateful
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—50=214—4 *h*=210.	210	75:1	looks;

And says:

505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—197=67—2 *h* (197)=65+193=258—5 *b* & *h*=253.	253	75:1	and
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—50=214. (74:2)	214	75:1	the

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—197 (74:2)=67+193 260—5 *b* & *h*=255.	255	75:1	**whiteness**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—198=66+193=259—3 *h*=256.	256	75:1	**in**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71. 193+71=264—2 *h*=262.	262	75:1	**thy**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—197=67+193=260—2 *h*=258.	258	75:1	**cheek**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—198=66. 193—66=	259	75:1	**is**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—197=67+193=260.	260	75:1	**apter**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71. 193+71=264—3 *b*=261.	261	75:1	**then**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—197=67+193=260—3 *b*=257.	257	75:1	**thy**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71+194=265—2 *h*=263.	263	75:1	**tongue**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71+193=264.	264	75:1	**to**
505—219=286=22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71. 194—71=	265	75:1	**tell**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—193=71+194=265—3 *b*=262.	262	75:1	**thy**
505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264—50=214—10 *b* col.=	214	75:1	**nature.**

Every one of these eighteen words comes out of the same root-number (505—219=286—22 *b* & *h*=264) which produced the sentence of twenty-three words recently given, and all these forty-one words cohere in meaning. And what is still more remarkable, every one of the eighteen words in the above sentence is found in the same column of the same page, and all of them in the compass of *nine lines;* and *thirteen out of the eighteen are found in two lines!* If this be accident, it is certainly something astounding. Observe also that we have here four *thys.* There is not a single *thy* on the whole of the preceding page, 74; nor on the whole of the succeeding page, 76. Why is this difference? Because here the Queen is talking fiercely to an inferior, Hayward, and is *thouing* him. There are three *thys* in these two lines, and every one of them is used by the root-numbers in the above sentence; and one is used twice. And it is only possible to thus use *thirteen words* out of *two lines containing seventeen words*, by the subtle adjustment of the bracketed and hyphenated words; and six of the above words are the 71st word from the end of the first subdivision of 75:1, or the beginning of the second subdivision of the same; while five are the 67th word and three the 66th word from the same points of departure.

I am aware that it may be objected that it is claimed that Hayward was not arrested until 1599, and that the first part of *Henry IV.* (interlocking through the Cipher with this second part) was published in 1598. But the date of Hayward's arrest is obscure and by no means certain; and if it were certain, it does not follow that because a quarto edition of the play of *1st Henry IV.* has been found, with the date 1598 on the title-page, it is therefore certain that it was published in that year. It would be but a small trick for the mind that invented such a complicated cipher to put an incorrect date on the title-leaf of a quarto to avoid suspicion, for who would look for a cryptogram, describing events that occurred in 1599, in a book which purported to have been published in 1598?

CHAPTER IX.

CECIL SAYS SHAKSPERE DID NOT WRITE THE PLAYS.

Your suspicion is not without wit or judgment.
Othello, iv, 2.

WE come now to an interesting part of the narrative—the declaration of Cecil's belief that neither Marlowe nor Shakspere was the real author of the Plays which were put forth in their names.

And it will be noticed by the reader how marvelously the whole narrative flows out of one root-number. That is to say, the third number, 516, is modified by having deducted from it 167, to-wit: the number of words after the first word of the second subdivision of column 2 of page 74, down to and including the last word of the subdivision. And the reader cannot fail to notice what a large part of the Cipher narrative of Shakspere and Marlowe flows from this second subdivision.

And the reader will also observe that in this second subdivision there are 21 words in brackets and one additional hyphenated word—or 22 in all; these added to the 167 make 189; and 189 deducted from 516 leaves 327. Or, the same result is obtained by first deducting from 516 the 167, and then deducting from the remainder 22 for the bracketed and hyphenated words. I express the formula thus:

$$516—167=349—22\ b\ \&\ h=327.$$

Every word of all the sentences in the following chapter grows out of the number 327:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327. 498—327=171+1=172+10 *b* & *h*=182.	182	76:1	Seas
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327. 447—327=120+1=	121	75:1	ill
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—50 (76:1)=	247	76:2	said

Observe, here, how precisely the same number brings out *seas* and *ill;* compare the numbers in groups; — 516—516; — 167—167; — 349—349; — 22 *b* & *h*—22 *b* & *h*; — 327—327; — and going up the first column of page 76 with 327, we find *seas;* while going up the first column of page 75 with 327 brings us to *ill.*

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43. 447—43 =404+1=405+3 *b*=408.	408	75:1	that
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254=73—15 *b* & *h*— 58. 448—58=390+1=391.	391	76:1	More
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—50 (74:2) =227—1 *h*=226.	226	74:1	low
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254=73—50 (76:1) =23—1 *h*=22.	22	76:1	or
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—254=43 —15 *b* & *h*=28.	28	75:2	Shak'st
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79. 193—79 =114+1=115+ *b* & *h*=(121).	(121)	75:1	spur
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254=73—15 *b* & *h* = 58. 498—58=440+1=441.	441	76.1	never
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=227—7 *b* & *h*=	220	76:2	writ
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327.	327	76:1	a
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—145 (76:2)=182. 498—182=316+1=317.	317	76:1	word
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134. 248— 134=114+1=115.	115	74:2	of
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254=73—15 *b* & *h* =58—5 *b*=53.	53	74:1	them.

I will ask the skeptical reader to examine the foregoing three remarkable combinations of words: *seas-ill* (Cecil), *more-low* (Marlowe), and *shak'st-spur* (Shakspere). Remember they are *all derived from the same root-number, and the same modification of the same root-number:* 516—167=349—22 *b* & *h* (167)=327; — and that they *are all found in four columns!* Are there four other columns, on three other consecutive pages, in the world, where six such significant words can be discovered? And, if there are, is it possible to combine them as in the foregoing instances, not only by the same root-number, but by the same modification of the same root-number? If you can indeed do this in a text where no cipher has been placed, then the age of miracles is not yet past.

And here, confirmatory of this opinion, thus bluntly expressed by Cecil, as to the authorship of the Shakespeare and Marlowe Plays, we have — *growing out of precisely the same root-number and the same modification of the same root-number* — still other significant words·

516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—198=129. 447—129 =318+1=319.	319	75:1	It
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—237 (73:2)=90.	90	74:1	is
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—198 (74:2)=129— 11 *b* & *h*=118.	118	74:1	plain
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—198 (74:2)=129— 90 (73:1)=39.	39	73:2	he

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134. 284—134 =150+1=151.	151	74:1	is
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—248=49.	49	74:1	stuffing
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—90 (73:1)=237—3 *b*=	234	73:2	our
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—22 *b* (248) =57—6 *b* & *h*=51.	51	74:1	ears
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219=108—22 *b*=86.	86	74:1	with
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—24 *b* & *h* (248)=55		74:1	false
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—219 (74:2)= 78—22 *b* (219)=56.	56	74.1	reports
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—248=49+ 90 (73:1)=139—1 *h*=138.	138	73.1	and
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—29 (74:2)= 268—15 *b* & *h*=253.	253	74:1	lies
516—167—349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—219 (74:2)= 78—22 *b* (219)=56. 284—56=228+1=229.	229	74:1	this
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—248=49. 90 (73:1)+49=139.	139	73:1	many
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—198 (74:2)=129— 10 *b*=119.	119	74:1	a
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—90 (73:1)=237—29 (73:2)=208. 284—208=76+1=77+7 *h*=84.	84	74.1	year.

The reader will observe how marvelously the fragments of the scene on 74:2 are adjusted to 516—167=349—22 *b* & *h* (167)=327, to produce on 74:1 nearly all the above coherent words. And every word here given arises out of the same root-number and the *same modification of the same root-number*, to-wit: 516—167 =349—22 *b* & *h* (167)=327. And of the seventeen words in the above sentence, *thirteen are found on 74:1 — a short column of 302 words!*

Let me explain this a little more fully. As we have found the root number, 516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327, it is natural that we should carry it to the beginning of column 2 of page 74, which is the beginning of the second scene; and tha as is the rule with the Cipher, we should deduct the number of words in that column, 248, and thus obtain a new subordinate root-number to carry elsewhere. We have therefore 327—248=79. If we turn to the preceding column, 74:1, we find that the 79th word is *prepared*, which we will see used directly in connection with the *preparation* of the Plays! And if we carry 79 *up* the column, it brings us to *under*, the 206th word:—*prepared under* the name, etc. But if we modify 79 by deducting the usual modifier, 30, we have 49, which, down the column, gives us *stuffing*, ("stuffing our ears," etc.), and *up* the column it gives us *between*, which we will see directly to be used in the significant group of words: *Contention between York and Lancaster*, the name of one of Bacon's early plays. If we modify 79 by deducting the other usual modifier, 50, we have left 29, the very significant word *acts*. And, as we obtained 79 by deducting 248 from 327, — if we go back and count in the bracket words in the 248, we reduce the 79 to 57 (79—22 *b* (74:2)=57); and that gives us, counting in the bracketed and hyphenated words, the word *ears* — "stuffing our ears" But if we also deduct the hyphenated words in 248, as well as the bracketed words, we have 55 (79—24 *b* & *h* (74:2)=55), which gives us *false*. And then observe how ingeniously the mechanism of 74:2 is adapted to the work required of it! If, instead of counting from the bottom of the

column (74:2), we count from the beginning of the last subdivision of the column (219), this brings us the words *with — reports — this* ("stuffing our ears with false reports"); while if we go down from the same point on 74:2, counting in the 29 words, and back as before, we land first upon the word *other*, which we will see used directly, in connection with "other plays," and then, counting in the bracketed and hyphenated words, upon the word *lies*, which fits in very naturally with "false reports" and both with Cecil's declaration that Marlowe and Shakspere did not write the plays attributed to them. And then, if we take the same root-number, 327, and begin to count from the end of the first subdivision downward, we have 198 words, which deducted from 327 leaves 129, and this carried down 74:1, counting in the bracketed and hyphenated words, brings us to the 118th word, *plain* — "it is plain" — in the foregoing sentence, and this 129, less 50, brings us again to the 79th word, the significant word *prepared;* and up the column again it brings us again to the word *under*, which goes with it. Here we see increasing proofs of the marvelously ingenious nature of the Cipher, and of the superhuman genius required to fold an external narrative around this mathematical frame-work or skeleton so cunningly that it would escape suspicion for two hundred and fifty years.

And just as the root-number, 327, was carried to the beginning of scene 2d of *2d Henry IV.*, so the remainders-over, the root-numbers so obtained, are carried to the beginning of the next preceding scene, *The Induction;* and thence, in the progress of the Cipher, they are carried to the beginning of the next scene preceding this, to-wit: the last scene of the first part of *Henry IV.*, and, returning thence, just as we saw they did in the chapter relative to Bacon receiving the news, they determine the position of the Cipher words in column 1 of page 74.

Thus the reader will perceive the movements of the root-numbers through the text are not invented by me to meet the exigencies of an accidental collocation of words in one particular chapter, but they continue unbroken all through the Cipher narrative.

But if we take the same root-numbers obtained by modifying 327 (516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327), by deducting therefrom the modifying numbers in column 2 of page 74, to-wit: 219, 29, 198, 50, or 218, 30, 197, 49, (according as we count from the beginnings or ends of the subdivisions), and we reach some additional sentences, all cohering with those already given.

For instance, Cecil tells the Queen, speaking of Shakspere:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—197=130. 193—130 =63+1=64.	64	75:1	**He**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134. 284—134 =150+1=151.	151	74:1	**is**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—198=129—24 *b* & *h*=	105	74:1	**a**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219=108—22 *b* & *h*= 86—1 *h*=85.	85	75:1	**poor,**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50 (74:2)=277.	277	75:1	**dull,**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—284=13— 7 *h* (284)=6+91=97.	97	73:1	**ill-spirited,**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219=108. 447—108 =339+1=340.	340	75:1	**greedy**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—248=29. 169—29=140+1=141.	141	73:1	**creature,**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277. 447—277 = 170 + 1=171 + 11 *h* =182.	182	75:1	and
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—198=129—24 *b* & *h*= 105. 284—105=179+1=180+6 *h*=186.	186	74:1	but
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—198=129. 284—129 =155+1=156+6 *h*=162.	162	74:1	a
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277.	277	75:2	veil
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—284=13. 17 *b* & *h* exc.—13=4.	4	74:1	for
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219=108—21 *b* (218)=	87	74:1	some
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—284=13— 7 *h* (284)=6. 508—6=502+1=503.	503	75:2	one
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43—10 *l*=33. 90+33=143—1 *h*=142.	142	73:1	else,
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—11 *b* & *h*=	68	74:1	who
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—198=129—10 *b*=119.	119	75:1	had
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—198=129—22 *b*=107.	107	74:1	blown
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219=108—21 *b* (219)=	87	75:1	up
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219=108. 284—108 =176+1=177+6 *h*=183	183	74:1	the
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219=108. 284—108 =176+1=177.	177	74:1	flame
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—198=129—22 *b*=107, 284—107=177+1=178.	178	74:1	of
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—198=129—24 *b* & *h* (74:2)=105. 284—105=179+1=180.	180	74:1	rebellion
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—24 *b* & *h* (248) =55+51 (74:2)=106.	106	74:2	almost
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—218—109. 447—109 =338+1=339+8 *b*=347.	347	75:1	in
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219=108—22 *b* & *h* 86. 284—86=198+1=199.	199	74:1	to
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219=108—10 *b*=98.	98	74:1	war
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79.	79	75:1	against
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—197=130—50=80. 447—80=367+1=368+3 *b*=371.	371	75.1	your
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—284=13+ 90 (73:1)=103.	103	73:1	Grace
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—90=237—10 *b*=227.	227	74:1	as
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—248=49— 24 *b* & *h*=25. 284—25=259+1=260+3 *h*=263.	263	74:1	a
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—79 (73:1)=248—10 *b*=	238	74:1	royal
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219=108—11 *b* & *h*=	97	74:1	tyrant.

It would seem as if Cecil had information that the stage-manager met every night, perhaps in some dark alley of unlighted London, some party, and gave him a share of the proceeds of the Plays. The performances at that time were during the day.

The reader will again observe that every word of the foregoing and following sentences *is the 327th from certain well-defined points of departure.* If he thinks he

can construct similar sentences, per hazard, with any number not a Cipher-number, let him try the experiment.

And observe how cunningly the text is adjusted so as to bring out the words, — "*blow the flame of rebellion into a*[illegible]," — by the root-number, 516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327; and also by the root-number, 523—267=356, as shown in Chapter VII., "The Purposes of the Plays." And how is this accomplished? Because the difference between 327 and 356 is 29; and the difference between 248, the total number of words on column 2 of page 74, and 219, the total number of words from the top of the same column to the beginning of the last subdivision of that column, is also 29; and hence the words fit to both counts. It is absurd to suppose that all this dedicate adjustment of the Cipher root-numbers to the frame-work of 74:2, "The Heart of the Mystery," came about by chance.

But Cecil continues:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30 (74:2)=297—284	13	74:2	I
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—218 (74:2)=109—50=59. 193—59=134+1=135.	135	75:1	have
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79+193=272—2 *h*=270.	270	75:1	a
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—218 (74:2)=109—50=59. 447—59=388+1=389.	389	75:1	suspicion
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—22 *b* (74:2)=57—7 *h*=50.	50	75:1	that
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43. 248—43=205+1=206.	206	74:2	my
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43—7 *h* (284)=36+90=126—1 *h*=125.	125	73:1	kinsman's
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43. 248—43=205+1=206+1 *b*=207.	207	74:2	servant,
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—22 *b* (248)=	57	75:1	young
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—218 (74:2)=109—50=59—1 *h*=58.	58	75:1	Harry
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—27 (73:1)=	52	73:2	Percy,
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277. 447—277=170+1=171.	171	75:1	was
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—7 *b*=70.	70	75:1	the
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—29 (73:2)=278—14 *b* & *h* exc.=264.	264	74:1	man
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219=108—22 *b*=86. 284—86=198+1=199.	199	74:1	to
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—237 (73:2)=40. 248—40=208+1=209.	209	74:2	whom
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—284=13. 248—13=235+1=236.	236	74:2	he
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—198 (74:2)=129. 193—129=64+1=65+1 *h*=66.	66	75:1	gave
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—218 (74:2)=109—50=	59	74:2	every
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—6 *h*=291.	291	75:1	night
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—283=44.	44	74:2	the
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297.	297	75:1	half
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—218 (74:2)=109—50=	59	74:1	of

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43.	43	75:1	what
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—198=129—90=39.	39	73:2	he
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—198=129—79=50+29=79		73:2	took
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219=58. 284—58= 226+1=227+6 *h*=233.	233	74:1	through
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—198=129—79=50.	50	73:2	the
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—22 *b*=57. 193—57=136+1=137+1 *h*=138.	138	75:1	day
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43.	43	74:2	at
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—22 *b*=57. 193—57=136+1=137.	137	75:1	the
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—29 (73:2)=298—284 =14—10 *b*=4.	4	74:2	gate.

The Curtain play-house was surrounded by a muddy ditch to keep off the rabble, and doubtless the money paid to see the performances was collected at a gate at the drawbridge.

And then we have this striking statement:

516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—248=49+ 90 (73:1)=139.	139	73:1	Many
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277.	277	74:1	rumors
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—50=247— 219=28—22 *b*=6. 447—6=441+1=442.	442	75:1	are
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43—18 *b* & *h* (284)=25. 248—25=223+1=224.	224	74:2	on
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254=73—50 (74:2)=	23	74:1	the
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—29 (73:2)=278.	278	74:1	tongues
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—237=40. 284—40=244+1=245.	245	74:1	of
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—50=29+ 28 (73:2)=57.	57	73:2	men
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—22 *b* (248)= 57—7 *b*=50.	50	75:1	that
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43. 248—43= 205+1=206.	206	74:2	my
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—2 *h* (248)= 77. 237—77=160+1=161+3 *b*=164.	164	73:2	cousin
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43—18 *b* & *h* (284)=25+50 (74:2)=75.	75	74:2	hath
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79.	79	74:1	prepared
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254=73—15 *b* & *h*= 58—50 (76:1)=8.	8	76:2	not
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254=73.	73	74:1	only
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—248=49— 22 *b*=27—2 *b*=27.	[27]	74:1	the
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254 (75:1)=73.	73	74:2	Contention
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—248=49. 284—49=235+1=236.	236	74:1	between
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134—15 *b* & *h*= 119—50=69. 457 (76:2)+69=526—3 *b*=523.	523	76:1	York

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254=73—15 *b* & *h*=58. 508—58=450+1=451.	451	75:2	and
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—145 (76:2)=182. 508—182=326+1=327.	327	75:2	Lancaster
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—7 *b*=72.	72	75:1	and
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134. 284—134=150+1=151+6 *h*=157.	157	74:1	King
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134—49 (76:1)=85. 603—85=518+1=519.	519	76:2	John
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—248=49—22 *b*=27. 284—27=257+1=258+3 *h*=261.	261	74:1	and
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134. 448—134=314+1=315+1 *h*=316.	316	76:1	this
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134.	134	74:1	play,
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79—10 *b*=69.	69	74:1	but
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—29 (73:2)=278—10 *b*=	268	74:1	other
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—283 (74:1 up)=44—7 *h* (283)=37.	37	74:2	plays
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254=73. 508—73=435+1=436+1 *h*=437.	437	75:2	which
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—27 (73:1)=300—284=	16	74:2	are
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43. 43+193=	236	75:1	put
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43—10 *b*=33.	33	74:2	forth
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43.	43	74:2	at
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—237 (73:2)=90. 284—90=194+1=195.	195	74:1	first
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79. 284—79=205+1=206.	206	74:1	under
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219 (74:2)=108. 193—108=85+1=86+3 *b*=89.	89	75:1	the
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43—18 *b* & *h* (284)=25. 219—25=194+1=195.	195	74:2	name
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—218=59.	59	74:1	of
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—28 (73:2)=299—284=15. 248—15=233+1=234.	234	74:2	More
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—218=59. 284—59=225+1=226.	226	74:1	low
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—237 (73:2)=90. 169—90=79+1=80.	80	73:1	and
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284=43—15 *b* & *h* (284)=25+218=243—2 *b* & *h*=241.	241	74:2	now
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—169 (73:1)=128. 237—128=109+1=110+3 *b*=113.	113	73:2	go
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—237 (73:2)—90. 284—90=194+1=195+6 *h*=201.	201	74:1	abroad
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—219=58. 284—58=226+1=227.	227	74:1	as
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—237 (73:1)=90—11 *b* & *h*=79.	79	74:1	prepared

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—248=49. 447—49=398—1=399+3 *h*=402.	402	75:1	by
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—254=43—15 *b* & *h* (254)=28.	28	75:2	Shak'st
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—219 (74:2)=108—22 *b* & *h*=86. 193—86=107+1=108+6 *b* & *h*=	114	75:1	spurre.

And here let us pause, and — if any doubt still lingers in the mind of the reader as to existence of a Cipher narrative infolded in the words of this text — let us consider the words *shak'st* and *spurre*, and observe how precisely they are adjusted to the pages, scenes, and fragments of scenes; just as we found the words *old jade* and *sens-ill* to match by various processes of counting with the root-numbers.

We have *shak'st* but once in many pages. It would not do to use it too often — it would arouse suspicion; hence, we will soon find *Jack* substituted for it, which, no doubt, was pronounced, in that day, something like *shock* or *shack*. I have heard old-fashioned people give it the *shock* sound, even in this country, where our sounds of *a* are commonly narrower and more nasal than the English. The word *shak'st* is found on the fourth line of column 2 of page 75 of the Folio:

Thou *shak'st* thy head and hold'st it Feare or Sinne, etc.

While the *spurres* are many times repeated in the first column of page 75, thus:

He told me that Rebellion had ill luck
And that yong Harry Percies *Spurre* was cold.

And eight lines below we have it again:

Said he yong Harry Percyes *Spurre* was cold?
(Of Hot-*Spurre*, cold-*Spurre?*) that Rebellion
Had met ill lucke?

Here in twelve lines the word *spurre* occurs four times, and it does not occur again until near the end of the play.

Now let us see how these words match with the Cipher numbers. If we take 505 and deduct the modifier 30, we have 475 left; if we count forward from the top of column 2 of page 75, the 475th word is *shak'st;* that is, leaving out the bracketed and hyphenated words. But if we again take 505 and count from the same point, *plus b & h*, the 505th word is again *shak'st*. Why? Because there are just 30 bracketed and hyphenated words in column 1 of page 75, and these precisely balance the 30 words of the modifier in 74:2. But if we take 505 again, and deduct 29, the number of words in the last section of 74:2, we have left 476; and if we start to count from the end of scene 2 on 76:1, and count up and back and down, the 476th word is the same word *shak'st;* and if we take the root-number 506 and deduct 30 and count in the same way again, the count ends on the same word, *shak'st*.

And here, to save space, I condense some of the other identities. The reader will observe the recurrence of the very root-numbers we have been using:

505—219=286—50=236—193=43—15 *b* & *h* (193)=	28	75:2	shak'st
505—284=221—193=28.	28	75:2	shak'st
505—219=286—193=93—15 *b* & *h* (193)=78—50 (76:1)=28	28	75:2	shak'st
505—30=475—254 (75:1)=221—193=28.	28	75:2	shak'st

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—193=312—15 *b* & *h* (193)=297—254=43—15 *b* & *h* (193)=28.	28	75:2	shak'st
505—30=475—193=282—254=28.	28	75:2	shak'st
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—254=43—15 *b* & *h* (254)=28.	28	75:2	shak'st
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—146 (76:2)=131—3=128—50=78—50=28.	28	75:2	shak'st
505—50=455—219 (74:2)=236—193=43—15 *b* & *h* (193)=28.	28	75:2	shak'st
505—29=476—218=258—22 *b* & *h* (218)=236—193=43—15 *b* & *h* (193)=28.	28	75:2	shak'st

And there are still others!

Can any man pretend this came about by accident? No; for be it observed that *every number* which produces the word *shak'st* in the above examples, counting from the beginning or end of pages or fragments of pages, *is a Cipher number.* And this concordance exists not once only, but *fourteen times!*

And as the internal narrative must bring in some reference to Shakspere every one of these fourteen times, by these fourteen different counts, the reader can begin to realize the magnitude of the story that is hidden under the face of this harmless-looking text. And then, be it also observed, eleven of these fourteen references grow out of that part of the story which comes from the root-number 505; the word *shak'st* does not match once, nor can it be twisted into matching with 523 or 513. Why? Because Bacon only occasionally refers to Shakspere; his story drifts into other and larger matters than his relations to the man of Stratford. The only time when 523 touches upon *Shakspere* is when it alternates with 505, thus:

505—167=338—22 *b* & *h* (167)=316—30=286—50 (74:2)=236—193=43—15 *b* & *h* (193)=28.	28	75:2	shak'st
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h* (167)=334. 447—334=113+1=114.	114	75:1	spurre

But let us turn to the word *spurre.* We have:

505—167=338—254=84—15 *b* & *h*=69—9 *b* & *h*=60.	60	75:1	spurre
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—193=84—15 *b* & *h*=69—9 *b* & *h*=60.	60	75:1	spurre
505—198 (74:2)=307—218 (74:2)=89—22 *b* & *h* (218)=67—7 *b*=60.	60	75:1	spurre
505—197 (74:2)=308—248=60.	60	75:1	spurre
505—167 (74:2)=338—1 *h* (167)=337—248=89—22 *b* (248)=67—7 *b*=60.	60	75:1	spurre
505—198 (74:2)=307—193=114.	114	75:1	spurre
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334. 447—334=113+1=	114	75:1	spurre
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—248=86. 193—86=107+1=108+6 *b* & *h*=114.	114	75:1	spurre
505—193=312—198 (74:2)=114.	114	75:1	spurre
505—167=338—1 *h* (167)=337—254=83. 193—83=110+1=111+3 *b*=114.	114	75:1	spurre
516—167=349. 447—349=98+1=99—6 *h*=105.	(105)	75:1	spurre
516—219=297—193=104—15 *b* & *h*=89. 193—89=104+5—2 *b* & *h*=107.	(107)	75:1	spurre

		Word.	Page and Column.	
516—167	349—22 *b* & *h*=327—237=90—3 *b* (237)			
=87	193—87=106+1=107.	(107)	75:1	**spurre**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134—15 *b* & *h*=		(119)	75:1	**spurre**

Here are fourteen *spurres* to match the fourteen *shak'sts.*

I have not the space to summarize the number of instances wherein *more* and *low* are similarly made to harmonize with the root-numbers and the scenes and fragments of scenes. I have already given two such instances.

Then let the reader observe that extraordinary collocation of words: *The Contention between York and Lancaster, King John,* and *other plays;* all growing out of the same Cipher number, 327. If there is no Cipher in the text, surely these pages, 74, 75 and 76, are the most marvelous ever seen in the world; for they contain not only the names of *the old jade, Cecil, Marlowe, Shakspere* many times repeated, but *Archer, the Contention between York and Lancaster, King John,* and all the many pregnant and significant words which go to bind these in coherent sentences — not a syllable lacking. While it may stagger the credulity of men to believe that any person could or would impose upon himself the task of constructing such an unparalleled piece of work, it is still more incomprehensible that such a net-work of coincidences could exist by accident.

But it may be said these curious words would naturally occur in the text of any writings. Let us see: There is the Bible; equally voluminous with the Plays, translated in the same era, and dealing, like the Plays, with biography, history and poetry. The word *shake* occurs in the Plays 112 times; in the Bible it occurs but 35 times. There is no reason, apart from the Cipher, why it should occur more than three times as often in the Plays as in the Bible. The word *play* occurs in the Plays more than 300 times; in the Bible it occurs 14 times! And remember that the word *play* in the Plays very seldom refers to a dramatic performance. *Played* is found in the Plays 52 times; in the Bible 7 times. *Player* occurs in the Plays 29 times; in the Bible 3 times. *Jade* is found 24 times in the Plays and *not once in the Bible. Stage* occurs 22 times in the Plays and *not once in the Bible. Scene* occurs 40 times in the Plays; *not once in the Bible.*

But it may be said that dramatical compositions would naturally refer more to *play* and *plays* and *scene,* etc., than a religious work. But in the Plays themselves there are the widest differences in this respect. In *King John,* for instance, the word *please* (pronounced *plays*) occurs but once; in *Henry VIII.* it is found 28 times! Play occurs but twice in the *Comedy of Errors,* but in *1st Henry IV.* we find it 12 times; in *Henry VIII.* 14 times, and in *Hamlet* 35 times! *Shake* occurs but once each in *Much Ado, 1st Henry VI.,* in *The Merchant of Venice, Measure for Measure,* the *Merry Wives,* and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona;* while in *Julius Cæsar* we find it seven times, in *Macbeth* 8 times, in *Lear* 8 times, and in *Othello* 7 times.

These differences are caused by the fact that in some of the Plays the Cipher narrative dwells more upon Shakspere than in others. But *shake* is found in every one of the Plays, and it is therefore probable that the Stratford man entered very largely into Bacon's secret life and thought, and consequently into the story he tells. It will be a marvelous story when it is all told, and we find out what the wrong was that Caliban tried to work upon Miranda.

But we go still farther with Cecil's reasons for believing that Shakspere did not write the Plays, and we carry the same root-number with us into another chapter.

CHAPTER X.

SHAKSPERE INCAPABLE OF WRITING THE PLAYS.

A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.
Measure for Measure, iii, 2.

EVERY *Cipher word in this chapter also is the 327th word from the same points of departure which have given us all the Cipher story which has preceded it.*

We have this further statement from Cecil to the Queen:

516	349	327	327
167 (74:2)	22 *b* & *h*	50	30
—	—	—	—
349	327	277	297

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—50=227. 603—227=376+1=377.	377	76:2	He
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193=104.	104	74:1	is
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193=104—50=54—50 (76:1)=4. 508—4=504+1=505+1 *h*=506	506	75:2	the
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193=	104	75:2	son
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193=104—15 *b* & *h*=89. 448—89=359+1=360.	360	76:1	of
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—50 (76:1)=	227	76:2	a
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—49 (76:2)=85.	85	75:1	poor
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—146 (76:2)=181—9 *h* & *b*=(172).	(172)	75:2	peasant
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—49 (76:1)=248—248=0+1=1.	1	74:2	who
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—146=131.	131	76:1	yet
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193=104. 448—104=344+1=345.	345	76:1	followed
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—145=132-10 *b*=122.	122	74:1	the
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134—5 *h* (193)=129—2 *h*=127.	127	76:1	trade
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—193=84—15 *b* & *h*=69—10 *b*=59.	59	74:1	of
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193=104—15 *b* & *h*=89. 508—89=419+1=420.	420	75:2	glove
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277. 284—277=7+1=8+18 *b* & *h*=(26).	(26)	74:1	making

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30—297—193=104—3 *b*=101.	101	76:1	in
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—248=49—22 *b*=(27).	(27)	74:1	the
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—49 (76:1)=248—4 *h*=244.	244	74:1	hole
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—49 (74:2)=	248	74:1	where
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193=104—50=54. 603—54=549+1=550.	550	76:2	he
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277. 447—277=170+1=171.	171	75:1	was
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—146 (76:2)=151—3 *b*=148—3 *h*=145.	145	76:1	born
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193=104—10 *b* (193)=94.	94	74:2	and
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254=73—15 *b* & *h*=58. 248—58=190+1=191.	191	74:2	bred,
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—30=267. 448—267=181+1=182+10 *b* & *h*=192.	192	76:1	one
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—50=247.	247	74:1	of
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—248=29—2 *h* (248)=27.	27	74:1	the
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—50=247—12 *b* & *h*=235.	235	74:1	peasant-towns
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—145=132.	132	74:2	of
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297. 447—297=150+1=151+5 *h*=156.	156	75:1	the
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—248=49—24 *b* & *h* (248)=25.	25	74:1	West.
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277. 447—277=170+1=171+11 *b*=182.	182	75:1	And
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254=73—51 (448)=22. 603—22=581+1=582.	582	76:1	there
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134—10 *b* (193)=124. 448—124=324+1=325.	325	76:1	are
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193=104. 284—104=180+1=181.	181	74:1	even
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277.	277	74:1	rumors
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—145 (76:2)=132—11 *b* & *h*=121.	121	74:1	that
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—145=132—7 *b*=125.	125	74:2	both
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277. 284—277=7+1=8.	8	74:1	Will
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134—15 *b* & *h*=119. 284—119=165+1=166+6 *h*=172.	172	74:1	and
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—49 (76:2)=228—4 *b*=224.	224	76:2	his
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79. 447—79=368+1=369+3 *b*=372.	372	75:2	brother

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—167—349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—145 (76:2)—	132	76:1	**did**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193=104. 508—104=404—5=405.	405	75:2	**themselves**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—50=247—145=102. 498—102=396+1=397.	397	76:1	**follow**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193=104—15 *b* & *h*=89. 284—89=195+1=196+6 *h*—	202	74:1	**that**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—145 (76:2)=132—5 *b* & *h*=127.	127	76:1	**trade**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—193=84—15 *b* & *h*=69.	69	76:2	**for**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—145=152. 577—152=425+1=426+17 *b* & *h*=443.	443	77:1	**some**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—50 (76:1)=	227	76:1	**time**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—145 (76:2)=132—3 *b*=129. 284—129=155+1=156.	156	74:1	**before**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—5 *h*=292.	292	76:1	**they**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254=73. 248—73=175+1=176.	176	74:2	**came**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—145=132. 284—132=152+1=153.	153	74:1	**here.**

Here are fifty-six more words, growing out of the same root-number: 516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327, modified by 30 or 50, which gave us whole pages of narrative in the last chapter. We will see hereafter that we advance in order, from the more complex to the more simple; that is, the above root-number 327, obtained by counting in the 22 bracketed and hyphenated words in the second subdivision of column 2 of page 74, is followed by 516—167=349, where we leave out of the count the 22 bracketed and hyphenated words. And this is cunningly contrived, because one trying to unravel the Cipher would first undertake the more simple and obvious forms, and would scarcely think of obtaining a root-number by counting in the bracketed and hyphenated words in the second subdivision of column 2 of page 74, or any similar subdivision.

The "brother" here referred to was Shakspere's brother Gilbert, born in 1566, two years after Shakspere's birth. If Shakspere came to London in 1587, Gilbert was then twenty-one years of age. Very little is known of him. Halliwell-Phillipps thinks he was in later life a haberdasher in London.[1]

But as his name does not occur in the subsidy lists of the period, it is not unlikely that he was either a partner with, or assistant to, some other tradesman of the same occupation.

The fact that he is found in London accords with the intimation in the Cipher narrative, that he came there with his brother, and probably was at first also a hanger-on about the play-houses.

The reader will here observe how the words *glove making* grow out of the same root-number; one being 327 *minus* 30, the other 327 *minus* 50. Observe also how the terminal number 104 produces *is, the, son, of, followed, glove, in, he, and, themselves*, and *that;* while 277 gives us *he, a, yet, the, of, making, was, the, rumors that, both, Will, his, did, trade, for, time*, and *before.*

If there is no Cipher here, how could *glove* and *making* and all these other words grow out of 327 modified by 50 and 30?

[1] *Outlines*, pp. 23 and 24.

CHAPTER XI.

SHAKSPERE WOUNDED.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

Antony and Cleopatra, iv, 2.

EVERY *Cipher word in this chapter is the 338th word from the same points of departure as in the previous chapters.*

I gave in Chapter VI., page 694 *ante*, something of the story of Shakspere's youth, and yet but a fragment of it. I am of the opinion that it runs out, with the utmost detail and particularity, on the line of the root-number 338 [505—167 (74:2)=338] to the end of *2d Henry IV.*, and, possibly, to the beginning of *1st Henry IV.* I gave in Chapter IV. the statement that Shakspere—

Goes one day and with ten of his followers did lift the water-gate of the fish pond off the hinges, and turns all the water out from the pond, froze all the fish, and girdles the orchard.

And also:

They drew their weapons and fought a bloody fight, never stopping even to breathe.

And further, that when he ran away from home—

He left his poor young jade big with child.

Now between the description of the destruction of the fish-pond and the account of the fight there comes in another fragment of the story.

The narrative seems to be a confession, made by Field. Hence its particularity. It is believed that Richard Field, the printer, was a Stratford man. In 1592 Shakspere's father, with two others, was appointed to value the goods of "Henry Feelde, of Stratford, tanner," supposed to have been the father of Richard Field the printer."[1] Halliwell-Phillipps asserts positively that he was his father.[2] Richard Field was also, as I have shown, the first printer of *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece.*

[1] Collier's *English Dramatic Poetry*, iii, 439. [2] *Outlines*, p. 69.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—284=54.	54	73:2	And
505—167=338—248=90—24 *b* & *h* (248)=66—5 *b*=	61	74:1	while
505—167=338—49 (74:2)=289. 498—289=209+1=	214	76:1	we
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288. 498—288=210+1=	211	76:1	are
505—167=338—6 *h*=332.	332	75:1	thus
505—167=338—284=54. 237—54=183+1=184.	184	73:2	busily
505—167=338. 498—338=160+1=161+10 *b* & *h*=	171	76:1	engaged
505—167=338—284=54+28 (73:2)=82.	82	73:2	my
505—167=338—284=54—18 *b* & *h* (284)=36.	36	73:2	Lord
505—167=338—284=54.	54	73:2	and
505—167=338—145 (76:2)=193—4 *h* col.=189.	189	77:1	some
505—167=338—50=288—146 (76:2)=142—3 *b* (146)=	139	76:1	of
505—167=338—145 (76:2)=193—3 *b* (145)=190. 448—190=258+1=259.	259	76:1	his
505—167=338—145 (76:2)=193. 448—193=255+1 =256+4 *b*=260.	260	76:1	followers
505—167=338—50=288. 498—288=210+1=211 +1 *h*=212.	212	76:1	set
505—167=338—[illegible]0 (74:2)=288—193=95—50 (76:1) =45. 508—45=463+1=464.	464	75:2	upon
[illegible]6—167=338—50=288—22 *b* & *h*=266—50=216— 145=71.	71	76:1	us.

The reader will observe that every word of this sentence is derived from the same root-number (505—167=338), and he will also note how often the terminal root-number, 54, is used.

Then follows the description of the "bloody fight" given in Chapter VI.

The story of Shakspere's deer-killing is found in the latter part of *1st Henry IV.* We take the same root-number, 505—167=338, and, commencing on the first column of page 73 (part of "The Heart of the Mystery"), we find that, by intermingling the terminal fragments of the second scene of *2d Henry IV.* with the terminal fragments of the last scene of *2d Henry IV.*, we get these words:

505—167=338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—79 (73:1)= 160. 588—160=428+1=429.	429	72:2	Jack
505—167=338—30=308—193=115—1*h* col.=114.	114	75:1	spur
505—167=338—50=288—169 (73:1)=119—1 *h* (169)=118. 346—118=228+1=229.	229	72:1	hath
505—167=338—50=288—142 (73:1)=146—1 *h* (142) =145+170=315—1 *h* col.=314.	314	72:2	killed
505—167=338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—90 (73:1)=	149	72:2	many
505—167=338—50=288—169 (73:1)=119—1 *h* (169)=	118	72:2	a
505—167—338—50=288—142 (73:1)=146—1 *h* (142)=	145	72:2	deer.

As I have before noted, *Jack* had probably in that day the sound of *shack*, for the word, being derived from the French, retained the *sh* or *zh* sound. We find this given by Webster to *Jacquerie*. The word *Jack* will be found repeatedly used, in the Cipher, for the first syllable of the name of *Shakspere*. It will be noted in this example that out of seven words all are derived from 338—50=288, except one, which is 338—30; two are derived from 288—169=119; two from 288—49

(76:1)=239, and two are derived from 288—142=146. This recurrence of terminal root-numbers is very significant. I would explain that 142 is the number of words from the end of the first subdivision of 73:1 to the bottom of the column; and 79 and 90 are, of course, the two other principal subdivisions of that column. And the reader will observe that to obtain 338—169 we have deducted the number of words from the top of the first subdivision of 73:1 down the column; while when we have 338—142 we have the number of words from the bottom of that same subdivision down the same column. It will thus be seen that there is a relation and an order in the formation of the sentence; that it moves from the two ends of the same subdivision.

It seems that Shakspere and "our party" had killed a deer, made a fire and had the body "half eaten:"

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—141 (73:1)=197. 237—197=40+1=	41	73:2	The
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—50 (76:1)=258. 588 —258=330+1=331+1 *h* =332.	332	72:2	body
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—50 (76:1)=258. 284 —258=26+1=27+7 *h* col.=34.	34	74:1	of
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—50 (76:1)=258—27 (73:1)=231.	231	72:2	the
505—167=338—193 (75:1)=145.	145	72:2	deer
505—167=338—169 (73:1)=169—1 *h* (169)=168. 237 —168=69+1=70+3 *b* col.=73.	73	73:2	was
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—50=258.	258	72:2	indeed
505—167=338—30=308—198 (74:2)=110+194=304 —7 *b* & *h* col.=297.	297	75:1	half
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—50 (76:1)=258—13 *b* & *h* col.=245.	245	74:1	eaten.

If the reader will count down from the top of 74:1 he will find the word *eaten* cunningly hidden in the middle of the hyphenated word *worm-eaten-hole.*

505—167=338—30=308—198=110.	110	75:1	He
505—167=338—30=308—198 (74:2)=110+194=304.	304	75:1	found
505—167=338—30=308—141 (73:1)=167. 170— 167=3+1=4.	4	72:2	it
505—167=338—193=145+346 (72:2)=491—1 *h* col.=	490	72:2	lying
505—167=338—30=308—141 (73:1)=167.	167	72:2	by
505—167=338—141=197. 237—197=40+1=41 + 3 *b* col.=44.	44	73:2	the
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—79=179 —1 *h* (79)=178. 237—178=59+1=60.	60	73:2	foot
505—167=338—28 (73:1)=310. 588—310=278+1=	279	72:2	of
505—167=338—30=308—141 (73:1)=167. 588— 167=421+1=422.	422	72:2	a
505—167=338—30=308—141=167. 237—167 =70+1=71.	71	73:2	hill.

Let the reader consider for an instant how different are the words that are here the 338th from certain clearly established points of departure, as compared with the words produced by 523—167=356; or as compared with those which came out from 505 and 523 *minus* the subdivisions of 75:1. Compare: *Shakspere had*

killed many a deer; . . . the body of the deer was half eaten. He found it lying by the foot of a hill; with: *How is this derived? Saw you the Earl?* etc.; or: *Her Grace is furious and hath sent out,* etc.; or: *With this pipe he hath blown the flame of rebellion almost into open war,* etc. In every case the character of the words is totally different.

The Cipher story proceeds to tell how Sir Thomas Lucy and his son came upon the scene — they had a fight with the poachers and drove them off. We have:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—27 (73:1) =231+170 (72:2)=401.	401	72:2	**We**
505—167=338—30=308—142 (73:1)=166. 347 (72:2)+166=513.	513	72:2	**fought**
505—167=338—30=308—141 (73:1)=167+170 (72:2)=337		72:2	**a**
505—167=338—141 (73:1)=197.	197	72:2	**hot**
505—167=338—28 (73:1)=310.	310	72:2	**and**
505—167=338—142 (73:1)=196. 346—196=150+1 =151+2 *h* col.=153.	153	72:2	**bloody**
505—167=338—141 (73:1)=197.	197	73:2	**fight.**

Certainly, if all this is accident, it is extraordinary that the accident on one page should precisely accord with the accident on all other pages; that is to say — 505 —167=338, *minus* 30 and 50, tells us the story of the last "bloody fight," when the boys of Stratford destroyed Sir Thomas Lucy's fish-pond, and here we have the account (by the same 505—167=338—30 and 50) of a previous "hot and bloody fight," when Sir Thomas found them devouring the body of a deer. And it was in revenge for punishment inflicted for the first fray —

[505—167=338—142 (73:1)=196. 347 (72:2)—196= 151+1=152+2 *h* col.=154.	154	72:2	**fray**]—

that the young desperadoes organized the riot to destroy the fish-pond. And in this latter fight Shakspere was badly wounded, shot by a pistol in the hands of Sir Thomas Lucy. The story is too long to give here in detail. Every letter from my publishers is a cry of despair about the increasing size of this work; and some of my malignant and ungenerous critics are clamoring that my book will never appear. I can therefore only give extracts from the story. It runs through a great part of page 72 of *1st Henry IV.* My Lord, for he was lord of the barony, and his son, are mounted and armed. And here we have the word *barony*, the 149th word of the 75:1 obtained from the same root-number, thus:

505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288—49 (76:1)=239—90 (73:1)=149.	149	75:1	**barony**

They come *with* all their *household:*

505—167=338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—79 (73:1) =160. 284—160=124+1=125.	125	74:1	**with**
505—167=338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—90 (73:1)=	149	74:1	**household;**

a great *multitude;* and to find *multitude,* we repeat the last count but one, adding in, however, the hyphenated words, thus:

505—167=338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—79 (73:1) =160. 284—160=124+1=125+7 *h* col.=132.	132	74:1	**multitude**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
And here we have *great:*			
505—167=338—237=101—3 *b* (237)=98. 169—98 =71+1=72.	72	73:1	great

The number 90 represents the end of scene 3 on 73:1; and the number 79 that part of the next scene in the same column. See how the same number, 149, produces *barony* and *household;* while the corresponding number, 160, produces *with* and *multitude.*

And here we find the story running on, and the same terminal numbers, 149, 160, etc., continuing to produce significant words. We can see the philosophy of every word; they come either from deducting the whole of the first column of page 73 or the whole of the second column, or the fragments of each. We have had *the body of the half-eaten deer—found lying by the foot of the hill—the hot and bloody fight*— the lord of the *barony* coming *with* a *great multitude* of his *household.* And Shakspere ran away, and—

505—167=338—30=308—79=179. 237—179=58 +1=59.	59	73:2	The
505—167=338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—79=160. 237—160=77+1=78.	78	74:2	pursuers
505—167=338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—79 (73:1)=	(160)	74:2	followed
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—198 (74:2)= 61+193=254—5 *b* & *h* col.=249.	249	75:1	and
505—167=338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—79=160- 1 *h* (79)=159. 237—159=78+1=79.	79	73:2	took
505—167=338—50=288—169 (73:1)=119.	119	73:2	him
505—167=338—50=288—49=239—90=149.	149	74:2	prisoner.
505—167=338—50=288—169=119—1 *h* (169)=118. 588—118=470+1=471.	471	72:2	Percy
505—167=338—50=288—49=239—79=160. 170+ 160=330.	330	72:2	and
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—79 (73:1)=	179	73:2	the
505—167=338—50=288—50 (76:1)=238—63 (27 to 91) =175. 237—175=62+1=63+3 *b* col.=66.	66	73:2	rest
505—167=338—50=288—50 (76:1)=238—90=148.	148	73:2	of
505—167=338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—90=149.	149	73:2	our
505—167=338—30=308—49 (76:1)=259—78 (79 *d*) =181. 237—181=56+1=57.	57	73:2	men
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—79 (73:1)=179— 1 *h* (79)=178. 237—178=59+1=60+3 *b* col.=63.	63	73:2	fled.

I do not pretend, for the reason stated, to give the whole account of this first raid of the Stratford boys, but simply to call attention to the fact that this page 73 is as full of arithmetical adjustments, with 505—167=338, as we found it to be in Chapter IV. with 505—284, and 523—284, etc.

In the presence of Percy in this story we probably have the explanation of the original relationship of Bacon with Shakspere. Percy was Bacon's servant; he was, it seems, from Stratford, and he was Shakspere's friend; hence when Bacon, after Marlowe's death, needed another mask, Percy, Bacon's confidant, doubtless suggested Shakspere.

And here we have the account of how Sir Thomas charged on the insurgents, who were destroying the fish-pond:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—248 (74:1) =10. 193—10=183+1=184.	184	75:1	**My**
505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288—50 (76:1)=238—50 (74:2)=188+193=381—4 *h* col.=377.	377	75:1	**Lord**
505—167=338—254 (75:1)=84—9 *b* & *h* col.=75.	75	75:1	**struck**
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—198=110. 193—110 =83+1=84.	84	75:1	**his**
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—198=60.	60	75:1	**spur**
505—167=338—30=308—198=110. 193—110=83+ 1=84+3 *b* col.=87.	87	75:1	**up**
505—167=338—30=308—219=89—1 *h* col.=88.	88	75:1	**to**
505—167=338—50=288—248=40—7 *b* col.=33.	33	75:1	**the**
505—167=338—248=90.	90	75:1	**rowell**
505—167=338—30=308—219 (74:2)=89.	89	75:1	**against**
505—167=338—30=308—248=60+194=254.	254	75:1	**the**
505—167=338—248=90—9 *b* & *h* col.=81.	81	75:1	**panting**
505—167=338—30=308—219=89—7 *b* col.=82.	82	75:1	**sides**
505—167=338—248=90—7 *b* col.=83.	83	75:1	**of**
505—167=338—254 (75:1)=84.	84	75:1	**his**
505—167=338—50=288—219 (74:2)=69.	69	75:1	**horse**
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—198=60 +193=253.	253	75:1	**and**
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289. 447—289=158+1=	159	75:1	**rode**
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—219 (74:2)=	39	75:1	**him**
505—167=338—193=145.	145	75:2	**down.**

Here are twenty words, all originating out of the same number, which has been telling the story of Shakspere's youth for many pages past, to-wit: 505—167=338; and all but one of the twenty are found in the first column of page 75; and the greater part, 16 out of 20, are found in the first subdivision of that column. If this be accident, certainly there is nothing like it anywhere else in the world.

And Sir Thomas shoots Shakspere, leaving a scar that marked him for life. Prof. John S. Hart thought he saw the traces of such a scar in the Dusseldorf death-mask. And Bacon, to still better carry out the delusion, that Shakspere was Shake-speare, wrote in one of the sonnets — the 112th:

> Your love and pity doth the impression fill
> Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow.

The story, I have said, goes back to the beginning of scene 3, act v, page 71, of *1st Henry IV.*, and the *pistol* is found in 71:2, as will appear below.

We are told:

505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—193=65. 193—65=128+1=129+1 *h*=130.	130	75:1	**My**
505—167=338—30=308—50 (74:2)=258.	258	71:2	**Lord**
505—167=338—30=308—247 (74:2 up)=61.	61	75:1	**was**
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—26 *b* & *h* col=262.	262	75:1	**furious.**
505—167=338—30=308.	308	75:1	**He**
505—167=338—248=90+194=284.	284	75:1	**drew**
505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288—50 (76:1)=238.	238	75:1	**his**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—169 (73:1)=120.	120	71:2	**pistol**
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—198=60 +193=253.	253	75:1	**and**
505—167=338—30=308—49 (76:1)=259—213 (71:2) =46—1 *h* (213)=45. 458—45=413+1=414.	414	71:1	**shot**
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—248=41—22 *b* (248)= 19—3 *b* col.=16.	16	75:1	**him,**
505—167=338—30=308—49 (76:1)=259—198 (74:2) =61—24 *b* & *h* (198)=37.	37	75:1	**and,**
505—167=338—30=308—248 (74:2)=60. 284—60 =224+1=225.	225	74:1	**as**
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—219 (76:1)=89. 193 —89=114+1=115+6 *b* & *h*=121.	121	75:1	**ill**
505—167=338—284=54.	54	75:1	**luck**
505—167=338—30=308—193=115—15 *b* & *h* (193) =100+193=293.	293	75:1	**would**
505—167=338—30=308—248 (74:2)=60. 193—60 =133+1=134+1 *h* col.=135.	135	75:1	**have**
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289. 433—289=144+1=	145	71:1	**it,**
505—167=338—50=288—218 (74:2)=70.	70	75:1	**the**
505—167=338—30=308—248 (74:2)=60—22 *b* (248) =38—5 *b* col.=33.	33	74:1	**ball**
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—193=65. 508—65=443+1=444.	444	75:2	**hit**
505—167=338—30=308—49 (76:1)=259—198 (74:2) =61—22 *b* (198)=39.	39	75:1	**him**
505—167 338—30=308—248 (74:2)=60—24 *b* & *h* (248)=36—5 *b* col.=31.	31	74:1	**on**
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—248 (74:2)=	10	74:1	**the**
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—50=208— 146=62+162=224—5 *b* col =219.	219	78:1	**forehead,**
505—167=338—30=308—254=54. 284—54=230+ 1=231+5 *h* col.=236.	236	74:1	**between**
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—248 (74:2) =10+193=203.	203	75:1	**the**
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—248 (74:2)=41 447—41=406+1=407.	407	75:1	**eyes.**

Observe here the recurrence of remarkable words, fitting precisely to 505—167 =338: *drew — pistol — shot — ball — hit — forehead — between — eyes;* — with all the other words descriptive of a heady conflict: *hot and bloody fight — struck — spur — up — to — rowel — against — panting — sides — horse — rode him down; — My Lord, furious*, etc., etc. After a while we will find this same 505—167=338 describing Shakspere's ailments and Ann Hathaway's appearance, and selecting out of the body of the text, as if with the wand of a magician, an entirely different series of words.

And I will ask the reader to note that *ball* occurs but once in *2d Henry IV.*, and *shot* but once in *1st Henry IV.; pistol*, as the name of a weapon, does not occur once in *2d Henry IV.*, and but twice in *1st Henry IV.; hit* occurs but once in *2d Henry IV.; forehead* occurs but this one time in both of the plays; *rowel* occurs but this one time in both these plays, and but once more in all the

Plays. And yet here we find all these rare words coming together in the text, and in a short space; and all of them tied together by the root-number, 505—167=338. What kind of a cyclone of a miracle was it that swept them all in here in a bunch together, and made each the 338th word from a clearly defined point of departure?

But the marvel does not end here: 505—167=338 has many more coherent and marvelous stories to unravel before we have done with it.

CHAPTER XII.

SHAKSPERE CARRIED TO PRISON.

Away with him to prison.
Measure for Measure, v, 1.

EVERY *Cipher word in this chapter grows out of the root-number 505—167=338.*

At first it was thought that Shakspere was killed outright. We read:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—248=40—9 *b* & *h*=31.	31	75:1	He
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—193=95—15 *b* & *h* (193)=80. 284—80=204+1=205.	205	74:1	fell
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—248 (74:2)=41—5 *b* col.=36.	36	74:1	upon
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—254 (75:1)=35—15 *b* & *h* (254)=20.	20	74:1	the
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—248 (74:2)=41—6 *b* & *h* col.=35.	35	74:1	earth.
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—10 *b* col.=279.	279	74:1	They
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—198 (74:2)=91.	91	74:1	thought
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—198 (74:2)=91. 284—91=193+1=194.	194	74:1	at
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—198 (74:2)=90. 284—90=194+1=195.	195	74:1	first,
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—248 (74:2)=41—22 *b* (248)=19.	19	74:1	from
505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288—49 (76:1)=239. 508—239=269+1=270+8 *b* col.=278.	278	75:2	his
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—24 *b* col.=(265).	(265)	75:2	bloody
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—49 (76:1)=239. 508—239=269+1=270+2 *h* col.=272.	272	75:2	appearance
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—193=65+193=258—5 *b* & *h* col.=253.	253	75:1	and
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—4 *h* col.=	254	75:1	the
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—193=65. 193+65=258—3 *b* col.=255.	255	75:1	whiteness
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—193=65. 193+65=258—2 *h* col.=256.	256	75:1	in

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—197 (74:2) =61—24 *b* & *h* (198)=37—9 *b* & *h* col.=28.	28	75:1	**his**
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—193=65. 193+65=258.	258	75:1	**cheek,**
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—193=65— 15 *b* & *h* (193)=50.	50	75.1	**that**
505—167=338— =308—50 (76:1)=258—193=65.	65	75:1	**he**
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288. 447—288=159+1 =160+11 *b* col.=171.	171	75:1	**was**
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258—193=65. 447—65=382+1=383.	383	75:1	**dead.**
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—218 (74:2)=71— 1 *h* col.=70.	70	75:1	**The**
505—167=338—30=308—49 (76:1)=259. 284— 259=25+1=26+7 *h* col.=33.	33	74:1	**ball**
505—167=338—193=145. 508—145=363+1=364 +1 *h*=365.	365	75:2	**made**
505—167=338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239. 447—239 =208+1=209+2 *h*=211.	211	75:1	**the**
505—167=338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239.	239	75:1	**ugliest**
505—167=338—30=308—49 (76:1)=259—13 *b* & *h*=	246	74:1	**hole**
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—198 (74:2)=90. 193 +90=283—3 *b* col.=280.	280	75:1	**in**
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—197 (74:2)=91—22 *b* (197)=69. 284—69=215+1=216+6 *h*=222.	222	74:1	**his**
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258. 447—258 =189+1=190+13 *b*=203.	203	75:1	**fore**
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—218 (74:2)=71.	71	75:1	**head**
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—49 (76:1)=259—219 (74:2)=40.	40	75:1	**I**
505—167=338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—237 (73:2) =2+90=92.	92	73:1	**ever**
505—167=338—193=145—15 *b* & *h*=130.	130	75:2	**saw.**

Observe how cunningly the length of column 1 of page 74 is adjusted to the word *ball* so that the root-number 505—167=338 brings it out the first time going *down* the column and again going *up* the column. Observe, also, the matchless ingenuity of the work. We have seen *worm-eaten-hole* furnish the world *eaten*, as descriptive of the half-consumed deer; now we find it giving us the word *hole;* and anon we shall see it used as a whole — *worm-eaten-hole* — to describe the prison to which Shakspere was taken. In the above example it is difficult to express in figures the way in which we get the word *hole*, but if the reader will count down the column (74:1), counting in the bracketed and hyphenated words, he will find that the 259th word is, as I state, the word ***hole.*** The same is true of the word *fore*, the first part of *fore-head;* it is the 258th word by actual count up 75:1 counting in the bracketed words, although it is difficult to express the formula in figures. And how marvelous is it that we not only find the word *forehead*, (which only occurs once in these two plays), as given in the last chapter, cohering with 338, but here we have again the elements to constitute the word, and each of the two words is again the 338th word. And if *fore-tells* had not been separated, in the Folio, into

two words — a very unusual course — by a hyphen, this result would have been impossible; as well as that curious combination *found-out*, and half the cipher work given in the preceding pages. The reader will thus perceive the small details upon which the whole matter turns; and how impossible it is that 148 bracketed and hyphenated words could be scattered through these three pages, by accident, in such positions as to bring out this wonderful story. Such a thing can only be believed by those who think that man is the result of a fortuitous conglomeration of atoms, and that all the thousand delicate adjustments revealed in his frame came there by chance.

Observe, also, that in the foregoing examples the count for the words, *fell upon the earth; they thought at first from*, originates in each instance from the fragment of scene 2, on 76:1; and the words are all found on 74:1; and that every word of the whole long sentence of thirty-six words, with two exceptions, originated in the same fragment of a scene, the 49 or 50 words at the bottom of 76:1; and that out of the thirty-six words thirty-one are found on 74:1 or 75:1.

505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—49 (76:1)=259—219 (74:2)=40—9 *b* & *h* col.=31.	31	75:1	**He**
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—254 (75:1)=35. 284—35=249+1=250+3 *h* col.=253.	253	74:1	**lies**
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—218 (74:2)=70—24 *b* & *h*=46.	46	73:2	**quite**
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—49 (76:1)=259. 284—259=25+1=26.	26	74:1	**still.**
505—167=338—30=308—49=259.	259	76:1	**His**
505—167=338. 448 (76:1)—338=110+1=111+3 *h* col.=114.	114	76:1	**wounds**
505—167=338—50=288. 498 (76:1)—238=210+1=	211	76:1	**are**
505—167=338—30=308. 448 (76:1)—308=140+1=141+3 *h* col.=144.	144	76:1	**stiff**
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288.	288	76:1	**from**
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—5 *h* col.=283.	283	76:1	**the**
505—167=338—49(76:1)=289—218 (74:2)=71—9 *b* & *h*=62		75:1	**cold.**

Here, again, every word is 505—167=338, minus 30 or 50; every one begins on 76:1, and all but one of the last seven are found on 76:1.

We have the whole story of the fight told with the utmost detail. I am not giving it in any chronological order. Shakspere, before Sir Thomas shot him, had not been idle. Sir Walter Scott was right when he supposed, in *Kenilworth*, that William was a good hand at singlestick. We read:

505—167=338—30=308—49=259—90=169. 237—169=68+1=69+3 *b* col.=72.	72	73:2	**He**
505—167=338—30=308—50 (76:2)=258—90=168—50 (74:2)=118. 284—118=166+1=167.	167	74:2	**hath**
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—90=168.	168	74:1	**beaten**
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—63 (79)=195—3 *h* col.=192.	192	76:1	**one**
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—79=179—49 (76:1)=130. 508—130=378+1=379+3 *b*=382.	382	76:1	**of**
505—167=338—50=288—49=239—90 (73:1)=149—7 *b* col.=142.	142	74:2	**the**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—90=168—50 (76:1)=118. 508—118=390+1=391 +1 *h*=392.	392	75:2	keepers
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—3 *b* col.=92	92	76:1	o'er
505—167=338—49=289—254=35—15 *b* & *h*=20.	20	74:1	the
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—15 *b* & *h* col.=80 —9 *b* & *h* col.=71.	71	75:1	head,
505—167=338—30=308—193=115. 193—115=78 +1=79+3 *b* col.=82.	82	75:1	sides
505—167=338—30=308—50=258.	258	77:1	and
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—79=179—50 (76:1)=129—1 *h* col.=128.	128	76:1	back,
505—167=338—50=288—193=95. 508—95=413 +1=414+1 *h*=415.	415	75:2	with
505—167=338—50=288—193=95+193=288.	288	75:1	the
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—90=169. 284 —169=115+1=116+7 *h* col.=123.	123	74:1	blunt
505—167=338—193=145—49 (71:)=96.	96	76:1	edge
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—90=168—49 (76:1)=119. 508—119=389+1=390.	390	75:2	of
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—90=168—50 (76:1)=118. 508—118=390+1=391.	391	75:2	his
505—167=338—30=308—49 (79:1)=259—90 (73:1)=	169	76:2	stick,
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—79 (73:1)=179 —20 *b* & *h* col.=159.	159	74:2	till
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—79=180.	180	76:2	it
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—79=179—1 *h* (79) =178—50=128. 508—128=380+1=381+4 *b* & *h*=385	385	75:2	breaks;
505—167=338—49=289—254=35.	35	75:2	or
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—90=169. 193— 169=24+1=25+6 *b* & *h*=31.	31	75:1	he
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—15 *b* & *h*=80. 284—80=204+1=205.	205	74:1	fell
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—63=195—50 (76:1)=145.	145	75:2	down
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—90=169—145 =24. 577—24=553+1=554.	554	77:1	to
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—15 *b* & *h* (193)=	80	75:1	the
505—167=338—49=289—254 (75:2)=35.	35	74:1	earth
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—79=180—50 (76:1)=130. 508—130=378+1=379.	379	75:2	under
505—167=338—49=289—254=35—15 *b* & *h*=20.	20	74:1	the
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—28 (73:1)=230 —22 *b* & *h*=208.	208	75:1	heavy
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—28 (73:1)= 230—1 *h*=229.	229	75:1	weight
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—28 (73:1)=230 —145=85—3 *b* (145)=82.	82	76:1	of
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—90=168— 7 *b* col.=161.	161	75:1	his

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—28 (73:1)=230 —145=85—2 *h* col.=83.	83	76:1	**blows.**

It was then that Sir Thomas put spurs to his horse and charged on Shakspere, as narrated in the last chapter, and shot him.

One of the men looked at Shakspere and said:

505—167=338—50=288—198=90—22 *b* (198)=68. 447—68=379+1=380.	380	75:1	**Why,**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95.	95	75:1	**he**
505—167=338—50=288—198=90. 447—90=357+1=358		75:1	**is**
505—167=338—50=288—198=90—22 *b*=68. 447 —68=379+1=380+3 *b*=383.	383	75:1	**dead.**
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—79=180—50 (76:1)=130. 508—130=378+1=379+4 *h* col.=	383	75:2	**His**
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—90 (73:1)=168 —49=119. 603—119=484+1=485+3 *b* col.=	488	76:2	**Lordship**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—15 *b* & *h*=80—49 (76:1)=31. 193—31=162+1=163.	163	75:1	**then**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—15 *b* & *h*=80— 50 (76:1)=30—7 *b* col.=23.	23	75:1	**stopped**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—15 *b* & *h*=80— 50=30. 447—30=417+1=418+2 *b*=420.	420	75:1	**his**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—15 *b* & *h*=80—50=	30	75:1	**horse**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—15 *b* & *h*=80 —49 (76:1)=31.	31	75:2	**and**
505—167=338—30=308—198=110—1 *h* col.=109.	109	75:1	**said:**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—15 *b* & *h*=80 —49 (76:1)=31.	31	75:1	**He**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—15 *b* & *h*=80. 447—80=367+1=368.	368	75:1	**is**
505—167=338—50=288—198=90—24 *b* & *h* (198) =66+193=259—3 *b* col.=256.	256	75:1	**in**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—15 *b* & *h*=80 +193=273—3 *b* col.=270.	270	75:1	**a**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—15 *b* & *h*=80+ 193=273.	273	75:1	**faint.**
505—167=338—30=308—49 (76:1)=259—90 (73·1)=	169	73:2	**Bend**
505—167=338—30=308—49 (76:1)=259—90=169.	169	74:1	**down**
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—143 (73:1)=116.	116	74.1	**and**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—50 (76:1)=45 +193=238—2 *h*=236.	236	75:1	**put**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—15 *b* & *h*=80. 447—80=367+1=368+3 *b*=371.	371	75:1	**your**
505—167=338—30=308—193=115. 447—115= 332+1=333+8 *b* col.=341.	341	75:1	**ear**
505—167=338—30=308—193=115. 193—115= 78+1=79.	79	75:1	**against**
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—90 (73:1)=169. 193—169=24+1=25+3 *b* col.=28.	28	75:1	**his**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—90=149. 248—149=99+1=100.	100	74:2	**heart,**
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—145 (76:1)=113.	113	77:1	**to**
505—167=338—49=289—254=35—15 *b* & *h*=20.	20	75:2	**see**
505—167=338—50=288—198=90—24 *b* & *h* (198)=66. 193—66=127+1=128+1 *h*=129.	129	75:1	**if**
505—167=338—30=308—198=110.	110	75:1	**he**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—15 *b* & *h*=80. 447—80=367+1=368.	368	75:1	**is**
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—90=169—4 *b* col.=165.	165	76:1	**yet**
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—79=180+193=373—4 *h* col.=369.	369	75:1	**living.**

Here we have still more pages upon pages, growing out of that same number, 505—167=338. And note the unusual words: *beaten — keepers — blunt — edge — stick — breaks; — earth under — heavy — weight — blows; — bend — down — put — ear — against — heart — faint — living*, etc. The word *stick* occurs only one other time in these two plays; the word *keepers* appears only on this occasion; the word *keeper* is found, however, once in this play.

505—167=338—30=308—49=259.	259	76:2	**He**
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—28 (73:1)=231—10 *b* col.=221.	221	74:1	**stooped**
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—143 (73:1)=116. 284—116=168+1=169.	169	74:1	**down**
505—167=338—49=289—254=35. 248—35=213+1=214+1 *b*=215.	215	74:2	**to**
505—167=338—49=289—254=35. 248—35=213+1=214+2 *b* & *h*=216.	216	74:2	**listen**
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—143=116.	116	74:1	**and**
505—167=338—30=308—198=110. 194+110=304.	304	75:1	**found**
505—167=338—30=308—193=115—15 *b* & *h*=100—50 (76:1)=50.	50	75:1	**that**
505—167=338—49=289—254=35—7 *b* col.=28.	28	75:1	**his**
505—167=338—30=308—193=115—15 *b* & *h*=100.	100	74:1	**heart**
505—167=338—209 (73:2)=129.	129	74:1	**still**
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—145=144.	144	75:2	**beat.**
505—167=338—30=308—193=115—15 *b* & *h*=100—49=51. 448—51=397+1=398.	398	76:1	**He**
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—145=114—6 *b* & *h*=108.	108	77:1	**lay**
505—167=338—146 (76:1)=192. 237—192=45+1=	46	73:2	**quite**
505—167=338—30=308—49=259. 284—259=25+1=	26	74:1	**still**
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—28 (73:1)=230—218 (76:1)=12. 447—12=435+1=436.	436	75:1	**for**
505—167=338—30—308—193=115—10 *b* col.=105.	105	74:1	**a**
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—193=115—15 *b* & *h*=100—7 *b* col.=93.	93	74:2	**good**
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—193=66—5 *b* col.=61		74:1	**while;**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—30=308—193=115—15 *b* & *h*=100 —1 *h* col.=99.	99	76:2	**at**
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—254=35. 248—35 =213+1=214.	214	74:2	**last**
505—167=338—49=289—254=35—15 *b* & *h*=20 +193=213.	213	75:1	**the**
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—248=41—2 *h* (248) =39. 284—39=245+1=246.	246	74:1	**ragged**
505—167=338—30=308—193=115. 284—115= 169+1=170.	170	74:1	**young**
505—167=338—145 (76:2)=193—50 (76:1)=143. 508—143=355+1=356+5 *b* & *h*=371.	371	75:2	**wretch**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95+193=288—4 *h*=	284	75:1	**drew**
505—167=338—30=308—254=54—15 *b*=39.	39	75:2	**a**
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—193=65. 284— 65=219+1=220+6 *h*=226.	226	74:1	**low**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95. 447—95=352+1=353		75:1	**sigh**
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—28 (73:1)=230 —219=12.	12	75:1	**and**
505—167=338—49=289—254=35—5 *b* col.=30.	30	74:1	**commenced**
505—167=338—50=288—193=115. 498—115= 383+1=384.	384	76:1	**gasping**
505—167=338—49=289—12 *b* col.=277.	277	61:1	**for**
505—167=338—50=288—254=34—7 *b* col.=27.	27	75:2	**breath.**

Those who may insist that there is no Cipher here will have to explain the concurrence of all this remarkable array of words: *ragged — young — wretch; — stooped — down; — listen — heart — beat; — low — sigh; — commenced — gasping — breath*, etc. It might be possible to work out a pretended Cipher story, consisting mainly of small words — the *its*, the *thes* and the *ands;* but here in these four pages we have had every word necessary to tell not only the story of the killing of the deer, and the destruction of the fish-pond, but the subsequent fight; the charge of Sir Thomas Lucy on horseback, the pistol shot, the fall of two wounded men, the apparent death of Shakspere, Sir Thomas stopping his horse, the examination for the signs of life, the low sigh of returning animation, and even the gasping for breath, as the injured Shakspere regains consciousness. Surely, if there is no Cipher here we can say of the text, as was said of Othello's handkerchief: "There's magic in the web of it."

But the miracle does not end here; we will see, hereafter, this same root-number going on to tell a wonderful story, which connects itself regularly and naturally with all that we have given in these pages.

Take the following sentence. Here every word, as the reader will see, comes out of the same corner of the text, by the same root-number, to-wit: 338 *minus* 50 or 30, as heretofore; while the count originates either from the end of the second scene or the beginning of the third, in 76:1, the two being separated only by the title of the scene.

505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288—49 (76:1)=239— 4 *b* col.=245.	245	76:2	**But**
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—162 (78:1)=127— 11 *b* col.=116.	116	78:2	**it**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—145=144. 448—144=304+1=305+1 *h* col.=306.	306	76:1	seemed
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—161 (78:1)=128. 498—128=370+1=371.	371	76:1	his
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—30=258—146=112—3 *b* (146)=109+162=271—5 *b* col.=266.	266	78:1	injuries
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—30=258—146 (76:2)=112—5 *b* & *h* col.=107.	107	76:1	were
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—145=144. 448—144=304+1=305.	305	76:1	only
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—30=259—146=113—3 *b* (146)=110.	110	76:1	flesh
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—30=259—145=114.	114	76:1	wounds.

And observe how in connection with all the words already given, descriptive of a bloody fight, and "gasping for breath," come in these words: *seemed — injuries — were — only — flesh — wounds.* This is the only time *flesh* occurs in this act; and the only time *wound* occurs in this scene; and this is the only time *injuries* is found in this act. Yet here they are all bound together by the same number.

And here I would note, in further illustration of the actuality of the Cipher, that no ingenuity can cause 505—167=338 to tell the same story that is told by 505—193=312, or by any other Cipher number. One Cipher number brings out one set of words, which are necessary to one part of the narrative, while another number brings out, even when going over the same text, an entirely different set of words. This will be made more apparent as we proceed.

But what did Shakspere's associates do when he went down before his Lordship's pistol? They did just what might have been expected — they ran away; and the Cipher tells the story. And here we still build the story around that same fragment of 49 words on 76:1 (intermixed with the first and last fragments, 50 and 30, on 74:2) which has given us so much of the recent narrative; assisted, also, by the next fragment of a scene, in the next column,— 145 or 146, 76:2. The first subdivision of the next column ends at the 457th word; the second begins at the 458th word. And to the end of the column there are 145 or 146 words, as we count down from 457 or 458.

505—167=338—145=193—1 *h* col.=192.	192	75:2	All
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289. 508—289=219+1=	220	75:2	our
505—167=338—50 (74.2)=288. 508—288=220+1=	221	75:2	men,
505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288—50 (76:1)=238—20 *b* col.=218.	218	75:2	so
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—30 (74:2)=258—1 *h* col.=257.	257	75:2	soon
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308. 508—308=200+1=201+3 *h* col.=204.	204	75:2	as
505—167=338—30=308—29 (73:2)=279.	279	74:1	they
505—167=338—49=289—30=259—79 (79:1)=180—50 (76:1)=130.	130	75:2	saw
505—167=338—49=289—30=259—146=113—3 *b* (146)=110.	110	77:1	that
505—167=338—49=289—30 (74:2)=259—10 *b* col.=	249	76:1	he
505—167=338. 448—338=110+1=111.	111	76:1	was

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—30 (74:2)=258.	258	75:2	taken
505—167=338—49 (76:1) 289—30 (74:2)=259.	259	75:2	prisoner
505—167=338—30=308—146=162—3 *b* (146)=159 —9 *b* & *h* col.=150.	150	76:1	or
505—167=338—49=289—50=239. 508—239= 269+1=270.	270	75:2	slaine,
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289. 508—289=219 +1=220+3 *h* col.=223.	223	75:2	in
505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288—24 *b* col.=(264).	(264)	75:2	the
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—50 (74:2)=238— 22 *b* & *h* col.=216.	216	75:2	greatest
505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288. 508—288=220+1 =221+13 *b* col.=234.	234	75:2	fear
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—50 (74:2) =238. 508—238=270+1=271+2 *h* col.=273.	273	75:2	of
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288. 448—288=160+1=	161	76:1	being
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—145 (76:1)=143.	(143)	76:1	apprehended,
505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288.	288	75:2	turned
505—167=338—145=193.	193	76:1	and
505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288—50 (76:1)=238— 1 *h* col.=237.	237	75:2	fled
505—167=338—146 (76:2)=192—22 *b* & *h* col.=170.	170	75:2	away
505—167=338. 508—338=170+1=171.	171	75:2	from
505—167=338—145=193.	193	75:2	the
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—49=259. 508— 259=249+1=250.	250	75:2	field,
505—167=338—49=289—30=259—193=66.	66	76:2	into
505—167=338—30=308—254=54—50(76:1)=4+457=461		76:2	the
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—79 (73:1)=180. 448—180=268+1=269.	269	76:2	shadows,
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—13 *b* col.=295.	295	76:1	with
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308. 508—308=200+ 1=201+16 *b* & *h* col.=217.	217	75:2	speed
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—50 (74:2)=239.	239	75:2	swifter
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—50 (76:1)=258. 508 —258=250+1=251.	251	75:2	than
505—167=338—50 (76:1)=288—50 (74:2)=238. 508 —238=270+1=271.	271	75:2	the
505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288—49 (76:1)=239—22 *b* & *h* col.=217.	217	75:2	speed
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—50 (76:1)=258—145=	113	76-1	of
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—50 (76:1)=258—22 *b* & *h* col.=236.	236	75:2	arrows.

Here is another sentence of thirty-four words, growing out of 505—167=338; every word found on 75:2 or 76:1. Observe how those remarkable words *taken*—*prisoner*—*fear*—*slaine*—*apprehended*—*fled*—*speed*—*swifter*—*arrows*—all come out together, at the summons of the same root-number, cohering arithmetically with absolute precision; and found—not scattered over a hundred pages, or ten pages—but compacted together in two columns of 1,003 words! If this stood

alone it should settle the question of the existence of a Cipher in the Shakespeare Plays;—but it is only one of hundreds of other sentences already given, or yet to come. Observe how those typical words *speed — swifter — than — speed — arrows* — all come out of the same number and the same modifications. *Speed* is 338 less 30 up the column *plus b & h; swifter* is 338 less 50 down the column; *than* is 338 less 50 up the column; *speed* (the same word) is 338 less 50 down the column, *plus b & h; arrows* is 338 less 30 down the column, *plus b & h.* See how the same word *speed* is so adjusted as to be 338 less 30 *up* the column and 338 less 50 *down* the column!

But if further evidence is needed to satisfy the incredulous reader of the presence of the most careful design and accurate adjustment of the words of the text to the columns, and parts of columns, of the Folio, let me bring together three parallel parts of the same story, existing far apart in the narrative, it is true, but joined here by textual contiguity. We will see that some of the same words are used *thrice over* to tell, first of the flight of the actors on hearing that they were likely to be arrested for treason; secondly, the flight of *Henslow*, the theater manager, with his hoarded wealth; and thirdly, the story of the flight of the young men of Stratford, when interrupted by Sir Thomas Lucy and his followers in the work of the destruction of his fish-pond. Now a colossal prejudice might insist that the story I have just given could come about by accident, — so as to precisely fit to that fragment of a scene at the bottom of 76:1, and that other fragment of a scene on 74:2, marshaled by the key-note, 505—167=338; but I shall now proceed to show that the text of the Folio has been so arranged and exquisitely manipulated, that these very same words are made to match to the subdivisions of another column, 75:1, by the key-note of two other and totally different Cipher numbers, to-wit: 505 and 513; making a sort of treble-barreled miracle, so extraordinary and incomprehensible, that I think the Shakspereolators will have to conclude that if there is not a Cipher in these Plays there ought to have been one.

To get the three narratives side by side, into the narrow compass of a page, I shall have to abbreviate the explanatory signs and figures; but I have already given so many instances of these that I think the reader will understand what is meant without them. I print in italic type those words which are duplicated in two or three columns. To save space I do not give the column and page before each word, because they are all found on 75:2, or 76:1, or 74:1. I therefore insert simply the figures 5, 6 or 4 before the words — 5 meaning 75:2, and 6, 76:1, and 4, 74:1. I place the root-numbers which work out the story at the top of each column. The 15 *b & h* means, of course, the 15 bracketed and hyphenated words in 193 or 254, the upper and lower subdivisions of 75:1. Where other figures are added or deducted they refer to the bracketed and hyphenated words above or below the Cipher word, as the case may be, in the same column. Where only the bracketed words or the hyphenated words are counted by themselves I indicate it by *b* or *h.*

I do not pretend to give the words of these sentences, at this time, in their exact order, but simply to show how the *same words are brought out*, from different starting-points, *by different root-numbers;* a result which would only be possible through the most careful double and triple pre-arrangement and adjustment of the root-numbers to the number of words in the text, and the number of bracketed and hyphenated words in the columns, creating thereby a marvelous parallelism, which it seems to me utterly excludes the thought that the results obtained have occurred by chance.

The Flight of the Actors. 505.

505	505	505	505	505	505	505
254	193	30	51	50	30	50
251	312	475	454	455	475	455
		193	193	193	254	254
		282	261	262	221	201

282—15=267—22=	245	5	Our
221.	221	5	*men,*
282—15=267—20 *b*=	(247)	5	aiming
282—50—49=183. 508—183+1+8=	334	5	at
267. 508—267+1+3 *h*=	(245)	5	their
282—10 *b*=272—26 *b*=	(246)	5	safety,
282—15 *b* & *h*=	267	5	had
221. 508—221+1=	288	5	*turned*
262—2 *b* & *h* exc.=	241	5	their
508—221+1+2 *h*=	290	5	*backs*
261—1 *h*=	260	5	and
282—10 *b*=272. 508—272+1=	237	5	*fled,*
282—50=	232	5	with
221—15—1 *h*=	205	5	the
282—15=267—50—1 *h*=	216	5	*greatest*
262—50=212. 508—212+1=	297	5	*fear,*
261—22=	239	5	*swifter*
251.	251	5	*than*
251—15=	236	5	*arrows*
262—15=	247	5	fly
282. 508—282+1+13 *b*=	240	5	toward
282—49=	233	5	their
267. 508—267+1=	242	5	aim.

The Flight of Henslow. 513.

513	513	513	513	513
30	30	50	50	449
483	483	463	463	74
193	254	193	254	
290	229	270	209	

513—193—27 *b*=	293	5	His
463—193—49 (76:1)=	221	5	*men*
483—193—2 *h*=	288	5	*turned*
270—50=220. 508—220+1=	289	5	their
290.	290	5	*backs;*
270—50=220. 508—220+1+*h*=	291	5	and
513—193=	320	5	my
483—449=34. 284—34+1+3=	254	4	crafty
483—449=34. 284—34+1=	251	4	old
463—49=414. 508—414++14 *h*=	99	5	friend
513—218 (74:2)—193=103. 508—103+1=	406	5	Hence
513—448=65. 284—65+1+6 *h*=	226	4	low
483—254—15=	214	5	flies
270+*b* & *h*=	(248)	5	at
513—449=	74	5	the
513—448=	75	5	first
290—51=239. 508—239+1+2 *h*=	272	5	appearance
483—449=	34	4	of
513—193=320. 448—320+1=	129	6	danger,
229—15=214. 508—214+1=	295	5	stumbling
270—15—50+*b* & *h* up=	329	5	under
483—449—*b* & *h*=	28	4	the
209—1 *h*=	208	5	heavy
229.	229	5	weight.

The Flight of the Stratford Boys. 338.

505	338	338	338	338	338	308	308
167	50	30	49	145	146	50	49
338	288	308	289	193	192	258	259

193—1 *h*=	192	5	All
289. 508—289+1=	220	5	our
288. 508—288=+1	221	5	*men*
288.	288	5	*turned*
193.	193	6	and
288—50—1 *h*=	237	5	*fled*
192—22 *b* & *h*=	170	5	away,
289. 508—289+1+3 *h*=	223	5	in
288—24 *b*=	(264)	5	the
288—50—22 *b* & *h*=	216	5	*greatest*
288. 508—288+1+3 *b*=	234	5	*fear,*
308—13 *b*=	295	6	with
508—308+16 *b* & *h*=	217	5	speed
289—50=	239	5	*swifter*
258. 508—258+1=	251	5	*than*
238. 508—238+1=	271	5	the
289—50—25 *b* & *h*=	217	5	speed
258—145=	113	6	of
258—22 *b* & *h*=	236	5	*arrows.*

Here the reader will perceive that the *same* words: *men — turned — backs — fled — swifter — than — arrows — greatest — fear*, are used, some of them in two, some of them in three separate narratives, descriptive of three different flights; mingled of course with words, in each instance, which do not occur in the others. But this is not all. Observe how carefully the hyphens and brackets in column 75:2 are adjusted to the necessities of the Cipher. For instance, the root-number 505—30=475—254 gives us 221; and this carried down the column gives us *men;* and *up* the column it brings us to 288, *turned;* but, if we count in the two hyphenated words, it gives us *backs* — "turned their backs." On the other hand, 513—30=483—193 gives us 290; it will be noticed that we have here the same 30; and the 193, the upper subdivision of 75:1, takes the place of 254, the lower subdivision of the same. Now if we carry this 290 *down* the column it brings us to the same word, *backs*, which we have just obtained by going *up* the column with 221. But there are also two hyphenated words above 290 as well as below it, or four in all in the column, exclusive of the bracketed words; and if we count these in, as we did before with 221, the count falls again on *turned* — "turned their backs." Now, if there had been five hyphenated words in that column this could not have been accomplished; or if three of the four hyphens had been above 288 and 290 the count would also have failed.

If Francis Bacon did not put a Cipher in this play, what Puck — what Robin Goodfellow — what playful genius was it, — come out of chaos, — that brought forth all this regularity?

Now it may be objected that Bacon would not have used the comparison of great speed to a flight of arrows twice; but observe the difference: 505 gives us *fled . . . swifter than arrows fly toward their aim;* while 338 gives us *fled away with speed swifter than the speed of the arrows.* And it must be remembered that, although the words for these two comparisons are found in the same column, the stories spring from different roots, and probably stand hundreds of pages apart in the Cipher narrative itself. And then, as we find Bacon constrained, by the necessities of the Cipher, to depart in the text of the Plays in many instances from both grammar and sense, as in:

Or what hath this bold enterprise *bring* forth?

76:1; or: "Therefore, sirra, with a new wound in your thigh come you along [*sic*] me," 72:2; or:

Hold up *they* head, vile Scot,

72:1; or: "This earth that bears the [*sic*] dead," 72:2, etc.: so, without doubt, he was compelled, in such a complicated piece of work as the Cipher, to use the same words, — for instance, *swifter than arrows*, — twice, or oftener, when it was arithmetically easier to use them than to avoid using them. And what an infinite skill does it imply, that he had so adapted the length and breadth of the different parts of the Cipher narrative to each other, that the story of the three flights given above could be brought around so as to fit into column 2 of page 75, and avoid the necessity of recurring, in different other pages and columns, to the same words — *turned — backs — fled — swifter — arrows*, etc.! And *backs*, be it observed, does not occur again anywhere else in either of these two plays. And the word *backs* is found only six times in all the Historical Plays, and in every instance we find the word *turn*, or *turned*, or *turning*, in the same act, and, in four cases out of the six, in the same scene with *backs*. And *arrows* is found but nine times in all the Shakespeare Plays.

But it may be thought by some that any numbers would lead to these same

words. Let the reader experiment. The numbers 523 and 516 will produce some of them, as I shall show hereafter; but 523 and 516 are Cipher numbers. Let us take, however, a number not a Cipher number — for instance, 500 — and put it through the same changes as the above; and it will yield us such incoherent words as *was — lead — with — from — with — King — well — laboring — and — gan — in — three*, etc. I do not think that any other numbers but the Cipher numbers can be made to evolve even portions of any of the significant sentences found in this three-fold example.

Let me give one more extraordinary proof of this exquisite adjustment of the text to the Cipher; and I again place it in parallel columns that it may the more clearly strike the eye of the reader. We have the same words, *fear of being apprehended*, used in two different portions of the narrative. Now the combination, *being apprehended*, is one not likely to occur by chance; *apprehended* is found but nine times in all the Plays! And but this one time in this play. And *being*, (signifying condition), but seven times in all the Plays! And only this once in this play. The reader will now see how these rare words come together twice, at the summons of two different Cipher numbers:

513.					505—167=338.				
513	513	483			338		288		
193	30	193			50 (74:2)		145		
320	483	290			288		143		
513—449=34.	34	75:2	**Fear**		508—288=220+ 1=221+13 *b*=	234	75:2	**Fear**	
290—5 *h* col.=	285	76:1	**of**		288—50=238. 508—238+2*h*=273		75:2	**of**	
448—290=158+ 1=159+2 *h*=	161	76:1	**being**		448—288=160+ 1=161.	161	76:1	**being**	
448—320=128+ 1=129+11 *b*=	(143)	76:1	**apprehended.**		288—145 (76:)=(143)		76:1	**apprehended.**	

Here we start from the initial word of scene 2 of 76:1 of the Folio, and 513 brings us to *fear;* the same less 193 (75:1) and less 50 (76:1) carried down the same column gives us *of;* the same up the column, *plus* the hyphens, gives us *being;* and the same 513 less 193, up the same column, gives us *apprehended.* The formula of this last word cannot be clearly stated in figures, but actual count will satisfy the reader that *apprehended* is the 320th word *plus* the brackets, counting up from 448.

Again, 505—167=338; 338 less 50 (74:2) gives us 288=*fear;* this 288 carried through the fragment at the bottom of 76:1 and up the next column gives us *of;* and 288, the same number, up the column (76:1) gives us *being;* and the same number, 288, carried through the adjoining subdivision (145, 76:2) gives us 143; and actual count will demonstrate that *apprehended* is the 143d word down the column, not counting in the bracketed and hyphenated words above it.

But to resume our narrative:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—50=288—248=40+193=233+*b*=	(233)	75:1	**My**
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—248=41. 194+ 41=235—*b*=235.	(235)	75:1	**Lord,**
505—167=338—49=289—218 (74:2)=71.	71	74:1	**who**
505—167=338—219 (74:2)=119.	119	75:1	**had,**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288—49=239—50 (74:2)=	289	75:2	in
505—167=338—50=288—50=238—50=188—			
12 *b* & *h* col.=176.	176	74:1	the
505—167=338—50=288—50 (76:1)=238—50=188.	188	74:1	mean
505—167=338—50=308—50=258—90 (73:1)=168.			
508—168=340+1=341.	341	76:1	time,
505—167=338—30=308—193=115—15 *b* & *h*=100.			
248—100=148+1=149+*b*=160.	(160)	74:2	followed
			the
505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288—50 (76:1)=238—193			
=45. 447—45=402+1=403+3 *b* col.=406.	406	75:1	others,
505—167=338—49=289—248=41—24 *b* & *h*=17.	17	75:1	came
505—167=338—30=308—198=110; 83+1=84			
+3 *b* col. 87.	87	75:1	up.
505—167=338—30=308—198=110.	110	75:1	He
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—248=11+193=			
204—2 *h*=202.	202	75:1	tells
505—167=338—49=289—248=41—22 *b* & *h*=19.			
284—19=265+1=266.	266	74:1	them
505—167=338—30=308—193=115. 248—115=			
133+1=134+16 *b* & *h* col.	150	74:2	to
505—167=338—49 (76:1)=289—248=41—24 *b* & *h*			
(248)=17. 447—15=432+1=433.	433	75:1	make
505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288—248=40—1 *h* col.=	39	75:1	him
505—167=338—49=289—248=41—22 *b* & *h*=19.			
447—19=428+1=429.	429	75:1	a
505—167=338—30 (74:2)=308—193=115—15 *b* & *h*			
=100. 248—100=148+1=149.	149	74:2	prisoner.

It seems that the rioters had also kindled a fire to light their destructive work. For we have:

505—167=338—50=288—248=40—24 *b* & *h* (248)=			
16—1 *h*=15.	15	75:1	After
505—167=338—30=308—198=110. 284—110=			
174+5=175.	175	74:1	quenching
505—167=338—50=288—198=90—22— *b* (198)=68.	68	75:2	the
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—90=168—1			
h col.=167.	167	75:2	fire,
505—167=338—30=308—198=110—9 *b* & *h*=101.	101	75:1	the
505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288—49 (76:1)=239—50			
(74:2)=189—12 *b* & *h* col.=177.	177	74:1	flames
505—167=338—50=288—50 (76:1)=238—298=40.			
284—40=244+1=245.	245	74:1	of
505—167=338—50=288—198=90—24 *b* & *h* (193)=66.	66	75:2	which
505—167=338—30=308—198=110. 284—110=174			
+1=175+6 *h* col.=181.	181	74:1	even
505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288—50 (76:1)=238—50			
(74:2)=188+193=381—8 *b*=373	373	75:1	yet
505—167=338—30=308—198=110+194=304—			
3 *b* col.=301.	301	75:1	burned,

The word *quenching* only occurs one other time in all the thousand pages of the Plays; and here it coheres arithmetically with *flame*, *fire* and *burned;* and this is the only time when *flame* occurs in these two plays of *1st* and *2d Henry IV.;* and this is the only occasion when *burned* is found in *2d Henry IV.;* and it occurs but once in *1st Henry IV.*

And here the narrative changes slightly its root-number; heretofore we have elaborated this part of the story by 505—167=338; but in that 167 (74:2) there are twenty-one bracketed words and one hyphenated word; if we count these in, then the 167 becomes 189; and 189 deducted from the root-number, 505, leaves, not 338, but 316. Hence, for a long narrative, hereafter, 316 becomes the root-number. We have seen a similar change take place on page 718, *ante*, where a whole chapter grows out of 516—167=349—22 *b* & *h* (167)=327.

We read:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—50=266—5 *h*=261.	261	76:1	**my**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—49=267—5 *h*=262.	262	76:1	**Lord**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—193 (75:1)=123. 498 —123=375+1=376.	379	76:1	**tells**
505—167=338—22*b* & *h*=316—193=123. 457—123 =334+1=335.	335	76:2	**them**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—193=123—15 *b* & *h*= 108—5 *b* & *h* col.=103.	103	76:1	**to**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—50 (74:2)=266—49 (76:1)=217—145=72.	72	76:1	**make**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—193=123. 449= 123=326+1=327.	327	76:1	**a**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—193=123—15 *b* & *h*= 108—50 (76:1)=58.	58	76:2	**litter**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—50=266—13 *b*=253.	253	75:1	**and**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—193=123.	123	76:1	**lift**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—50=266.	266	76:1	**the**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—49 (76:1)=267.	267	73:1	**corpse**
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—50=266. 603—266 =337+1=338.	338	76:2	**up.**

The exquisite art of the work is shown in that word *litter.* We have already (505—448=57) used the 57th word, *her*, (*her* Grace is furious, etc.); here we use the 58th word, *litter;* and after a while we shall find the word *o'erwhelmed*, the 55th word, used to describe Bacon's feelings when he heard the dreadful news that Shakspere was to be arrested and put to the torture to make him disclose the author of the Plays. Now the Cipher story brought the words *o'erwhelmed — her — litter* into juxtaposition. How was Bacon to use these words in the external play? Thereupon, his fertile mind invented that grotesque image, wherein the corpulent Falstaff says to his diminutive page:

I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath *o'erwhelmed* all *her litter* but one.

It will be found that we owe many of the finest gems of thought in the Plays to the dire necessities of the great cryptologist, who, driven to straits by the Cipher, fell back on the vast resources of his crowded mind, and invented sentences that would bring the patch-work of words before him into coherent order. Take that beautiful expression:

O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever, in the haunch of winter, sings
The lifting up of day.[1]

It will be found that *summer*, *haunch*, *winter*, *sings* and *lifting* are all Cipher words, the tail ends of various stories, and the genius of the poet linked them together in this exquisite fashion. There was, to the ordinary mind, no connection between *haunch*, a haunch of venison, and *summer*, *winter* and *sings*, but in an instant the poet, with a touch, converted the *haunch* into the hindmost part of the winter. It is no wonder that Bacon said of himself that he found he had "a nimble and fertile mind."

[1] *2d Henry IV.*, iv, 2.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE YOUTHFUL SHAKSPERE DESCRIBED.

We will draw the curtain and show you the picture.
Twelfth Night, *i*, 5.

WHEN "my Lord" (as the peasants called him) — Sir Thomas — captured one of the marauders and destroyers of his property, he was of course curious to know who it was. And so by the same root-number (playing between the end of scene second, 76:1, and the subdivisions of 75:1) we find the following words coming out:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—50=288—193 (75:1)=95.	95	75:1	**He**
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—28 (73:1)=230—145=85. 448—85=363+1=364.	364	76:1	**scraped**
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—90=169—145=24. 448—24=424+1=425.	425	76:1	**the**
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—63 (73:1)=195—10 *b*=185.	185	74:1	**blood**
505—167=338—50=288—193=95. 447—95=352+1=353+3 *b* col.=356.	356	75:1	**away**
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—28 (73:1)=230—145=85. 498—85=413+1=414.	414	76:1	**from**
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—79=179—49=130. 508—130=378+1=379+4 *b* & *h* col.=	383	75:2	**his**
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—79 (73:1)=180—4 *b* col.=176.	176	76:1	**face.**

And when the blood was scraped away from the face of the wounded man, he recognized "William Shagspere, one thone partie." Little did Sir Thomas think, as he gazed upon him, that the poor wounded wretch was to be, for centuries, the subject of the world's adoration, as the greatest, profoundest, most brilliant and most philosophical of mankind. The whole thing makes history a mockery. It is enough, in itself, to cast a doubt upon all the established opinions of the world.

I would note the fact that the word *scraped* occurs in but two other places *in all the Plays!*

505—167=338—30=308—49=259—90=169.	169	75:1	**He**
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—63 (73:1)=195—50=145—50=95.	95	75:2	**remembered**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—90=168—145=	23	77:1	the
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—90=168. 458—			
168=290+1=291+8 *b* & *h* col.=299.	299	76:2	rascally knave
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—63 (73:1)=195—			
50=145. 508—145=363+1=364+3 *b* col.=	367	75:2	well;
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—90=168. 508—			
168=340+1=341+6 *b* col =347.	347	75:2	there
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—28 (73:1)=230—			
145=85. 193—85=108+1=109+6 *b* & *h*=115.	115	75:1	was
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—90=168.	168	76:1	not
505—167=338—50=288—193=95. 248—95=153+			
1 *h* col.=155.	155	74:2	a
505—167=338—30=308—49=259—90=169—145=			
24—3 *b* (145)=21.	21	77:1	worse
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—28 (73:1)=230—			
145=85.	85	77:1	in
505—167=338—30=308—50=258—248=10.	10	74:1	the
505—167=338—50=288—193=95—50 (76:1)=45.			
193—45=148+1=149.	149	75:1	barony.

And here follows the description of the youthful Shakspere, as he appeared on his native heath:—one of the half-civilized boys of "the bookless neighborhood" of Stratford; the very individual referred to in the traditions of beer-drinking, poaching and rioting which have come down to us.

To save work for the printers I will hereafter, instead of printing 505—167=338, in each line, content myself with commencing each line with 338.

338—30 (74:2)=308—145=163—3 *b* (145)=160.	160	77:1	The
338—30=308—146=162. 457—162=295+1=296.	296	76:2	horson
338—30=308—146=162—3 *b* (146)=159. 457—159			
=298+1=299.	299	76:2	knave
338—30=308—145=163.	163	76:1	was, at
338—30=308—146=162—9 *b* & *h* col.=153.	153	76:1	this
338—30=308—145=163—5 *b* & *h* col.=148.	148	76:1	time,
338—30=308—50=258—50 (76:1)=208. 457—208			
=249+1=250.	250	76:2	about
338—163=175.	175	78:2	twenty;
338—49 (76:1)=289—146=143—3 *b* (146)=140. 457			
—140=317+1=318.	318	76:2	but
338—30=308—49=259.	259	76:1	his
338—29 (74:2)=309. 456—309=148+1=149.	149	76:2	beard
338—50=288—146=192—3 *b* (146)=189—4 *b* col.=	185	76:2	is
338—49=289—146=193—3 *b* (146)=190—4 *b* col.=	186	76:2	not
338—49 (76:2)=289—146=143—1 *h* col.=142.	142	76:2	yet
338—49 (76:2)=289—146=143.	143	76:2	fledged;
338—49 (76:2)=289—161=128+457=585—3 *b* col.=	582	76:2	there
338—193=145—5 *b* & *h* col.=140.	140	76:2	is
338—193=145—4 *b* col.=141.	141	76:2	not

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—50 (74:2)=288—146=142.	142	76:2	yet
338—30=308—145=163. 457—163=294+1=295.	295	76:2	a
338—145 (76:2)=193—3 *b* (146)=190—2 *h* col.=188.	188	76:2	haire
338—29 (74:2)=309.	309	76:2	on
338—30=308—145=163.	163	76:2	his
338—50 (74:2)=288—50 (76:1)=238—146=142 —3 *b* (146)=139.	139	76:2	chin;
338—49 (76:1)=289—146=143. 577—143=434+1 =435+17 *b* & *h*=452.	452	77:1	it
338—30=308—50=258—15 *b* & *h* col.=243.	243	76:1	is
338—193=145. 457—145=312+1=313.	313	76:2	smooth
338—30=308—49=259. 603—259=344+1=345+ 2 *h* col.=347.	347	76:2	as
338—30=308—146=162—3 *b* (146)=159—4 *b* col.=	155	76:2	my
338—30=308—145=163—3 *b* (145)=160—4 *b* col.=	156	76:2	hand.
338—30=308—49=259.	259	76:2	He
338—30=308—49=259—145=114—3 *b* col.=111.	111	76:1	was
338—50=288—50 (76:1)=238.	238	76:2	almost
338—50=288—162 (78:1)=126.	126	78:2	naked;
338—50=288—50 (76:1)=238—7 *b* col.=231.	231	78:1	without
338—49 (76:1)=289—161=128. 610—128=482+1=	483	77:2	shirts,
338—30=308—49=259—3 *h* col.=256.	256	76:2	cloak
338—49 (76:1)=289—162=127—32 (79:1)=95 —11 *b* col.=84.	84	78:2	or
338—50=288—162 (78:1)=126—58 (80:1)=66.	66	80:2	stockings.
338—162=176—49 (76:1)=127. 603—127=476+1= 477+3 *b* col.=480	480	76:2	He
338—162=176—49 (76:1)=127. 458+127=585.	585	76:2	doth
338—50 (74:2)=288. 603—288=315+1=316.	316	76:2	weare
338—49 (76:1)=289. 603—289=314+1=315+2 *h*=	317	76:2	nothing
338—50 (74:2)=288. 603—288=315+1=316+ 2 *h*=318.	318	76:2	but
338—30=308—145=163. 457—163=294+1=295.	295	76:2	a
338—30=308—162=146—50=96—1 *h* col.=95.	95	76:2	cap;
338—50=288—57 (79:1)=231.	231	76:2	his
338—30=308—162=146. 458—146=312+1=313+ 7 *b* & *h*=320.	320	76:2	shoes
338—50 (74:2)=288—49 (76:1)=239.	239	76:2	out
338—49 (76:1)=289. 603—289=314+1=315+ 10 *b* & *h*=325.	325	76:2	at
338—50=288.	288	76:2	the
338—145=193. 577—193=384+1=385.	385	77:1	heels,
338—30=308—49=259—4 *b* col.=255.	255	76:2	short
338—30=308—50 (76:1)=258.	258	76:2	slops,
338—50=288—162 (78:1)=126. 498—126=372+1=	373	76:1	and
338—145=193—161=32—1 *h*=31.	31	78:2	a
338—145=193—3 *b* (145)=190.	190	76:2	smock
338—304 (78:1)=34. 462—34=428+1=429.	429	78:2	on
338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—7 *b* & *h* col.=232.	232	76:2	his
338—49=289—162=127—50=77. 603—77=526+1=527	527	76:2	back,

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—145=193—3 *b* (145)=190—3 *h* col.=187.	187	76:1	out
338—317 (79:1)=21.	21	79:2	at
338—49 (76:1)=289—162=127+31 (79:1)=158.	158	79:1	elbow,
338—50=288—162=126—32=94—3 *h* col.=91.	91	78:2	and
338—50=288—162=126—58 (80:1)=66. 523—66=457+1=458.	458	80:2	not
338—162 (78:1)=176—32 (79:1)=144. 462—144=318+1=319+2 *h*=321.	321	78:2	over
338—145=193—3 *b* (145)=190—1 *b* col.=189.	(189)	77:1	clean.
338—145=193—3 *b* (145)=190. 577—190=387+1=	388	77:1	The
338—50 (74:2)=288—49 (76:1)=239—145=94. 577—94=483+1=484.	484	77:1	truth
338—50 (74.2)=288—50 (76:1)=238—145=93, 577—93=484+1=485.	485	77:1	is,
338—30=308—49 (76:1)=259.	259	76:2	he
338—50 (74:2)=288—50 (76:1)=238—163=75—32 (79:1)=43. 462—43=419+1=420.	420	78:2	lived,
338—50 (74:2)=288—50 (76:1)=238—163=75—32 (79:1)=43.	43	78:2	at
338—162=176—32=144. 468—144=324+1=325 +1 *h* col.=	326	78:1	this
338—30=308—145=163—5 *b* & *h* col.=158.	158	77:1	time,
			in
338—50 (74.2)=288—49 (76:1)=239—145=94. 577—94=483+1= 484+5 *b* & *h*=389.	389	77:1	great
338—50 (74:2)=288—50 (76:1)=238—145=93. 577—93=384+1=385+5 *b* & *h*=390.	390	77:1	infamy.

Here we have, brought out by the same root-number (338), a whole wardrobe: *cap — shirts — cloak — stockings — shoes — smock;* together with *out — at — heels — on — back — out — at — elbows;* and also *horson — knave — weare — nothing — almost — naked.* Why — if this is the work of chance — did not some of these words, descriptive of clothing, come out by the other root-numbers, or by this same root-number, when applied to other pages?

Smock occurs but once in this play and but six other times in all the Plays; *elbow* is found but once in this act and but twice in this play; *shirts* occurs but this once in this act; *slops* is found only this one time in this play, and *but one other time in all the Plays;* this is the only time *stockings* is found in the play, and it occurs but eight times besides in all the Plays; this is the only time *shoes* is found in this play; and this is the only time *cap* occurs in this act; and this is the only time *infamy* is found in this play. Can any one believe that all these rare words came together, in so small a compass, by chance; and that, by another chance, they were each of them made the 338th word from some one of a few clearly defined points of departure in counting?

Observe those words *almost naked.* Each is derived from 338; nay, each is derived from 338 *minus* 50=288. We commence with 288 at the end of scene 2 and go forward to the next column, and we have *almost;* we take 288 again, and commence at the end of the next scene and go forward again to the next column, and we have *naked!* This alone would be curious; but taken in connection with all the other words in this sentence, which cohere arithmetically and in sense and

meaning, with *almost naked — no shirts or stockings — doth wear nothing but a cap, and shoes out at the heels, and a smock out at the elbow, not over clean*, it amounts to a demonstration.

The word *slops* signified breeches. We have in the Plays: "A German, from the waist downward all *slops*."[1] We also find, in the text under consideration, Falstaff speaking of "the satin for my short cloak and *slops*." The word *smock* signified a rough blouse, such as is worn by peasants and laborers.[2] In the text the word *smock* is disguised in *smack*, which was pronounced *smock* in that age.

Some explanation of the figures used as modifiers in the Cipher-work are necessary. We are advancing, as Bacon would say, "into the bowels of the" play.

Page 77 is solid; — that is to say, there is no break in it by stage directions or new scenes. The first column of page 78 contains two fragments; one of 162 words, being the end of scene third; the other the first part of *Scæna Quarta*, containing 306 words, with 17 bracketed words and 3 hyphenated words besides. If we count from the end word of scene third upward, exclusive of that word, as we have done in other instances, we have 161 words; if we count from the beginning of scene fourth we have 162 words. In this fragment the words, "th'other," on the 14th line, are counted as one word — "t'other." From the end word of scene third downward there are 306 words; from the first word of scene fourth downward there are 305 words. The next column of page 78 is unbroken. When we reach the next column (79:1) we have a complicated state of things. The column is broken into four fragments. The first of 31 words, with 5 words in brackets, constitutes the end of scene fourth. Then we enter act second. The first break is caused by the stage direction, *Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe*, and ends with the 317th word from the top of the column; being the 286th word from the end of the last act, or 285 from the beginning of act second, or 284, excluding the first and last word. This gives us the modifier 286 or 285, or 284. And to the bottom of the column there are 199 or 200 words.

The next break in the text is caused by the stage direction, *Enter Ch. Justice*, ending with the 461st word, and containing 143 or 144 words, accordingly as we count from the beginning of that subdivision or the end of the preceding one; and the fourth fragment runs from the 461st word to the end of the column, and contains 57 or 58 words. The second column of page 79 is broken by the stage direction, *Enter M. Gower*. The first contains 533 words; the second contains 64 or 65 words; and there are 534 words from the first word of the second subdivision, inclusive, to the top of the column. This page gives us therefore these modifiers:

31—32; — 317—318; — 284 — 285—286; —199—200; —461—462; —143—144; — 57—58; — 533—534; —64—65.

And when we turn to the next column (78:1) the remainder of the scene, scene 1, act 2, gives us 338 words, with 12 *b* & 5 *h* words additional; and the fragment of scene second, act 2 (78:1), gives us 57 or 58 words, as we count from the beginning of scene second or the end of scene first. And the next column gives us two fragments, yielding 461–2 and 61–2.

And here I would call the attention of the reader to the curious manner in which the stage directions are packed into the corners of lines on page 79, as compared with column 1 of page 75, where the words, *Enter Morton*, are given about half an inch space; or on page 64, where one stage direction is assigned

[1] *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii, 2.

[2] See *Webster's Dictionary*, "*Smock*" and "*Smock-frock*."

three-quarters of an inch space; or page 62, where three stage directions have nearly an inch and a half space, while three others, on this page, 79, have not even a separate line given them. The crowding of matter on some pages, as compared with others, is also shown by contrasting the small space allowed for the title of *Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima*, on 79:1, with the heading, not of an act, but a scene, on the next column (80:1). In the one case the space from spoken word to spoken word is five-eighths of an inch, in the other it is an inch and one-sixteenth. And that this is not accidental is shown also in the abbreviations used on page 79: *Chief* is printed *Ch.; remembered* is printed *remẽbred; a hundred* is printed *a 100; &* is constantly used for *and; M.* is used repeatedly for *Master; Mistress* is printed *Mist.; thou* is repeatedly printed "$^{u}_{y}$;" *twenty shillings* is printed *20 s.* And observe how *Lombard street* and *silk man* (79:1, 29th line) are run together into one word each, where anywhere else we should at least have had a hyphen between their parts. And that these things were deliberately done is shown in the case of the word *remembered* (79:2, 16 lines from end); if it had been simply printed *remebred* we might suppose it was a typographical error, but the printer was particular to put the sign ˜ over the *e* to show that there had been an elision of part of the word. Now it took just as long to put in that mark as it would have taken to insert the *m* and the additional *e* between the *b* and *e*. (Did the ordinary fonts of type of that age use this elision sign? Or were these types made to order?)

A still more striking fact is, that while by uniform custom each speaker in the text of the Plays is allowed his line to himself, yet in two instances, on page 79, the words uttered by an interlocutor are crowded in as part of the line belonging to another speaker. Thus we have (79:1, 12th line from end) this line:

Falst. Keep them off, Bardolfe. *Fang.* A rescue, a rescue.

And again (79:2, 3d line):

I am a poor widow of Eastcheap and he is arrested at my suit. *Ch. Just.* For what summe?

Here we see that the printer has not even room to print in full the words *Chief Justice*, but condensed them into *Ch. Just.*

Now every printer will tell you that unless there had been some special and emphatic order to crowd the text in this extraordinary fashion, it would not have been done; but a dozen lines or more of page 79 would have been run over onto page 80, where, as we have seen, there is plenty of room for them. Compare 79:1 or 79:2 with 80:1. There are in 80:1 no abbreviations in spelling; no contractions, with the single exception of one *M.* for *Master;* there is no *&* for *and;* no using of figures for words, although we have "fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse;" no running of the speeches of two characters together in one line. And there are 631 words on 79:2 and only 403 words on 80:1! And yet each is a column, the one following the other. Why should one column contain 228 words more than the other, or one-third more words than the other? There is on page 79 matter enough to constitute two pages and a half, printed as column 1 of page 80 or as column 1 of page 62 is printed.

But the exigencies of the Cipher required that column 79:2 should contain 228 words more than column 80:1; and the carrying of a single word over from the one to the other would have destroyed the Cipher on both pages; and hence all this packing and crowding of matter, which one cannot fail to observe by simply glancing at the page, as given herewith in *fac-simile.*

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER AND HIS ADVICE.

The curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of a man, the heart of a monster. *Winter's Tale*, iv, 3.

505—167=338.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—30=308—50=258—49=209. 603—209=394+1=395		76:2	**The**
338—30=308—49=259. 498—259=239+1=240.	240	76:1	**Bishop**
338—30=308—50=258—49=209—148=63.	63	77:1	**said.**

Who was the Bishop? It was his Lordship Sir John Babington, Bishop of Worcester—"the right reverend father in God, Lord John, Bushop of Worcester"—of the diocese in which Stratford was situated,—for whose protection was executed that famous bond, dated November 28, 1582, to enable "William Shagspere, one thone partie, and Anne Hathwey of Stratford, in the dioces of Worcester, maiden," to marry with "once asking of the bannes of matrimony between them."[1] We know that the Bishop belonged to the Cecil faction, and when Essex was arrested for treason, and he thought he could do so safely, he took advantage of the opportunity to attack him. Hepworth Dixon says:

Babington, Bishop of Worcester, glances at him [Essex] cautiously in a court sermon; but when sent for by the angry Queen he denies that he pointed to the Earl.[2]

The Bishop belonged to the Cecil faction; he was Sir Robert's superserviceable friend, and the very man, of all others, to tell him all about Shakspere's youth; and we will see hereafter that "Anne Hathwey" had dragged the future play-actor before Sir John, as Bishop of the diocese; and that Sir John had compelled Shakspere to marry her. So the Bishop knew all about him. And herein we find an explanation of the bond just referred to; and the hurried marriage; and the baptism treading fast upon the heels of the bridal.

And it was the Bishop of Worcester who gave Cecil the description of Shakspere's appearance in his youthful days which we copied into the last chapter.

And there is a great deal in the Cipher story about the Bishop of Worcester. When Cecil became suspicious of the Plays, he gave Sir John the plays of *Richard II.* and *Measure for Measure* to examine, or, as Bacon was wont to say, to anatomize—(*The Anatomy of Wit*, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, etc.) The Bishop found

[1] Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines*, p. 569. [2] *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, p. 123.

the same strain of infidelity in *Measure for Measure* which, centuries afterwards, shocked the piety of Dr. Johnson; and he then told Cecil the story of Shakspere's life, and expressed his opinion that the ragged urchin who had been dragged before him, at eighteen years of age, and constrained, perforce, to accept the responsibilities of matrimony, never wrote the play of *Measure for Measure* or *Richard II.*

The Bishop of Worcester is also referred to in that part of the Cipher narrative which grows out of the root-number 523, modified by commencing to count at the end of the second subdivision of 74:2, the same subdivision which gives us all the 338 story; but instead of counting only to the beginning of the subdivision, (167), we go to the top of the column, which gives us 218 words as a modifier. We then have:

523—218=305.

And if we again modify this by deducting 193 (upper 75:2), we have left 112; or, if we deduct 254 (lower 75:2), we have 51 left; and if we deduct 50 at the end of scene second (76:1) we have 255 left. And this last number, 255, gives us the words *Bishop* and *Worcester.* Thus: if the reader will commence at the top of 76:1, and count down the column, counting in all the words, bracketed and hyphenated, he will find that the 255th word is the end word of the 240th compound word *Arch-bishop;* and if he will carry his 255th number down the next preceding column, but not counting in the bracketed and hyphenated words, he will find that the 255th word is the word *Worcester;* so that the 255th word, 76:1, is *Bishop,* and the 255th word, 75:2, is *Worcester.* And observe the exquisite cunning of the work. If the reader will look at the opening of this chapter he will see that that same last word of *Arch-bishop* was used in the 338 narrative. That is to say, 338 minus 30 (the modifier on 74:2) equals 308, and this, commencing at the beginning of scene third (76:1), and carried down the column, leaves 259; and 259, carried up the column, counting in the hyphenated words, brings us to the same word *bishop*—the last word of *arch-bishop.* And some time since we saw the *arch* of that word *arch-bishop* used to give us the first syllable of the name of the man Archer, who slew Marlowe!

But lest it should be thought that this coming together of *Bishop* and *Worcester,* by the same number, 255, was another accident, I pause here, and, leaving the story growing out of 338 alone for a while, I give a part of the narrative in which these words *Bishop* of *Worcester* occur. And here I would ask the reader to observe that you cannot dip into this text, at any point, with any of these primal root-numbers, 505, 513, 516 or 523, without unearthing a story which coheres perfectly with the narrative told by the other numbers. And this has been one cause of the delay in publishing my book. I have been tempted to go on and on, working out the marvelous tale; and I have heaps of fragments which I have not now time to put into shape for publication. I have been like Aladdin in the garden: I turn from one jewel-laden tree to another, scarce knowing which to plunder, while my publishers are calling down the mouth of the cave for me to hurry up.

Cecil says to the Queen:

523—218=305.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—50 (76:1)=255—145=110—3 *b* (145)=107.	107	77:1	**I**
305—50=255	255	77:1	**sent**
305—50=255.	255	76:1	**a**
305—50=255.	255	76:2	**short**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—146 (76:2)=159—1 *b* col.=158.	158	77:1	time
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223.	223	76:2	since,
305—146=159—4 *h* col.=155.	155	77:1	your
305—50=255—7 *b* col.=248.	248	77:1	Majesty,
305—50=255. 449—255=194+1=195+2 *h*=197.	197	76:1	for
305—193=112—50 (76:1)=62. 603—62=541+1=542.	542	76:2	my
305—193=112—49 (76:1)=63.	(63)	76:1	Lord
305—193=112. 457+112=569.	569	76:2	Sir
305—193=112—50=62+457=519.	519	76:2	John,
305—193=112—50=62.	62	76:2	the
305—50=255. 508—255=253+1=254.	254	75:2	noble
305—193=112—15 *b* & *h* (193)=97. 448—97=351+1=352		76:1	and
305—49 (76:1)=256—145=111. 577—111=466+1 =467+3 *b* (145)=470.	470	77:1	learned
305—50=255—14 *b* & *h* col.=241.	241	76:1	Bishop
305—193=112—50=62. 458—62=396+1=397.	397	76:2	of
305—50=255.	255	75:2	Worcester,
305—49=256—5 *h* col.=251.	251	76:1	a
305—145=160—3 *b* (145)=157.	157	77:1	good,
305—193=112. 449—112=337+1=338.	338	76:1	sincere
305—146=159. 449—159=290+1=291.	291	76:1	and
305—146=159. 498—159=339+1=340.	340	76:1	holy
305—50=255—49 (76:1)=206—32=174—5 *b* (32)= 169—2 *b* col.=167.	167	77:2	man;
305—254=51. 508—51=457+1=458.	458	75:2	and
305—193 112. 457—112=345+1=346.	346	76:2	had
305—193=112—15 *b* & *h* (193)=97.	97	75:2	a
305—50=255—11 *b* & *h* col.=244.	244	77:1	talk
305—50=255—10 *b* col.=245.	245	76:1	with
305—254=51. 448—51=397+1=398.	398	76:1	him;
305—50=255—162 (78:1)=93.	93	77:2	and
305—32 (79:1)=273. 468—273=195+1=196.	196	78:1	I
305—50=255. 610—255=355+1=356+9 *b* col.=	365	77:2	gave
305—49=256. 610—256=354+1=355.	355	77:2	him
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223+162=385—9 *b*=276.	276	78:1	the
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223.	223	77:2	scroll.

Cecil had sent a short-hand writer to the play-house, who had taken down the play of *Richard II.*

The reader will observe that 305, in this example, moves either from the lower subdivision of 76:1, or the upper or lower subdivision of 75:1; 255 yields *I — sent — a — short — since — for — noble — Bishop — Worcester — talk — with — and — gave — scroll;* while 112 (305—193=112) yields *my — Lord — Sir — John — the — of — had — a.* Let the reader look at the words *Sir John;* they both count from the end word of the first subdivision of 76:2, counting downward, and each is the 112th word, but while *Sir* is 112 words from 457, *John* is modified by deducting 50; that is, instead of commencing to count with 112, from 457, we begin at the beginning of scene third, count in the 50 words therein, and then carry the remainder to 457, and thence down as before. And *my Lord* is much the same; *my* is again 112 less 50 (from the end of scene second downward), carried up 76:2; and *Lord* is 112 less 49,

from the beginning of scene third, carried down 76:1. Surely all this cannot be accident.

And the Bishop advised Cecil that Shakspere should be taken and put to the torture and compelled to tell who wrote the Plays. And here I would call the attention of the reader to one or two other points which prove the existence of the Cipher, and show the marvelous nature of the text.

We have seen that 523 *minus* 218 equals 305, and that 305 less 193 (upper subdivision 75:1) makes 112. Now if we go down 75:2 the 112th word is *force*, while up the same column the 112th word is *limbs* (put his *limbs* to the question and *force* him to tell), while in the next column the 112th word down the column is *capable*. And if we apply this 112 to the next column, we find it giving us the word *sincere* (sincere and holy), counting upward from the top of scene third; while upward from the end of scene second it yields *supposed* (the Plays it is *supposed* Shakspere was not *capable* of writing); and down the same column the 112th word is that very word, *capable;* while carried forward to the next column it yields *Sir John*, and from the same column, 76:1, and the next, 76:2, it gives us *my Lord*. And observe how cunningly *supposed* and *sincere* are brought together, the one being the 112th word from the end of scene 2, the other the 112th word from the beginning of scene 3; and note, too, the forced construction of the sentence:

> Turns insurrection to religion,
> Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts.

Of course there is a clue of meaning running through this, but every word is a Cipher word, and the words are packed together very closely; *turns* is "turns the water out of the fish-pond," given in Chapter VI., page 697, *ante; insurrection* is used three times in the Cipher story; *religion* was used in telling the purpose of the Plays, as given in Chapter VII., page 705, *ante;* and we will find it used again and again; and here in this chapter we have *supposed*, *sincere* and *holy* employed in the Cipher narrative.

And Cecil expressed to the Bishop his opinion that Shakspere did not write the Plays. He said:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—50=255—145=110—3 *b* (145)=107.	107	77:1	I
305—50=255. 448—255=193+1=194+2 *h* col.=	196	76:1	ventured
305—50=255—161=94. 498—94=404+1=405.	405	76:1	to
305—50=255—145=110—3 *b* (145)=107—3 *b* & *h* col.=	104	77:1	tell
305—50=255—32 (79.1)=223.	223	74:2	him
305—50=255—146=109. 577—109=468+1=469.	469	77:1	my
305—50=255—50=205—146=59. 447—59=388+1=	389	75:1	suspicion
305—50=255—50=205—146—59. 447—59=388+1=389+3 *b*=	392	75:1	that
305—50=255—32=223.	223	79:1	Master
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223—145=78—50 (76:1)=	28	75:2	Shak'st
305—50=255—50 (76:1)=205—145=60.	60	75:1	spur
305—50=255—50=205. 508—205=303+1=304.	304	75:2	is
305—50=255—31=224—145=79—50 (76:1)=29.	29	76:2	not
305—50=255—32=223. 248—223=25+1=26+22 *b* col.=	48	74:2	himself
305—193=112.	112	76:1	capable
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223.	223	78:1	enough,

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223—5 *b* (32)=218—50 (76:1)=168.	168	75:2	and
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223—146=77—30=47. 447—47=400+1=401.	401	75:1	hath
305—50=255—32 (79:1=223—5 *b* (32)=218—50=	168	76:2	not
305—50=255—32=223—146=77—30=47. 447—47=400+1=401+3 *b*=404.	404	75:1	knowledge
305—50=255—32=223—5 *b* (32)=218—49 (76:1)=169. 508—169=339+1=340+2 *h* col.=342.	342	75:2	enough,
305—50=255—31=224. 498—224=274+1=275.	275	76:1	to
305—50=255—31=224—5 *b* (31)=219—50 (76:1)=169. 508—169=339+1=340.	340	75:2	have
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223—3 *h* col.=220.	220	76:2	writ
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223. 317 (79:1)—223=94+1=95		79:1	the
305—50=255—49 (76:1)=206—161 (78:1)=45.	45	78:2	much
305—50=255—49=206—161=45—32 (79:1)=13. 462—13=449+1=450.	450	78:2	admired
305—50=255—31=224—145=79—50 (76:1)=29+457=486.	486	76:2	plays
305—50=255—31=224—146=78.	78	76:1	that
305—50=255. 449—255=194+1=195.	195	76:1	we
305—50=255—50=205—32=173—5 *b* (32)=168.	168	76:1	all
305—50=255—49=206—161=45—32=13.	13	78:2	rate
305—50=255—146=109—3 *b* (146)=106.	106	77:1	so
305—161 (78:1)=144. 457—144=313+1=314+5 *b* col=319		79:2	high,
305—50=255—146=109. 498—109=388+1=390.	390	76:1	and
305—49 (76:1)=256—145=111.	111	77:1	which
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223—50=173—3 *h* col.=	170	76:1	are
305—193=112. 448—112=336+1=337.	337	76:1	supposed
305—50=255—31=224—5 *b* (31)=219—50=169—49 (76:1)=120.	120	75:2	to
305—50=255—162=93—50 (76:1)=43.	43	75:2	be
305—193=112. 284—112=172+1=173.	173	74:1	his;
305—50=255—50=205—146=59. 448—59=389+1=390		76:1	and
305—50=255—31=224—5 *b* (31)=219—50=169—50=119—2 *b* col.=117.	117	75:2	which
305—50=255—32=223—146=77. 610—77=533+1=534+2 *h* col.=536.	536	77:2	ever
305—50=255—31 (79:1)=224.	224	76:2	since
305—50=255—50=205.	205	75:2	the
305—50=255—50=205—145=60—3 *b* (145)=57. 284—57=227+1=228.	228	74:1	death
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223—146=77—30 (74:2)=47—9 *b* & *h* col. 38.	38	75:1	of
305—50=255—50=205—146=59. 449—59=390+1=391		76:1	More
305—50=255—50=205—146=59. 284—59=225+1=226		74:1	low
305—50=255—50=205—146=59. 193—59=134+1=135		75:2	have
305—145=160. 508—160=348+1=349+5 *b* & *h*=	(354)	75:2	been
305—50=255—31=224—5 *b* (31)=219.	219	76:1	put
305—50=255—31=224—4 *h* col.=220.	220	76:1	forth

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—50=255—31=224—145=79.	79	76:1	in
305—50=255—32=223—146=77.	77	77:2	his
305—50=255—31=224—5 *b* (31)=219—50=169—145=	24	77:1	name.
305—50=255—162=93.	93	77:2	And
305—50=255—20 *b* col.=235.	235	75:2	that
305—50=255—32=223—146=77—3 *b* col.=74.	74	76:1	it
305—50=255—32=223—146=77—50 (76:1)=27. 603—27=576+1=577.	577	76:2	is
305—50=255—50=205—146=59. 284—59=225+1 =226+6 *h* col.=232.	232	74:1	rumoured
305—50=255—50=205—146=59.	59	75:2	that
305—50=255—50=205—146=59.	59	74:2	every
305—50=255—50=205—145=60.	60	76:2	one
305—50=255—50=205—146=59.	59	74:1	of
305—50=255—50=205—146=59—6 *b* & *h* col.=53.	53	74:1	them
305—50=255—32=223—146=77—2 *h* col.=75.	75	76:1	was
305—50=255—31 (79:1)=224—145=79.	79	74:1	prepared
305—50=255—31=224—145=79. 284—79=205+1=206		74:1	under
305—50=255—32=223—5 *b* (32)=218—50=168. 458—168=290+1=291.	291	76:2	his
305—50=255—50=205—146=59—3 *b* (146)=56. 248—56=192+1=193+2 *b* & *h*=195.	195	74:2	name
305—50=255—31=224—145=79—30 (74:2)=49. 447—49=398+1=399+3=402.	402	75:1	by
305—193=112—15 *b* & *h*=97—10 *b* col.=87.	87	74:1	some
305—50=255—50=205—145=60. 248—60=188+1=189		75:1	gentleman.
305—50=255—49 (76:1)=206. 603—206=397+1=	398	76:2	His
305—146=159—3 *b* (146)=156.	156	77:1	Lordship
305—49 (76:1)=256—145=111. 577—111=466+1=	467	77:1	advised
305—50=255—145=110.	110	77:1	that
305—50=255—50=205.	205	75:2	the
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223—50 (76:1)=173.	173	75:2	best
305—50=255—49 (76:1)=206.	206	75:2	thing
305—50=255. 449—255=194+1=195.	195	76:1	we
305—162=143—2 *h* col.=141.	141	76:1	could
305—50=255—31=224—5 *b* (31)=219—4 *h* col.=	215	77:2	do
305—50=255—162=93. 577—93=484+1=485.	485	77:1	is
305—50=255—49=206—162—44. 610—44=566+1 567+2 *h* col.=569.	569	77:2	to
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223—146=77—5 *b* & *h* col.=	72	76:1	make
305—50=255—50=205—32=173. 603—173=430+1=431		76:2	him
305—49=256—30=226—50 (76:1)=176—1 *h* col.=	175	76:2	a
305—193=112. 248—112=136+1=137+12 *b* & *h* col.=	149	74:1	prisoner,
305—50=255—32=223. 610—223=387+1=388.	388	77:2	and,
305—49=256—145=111. 457—111=346+1=347.	347	76:2	as
305—50=255. 508—255=253+1=254—3 *h* col.=	257	75:2	soon
305—50=255—32=(79:1)=223—7 *b* & *h* col.=216.	216	76:2	as
305—50=255—162=93—3 *b* col.=90.	90	76:1	he
305—50=255—32=223. 518—223=295+1=296.	296	79:1	is
305—162=143.	(143)	73:1	apprehended,

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—193=112—49 (76:1)=63. 508—63=445+1=	446	75:2	bind
305—50=255—32=223—146=77— 50 (76:1)=27. 457—27=430+1=431.	431	76:2	him
305—50=255—50=205—145=60. 508—60=448+1=	449	75:2	with
305—50=255—50=205—145=60. 508—60=448 +1=449+1 *h*=450.	450	75:2	iron,
305—50=255—146=109. 498—109=389+1=390.	390	76:1	and
305—146=159—3 *b* (146)=156.	156	76:1	bring
305—50=255—50=205—31 (79:1)=174. 457—174= 283+1=284.	284	76:2	him
305—193=112—15 *b* & *h*=97—49=48.	48	76:2	before
305—50=255—31=224. 610—224=386+1=387+ 2 *h*=389.	389	77:2	the
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223—146=77. 498—77= 421+1=422.	422	76:1	Council;
305—193=112. 248—112=136+1=137.	137	74:2	and
305—50=255—31 (79:1)=224. 610—224=386+1=	387	77:2	it
305—193=112. 248—112=136+1=137+11 *b* col.=	148	74:2	is
305—50=255—31 (79:1)=224. 448—224=224+1=	225	76:1	more
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223. 448—223=225+1=	226	76:1	than
305—50=255—50=205.	205	76:1	likely
305—50=255—32=223—5 *b* (32)=218. 448—218= 230+1=231+5 *b* & *h*=236.	236	76:1	the
305—146=159. 457—159=298+1=299.	299	76:2	knave
305—50=255—32=223—162=61.	61	77:2	would
305—50=255—162=93. 498—93=405+1=406.	406	76:1	speak
305—50=255—50=205—31=174—5 *b* & *h*=169. 610—169=441+1=442+9 *b* col.=451.	451	77:2	the
305—49=256—162=94. 577—94=483+1=484.	484	77:1	truth,
305—50=255—32=223. 610—223=387+1=388.	388	77:2	and
305—50=255—145=110—3 *b* (145)=107—3 *b* & *h* col.=	104	77:1	tell
305—50=255—31 (79:1)=224. 284—224=60+1=61 +7 *h* col.=68.	68	74:1	who
305—50=255—31 (79:1)=224—4 *b* col.=220.	220	76:2	writ
305—50=255. 32+255=287.	287	79:1	it.
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223. 457—223=234 +1=235.	235	76:2	But
305—50=255—146=109—3 *b* (146)=106. 577—106 =471+1=472.	472	77:1	in
305—50=255—50=205—146=59—2 *h* col.=57.	57	76:1	the
305—50=255—49 (76:1)=206—145=61—3 *b* (145)=	58	76:1	event
305—50=255—32=223. 498—223=275+1=276+ 2 *b* col.=278.	278	76:1	that
305—50=255—32 (79:1)=223—5 *b* (32)=218.	218	76:2	he
305—50=255—50 (76:1)=205—145=60—3 *b* (145)= 57—1 *h* col.=56.	56	77:1	lied
305—50=255—31 (79:1)=224—5 *b* (31)=219. 457— 219=238+1=239+11 *b* & *h*=250.	250	76:2	about
305—193=112—1 *h* col.=111	111	75:1	the
305—193=112—10 *b* col.=102.	102	74:1	matter
305—50=255—31 (79:1)=224—5 *b* (31)=219.	219	77:2	your

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—50=255—31 (79:1)=224. 457—224=233+1=	234	76:2	Grace
305—49 (76:1)=256—145=111.	111	75:2	should
305—193=112—15 *b* & *h*=97—49 (76:1)=48. 457—48=409+1=410.	410	76:2	have
305—193=112—3 *b* col.=109.	109	76:1	his
305—193=112. 508—112=396+1=397.	397	75:2	limbs
305—193=112. 457—112=345+1=346+5 *b* col.=	351	76:2	put
305—50=255—50=205—31 (79·1)=174. 448—174=274+1=275.	275	76:1	to
305—50=255—32=224—5 *b* (32)=219. 449—219=230+1=231+5 *b* & *h*=236.	236	76:1	the
305—49 (76:1)=256—145=111. 603—111=492+1=	493	76:2	question
305—50=255—49 (76:1)=206—145=61.	61	76:1	and
305—193=112.	112	75:2	force
305—254=51. 448—51=397+1=398.	398	76:1	him
305—254=51—2 *h* col.=49.	49	76:1	to
305—50=255—31 (79:1)=224—13 *b* & *h* col.=211.	211	77:2	confess
305—50=255—50=205—162=43—1 *h* col.=42.	42	77:2	the
305—50=255—32=223—5 *b* (32)=218. 449—218=231+1=232+5 *b* & *h*=237.	237	76:1	truth.

Here, it will be observed, we have two more instances where *Shakst-spur* and *More-low* come into the Cipher narrative by countings different from those already given. And if all this be accident, then surely we have a wonderful array of words growing out of 305. Take that last sentence: *Your Grace should have his limbs put to the question and force him to confess the truth;* here every word is the 305th word, and they are all found in four columns, 75:2, 76:1, 76:2 and 77:2. *Confess* only occurs two other times in this play; *limbs* occurs but two other times in this play, and *force* but three other times in this play. I think an examination will show that wherever *limbs*, *force* and *confess* are found in the Plays the word *question* is near at hand.

"*Master* Shakspere" was used in that day where we would say "*Mister* Shakspere." And observe that every word of *Master Shakst-spur* is the 255th word [523—218 (74:2)—305—50 (76:1)=255]. *Master* and *Shakst* are each 255 *minus* 32, the fragment at the top of 79:1, and *Shakst* and *spur* are both taken through the second section of 76:2 and then carried backward.

As a curious illustration of the adjustment of the length of columns to the necessities of the Cipher I would call attention to the first column of page 74, the first of the play. If the reader will turn back to pages 724 and 725 he will find that the same words, *prepared* (79—74:1) and *under* (206—74:1), which are used in the foregoing narrative, were there used as growing out of a different Cipher number, to-wit, 516; thus: 516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—248=79. Now if we go *down* the column (74:1) the 79th word is *prepared;* and if we go *up* the column the 79th word is *under* ("prepared under the name of," etc.) But we have just seen that 305 *minus* 50 leaves 255, and this *minus* 49 (76:1) leaves 206; now if we carry 206 *down* that same column (74:1), it gives us again the same word *under;* and if we carry it *up* the column it gives us again that same word *prepared.* So that the reader can perceive that the number of words in the column *between 79 and 206* was fixed, and therefore the length of the whole column, by the necessity of making *prepared* the 79th word from the top and the 206th word from the bottom, and *under* the 79th word from the bottom and the 206th word from the top! Was anything more ingenious than this ever seen in the world?

CHAPTER XV.

SHAKSPERE'S ARISTOCRATIC PRETENSIONS.

Autolycus. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.
Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.
Winter's Tale, v. 3.

EVERY *Cipher word in this chapter grows out of the root-number 523—218=305; and all but the first four commence from the end of scene 4, act i, or the beginning of act ii, scene 1.*

I have given but part of the story in the foregoing chapter. The Bishop goes on to tell Cecil his reasons for thinking that Shakspere, if arrested, will tell who wrote the Plays. He says that Shakspere is no longer in poverty:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—50=255—31 (79:1)=224.	224	78:2	**Poverty**

And that neither he nor his men will risk the loss of their heads or their goods to shield the real writer of the Plays:

305—50=255—50=205—31 (79:1)=174.	174	76:1	**loss**
305—50=255—31=224—31 *b* & *h*=193.	193	78:2	**heads**
305—50=255—32=223	223	76:1	**goods**

And the Bishop tells Cecil that, though Shakspere—

305—31=274—30 (74:2)=244—199 (79:1)=45. 468 —45=423+1=424.	424	78:1	**lives**
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b* (31)=219—4 *h* col.=	215	78:2	**in**
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b* (32)=219. 219—146= 73—3 *b* (146)=70. 577—70=507+1=508+2 *h*=	510	77:1	**great**
305—31=274—50=224.	224	78:2	**poverty**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (32)=239.	239	78:2	**in**
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b* (32)=219.	219	78:2	**his**
305—31=274—50=224. 610—224=386+1=387+ 3 *h* col.=390.	390	79:2	**young**
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b* (32)=218—50=168—146 =22—3 *b* (146)=19. 577—19=558+1=559+1 *h*=560	560	77:1	**days,**

he is now wealthy, and that his coffers are full. In that age there were no banks, and a man's money was contained in his coffers. We are told that when the father of Pope retired from business, as a merchant in London, he carried home

with him $100,000 in a chest, and when he needed money he went to his chest and took it out. There was no drawing of checks in that day.

And here I would ask the reader to note the evidences of the Cipher connected with that word *coffers*. The root-number we are working with is 305 [523—218 (74:2)=305]; now, there is at the top of column 1 of page 79 a fragment of scene 4, act i, containing 31 words; this deducted from 305 leaves 274, and if we count down the next column forward (78:2), that is, if we return into the scene which gave us the 31 words, the 274th word in the column, and the 305th from the end of the scene, is the word *his* ("should lead *his* forces hither"). But if we deduct 50—the common modifier of 74:2—from 274, we have 224, and the 224th word is *poverty*, just given in the preceding sentence; but if we count in the four hyphens in the column, the 224th word is then the 220th word, *coffers;* and if we deduct 30—the other common modifier of 74:2—from 224, and count down the same column, we have 194. And if we again count in the four hyphenated words, this makes the 194th word the 190th word, *are;* and if we take 274 again and deduct 30 from that we have 244; and if we again go down the same column and again count in the same four hyphenated words, the 244th word becomes the 240th word, *full.* Here then we have, in regular order, *his coffers are full;* thus:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274.	274	78:2	**His**
305—31=274—50 (74:2)=224—4 *h* col.=220.	220	78:2	**coffers**
305—31=274—50 (74:2)=224—30=194—4 *h* col.=	190	78:2	**are**
305—31=274—30=244—4 *h* col.=240.	240	78:2	**full.**

Here every word is the 274th, and is found in the same column, and the last three are produced by counting in the same four hyphenated words.

And the Bishop goes on, by the same root-number, 274, to tell how Shakspere got so much money. And here are some striking evidences of the Cipher. We have the sentence "*divided in three divisions,*" referring to the distribution of the money made out of the Plays;—one part to the theater, one to the actors and one to the ostensible author, Shakspere, who, in turn, divided with the real author, Bacon. Now, the word *divisions* is very rare in the Plays; it occurs but twice in this play, and *not once besides in all the other nine Histories!* Yet here we find it co-related arithmetically with *divided* and *three;* and this is the only time *divided* occurs in this play! And it is found but seven other times in all the *Histories.*

We saw that 305—31 (79:1)=274—30 (74:2)=244, and that 244, *minus* the hyphenated words, was *full.* But if we deduct from 244 the 27 bracketed words in the same column (78:2) we have left 217, and the 217th word in the same column is *divided.* Now we saw that 305—31=274 carried *down* the column produced *his* ("his coffers"); but if we carry it *up* the same column it gives us as the 189th word that rare word *divisions,* the only word of the kind, with one exception, in all the ten Historical Plays; and as we saw that counting in the hyphens produced the words *coffers are full,* so, if we count in the hyphens in that last example, we have as the 274th word up the column, not *divisions,* but *three;* "divided three divisions;" and if we deduct the common modifier, 198 (74:2), from 274, and go up the next preceding column with the remainder, 76, we have the 393d word, *into;*—"divided into three divisions." But to make the division of the profits a fair one the shares ought to have been *equal;* and here we have it: 305—31=274; and if we deduct from 274, 79, the common modifier of 73:1, we have left 195; and if we count in the 31 bracketed and hyphenated words we have the 164th word, *equal.* But if from 274 we deduct the common modifier of 74:2, 50, we have 224 left, and if

we deduct from 224 the same 79 (73:1) we have 145, and the 145th word down the column is *and*, but carried into the bracket sentence it is *fair*. And put together we have this sentence:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—30 (74:2)=244—197 (74:2)=47. 462—47=415+1=416.	416	78:2	They
305—31=274—30 (74:2)=244—27 *b* col.=217.	217	78:2	divided
305—31=274. 462—274=188+1=189+8 *b* & *h*=	197	78:2	the
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269. 610—269=341+1=342+9 *b* col.=351.	351	77:2	money
305—31=274—198 (74:2)=76. 468—76=392+1=393.	393	78:2	into
305—31=274. 462—274=188+1=189+3 *h* col.=	192	78:2	three
305—31=274—50=224—79=145.	[145]	78:2	fair
305—31=274—50=224—79=145.	145	78:2	and
305—31=274—79 (73:2)=195—31 *b* & *h* col.=164.	164	78:2	equal
305—31=274. 462—274=188+1=189.	189	78:2	divisions,
305—31=274—50=224—50=174.	174	78:2	and
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b* (31)=219.	219	78:2	his
305—31=274—50=224—79=145. 462—145=317+1=318		78:2	own
305—31=274—3 *h* col.=371.	371	77:2	part
305—31=274—50=224—30=194. 462—194=268+1=269		78:2	is
305—31=274—50=224—79 (73:2)=145—22 *b* col.=	123	78:2	five
305—31=274—50=224+31=255—3 *b* col.=252.	252	79:1	hundred
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269. 610—269=341+1=342+3 *h* col.=345.	345	77:2	marks.
305—31=274—50=224—30 (74:2)=194—79 (73:1)=115. 462—115=347+1=348+6 *b* & *h* col.=	354	78:2	He
305—31=274—50=224—79=145. 462—145=317+1=318+5=323.	323	78:2	hath
305—31=274—50=224—50 (76:1)=174. 603—174=429+1=430.	430	76:2	bought
305—31=274—218=56.	(56)	78:2	a
305—31=274—30 (74:2)=244—219 (74:2)=25. 462—25=437+1=438.	438	78:2	goodly
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269—197 (74:2)=72.	72	78:2	estate
305—31=274—198=76. 76—57=19. 523—19=504+1=505.	505	80:2	called
305—50=255—32=223—30=193—161=32+*h*=32	32	78:1	New
305—32=273—30=243—198 (74:2)=45—22 *b* (198)=23. 518—23=495+1=496.	496	79:1	Place,
305—31=274. 598—274=324+1=325.	325	79:2	and
305—286 (31 to 317, 79:1)=19. 462—19=443+1=	444	78:2	he
305—31=274—50=224—50 (76:1)=174.	174	76:2	is
305—31=274—50=224—79=145. 32+145=177.	177	79:1	going
305—31=274—218=56—2 *h*=54.	(54)	78:2	to
305—31=274—219=55.	(55)	78:2	pluck
305—31=274. 598—274=324+1=325+1 *h* col.=	326	79:2	down
305—31=274—218=56—2 *h*=54.	54	78:2	the
305—32=273—30=243—13 *h* & *b*=230.	230	77:2	old
305—31=274—162=112—2 *h* col.=110.	110	78:2	house,

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—286 (31 to 317, 79:1)=19.	19	78:2	which
305—31=274—50=224—50=174.	174	76:2	is
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269. 533—269=264+1=265+*b*=271.	(271)	79:2	gone
305—31=274—50=224—50 (76:1)=174—4 *b* col.=	170	76:2	to
305—31=274—218 (74:2)=56—2 *h* col.=54.	54	76:1	decay,
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269. 462—269=193+1=194+5 *b* col.=199.	199	78:2	and
305—31=274—30 (74:2)=244—5 *b* (31)=239—197 (74:2)=42.	42	78:2	build
305—31=274—50=224+31=255.	255	79:1	a
305—31=274—50=224+162=386—2 *h* col.=384.	384	78:1	great
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269. 462—269=193+1=	194	78:2	one
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269+163=432—3 *b* col.=	429	78:1	in
305—31=274—50=224—50=174—4 *h* col.=170.	170	78:2	the
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269+163=432.	432	78:1	spring,
305—31=274—146 (76:2)=128—3 *b* (146)=125. 508—125=383+1=384.	384	75:2	fit
305—31=274—50=224. 498—224=274+1=275+2 *b* col.=277.	277	76:1	for
305—31=274—198=76.	76	78:2	a
305—31=274—50=224—30=194—145=49. 577—49=528+1=529+2 *h* col.=531.	531	77:1	prince.
305—31=274+162=436—20 *b* & *h* col.=416.	416	78:1	Indeed,
305—31=274—50=224—162=62—2 *h* col.=60.	60	78:2	the
305—31=274—30 (74:2)=244—162=82—14 *b* & *h*=	68	78:2	surveyors
305—31=274—50=224—50 (76:1)=174. 498—174=324+1=325.	325	76:1	are
305—31=274—197 (74:2)=77—65 (79:2)=12—2 *b* (65)=10. 338—10=328+1=329.	329	80:1	now
305—31=274—50=224—50 (76:1)=174—3 *b* col.=	171	76:1	engaged
305—31=274—50=224—50=174—145=29 449—29=420+1=421.	421	76:1	and
305—31=274—197 (74:2)=77.	77	79:1	the
305—31=274—197 (74:2)=77—11 *b*=66.	66	78:2	foundation
305—31=274—197 (74:2)=77—65 (79:1)=12—2 *b* (64)=	10	80:1	walls
305—31=274—198 (74:2)=76—64 (79:1)=12. 338—12=326+1=327.	327	80:1	part
305—31=274—30=244—5=239—31 *b* & *h* col.=	208	78:2	up.

Architects were in that age called *surveyors;* this is shown in the text where the word is used.

Foundation occurs only eight times in all the Plays, only three times in the Historical Plays, and only this one time in this play. *Walls* occurs but this time in this play! And here we have these two rare words coming together, one on page 78:2, and the other on page 80, that is to say, in two contiguous scenes, and linked together by the same root-number and the same modification of the same root-number, to-wit: 305—31=274—197 (74:2)=77; and in each case the bracket words are counted in to place the terminal number. And the same remnant, 12, which gives us, carried down 80:1 (*minus* the brackets in 65), *walls*, gives us, carried up from the end of the scene, *part* ("walls part up"); and, modified by deducting the brackets, it

gives us the word *now;* while the 12th word in the same column is *pretty*, which alludes to Shakspere's daughter Susanna:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—162=112.	112	78:2	**His**
305—31=274—50=224—145=79—65 (79:2)=14—2 *b* (65)=12.	12	80:1	**pretty**
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b* (32)=219. 420—219 =201+1=202.	202	81:2	**daughter,**
305—31=274—197 (74:2)=77+162=239.	239	78:1	**to**
305—31=274—197=77.	77	78:1	**whom**
305—31=274—162=112+185=297.	297	81:1	**he**
305—31=274—30=244—6 *b* & *h* col.=238.	238	81:2	**is**
305—31=274—30=244—197=47—2 *b* col.=45.	45	78:2	**much**
305—31=274—3 *h* col.=271.	271	81:2	**endeered.**

And the Bishop, who had an eye for the beautiful, proceeds to describe Susanna more particularly, and tells that she has —

305—31=274. 420—274=146+1=147.	147	81:2	**a**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—3 *h* col.=	(236)	81:2	**sweet**
305—31=274—50=224. 420—224=196+1=197+ 9 *b* col.=206.	206	81:2	**visage,**

And has been well taught:

305—31=274—50=224—50 (76:1)=174—146=28. 577—28=549+1=550.	550	77:1	**well**
305—31=274—30=244—197=47. 339—47=292+ 1=293+2 *b*=295.	295	80:1	**taught.**

Which the Bishop regards as foolish in a man in Shakspere's station in life:

305—31=274—30=244—197=47. 339—47=292+1=293		80:1	**foolish.**

And the Bishop proceeds to tell that Shakspere not only sought to "bear arms" as a gentleman, but that he was trying to have his father, John Shakspere, knighted! This statement will appear astounding, but I have already shown (p. 51, *ante, et seq.*) that he tried to obtain a coat-of-arms for his father by false representations; and he might have hoped that, through the influence of his friends in London and about the court, he could accomplish the other and greater object; or it may have been but a rumor obtaining among the aristocracy of the neighborhood, who were indignant at the rich plebeian setting up for a gentleman. It was in October, 1596, that the application was made to the College of Arms for a grant of coat-armor to John Shakspere. Halliwell-Phillipps says:

It may be safely inferred from the unprosperous circumstances of the grantee that this attempt to confer gentility on the family was made at the poet's expense. This is the first evidence we have of his rising pecuniary fortunes, and of his determination to advance in social position.[1]

And Grant White, it seems, shrewdly and correctly guessed [2] that there must have been some protest against the granting of the coat-of-arms and that this caused the delay from 1596, when the first application was made, to 1599, when it was renewed with sundry alterations. And here we are told that Sir Thomas

[1] *Outlines*, p. 87.

[2] See page 53, *ante.*

Lucy was the one who blighted the actor's hopes. The Bishop tells Cecil, speaking of Shakspere and his daughter Susanna, that —

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—50=224—197 (74:2)=27.	27	79:2	It
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269.	269	78:2	is
305—31=274—50=224—197=27. 533—27=506+1=507		80:1	the
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239. 339—239=100+1=101.	101	80:1	earnest
305—31=274—198 (74:2)=76—64 (79:2)=12. 396—12=384+1=385.	385	80:1	desire
305—31=274—145 (76:2)=129—3 *b*=126. 162—126=36+1=37.	37	78:1	of
305—31=274—50=224—198=26. 462—26=436+1=	437	78:2	his
305—31=274—145 (76:2)=129—3 *b* (145)=126. 462—126=336+1=337.	337	78:2	heart
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239+162=401.	401	78:1	to
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239. 338—239=99+1=100+7 *b* col.=107.	107	80:1	make
305—31=274—50=224—30=194. 534—194=340+1=341+8 *b* & *h* col.=349.	349	79:2	her
305—31=274—50=224—197=27. 186—27=159+1=160.	160	81:2	a
305—32=273—50=223—16 *b* & *h* col.=207.	207	79:2	lady
305—31=27*a*—50=224—198=26.	26	78:1	and
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269—218=51+162=213.	213	78:1	advance
305—31=274—50=224—30=194+162=356.	356	78:1	himself
305—31=274—30=244—58 (80:1)=186.	186	80:1	among
305—31=274—197=77.	77	79:2	the
305—31=274—198 (74:2)=76+162=238.	238	78:1	file
305—31=274—218 (74:2)=56.	56	78:2	of
305—31=274—30=244—197=47. 598—47=551+1=552.	552	79:2	the
305—31=274—218 (74:2)=56. 468—56=412+1=	413	78:1	quality.

The word *file* was used in that age where we would say *list* or *catalogue* or *membership*. Thus in *Macbeth* we have:

I have a *file* of all the gentry.[1]

The word *quality* was the old expression for *aristocracy*. In *Henry V.*, iv, 8, we have the phrase, "gentlemen of blood and quality;" and in *Lear*, v, 3, we have: "Any man of quality or degree."

And here I would note that Halliwell-Phillipps[2] shows that *New Place* had been so named before Shakspere bought it; and that forty-eight years before his purchase, to-wit, in 1549, it was "in great ruyne and decay and unrepayryd;" after that it was owned by different parties before coming into Shakspere's hands.

And here, it seems to me, we have an instance of Bacon's profound prevision. I have noted elsewhere how passages were injected into the quartos to break up the count, so that, should any one attempt to get on the track of the Cipher, he would be thrown off the scent; for a few words added upon one page might destroy

[1] *Macbeth*, v, 2.

[2] *Outlines*, p. 395.

the Cipher for half-a-dozen pages. And I have also noted that sometimes these additions contained very significant words, the better to attract and mislead the investigator. And in this instance we find that, in act ii, scene 2, in Prince Henry's speech, commencing "Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got," such an additional paragraph was thrown into the text, and that it contained the word *ruins:*— "bawl out the ruins of thy linen." *Linen* is preserved in the Folio, but the rest of the sentence is omitted. Now if any one had imagined, in 1598, that he perceived in all this: *bought — estate — pluck — down — old — house — foundation — walls — build — surveyors — new — place — decay*, etc., a Cipher reference to Shakspere's home at Stratford, he would naturally fasten on that word, *ruins*, as a part of the story, and would spend his acumen on it; and thus "the non-significants," as Bacon calls them, would have diverted his attention from the significants.

And I would here say that a *mark* or *marc* was equal to 13s. 4d., which would be about £380, or $1,900; but as money had then, we are told, twelve times its present purchasing power, this would be equal to £4,560, or $22,800 to-day. This did not represent probably any particular division of the profits, but the amount with which Shakspere returned to Stratford about 1595 or 1596. We find by the records that he paid £60 for New Place; in 1598 he loaned £30 to Richard Quiney; in 1602 he bought 107 acres of land near Stratford from the Combes for £320; and in 1605 he purchased a moiety of a lease of the tithes of Stratford, Welcombe, etc., for £440. So that of the £380 which he had in 1597–8, according to the Bishop, we can account for £90, expended near that time, besides the amount which he expended in repairing and reconstructing New Place. And here I would note that Halliwell-Phillipps[1] quotes Theobald, who was told, by Sir Hugh Clopton, that when Shakspere purchased New Place he "repaired and modell'd it to his own mind;" and Halliwell-Phillipps thinks that "the poet made very extensive alterations, perhaps nearly rebuilding it." And he surmises that these alterations were made in 1598, because in that year Shakspere sold a load of stone to the corporation of Stratford for 10d.; but it does not follow that the repairs were finished in the same year they were begun, or that the surplus material was sold at once.

And the Bishop goes on to speak very contemptuously of Shakspere's aspirations. The conflict between the play-actor and his neighbors represented the world-old battle between money and blood; between mortgages and pedigrees; between the new-rich and the old-respectable; and the position of Shakspere and his family could not have been a very pleasant one.

The Bishop says of Shakspere:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—30=244. 610—244=366+1=367.	367	77:2	He will
305—31=274—30=244—197=47+162=209—2 *b* col=207		78:1	be
305—31=274—30=244—197=47+162=209.	209	78:1	satisfied
305—31=274—218 (74:2)=56+162=218.	218	78:1	with
305—31=274—50=224—30=194—50 (76:1)=144. 458—144=314+1=315+2 *b* col.=317.	317	76:2	nothing
305—31=274—197=77. 577—77=500+1=501.	501	77:1	less
305—31=274—50=224. 449—224=225+1=226.	226	76:1	than
305—31=274—50=224—30=194—145=49.	49	77:1	knighthood
305—31=274—218=56. 577—56=521+1=522.	522	77:1	and
305—31=274. 577—274=303+1=304+16 *b* & *h* col.=320		77:1	the

[1] *Outlines*, p. 231.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—30=275—197=78. 396—78=318+1=319	319	80:1	right
305—30=275—197=78.	78	78:2	to
305. 603—305=298+1=299+2 *h* col.=301.	301	76:2	bear
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269. 468—269=199+1= 200+3 *h* col.=203.	203	78:1	arms.

And the Bishop says that Shakspere's attempts excited the indignation of Sir Thomas Lucy.

305—31=274—50=224—7 *b* col.=217.	217	77:1	Sir
305—31=274—50=224—30=194—145=49.	49	76:1	To
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—50 (76:1)=	189	76:2	amiss
305—31=274—50=224—50 (76:1)=174. 248—174= 74+1=75+2 *h* col=77.	77	74:2	Loose
305—31=274—50=224—30=194. 194+194=388— 4 *h* col.=384.	384	75:1	see.

This *To-amiss* for *Thomas* may appear forced; but I give it as it stands, because more than once I have found it appearing in the Cipher to represent *Thomas*. I find that Webster[1] says there was formerly to the long sound of *o*, as in *old*, *hoe*, etc., what he calls a vanishing or diphthongal sound like *oo;* and I have myself heard the first syllable of the word *Thomas* pronounced so as to rhyme with *Rome*. Webster thinks the dropping of the diphthongal sound of *o* in such words as *bolt*, *most*, *only*, etc., is an American provincialism. Thackeray represents "the cockney" of London as saying *Tum'-as*. *Thomas* appears very often in *2d Henry IV.* (and not once in *1st Henry IV.*), and Bacon could not use it too liberally without arousing suspicion; hence this subterfuge. It must be remembered, too, that the pronunciation of *o* was longer and softer then than now. For instance, the word *Rome*, in Bacon's time, was, it is well known, pronounced *Room*. We see this in the expression in *Julius Cæsar*, i, 2:

> Now is it *Rome* indeed and *room* enough
> When there is in it but one only man.

We have modified it from *room* to *Rome*, and, if our posterity progress in the same direction, the year 2000 may see the city of the Cæsars called *Rom* or *Rum*.

And the neighbors are very much disturbed over Shakspere's pretensions. They —

305—31=274—219 (74:2)=55+162=217.	217	78:1	look
305—31=274—162=112.	112	77:2	upon
305—31=274. 468—274=194+1=195.	195	78:1	it
305—31=274—50=224—50 (76:1)=174. 248—174 =74+1=75+22 b=97.	97	74:2	as
305—31=274—198=76.	76	78:2	a
305—145=160—6 *b* col.=154.	154	76:1	bold
305—31=274—219 (74:2)=55.	55	78:2	plot

to force himself into their ranks.

305—31=274—50=224—198 (74:2)=26. 462—26= 436+1=437.	437	78:2	His

[1] *Unabridged Dictionary*, p. xlii.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—50=224—162 (78:1)=62. 610—62= 548+1=549.	549	77:2	**Lordship**
305—31=274—61 (80:2)=213. 489—213=276+1= 277+2 *h* col.=279.	279	81:1	**is**
305—31=274—50=224—146=78—3 *b* (146)=75. 577 —75=502+1=503+2 *h* col.=505.	505	77:1	**very**
305—31=274—30 (74:2)=244—197=47—2 *h* col.=	45	78:2	**much**
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b* (32)=218. 468—218= 250+1=251+12 *b*=263.	263	78:1	**incensed;**
305—31=274—50=224—50=174—162=12. 610—12 =598+1=599.	599	77:2	**he**
305—31=274—145=129—3 *b* (145)=126. 577—126 =451+1=452+3 *h* col.=455.	455	77:1	**sent**
305—31=274—219=55. 163—55=108+1=109.	109	78:1	**a**
305—31=274—219=55.	55	78:1	**letter**
305—31=274—50=224—30=194—162=32.	32	77:2	**to**
305—32=273—30=243+162=405—15 *b* & *h*=390.	390	78:1	**Death**
305—31=274—30=244—50=194+186=380—3 *h* col.=	377	81:2	**thick,**
305—31=274—197=77. 163—77=86+1=87.	87	78:1	**the**
305—31=274—50=224—30=194—5 *b* (31)=189— 22 *b* col.=167.	167	78:2	**King**
305—31=274.	274	81:1	**of**
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269. 468—269=199+1= 200+3 *h* col.=203.	203	78:1	**Arms,**
305—31=274—31 *b* & *h* col.=243.	243	78:2	**not**
305—31=274—30=244. 489—244=245+1=246.	246	81:1	**to**
305—31=274—50=224—162=62.	62	78:2	**consent**
305—31=274—50=224—49 (76:1)=175—90 (73:1)=	85	78:2	**or**
305—31=274. 468—274=194+1=195+3 *h* col.=	198	78:1	**allow**
305—31=274—4 *h* col.=270.	270	78:2	**it.**

Shakspere's application for coat-armor for his father, in 1596, was made to "William Dethick, alias Garter, principal King of Arms." See how cunningly the name is concealed in *Death-thick*. And observe how the first word goes out from the beginning of one scene (79:1) and the other from the end of the preceding scene; and each word is found by the same root-number and the same modification of the same root-number: *death* is 305, less 32, less 30, carried one scene backward to the beginning of scene 4, act i (78:1); while *thick* is 305, less 31, less 30, less 50, carried two scenes forward to the beginning of scene 3 of act ii (81:2). And this word *thick* is comparatively rare in the Plays. It occurs but three other times in *2d Henry IV.;* but once in *King John;* not at all in *Richard II.*, *1st Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, or the first and second parts of *Henry VI.* Yet here we find it, just where it is needed to make the name of the "King of Arms," in connection with the story of Shakspere trying to procure a coat-of-arms. If this be accident, it is extraordinary.

And Sir Thomas reads Shakspere's pedigree to the King of Arms of England. Referring to his father, he says:

305—31=274—30=244—50=194—50 (76:1)=144.	144	76:2	**I**
305—31=274—30=244—50=194—50 (76:1)=144— 11 *b* & *h* col.=133.	133	74:1	**can**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—30=244.	244	76:2	assure
305—31=274—30=244—50=194.	194	77:1	you
305—31=274—30=244—50=194. 458—194=264+1=265+5 *b*=270.	270	76:2	he
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269. 577—269=308+1=	309	77:1	hath
305—31=274—248=26. 284—26=258+1=259+3 *h* col.=262.	262	74:1	not
305—31=274—30=244—50=194.	194	77:2	the
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—146=93. 468—93=375+1=376+1 *h* col.=377.	377	78:1	smallest
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—146=93—3 *b* (146)=90—3 *b* col.=87.	87	76:1	drop
305—31=274—30=244—4 *b* col.=240.	240	76:2	of
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239.	239	76:1	gentle
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—146=93—3 *b* (146)=90. 448—90=358+1=359.	359	76:1	blood
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—146=93—3 (146)=90. 577—90=487+1=488.	488	77:1	in
305—31=274—50=224—30=194—50 (76:1)=144. 498—144=354+1=355.	355	76:1	his
305—31=274—50=224—30=194—50 (76:1)=144.	144	74:1	body.

I would ask the reader to observe this sentence carefully. Take those words, "smallest drop of gentle blood." *This is the only "gentle" in the first act of this play; and this is the only "drop" in that act.* And *drop* only occurs one other time in the whole play. And this is the only time the word *blood* is found in scene 2 of act i of the Folio; and this is the only time *smallest* occurs in this entire play. And *body* is only found once in the *Induction*, where we find the word used above; and only twice in scene second. How comes it, if there is no Cipher here, that out of many thousands of words, this array of significant and rare words should all concur in the same vicinity, held together by the same number? For it will be observed that every word here, except two, is from the root 305—31=274—30=244; and those two are words carried to the beginning of new scenes or pages (74:1 and 77:1); and many of the words are number 244, modified by deducting the 5 bracketed words in the 31 at the top of 79:1, making 239. *Gentle* is the 239th word from the top of 76:1; *drop* is again the 239th word carried through the second section of 76:2 (146), leaving 90, and the 90th word, including the brackets, down 76:1, is *drop;* and the 90th word up the same column, from the end of scene second, is *blood;* and in the next sentence the 90th word up the next preceding column is *glove.*

305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—7 *b* & *h* col.=	232	76:2	His
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239. 457—239=218+1=219+6 *h* col.=225.	225	76:2	father
305—31=274—30=244—7 *b* & *h* col.=237.	237	76:2	is
305—31=274—30=244—50 (76:1)=194. 498—194=304+1=305.	305	76:1	only
305—31=274—30=244. 498—244=254+1=255.	255	76:1	a
305—31=274 (74:2)—30=244—50 (74:2)=194—50 (76:1)=144—4 *b* & *h* col.=140.	140	77:2	coster-monger's
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—146=93—3 *b* (146)=90—5 *b* & *h*=85.	85	76:1	son,

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—248 (74:2)=26. 193—26=167+1=	168	75:2	who
305—31=274—30=244—145=99.	99	76:2	at
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—146=93—3 *b* (146)=90. 498—90=408+1=409.	409	76:1	present
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—50=189—3 *h* col.=186.	186	76:1	wrought
305—31=274—30=244—50=194.	194	74:1	at
305—31=274—30=244—10 *b* col.=234.	234	74:1	the
305—31=274—145=129—2 *h* col.=127.	127	76:1	trade
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269—4 *h* col.=265.	265	74:1	of
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—146=93—3 *b* (146)=90. 508—90=418+1=419+1 *h*=420.	420	75:2	glove
305—31=274—248 (74:2)=26.	(26)	74:1	making;
305—31=274—50=224. 284—224=60+1=61.	61	74:1	while
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—146=93—3 *b* (146)=90. 468—90=378+1=379.	379	78:1	his
305—31=274—10 *b* col.=264.	(264)	76:1	son
305—31=274—30=244—7 *b* & *h*=237.	237	76:2	is
305—31=274—248=26. 193+26=219.	219	75:1	a
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269—15 *b* & *h* col.=254.	254	74:1	crafty
305—31=274. 447—274=173+1=174.	174	75:1	fellow,
305—31=274—50=224. 284—224=60+1=61+7 *h* col=68		74:2	who
305—31=274. 284—274=10+1=11+18 *b* & *h* col.=	29	74:1	acts
305—31=274—248=26—22 *b* (248)=4.	4	74:1	for
305—31=274—254=20	20	75:1	a
305—31=274—145=129—50=79. 447—79=368+1=369.	369	75:1	living
305—31=274—50=224.	224	74:2	on
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269—248=21. 193+21=	214	75:2	the
305—31=274—50=224—193=31—15 *b* & *h* (193)=16. 508—16=492+1=493.	493	75:2	stage.

The reader will here observe that the whole of act i of this play of *2d Henry IV.* is used as a basis for this wonderful Cipher, and the two ends of the act act and react on each other. Thus we find the fragments of 74:2, the beginning of scene second, as 50, 30, 198, 218, etc., used to modify the primal root-number, 523, thus: 523—218=305; and when we carry this 305 to the end of the act, in 79:1, and deduct the fragment of scene at the top of the column, containing 31 words, we get the 274 which has been telling the Cipher story through several pages. But this is not all. We take that 274, and again modify it by the fragments of 74:2, to obtain the 224 and 244, etc. (274—50=224 and 274—30=244), which so abundantly occur in the foregoing pages; and this again is modified by deducting the fragment of 76:1 (50), the beginning of the third scene of the act, producing the 174 and 194 seen so often above. But even this does not end the marvelous interlocking of the beginning and the end of the act under the spell of the Cipher, for we see the count starting from the end of the act (305—31=274), carried back to the beginning of the act; and there taken up the column to yield us *acts*, and taken through 74:2, to yield us *making* ("glove-making"); and up 75:1 it gives us *fellow*, and down 74:1 (274—5 *b* (31)=269) it produces *crafty;* while 224 (274—50=224), carried through the first section of 75:1, brings us to *stage*.

If the reader will turn back to page 729 he will find those words *glove making* produced thus:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193=104 —15 *b* & *h*=89. 508—89=419+1=420.	420	75:2	glove
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277. 284—277 =7+1=8+18 *b* & *h* col.=26.	(26)	74:1	making

Now compare this with the example just given. Observe how an entirely different primal number, modified by being carried to the end instead of the beginning of the act, is brought back to the same place and brings out the same words:

523—218=305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239— 146=93—3 *b* (146)=90. 508—90=418+1=419 +1 *h* col.=420.	420	75:2	glove
523—218=305—31=274—248 (74:2)=26.	(26)	74:1	making

Now consider how exquisitely the skeleton of the text must have been adjusted to bring about these results: — in the first instance, the count goes *forward* to produce the word *glove*, and the one hyphen is *not* counted in; in the second case, the count comes from the end of the act and moves *backward*, and the one hyphen *is* counted in. The word *making* is obtained, in the one case, by going *up* column 1 of page 74, and counting in all the bracketed and hyphenated words; in the other case, the root-number comes from the end of the act, passes through 74:2, and goes *down* 74:1. Thus *making* fits to 274 down the column and to 277 up the column. But some one may think that *glove* and *making* are to be found everywhere, all through these Plays, and that therefore it is no trick at all to produce these wonderful arithmetical coördinations. My answer is that *this is the only time "glove" is found in this play!* And this is *the only time "making" is found in this act.* It is found but once besides in the play, in the fourth act, and once in the *Epilogue*. In other words, the gentlemen who may think all this to be accident would have to go thirty-six columns forward from 74:1 before they would find another *making* to match their *glove*, to produce the designation of the recognized trade of Shakspere's father.

It is impossible to deny the accuracy of my arithmetic (occasional typographical errors, of course, excepted), and it is impossible to deny that the *fac-similes* given herewith are faithful copies of the Folio of 1623; and it seems to me that all this hundred-fold accumulation of evidences must convince even the most skeptical that there is a Cipher in the Shakespeare Plays. I am aware that my workmanship is not complete, but it is approximately so; and my excuse will be, to all just-minded men, the incalculable difficulties of the work. But it was fit and proper that the Cipher made by the greatest intellect that ever existed, and embodied in the greatest writings possessed by mankind, should be as marvelous as the source from which it came, or the vehicle in which it is carried.

But this is not all — nor a tithe of all. The Bishop says that the aristocracy of the neighborhood fear that Shakspere's friends in London will secure him his coat-of-arms.

305—31=274—50=224—163 (78:1)=61. 498—61= 437+1=438.	438	76:1	friends
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269+185 (81:1)=454—2 *h* col.=452		81:1	London

And here I would call the reader's attention to the microscopic accuracy of this

work. If he looks at column 1 of page 81 he would say it was solid:—he will see no stage directions of exits or entrances. But if he will look very closely at the 185th word he will find this following it:

Poin. Letter. John Falstaffe Knight.

Poin. is the abbreviation of the name of *Poins* or *Pointz*, one of the characters; and "Sir John Falstaffe" is the opening part of the letter from Falstaff to the Prince;—for we read a little below, "Sir John Falstaffe Knight, to the son of the King . . . . greeting," etc. But what is *letter?* It is not part of the letter. Nor does *Poins* speak the word, for it is put in italics. It is a stage direction, meaning that Poins reads the letter. And on this little hook the author hangs his Cipher, for it breaks the column into two fragments.

And they fear the "villain's" influence with the Queen because of the Plays he has written. And hence we have:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—50=224—79 (73:1)=145. 518—145=373+1=374.	374	79:1	**villain's**
305—31=274—50=224—79 (73:1)=145. 518—145=373+1=374+4 *h* col.=378.	378	79:1	**Queen**

Here is another cunning piece of work. The Queen is disguised in *Queane*,—"a woman, a wench":

Cut me off the villain's head; throw the Queane in the channel.

And so they go on to tell the King of Arms that Shakspere never writ them; that he has not the wit or the imagination:

305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239. 458—239=219+1=220.	220	76:2	**Writ.**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—146=93—3 *b* (146)=90—50=40—1 *h* col.=39.	39	76:1	**Wit.**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—146=93. 468—93=375+1=376.	376	78:1	**The**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—146=93. 468—93=375+1=376+8 *b* col.=384.	384	78:1	**great**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—146=93. 468—93=375+1=376+9 *b* & *h* col.=385.	385	78:1	**imagination.**

And they express the opinion of Shakspere that—

305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—3 *h* col.=	236	76:2	**He**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239. 458—239=219+1=220.	220	76:1	**was**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—50=189. 489—189=309+1=310.	310	76:1	**but**
305—31=274—30=244—50=194. 508—194=314+1=315+8 *b* & *h* col.=323.	323	75:2	**the**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—146=93—3 *b* (146)=90. 284—90=194+1=195.	195	74:1	**first**
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269—193=76.	76	75:2	**bringer**
305—31=274—30=244—50=194—22 *b* & *h* col.=172.	172	75:2	**of**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269—50=219—146=73. 449 —73=376+1=377.	377	76:1	them
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239.	239	76:2	out
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—145=94.	94	76:1	on
305—31=274—254 (75:1)=20.	20	74:1	the
305—31=274—254=20—4 *h* (254)=16. 508—16=492 +1=493.	493	75:2	stage.

I have not the time or space to work it all out. The aristocracy jest over poor Shakspere's pretensions of relationship to the blue blood of the county, and Sir Thomas says, in his letter to Sir William Dethick, that he is only connected with them through Japhet!

305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269	269	81:1	Nearest
305—31=274.	274	81:1	of
305—31=274—30=244—50=194.	194	81:1	kin
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239. 489—239= 250+1=251.	251	81:1	fetch
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239. 489—239 =250+1=251+2 *h*=253.	253	81:1	from
305—31=274—20 *b* & *h* col.=254.	254	81:1	Japhet.

I do not pretend to work out the sentence, but simply to jot down from my notes some of the principal words. If I followed the root-numbers into all their ramifications each chapter would grow into a book.

And here I would call attention to another proof of the arithmetical adjustment of the text. I have just given the words, "first bringer," thus:

305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—146=93—3 *b* (146)=90. 284—90=194+1=195.	195	74:1	First
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269—193=76.	76	75:2	bringer.

But after a while we will find Bacon expressing his fears that if Shakspere is taken prisoner he will say that he was not the author of the Plays, but simply the *first bringer* of them out upon the stage. And the words come out from the primal root-number, 523. If we commence at the end of scene 2 (76:1) and count upward and then go backward and down the column, the 523d word is *first;* and if we commence again with 523 at the top of column 1 of page 75, and go down the column and down the next column, the 523d word is *bringer!* Thus:

523—448=(*backward*)	75	75:2	First
523—447=(*forward*)	76	75:2	bringer.

And it will be seen that the two words "first bringer" follow each other in the text. It would have been difficult to have placed *first* and *bringer* in the same vicinity without connecting them; hence the length of column 1 of page 75 and the length of the fragment of scene on 76:1 had to be exactly adjusted to bring the two required words side by side. If there had been 448 words in 75:1, instead of 447, or 449 words on 76:1, instead of 448, both counts would have fallen on the same words! I pity the man who can think all this was accidental.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHAKSPERE'S SICKNESS.

Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!
2d Henry IV., ii, 4.

EVERY *word of the first part of this chapter grows out of the root-number 523—218=305, modified by deducting 31 or 32, to-wit, the number of words in 79:1 from the top of the column to the end of scene 4, act i, or to the beginning of scene 1, act ii. The remainder of the chapter is derived from 504—167=338, and shows how substantially the same story comes out of the same text by two different root-numbers.*

My publishers advise me that there are already 850 pages in type, and that I must condense the remainder of the Cipher story. I shall therefore be as brief as possible, and instead of giving a continuous narrative I shall only give fragments of the story.

We have two descriptions of Shakspere's sickness, one given by the Bishop of Worcester to Cecil, the other the narrative of Bacon himself, interjected into the story; the former is the briefer of the two. The first grows out of the root-number used in the last chapter, 523—218=305; the other from the root-number 505—167=338, which gave us the story of Shakspere's youth, his quarrel with Sir Thomas Lucy, the fight, etc.

The Bishop says to Cecil, after describing Shakspere's intended house, his "plate" (591 79:2, 96 80:1); his "tapistry" (594 79:2, 37 80:1); his "bed-hangins" (33 80:1), etc., that he will not live to enjoy his grandeur; that he will—

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—5 *h* (31)=269—4 *h*=col.=265.	265	78:2	**never**
305—31=274—50=224. 462—224=238+1=239+ 3 *h* col.=242.	242	78:2	**need**
305—31=274—4 *h*=270.	270	78:2	**it**
305—31=274—50=224+32=256.	256	79:1	**long.**
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—49 (76:1)=170— 4 *b* col.=166.	166	76:2	**He**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—50=224—50 (76:1)=174.	174	76:2	is,
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b* (31)=219—10 *b* col.=	209	77:2	I
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b* (31)=219. 448—219= 229+1=230.	230	77:2	hear,
305—285 (31 79:1)=20—2 *h* (285)=18. 468—18= 450+1=451.	451	78:1	at
305—193=112. 162+112=274.	274	78:1	present
305—50=255—32=223. 577—223=354+1=355.	355	77:1	very
305—50=255.	255	74:1	sick;
305—31=274—27 (73:1)=247.	247	78:2	he
305—31=274—50 (79:1)=224—5 *b* (31) 219. 610— 219=391+1=392.	392	77:2	repents,
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b* (31)=219. 610—219= 391+1=392+3=395.	395	77:2	in
305—31=274—50=224. 610—224=386+1=387+ 11 *b* & *h*=398.	398	77:2	sack-cloth
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b* (31)=219. 610—219= 391+1=392+11 *b* & *h*=403.	403	77:2	and
305—31=274—50=224. 610—224=386+1=387+9 *b*=	396	77:2	ashes,
305—31=274—50=224.	253	78:1	the
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—162= 6. 610—6=604+1=605.	605	77:2	lechery
305—31=274—50=224.	224	77:2	of
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168. 458— 168=290+1=291.	291	76:2	his
305—31=274—50=224. 610—224=386+1=387+ 3 *h* col.=390.	390	77:2	young
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—146= 22—3 *b* (146)=19. 577—19=558+1=559+1 *h*=	560	77:1	days.

The reader will observe how singularly the words match with the count. The root-number 305—31 (79:1)=274—50 (74:2)=224, carried up the column (77:2), counting in the bracketed words, yields *ashes;* but counting in both the bracketed and hyphenated words, it gives us *sack-cloth.* But if we count in, in that 31, the five words in brackets, then we have: 305—50=255—31=224—5 *b* (31)=219; and 219 taken up the same column gives us *repents*, and counting in the three hyphenated words alone it gives us *in*, and counting both the bracketed and hyphenated words it gives us *and.* Here we have *repents in sack-cloth and ashes.* But this is not all. The same root-number 224 carried up the same column, counting in the three hyphenated words, yields the word *young;* and the same root-number 255 modified by deducting 32 gives us, less 5 *b* (32), 218, and this carried to the beginning of the scene and brought backward and up 77:1 gives us *days:—young days.*

And observe that the word *lechery* occurs only this once in this play, and not again in all the ten *Histories.* And this is the only time *repents* is found in this play, and it does not appear again in all the *Histories.* And this is the only time *sack-cloth* occurs in this play, and it is found but once more *in all the Plays!* I mention these facts for the benefit of those shallow intellects that think all words necessary for all sentences can be found anywhere.

And then the Bishop goes on to speak again of Shakspere's wealth:

305—50=255—32=223—5 *b* (31)=218—50=168. 458 —168=290+1=291.	291	76:2	His

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—50=169—146=	23	78:1	purse
305—31=274—50=224—5=219—50=169—146=23. 318—23=295+1=296.	296	79:1	is
305—31=274—50=224—50=174—146=28. 477—28=449+1=450.	450	77.1	well
305—32=273—50=223—30=193+162=355.	355	78:1	lined
305—32=273—50=223—193 (75:1)=30. 448—30=418+1=419.	419	76:1	with
305—31=274—193=81—15 *b* & *h*=66—49=17. 603—17=586+1=587.	587	76:2	the
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—50 (76:1)=118.	118	76:2	gold
305—32=273—30=243—5 *b*=238—145=93—3 *b* col.=90.	90	76:1	he
305—31=274—193=81. 448—81=367+1=368.	368	76:1	derives
305—31=274—50=224—193=31.	31	76:1	from
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—146=72+163=235—5 *b* col.=230.	230	78:1	the
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—50=118. 603—118=485+1=486.	486	76:2	Plays.

The Bishop admits they are popular:

305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—50=169—146=	23	77:1	The
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—50=	118	78:1	Plays
305—31=274—50=224—50=174—145=29—5 *b* col.=	24	79:1	are
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—50=169—146=23. 468—23=445+1=446.	446	78:1	much
305—31=274—50=224—50=174—161=13. 462—13=449+1=450.	450	78:2	admired,
305—31=274—50=224.	224	79:2	and
305—32=273—50=223—30=193—162=31—1 *h* col.=	30	78:2	draw
305—32=273—50=223—50=173.	173	78:1	great
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—146=22—3 *b* (146)=19.	19	79:1	numbers,
305—32=273—50=223—5=218—146=72.	72	77:1	and
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—163=5. 462—5=457+1=458.	458	78:2	yield
305—32=273—50=223—50=173—50 (76:1)=123.	123	78:1	great
305—31=274—193=81—15 *b* & *h* (193)=66. 458—66=392+1=393.	393	76:2	abundance
305—31=274—50=224—5=219—50=169+162=	331	78:1	of
305—31=274—50=224—50=174—146=28. 468—28=440+1=441.	441	78:1	fruit,
305—31=274—193=81—49 (76:1)=32	32	76:2	in
305—31=274—30=244. 468—244=224+1=225.	225	78:1	the
305—31=274—30=244+162=406.	406	78:1	forms
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b* & *h*=218—50 (76:1)=168—145=23+163=186.	186	78:1	of
305—31=274—50=224—50=174—146=28—3 *b* (146)=	25	78:1	groats

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—50=255—31=224—5=219—145=74—3 *b* (145) =71. 577—71=506+1=507.	507	77:1	and
305—50=255—31=224—50=174—146=28.	28	78:1	pence.

Observe here how *plays* comes out twice by the same number, once as *please* (plase), 118 up 76:2, and the second time as *plays*, 118 down 78:1. And note how cunningly the word is worked in the second time: "For the one or the other *plays* the rogue with my great toe."

Observe also how the same numbers bring out *purse — gold — abundance — groats — pence — much — admired — draw — great — numbers*, etc., just as we saw another number bringing out of these same pages *shoes, stockings, cloak, slops, smock, cap;* in fact, a whole wardrobe. This is the only time *groats* occurs in this play. It is found but four other times in *all the Plays*. And this is the only time *pence* occurs in this play. It is found but five other times in *all the Plays*. *Purse* occurs but four times in this play. This is the only time *admired* appears in either *1st* or *2d Henry IV.;* and this is the only time *numbers* is found in this act. *Abundance* occurs but twice in this play, and but eight other times in *all the Plays*. I should be sorry, for the credit of human intelligence, that any man could be found who would think that all these unusual words — rare on a thousand pages — have concurred arithmetically on two or three pages by accident.

And the aristocracy are in dread of the wealthy *parvenu* absorbing the territory around him. The Bishop says:

305—50=255—31=224. 610—224=386+1=387.	387	77:2	It
305—50=225—31=224—5 *b* (31)=219—50=169—146=23. 318—23=295+1=296.	296	79:1	is
305—50=255—31=224—50=174—146=28—3 *b* (148)=25. 318—25=293+1=294	294	79:1	thought
305—50=255—32=223—5 *b*=218—50—168—50 (76:1)=118. 603—118=485+1=486+3 *b* col.=	489	76:2	he
305—50=255—32=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—146=22—3 *b* (146)=19+31=50.	50	79:1	will
305—50=255—32=223—5 *b* (32)=218—50 (76:1)=168. 603—168=435+1=436.	436	76:2	buy
305—50=255—32=223—5=218—50=168—146=22—3 *b* (146)=19+162=181.	181	78:1	all
305—32=273. 610—273=337+1=338+12 *b* & *h*=	350	77:2	the
305—31=274—193=81—15 *b* & *h*=66. 448—66=382+1=383.	383	76:1	land
305—50=255—31=224—5 *b* (31)=219—49 (76:1)=170—5 *b* & *h*=165.	165	77:2	appertinent
305—50=255—31=224—5 *b* (31)=219—49 (76)=	170	76:2	to
305—50=255—31=224—5 *b* (31)=219. 610—219=391+1=392+9 *b* col.=401.	401	77:2	New
305—50=255—31=224—5 *b* (31)=219—50 (76:1)=169—146=23. 518—23=495+1=496.	496	79:1	Place.

And note this group of words: *buy — all — land — appertinent — to — New Place*. How lawyer-like is the language. *Appertinent* occurs but once in this play and *but twice besides in all the Plays!* Yet here it coheres arithmetically with *buy — land — New Place*. And this is the only time *buy* and *land* are found in this act, and *buy*

occurs but once besides in the whole play. And this is the first time *place* appears in eighteen columns of the Folio — since *1st Henry IV.*, act 5, scene 1.

And the Bishop expresses the opinion of his friends, the gentlemen around Stratford, that the village boy they had known so well as a poacher could not have written these "much admired plays."

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50 (76:1)=168. 468—168=300+1=301+10 *b* col.=311.	311	78:1	We
305—31=274—30=244—162=82—13 *b* & *h* col.=	69	78:2	know
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—146= 22—3 *b* (146)=19. 420—19=401+1=402.	402	81:2	him
305—32=273—50=223—30=193—162=31.	31	77:2	as
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—146=	22	81:2	a
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219.	219	78:2	butcher's
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239. 610—239=371 +1=372.	372	72:2	rude
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—50 (76:1)=169— 146=23. 162—23=139+1=140.	140	78:1	and
305—31=274—30=244—162=82. 462—82=380+ 1=381+5 *b* col.=386.	386	78:2	vulgar
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50 (76:1)=168—4 *b* & *h* col.=164.	164	81:2	'prentice,
305—31=274—50=224.	224	78:2	and
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—50= 118. 162—118=44+1=45.	45	78:1	it
305—32=273—50=223—50=173—50=123. 468— 123=345 +1=346.	346	78:1	was,
305—31=274—193=81—49 (76:1)=32.	32	76:2	in
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—50 (76:1)= 169—146=23—5 *b* col.=18.	18	79:1	our
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—50=169—146= 23+162=185.	185	78:1	opinions,
305—32=273—50=223—50=173+162=335.	335	78:1	not
305—31=274—30=244+162=406—2 *h* col.=404.	404	78:1	likely
305—32=273—50=223—193 (75:1)=30. 462—30 432+1=433.	433	78:2	that
305—31=274—193=81—49 (76:1)=32. 457+32=	489	76:2	he
305—31=274—50=224—4 *b* col.=220.	220	76:2	writ
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—146=72. 448— 72=376+1=377.	377	76:1	them;
305—31=274—193 (75:1)=81—50 (76:1)=31. 458+ 31=489.	489	76:2	he
305—31=274—254 (75:1)=20.	20	78:1	is
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—51=117 —1 *h* col.=116.	116	76:2	neither
305—31=274—193=81—50=31.	31	76.2	witty
305—31=274—254=20—15 *b* & *h*=5. 448—5=443+1=444		76:1	nor
305—31=274—50=224—5=219—50=169—50 (76:1) =119. 577—119=458+1=459+11 *b*=470.	470	77:1	learned
305—32=273—50=223.	223	78:1	enough.
305—31=274—30=244—50=194—162=32.	32	78:2	The

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—50=224—50=174—145=29—3 *b* (145)=	26	79:1	**subjects**
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—145=74.	74	79:1	**are**
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—58 (80:1)=160. 468—160=308+1=309.	309	78:1	**far**
305—32=273—162=111.	111	78:2	**beyond**
305—31=274—162=112.	112	78:2	**his**
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—50 (76:1)=169 —145=24.	24	78:2	**ability.**
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—50=118 —2 *h* col.=116.	116	78:2	**It**
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—50 (76:1)=169— 146=23. 318—23=295+1=296.	296	79:1	**is**
305—31=274—50=224—50=174—146=28—1 *h* col.=	27	81:2	**even**
305—31=274—50=224—50=174—146=28—3 *b* (146) =25. 317—25=292+1=293.	293	79:1	**thought**
305—31=274—30=244—50=194—162=32+32=	64	79:1	**here**
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168. 489— 168=321+1=322+1 *h* col.=323.	323	81:1	**that**
305—31=274—50=224—50=174—146=28+317=	345	79:1	**your**
305—31=274—30=244—50=194—162=32. 610— 32=578+1=579.	579	77:2	**cousin**
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—50=169—145=	24	81:2	**of**
305—31=274—5 *b*=269—162=107.	107	81:2	**St. Albans**
305—32=273—50=223—38 (80:1)=185.	185	81:1	**writes**
305—31=274—30=244—50=194.	194	82:1	**them.**

This is the only time *cousin* appears in this act, and the only time *St. Albans* is found in this play; and this is the only time *writes* occurs in this play; and *writ* is found but twice in this play; yet here in the same sentence we have *writ* and *writes*, *cousin* and *St. Albans*, all united by the same number. This is also the only time *witty* occurs in this play; it is found but fourteen times besides *in all the Plays.* It does not appear in *King John*, *Richard II.*, *1st Henry IV.*, or *Henry V.* The last time it appears, previously to this instance, is in the *Comedy of Errors*, iii, 1, 289 pages or 578 columns distant! *Learned* is found but two other times in this play. *Opinions* appears but once besides in this play, and but ten times in all the Plays. And this is the only time that either *butcher* or *vulgar* or *'prentice* occurs in this play; and *'prentice* is only found *three times in the thousand pages of the Folio;* and both *butcher* and *vulgar* are comparatively rare words in the Plays. And *butcher* is 305—31=274—50=224—5=219; and *'prentice* is 305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218 less 50. That is to say, one commences to count from the last word of the first section of 79:1, and the other from the first word of the next section. And this is the only time *ability* is found in this play, or in all the ten *Histories;* and it only occurs nine times besides in all the Plays.

If all this be accident, surely it is the most marvelous piece of accidental work in the world.

And then the Bishop recurs to Shakspere's health. He thinks that if Shakspere is brought before the Council to *answer* for his offense, he is so enfeebled by disease that the fear of the rack will compel him to tell all he knows about the authorship of the Plays.

305—31=274—30=244—50=194—162=32. 457+32=489		76:2	**He**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—145=129—2 *b* col.=127.	127	77:2	**cannot**
305—31=274—50=224—146=78. 610—78=532+1 =533+2 *h* col.=535.	535	77:2	**last**
305—31=274—5 *b*=269. 518—269=249+1=250+ 6 *h* col.=256.	256	79:1	**long.**

Observe how cunningly *long* is made the 224th word from the beginning of act ii, scene 1, and the 274th word from the end of the same column:

305—31=274—50=224+32=256.	256	79:1	**long**
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269. 518—269=249+1= 250+6 *h* col.=256.	256	79:1	**long**

And this 250 is *answer*—brought to *answer* before the *Council.* And here is *Council:*

305—31=274—50=224—50=174—146=28. 449— 28=421+1=422.	422	76:1	**Council.**
305—31=274—50=224—146=78. 448—78=370 +1=371.	371	76:1	**His**
305—32=273—50=223—7 *h* col.=216.	216	77:1	**health**
305—32=273—50=223—146=77—3 *b* (146)=74. 577—74=503+1=504.	504	77:1	**is**
305—32=273—50=223—145=78—3 *b* (145)=75. 577—75=502+1=503+2 *h* col.=505.	505	77:1	**very**
305—32=273—50=223—50 (76:1)=173. 577—173 404+1=405.	405	77:1	**poor;**
305—31=274—50=224—145=79—5 *b* & *h* col.=74.	74	76:1	**it**
305—32=273—162 (78:1)=111.	111	76:1	**was**
305—32=273—50=223—50 (76:1)=173. 577—173 =404+1=405+3 *h* col.=408.	408	77:1	**my**
305—31=274—50=224—145=79—2 *h* col.=77.	77	76:1	**presurmise**
305—32=273—50=223—145=78.	78	76:1	**that**
305—31=274—162=112.	112	79:1	**he**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—146=93. 577— 93=484+1=485.	485	77:1	**is**
305—31=274.	274	77:2	**blasted**
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218.	218	78:1	**with**
305—31=274—254 (75:1)=20—15 *b* & *h* (254)=5.	5	76:1	**that**
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b* (32)=218. 462—218= 244+1=245.	245	78:2	**dreaded**
305—31=274—50=224. 577—224=353+1=354+ 11 *b* col.=365.	365	77:1	**disease,**
305—31=274—50=224. 610—224=386+1=387+ 2 *h*=389.	389	77:2	**the**
305—31=274—162 (78:1)=112.	112	78:1	
305—31=274—162=112. 318—112=206+1=207 +1 *h*=208.	208	79:1	**a**
305—31=274—145=129—3 *b* (145)=126.	126	76:1	**most**
305—31=274—162=112. 162—112=50+1=51.	51	78:1	**incurable**
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b* (32)=218. 577—218= 359+1=360+11 *b* col.=371.	371	77:1	**malady.**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—145=94. 448—94=354+1=355.	355	76:1	**His**
305—32=273—162=111.	111	77:2	**looks**
305—31=274—50=224—50 (76:1)=174—145=29. 468—29=439+1=440.	440	78:1	**prove**
305—31=274—50=224. 610—224=386+1=387.	387	77:2	**it.**

Observe the cunning of this workmanship. The name of Shakspere's disease is the 112th word down the fragment of scene 3, in 78:1, and *incurable* is the 112th word up the same. After a while we will see this reversed, *incurable* answering to a Cipher number (51) down the column, and the other word answering to the same number up from the end of the scene. Let the reader try the experiment, and he will see herein another of the ten thousand evidences of arithmetical adjustment in the text.

This is the only time *incurable* occurs in this play, and it is found but three other times in all the Plays! And this is the only time *malady* appears in this play; and it occurs but twice besides in all the ten *Histories*, and but eight other times in all the Plays!

305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—57 (80:1)=182—11 *b* col.=171.	171	90:2	**One**
305—31=274—162=112. 610—112=498+1=499.	499	77:2	**day**
305—32=273—50=223—5=218—58 (80:1)=160.	160	80:1	**I**
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—162=57—2 *h* col.=	55	77:2	**did**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239. 317—239=78+1=79+5 *b* & *h*=84.	84	79:1	**chance**
305—31=274—50=224+185=409—16 *b* col.=393.	393	81:1	**to**
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—58 (80:1)=160—10 *b* & *h* col.=150.	150	80:1	**meet**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239. 317—239=78+1=79.	79	79:1	**him,**
305—31=274—30=244—50=194—58 (80:1)=136. 461—136=325+1=326.	326	80:1	**and,**
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219. 338—219=119+1=120.	120	80:1	**although**
305—31=274—30=244. 598—244=354+1=355.	355	79:2	**I**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *h* (31)=239. 598—239=359+1=360+9 *b* col.=369.	369	79:2	**am**
305—32=273—30=243—5 *h*=238. 598—238=360+1=361+9 *b* col.=370.	370	79:2	**well**
305—32=273—30=243—5 *h*=238. 598—238=360+1=361+10 *b* & *h*=371.	371	79:2	**acquainted**
305—31=274—30=244—145=99. 448—99=349+1=350		76:1	**with**
305—31=274—30=244.	244	79:1	**him,**
305—31=274—50=224+185=409.	409	81:1	**I**
305—31=274—50=224—58 (80:1)=166—10 *b*=156	156	80:2	**would**
305—32=273—30=243.	243	78:2	**not**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239. 598—239=359+1=360.	360	79:2	**have**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239	239	79.1	**known**
305—31=274—162=112+31=143.	143	79:1	**him,**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219. 598—219=379 +1=380.	380	79:2	the
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—1 *b*=	167	81:2	transformation
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—58 (80:1)=160— 4 *b* & *h*=156.	156	81:2	was
305—31=274—30=244—162=82. 462—82=380+ 1+4 *b* & *h*=385.	385	78:2	so
305—31=274—30=244—5=239—234 (81:2)=5—3 *h* (234)=2. 338—2=336+1=337.	337	80:1	great.

This is the only time *transformation* appears in this play, and it is found but six other times in all the Plays.

Then the Bishop goes on to tell the conversation he had with Shakspere. He beseeches his "worshipful Lordship" to go to his father's house, to see his father, who was lying sick.

305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—58 (80:1)=	160	80:2	father's
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—58 (80:1)=160— 50=110.	110	78:2	house;
305—31=274—50=224—58=166.	166	80:2	is
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—58=161.	161	80:2	lying
305—31=274—50=224—58=166—3 *h* col.=163.	163	80:2	sick.

John Shakspere died about four years after the events here related.

I give these fragments because I have not the space to tell the whole story, and I give the more significant words to show the reader that I am not drawing on my imagination.

And the Bishop is invited to supper. Shakspere says:

305—32=273—50 (74:2)=223—5 *b* (32)=218—50 (76:1) =168. 396—168=228+1=229.	229	80:1	Come,
305—31=274—30=244—50=194.	194	80:2	go
305—32=273—50=223—5=218—50=168. 396— 168=228+1=229+2 *b* col.=231.	231	80:1	along,
305—32=273—30=243—57 (80:1)=186.	186	81:2	I
305—32=273—30=243—5 *b* (31)=238—145 (76:2)=93. 338—93=245+1=246.	246	80:1	entreat
305—32=273—30=243—5 *b*=238—145=93—57 (80:1) =36. 523—36=487+1=488+4 *b* & *h* col.=	492	80:1	you,
305—31=274—30=244. 338—244=94+1=95.	95	80:1	to
305—31=274—30=244. 396—244=152+1=153.	153	80:1	supper
305—32=273—30=243—5 *b*=238—145=93. 338— 93=245+1=246+2 *b* col.=248.	248	80:1	with
305—32=273—30=243—5 *b*=238—145=93—3 *b* (145) =90. 338—90=248+1=249.	249	80:1	me;
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—58 (80:1)=160.	160	80:1	I
305—31=274—30=244—50=194. 338—194=144+1=145		80:1	will
305—32=273—30=243—50=193.	193	81:2	give
305—32=273—30=243—50=193. 338—193=145+1=146		80:1	you
305—31=274—30=244—50=194.	194	81:2	an
305—31=274—30=244—50=194—14 *b* & *h* col.=	180	80:1	excellent

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—32=273—50=223—5 *l*=218—50 (76:1)=168—62 (80:2)=106. 489—106=383+1=384.	384	81:1	**sack,**
305—32=273—30=243—50=193—13 *b* & *h* col.=	(180)	80:1	**my**
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—58 (80:1)=160. 523—160=363+1=364.	364	80:2	**worshipful**
305—31=274—30=244—50=194. 396—194=202+1=203+2 *b* col.=205.	205	80:1	**Lord.**

And the Bishop and Shakspere hold a conversation during supper.

305—31=274—50=224—185 (81:1)=39.	39	81:2	**We**
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—58=160—14 *b* & *h* col.=146.	146	80:2	**talk**
305—31=274—30=244—3 *h* col.=241	241	80:2	**upon**
305—31=274—30=244—50=194—10 *b* col.=184.	184	80:1	**the**
305—31=274—30=244.	244	80:2	**subject**
305—32=273—30=243—5 *b*=238—145=93—57 (80:1)=36—2 *b* col.=34.	34	80:2	**of**
305—31=274—30=244—5=239—145=94—3 *b* (145) =91. 489—91=398+1=399.	399	81:1	**his**
305—32=273—30=243. 523—243=280+1=281.	281	80:2	**sick**
305—32=273—30=243—58 (80:1)=185. 462—185 =277+1=278.	278	80:2	**father.**

Entreat appears but twice in this play—here and in the Epilogue. *Supper* occurs four other times in this play—where Percy describes the supper at Shakspere's house. This is the only time *excellent* appears in this scene. It is not found at all in *King John* or *Richard II.* This is the only time *subject* occurs in this act. *Worshipful* is found but five other times in all the Plays. This is the only time *talk* occurs in this act.

I need hardly explain that *sack* was a kind of Spanish wine, something like our sherry.

And Shakspere professes great love for his father; but the Bishop thinks he is a blessed hypocrite:

305—31=274—30=244—50=194. 523—194=329+1=330		80:2	**blessed**
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—50 (76:1)=169. 523—169=354+1=355+2 *b* col.=357.	357	80:2	**hypocrite**

And that he is trying to make use of him, the Bishop:

305—31=274—30=244—57=187. 523—187=336+1=337		80:2	**Thinks**
305—31=274—50=224+185=409—16 *b* col.=393.	393	81:1	**to**
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219+185 (81:1)=404 —16 *b* col.=388.	388	81:1	**make**
305—31=274—50=224—5=219+185=404.	404	81:1	**use**
305—31=274—30=244—5=239—57=182. 598—182=416+1=417.	417	79:2	**of**
305—32=273—30=243—5 *b*=238—145=93—3 *b* (145) =90—58 (80:1)=32.	32	80:2	**me.**

And that he has taken advantage of his father's sickness to ingratiate himself with him, the Bishop, in the hope of making his way among the aristocracy. And the Bishop concludes he will let him think so:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274. 610—274=336+1=337+9 *b* col.=	346	77:2	**Let**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—18 *b* col.	221	81:1	**him**
305—31=274—30=244—50=194. 523—194=329+1=330+3 *h* col =333.	333	80:2	**think**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239+185 (81:1)=424.	424	81:1	**so.**

And Shakspere assures the Bishop that he himself stands high as a gentleman:

305—31=274—30=244—50=194—57=137. 523—137=386+1=387+4 *b* & *h* col.=391.	391	80:2	**I**
305—31=274—30=244—50=194—57=137. 523—137=386+1=387.	387	80:2	**am**
305—32=273—30=243—50=193—57=136. 523—136=387+1=388.	388	80:2	**well**
305—31=274+30=244—50=194—57=137. 523—137=386+1=387+2 *b*=389.	389	80:2	**spoken**
305—32=273—30=243—50=193—57=136. 523—136=387+1=388+2 *b*=390.	390	80:2	**of.**

And the Bishop gives a rapturous description of the *sweet looks* and *good breeding* of Shakspere's daughter, Susanna; her *low curtesy* and her *gentle accents;* but we will find this hereafter given more fully by another party — by Percy when he visits Stratford.

And the Bishop examines Shakspere during this interview and thus describes his appearance:

305—31=274—30=244—162=82. 462—82=380+1=381	381	78:2	**He**
305—32=273—30=243—5 *b*=238—27 *b* col.=211.	211	78:2	**is**
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239.	239	77:2	**not**
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—58 (80:1)=160—5 *b* col.=155.	155	80:1	**more**
305—31=274.	274	81:2	**than**
305—32=273—30=243—5 *b* (32)=238. 534—238=296+1=297+2 *h* col.=299.	299	79:2	**thirty**
305—32=273—30=243—27 *b* col.=216.	216	78:2	**three,**

Shakspere was born about April 23d, 1564; consequently in 1597, which I suppose to be the date of the events described in the Cipher story, he was just thirty-three years old. Observe that this *three* is a different one from the *three* employed to tell of the division of the profits of the Plays into three parts: this *three* is the 216th word in 78:2; while the other was the 192d word in the same column. There are only three *threes* in act i of the Folio,— in sixteen columns,— and here we have two of them within four lines of each other. *Thirty* occurs but eleven times in all the *Histories*, and three times in this play; and this is the first time we come across it in this play, and we will have to go eight columns forward, or twenty-four backward, before we find it again. If there is no Cipher here, surely it is marvelous to find the words necessary to tell Shakspere's age coming together, separated only by one column, and each one growing out of the same formula: 305—32=273—30=243.

305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—50=169—4 *b* col.=165	165	76:2	**yet**
305—31=274—30=244. 610—244=366+1=367.	367	77:2	**he**
305—32=273—5 *b*=268—10 *b* col.=258.	258	77:2	**is,**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239.	239	78:2	in
305—31=274.	274	78:2	his
305—32=273—30=243—5 *b*=238—13 *b* & *h*=225.	225	77:2	youth,
305—32=273—30=243—5 *b* (32)=238—10 *b* col.=	228	77:2	written
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—10 *b* col.=229.	229	77:2	down
305—32=273—30=243—13 *b* & *h*=col.=230.	230	77:2	old
305—31=274—30=244—13 *b* & *h* col.=231.	231	77:2	with
305—31=274—50=224—5=219—58 (80:1)=161.	161	77:2	all
305—31=274—50=224—50=174—4 *h* col.=170.	170	78:2	the
305—31=274—30=244—10 *b* col.=234.	234	77:2	characters
305—31=274—50=224.	224	77:2	of
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—3 *h* col.=236.	236	77:2	age.
305—32=273—50=223—50=173—1 *h* col.=172.	172	76:2	His
305—32=273—50=223—5=218—50 (76:1)=168—4 *b* col.=164.	164	76:2	cheek
305—31=274—50=224—50 (76:1)=174.	174	76:2	is
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—145=74—3 *b* (145) =71—2 *h* col.=69.	69	77:2	white,
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—5 *b* & *h*=163.	163	76:2	his
305—31=274—13 *b* & *h* col.=261.	261	77:2	voice
305—32=273—50=223.	223	78:2	hollow,
305—31=274—50 (76:1)=224.	224	76:2	his
305—32=273—28 (73:1)=245.	245	77:2	hand
305—31=274—30=244.	244	77:2	dry,
305—31=274—30=244—146=98—2 *h* col.=96.	96	77:2	his
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—146=72—2 *h* col.=	70	77:2	hair
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—145=94—3 *b* (145) =91. 420—91=329+1=330+7 *b* & *h* col.=337.	337	81:2	grey,
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—145=94. 420—94=326+1=327.	327	81:2	his
305—32=273—30=243—79 (73:1)=164+162=326—9 *b* & *h*=317.	317	78:1	step
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—50 (76:1)=169. 468—169=299+1=300.	300	78:1	feeble;
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—50 (76:1)=169.	169	78:1	and
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—145=94. 448—94=354+1=355.	355	76:1	his
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—146=73.	73	76:1	head
305—32=273—50=223—10 *b* col.=213.	213	77:2	wags
305—32=273—30=243—5=238—145=93—3 *b* (145) =90. 420—90=330+1=331+1 *h* col.=332	332	81:2	as
305—32=273—30=243—5=238—145=93—3 *b* (145)=	90	76:1	he
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—145=94—3 *b* (145)=91.	91	76:1	walked.

I regret to set forth these facts concerning Shakspere's sickness. They are much worse than even the most earnest Baconian had suspected. And yet this statement is not in itself improbable. If any class were especially liable to the dreaded social scourge it would appear to be the poor actors of that age, who, by

law, were "vassals" and "vagabonds," and who were necessarily surrounded by all the temptations incident to their mode of life; their theaters being the favorite resort for all the vicious of both sexes in the great city. I have already quoted what Taine says:

> It was a sad trade, degraded in all ages by the contrasts and the falsehoods which it allows.
>
> Only in the justice and sweetness of our modern civilization has it risen to the dignity which it deserves; and the future will accord it an even higher standing, for the pleasure and the benefit which it can afford to mankind. As an instrument of good it has, as yet, been but partially developed.

We know, also, that Shakspere's contemporary, George Peele, actor and playwriter, died of that same "shameful disease."[1] And we can see in the Cipher statement an explanation of Shakspere's early death. He left the world at the age of fifty-two; at a time when he should have been in the meridian of his mental and the perfection of his physical powers. This will also explain his early retirement to Stratford, and the little we know of his personal history, it being probable that he spent much of his time, in the latter part of his life, in Warwickshire. In 1604 we find him suing Philip Rogers at Stratford for £1. 15s. 10d. for malt sold. In 1608 he is sponsor for William Walker, at Stratford. In 1609 he sues John Addenbrooke, at Stratford. It is also probable that Bacon desired to keep Shakspere out of sight, and therefore out of London, as much as possible, so as to avoid the keen eyes of his critical enemies: — for "he had been wronged by bruits before;" and the Cipher shows that it was shrewdly suspected that the man of Stratford had not the ability to write the Plays.

And this may also explain why it was that Shakspere acted parts that required no particular action, such as the Ghost in *Hamlet*, or the old man, Adam, in *As You Like It*. One of his younger brothers, according to Oldys,[2] described him as:

> Acting a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table.

And the reader cannot help but note this wonderful array of words descriptive of sickness brought out by the same modifications of the same root-number. Observe how the bracketed and hyphenated words in 77:2 are employed, in conjunction with the five bracketed words in 31, 79:1, to bring out the striking sentence: "He is written down old with all the characters of age." We have also the word *his* repeated six times, and always making its appearance in the proper place in the text. There are whole columns of the play where *his* cannot be found, but here they are in abundance when required. *Characters* appears but once in this play, and but twice besides in all the ten *Histories; written* occurs but once in this play, and but four times besides in all the ten *Histories*. *Hollow* is found but three times in this play and but once in this act *Wags* occurs but this time in this play, and but twice besides in all the Plays! This is the only time *step* appears in this play. And this is the only time *feeble* (not used as a man's name) is found in this play; and the same is true of *grey*.

And here I would say that, if the reader is curious in such matters, he might turn to Mrs. Clarke's *Concordance of Shakespeare*, p. 187, and observe how often the words *disease* and *diseases* occur in this play of *2d Henry IV.* as compared with the other Plays. They are found *twelve times;* this, with the Cipher system of using the same word over many times, probably implies thirty-six different references, nearly all, I take it, to Shakspere's diseases. As against twelve times in this

[1] Fleay's *Shakspere Manual*, p. 2. [2] *Outlines*, p. 123.

play, these words are not found once in the play of *1st Henry IV.*, which precedes it, or in *Henry V.*, which follows it. Neither are either of them found in *Love's Labor Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *Richard II.*, the third part of *King Henry VI.*, *Richard III.*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Othello*, or *Cymbeline*. These words are found, in fact, as often in this one play of *2d Henry IV.* as they are in all the following plays put together: *The Tempest*, *The Merry Wives*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Pericles*, *Hamlet*, *King John*, and *2d Henry VI.* Now the play of *2d Henry IV.* has no more to do with *diseases* than any other of these Plays; the plot does not in any wise turn upon any disease; the references to it are all apparently incidental in the play, but are really caused by the necessities of the internal Cipher narrative. And all this tends to show the artificial character of the text of these Plays. It is a curious study to examine the Shakespeare Concordance and observe how strangely some plays are crowded with a particular word which is altogether absent from others. Note the words *glove* and *please* (plays), for instance. *Please* occurs once in *King John*, twice in *Romeo and Juliet*, three times in *1st Henry IV.*, fourteen times in *2d Henry IV.*, and twenty-eight times in *Henry VIII.!* And yet as a colloquialism — "*please* you, my Lord," etc.— it might be expected to occur as often in one play as another.

And the Bishop continues with the description of Shakspere's appearance:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b* (32)=218—50 (76:1)= 168. 297—168=129+1=130	130	82:1	There
305—31=274—30=244—50=194—50 (76:1)=144— —4 *b* col.=140.	140	76:2	is
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—30=188—9 *b* col.=	179	82:1	a
305—32=273—162=111.	111	79:1	beastly
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—145= 23—3 *b* (145)=20. 577—20=557+1=558.	558	77:1	wound
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—145= 23. 577—23=554+1=555+2 *h*=557.	557	77:1	new-healed
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269—162=107. 468—107= 361+1=362.	362	78:1	on
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—145=	23	77:1	the
305—31=274—162 (78:1)=112—3 *b* col.=109.	109	77:1	side
305—32=273—30=243—162=81—2 *h* col.=79.	79	77:2	of
305—32=273—30=243—162=81.	81	77:2	his
305—32=273—162=111—6 *b* & *h* col.	105	82:1	neck,
305—31=274—5 *b* (31)=269—162=107. 462—107= 355+1=356.	356	78:2	and
305—32=273—162=111. 318—111=207+1=208.	208	79:1	a
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b*=239—145=94+162=	256	78:1	great
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50 (76.1)=168 —2 *b*=166.	166	81:1	wen
305—32=273—30=243—145=98—13 *b* & *h* col.=	85	78:2	or
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—145= 23. 577—23=554+1=	555	77:1	gall,
305—31=274—30=244—145=99—3 *h* col.=96.	96	81:2	some
305—31=274—5 *b*=269—162=107. 610—107=503 +1=504.	504	77:2	thing
305—32=273—30=243—145=98—3 *b* (145)=95.	95	77:2	like

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—31=274—30=244—5 *b* (31)=239—145=94—3 *b* (145)=91—2 *h*=89.	89	77:2	the
305—32=273—162=111. 518—111=407+1=408+3 *h* col.=411.	411	79:1	King's
305—31=274—30=244—145=99—2 *h* col.=97.	97	77:2	Evil,
305—32=273—162=111.	111	77:1	which
305—31=274—50=224—145=79—3 *b* (145)=76. 498—76=422+1=423.	423	76:1	every
305—31=274—30=244—145=99.	99	82:1	day
305—31=274—162=112.	112	77:1	grows
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—162=57. 577—57=520+1=521.	521	77:1	greater,
305—31=274—30=244—50=194—57 (80:1)=137. 462—137=325+1=326.	326	80:2	and
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219.	219	78:2	his
305—31=274—162=112. 296—112=184+1=185.	185	82:1	strength
305—32=273—50=223—50=173—146=27. 598—27=571+1=572.	572	79:2	more
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—50 (76:1)=169. 468—169=299+1=300.	300	78:1	feeble.

It is hardly necessary for me to explain that "the King's Evil" was the old-time name for *scrofula*, because it was believed by our wise ancestors that the touch of the king's hand would cure it; nor is it necessary to add that *scrofula* is generally accompanied by glandular ulcerations on the sides of the throat — precisely as described in the Cipher story. *King* is a common word in the Plays, but *king's* is comparatively rare. This is the only *strength* in this act, and this is the only *greater*.

This is the only "wen" in all the Shakespeare Plays! And yet here it appears, just where it is wanted, to describe poor Shakspere's scrofulous condition. And observe that *gall* and *wen* are both derived from precisely the same terminal root-number 168 [305—32=273—50=223—5 *b* (32)=218—50 (76:1)=168]. And this is the only time *gall* appears in this play! And it is found but four other times in all the *Histories!*

And the Bishop says that Shakspere is full of hope that he will recover:

305—31=274—30—244—146=98—3 *b* (146)=95—5 *b* & *h* col.=90.	90	76:1	He
305—31=274. 318—274=44+1=45.	45	79:1	is
305—31=274—162=112. 468—112=356+1=357+9 *b* & *h* =366.	366	78:1	flattering
305—32=273—30=243—50=193+163=356.	356	78:1	himself
305—31=274—162=112. 468—112=356+1=	357	78:1	with
305—31=274—30=244+185=429.	429	81:1	the
305—32=273—162=111. 468—111=357+1=	358	78:1	hope
305—31=274—50=224—5 *b*=219—50 (76:1)=169—145=24. 457—24=433+1=434.	434	76:2	and
305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50 (76:1)=168+162=330—2 *h* col.=328.	328	78:1	expectation
305—31=274. 610—274=336+1=337.	337	77:2	that
305—32=273—30=243—50=193—162=31. 577—31=546+1=547.	547	77:1	he

	Word.	Page and Column.	
305—32=273. 610—273=337+1=338.	338	77:2	**will**
305—32=273—30=243—50=193—162=31.	31	78:1	**get**
305—32=273—50=223. 577—223=354+1=355 +3 *h* col.=358.	358	77:1	**well.**

Flattering occurs but once besides in this play, and but eight times in all the *Histories*. *Expectation* is found but twice in this act, and but eleven times in all the *Histories*.

And Shakspere thinks he is yet young and his case not so bad:

305—31=274—30=244—50=194+162=356—9 *b* & *h*=	347	78:1	**young;**
305—31=274—30=244—50=194+162=356—7 *b*=	349	78:1	**case**
305—31=274—50=224—50 (76:1)=174+163=337— 2 *h*=335.	335	78:1	**not**
305—32=273—30=243—162=81. 462—81=381+1 =382+4 *b* & *h*=386.	386	78:2	**so**
305—32=273—30=243—50=193—162=31—1 *h*=	30	77:2	**bad.**

But the Bishop feels certain that he cannot recover from his terrible disease. It is, he says,—

305—32=273—50=223—5 *b*=218—50=168—50=118. 468—118=350+1=351+8 *b* col.=359.	359	78:1	**Eating**
305—31=274—50=224—50=174—145=29.	29	81:1	**away**
305—31=274—30=244—163=81.	81	77:2	**his**
305—32=273—50=223—9 *b* col.=214	214	82:1	**life.**

He cannot escape the grave:

305—31=274—30=244—162=82. 577—82=495+1 =496+2 *h* col.=498.	498	77:1	**Cannot**
305—32=273—50=223—5*b*=218—50(76:1)=168+32=200		79:1	**'scape**
305—31=274—30=244—50=194—162=32.	32	78:2	**the**
305—31=274—30=244—50=194—162=32. 462— 32=430+1=431.	431	78:2	**grave.**

Here, with all these words descriptive of disease and weakness, we find the inevitable grave. And this is the only time *grave* is found in this act.

505—167=338.

But I shall now go farther and show that these words descriptive of Shakspere's sickness not only come out at the bidding of 523—218=305—31 or 32, but that they are called forth from the same text by an entirely different Cipher number, to-wit: 505—167=338—to which we now return. This must demonstrate beyond cavil the most exquisite adjustment of the words of the play to certain arithmetical requirements. I shall have to be brief, for the story is an endless one and the temptation is almost irresistible to follow it out into its ramifications.

It must be remembered that, though these two stories are here brought together on the same pages, they are probably separated by hundreds of pages in the Cipher narrative.

Neither must it be forgotten that I have worked out but a tithe of the story growing out of 523—218=305. I have given part of that which flows from 305 *minus* 31 or 32, at the top of 79:1; but 305 is also modified by deducting the other fragments of 79:1, as 284 and 285 (31 or 32 to 317), 57 or 58, the last section in the column, and 199 or 200 (318 to 518), etc.

In the following statement Bacon speaks himself:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—31=307—30=277. 396—277=119+1=120.	120	80:1	Although
338—57 (79:1)=281—30=251.	251	78:2	he
338—31=307—163=144.	144	77:2	is
338—32=306—5 *b*=301+163=464—20 *b* & *h* col.=	444	78:1	not
338—31=307—5 *b*=302—30=272—145=127—3 *b* (145) =124—4 *b* & *h* col.=120.	120	77:2	yet
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—2 *h* col.=299.	299	79:2	thirty
338—31=307—5 *b*=302—50=252. 462—252=210+ 1=211+5 *b* col.=216.	216	78:2	three,
338—31=307—50=257—4 *h* col.=253.	253	78:2	his
338—57 (79:1)=281—27 *b* col.=254.	254	78:2	back
338—31=307—5 *b*=302—50=252. 462—252=210+1=211	211	78:2	is
338—57 (79:1)=281—50 (76:1)=231—10 *b*=221.	221	74:1	stooped and
338—57=281—50=231.	231	78:2	his
338—57=281—49 (76:1)=232—162=70.	70	77:2	hair
338—32=306—50=256—50=206—145=61.	61	76:1	and
338—57 (79:1)=281—30=251.	251	77:2	beard
338—58 (79:1)=280—30=250—50.	200	80:1	are
338—31 (79:1)=307—162=145.	145	77:2	turned
338—57=281—50=231—162=69.	69	77:2	white.
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272—162=110. 610—110=500+1=501+2 *h* col.	503	77:2	Any
338—57 (79:1)=281—50=231—31 *b* & *h* col.=200.	200	78:2	one
338—31=307—50=257—7 *b* col.=250.	250	77:1	would
338—31=307—30=277—162=115.	115	77:2	take
338—31=307—50=257—50=207—145=62—50 (76:1) =12+457=469.	469	76:2	him
338—31=307—145=162+162=324—9 *b* & *h* col.=	315	78:1	by
338—58 (79:1)=280—27=253.	253	78:2	his
338—31=307—30=277—162=115—4 *b* & *h* col.=	111	77:2	looks
338—32=306—50=256—50=206.	206	79:1	to
338—32=306—9 *b* & *h* col.=297.	297	78:1	be
338—31=307—50=257—162=95.	95	76:1	an
338—162=176.	176	77:2	old

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—31=307—5 *b* (32)=302—50=252.	252	76:1	man.
338—31=307—50=257—145=112.	112	79:1	He
338—31=307—50=257—50=207—145=62.	62	77:1	had
338—32=306—50=256—50 (76:1)=206—145=61. 448—61=387+1=388.	388	76:1	great
338—32=306—162=144. 458—144=314+1=315+7 *b* & *h* col.=322.	322	76:2	bunches
338—161=177. 577—177=400+1=401+3 *h*=404.	404	77:1	as
338—31=307—30=277—50=227—5 *b* col.=222.	222	78:1	big
338—32=306—50=256—5 *b*=251—162=89. 598—89=509+1=510+2 *b*=512.	512	79:2	as
338—32=306—50=256.	256	80:1	my
338—31=307—145=162.	162	79:1	fist
338—31=307—50=257—145=112.	112	77:2	upon
338—31=307—50=257—50=207—145=62—3 *b*=59—2 *h* col.=57.	57	76:1	the
338—31=307—50=257—145=112—3 *h* col.=109.	109	77:1	side
338—31=307—50=257—50=207—145=62—3 *b* (145)=59—2 *h* col.=57.	57	77:2	of
338—32=306—146=160+162=322—9 *b* & *h* col.=	313	78:1	his
338—31=307—50=257—50=207—145=62—3 *b* (145)=	59	27:1	throat
338—32=306—50=256—50=206—145=61.	61	76:1	and
338—31=307—50=257—50 (76:1)=207—145=62. 448—62=386+1=387.	387	76:1	under
338—31=307—50=257—4 *b* col.=253.	253	78:2	his
338—32=306—162=144—5 *b* & *h* col.=139.	139	76:2	chin.

Here, instead of *wen* and *gall*, we have *bunches;* and *throat* instead of *neck*. And observe how the same significant words, *thirty three*, are brought out by totally different numbers.

338—161=177.	177	77:1	I
338—162=176—5 *b* & *h* col.=171.	171	77:1	heard
338—162=176—4 *h*=172.	172	77:1	say
338—32=306—50=256. 610—256=354+1=355+12 *b* & *h*=367.	367	77:2	he
338—162=176—1 *b* col.=175.	175	77:1	was
338—32=306—5 *b*=301—30=271—50=221. 577—221=356+1=357.	357	77:1	very
338—162=176.	176	77:1	sick
338—31=307—50=257. 598—257=341+1=342.	342	79:2	and
338—32=306—50=256—50=206—145=61—4 *b* & *h*=	57	77:1	in
338—32=306—5 *b*=301—50=251. 610—251=359+1=360.	360	77:2	the
338—31=307—30=277—57 (79:1)=220.	220	77:1	care
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—50=252+162=414.	414	78:1	of
338—162=176—27 *b* col.	149	78:2	a
338—161=177. 577—177=400+1=401.	401	77:1	physician.

Physician is comparatively a rare word in the Plays, — it is not found in more than half the Plays; — yet it occurs in this play three times. Observe how 338—161 up the column is *physician*, while 338—162=176 down the column is *sick*.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—32 (79:1)=306—50=256—162=94—11 *b* col.=	83	78:2	**His**
338—32=306—50=256—162=94—50 (76:1)=44—			
1 *h* col.=43.	43	76:1	**health**
338—31=307—50=257. 462—257=205+1=206+			
5 *b* col.=211.	211	78:2	**is**
338—32=306—50=256—30=226—50=176+163=	339	78:1	**very**
338—31=307—7 *b* col.=300.	300	78:1	**feeble**
338—31=307—162 (78:1)=145.	145	78:2	**and**
338—57 (59:1)=281—50=231.	231	78:2	**his**
338—31=307.	307	78:1	**step**
338—31=307—49 (76:1)=258. 462—258=204+1=			
205+8 *b* & *h*=213.	213	78:2	**unfirm.**
338—32=306—197=109.	109	77:2	**He**
338—31=307—50=257—30=227—50=177. 468—			
177=291+1=292+11 *b* & *h* col.=303.	303	78:1	**is**
338—31 (79:1)=307—50=257—57=(79:1) 200.			
577—200=377+1=378.	378	77:1	**troubled**
338—31=307—13 *b* & *h* col.=294.	294	77:2	**with**
338—57 (79:1)=281—50=231. 462—231=231+1=	232	78:2	**several**
338—57=281—50=231—50=181	181	76:1	**dangerous**
338—32=306—146=160.	160	78:1	**diseases;**
338—30=308—57=251.	251	78:2	**he**
338—284=54—2 *b* & *h*=52.	[52]	78:2	**is**
338—49=289—162=127.	127	78:2	**subject**
338—50=288—162=126,	126	79:2	**to**
338—284 (79:1)=54—5 *b* & *h*=49. 162—49=113+1=	114	79:1	**the**
338—284 (79:1)=54. 162—54=108+1=109.	109	79:1	**gout**
338—31=307—218 (74:2)=89.	89	78:2	**in**
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—146=125—			
13 *b* & *h*=112.	112	78:2	**his**
338—32=306—50=256—50=206—145=61. 448—			
61=387+1=388.	388	76:1	**great**
338—31=307—218 (74:2)=89. 162—89=73+1=74.	74	78:1	**toe;**
338—30=308—32 (79:1)=276.	276	78:1	**and**
338—31=307—197 (74:2)=110. 610—110=500+1=	501	77:2	**I**
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—11 *b* & *h* col.=260		77:1	**hear**
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272—11 *b* & *h* col.=261		77:1	**moreover**
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272—161=111—			
2 *b*=109.	109	77:2	**he**
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272. 577—272=			
305+1=306+3 *h* col.=309.	309	77:1	**hath**
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272—7 *b* col.=	265	77:1	**fallen**
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—5 *h* col.=	266	77:1	**into**
338—57=281—50=231—50=181—145=36.	36	78:1	**consumption.**

Consumption occurs but once in this play, and *but four other times in all the Plays.* Yet here we have it cohering with *gout* and the shameful disorder. And *gout* also appears here twice together and *but three other times in all the Plays!* And *toe* appears but this time in this play and but twelve times besides in all the thousand pages of the Plays.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—32=306—30=276.	272	78:1	And
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272. 577—272=305+1=306.	306	77:1	it
338—32=306—5=301—30=271. 577—271=306+1=307	307	77:1	is
338—31=307—9 *b* & *h* col.=298.	298	78:1	thought
338—284=54—5 *b* & *h* (284)=49.	49	79:2	he
338—31=307—50=257. 462—257=205+1=206.	206	78:2	must
338—31=307—50=257. 396—257=139+1=140+7 *b* col.=147.	147	80:1	have
338—50=288—50 (79:1)=231—4 *h* col.=227.	227	78:2	that
338—32 (79:1)=306—30=276—31 *b* & *h* col.=245.	245	78:2	dreaded
338—284 (32 to 316, 79:1)=54—5 *b* & *h* (284)=49.	49	78:1	disease
338—57 (79:1)=281—10 *b* col.=271.	271	74:1	they
338—31=307—50=257. 534—257=277+1=278+7 *b* col.=285.	285	79:2	call
338—31=307.	307	78:2	the
338—31=307—50=257.	257	78:2	French
338—284 (79:1)=54—3 *b* (284)=51. 162—51=111+1=112		78:1	
338—284 (32 to 316, 79:1)=54—3 *b* (284)=51.	(51)	78:2	which
338—31=307—50=257. 462—257=205+1=206+5 *b* (31)=211.	211	78:2	is
338—284 (32 to 316, 79:1)=54—50=4—3 *b* (284)=1.	1	78:1	one
338—30=308—200 (318*d*)=108.	108	78:2	of
338—284 (32 to 316, 79:1)=54.	54	78:2	the
338—285=53—50=3.	3	79:2	most
338—284=54—3 *b* (284)=51.	51	78:1	incurable
338—50=288—284 (32 to 316, 79:1)=4. 598—4=594+1=595.	595	79:2	of
338—57 (79:1)=281—50. 231—50=181.	181	78:1	all
338—50=288—284 (31 to 316, 79:1)=4. 163—4=159+1=160.	160	78:1	diseases;
338—30=308—50=258—162=96. 610—96=514+1=515	515	77:2	there
338—285 (79:1)=53. 533—53=480+1=481.	481	79:2	is,
338—31=307—218 (74:2)=89+163=252.	252	78:1	in
338—32=306—30=276—50=226—162=64.	64	77:2	truth,
338—31=307—50=257—64 (79:2)=193.	193	80:1	no
338—31=307—50=257—63 (79:2)=194—161 (78:1)=	33	78:1	remedy
338—31=307—50=257. 598—257=341+1=342+9 *b* col.=351.	351	79:2	for
338—162=176—49=127—11 *b* col.=116.	116	78:2	it.
338—31=307—5 *b*=302—30=272. 577—272=305+1=306	306	77:1	It
338—32=306—284 (79:1)=22—3 *b* (284)=19.	19	79:1	seems
338—31=307. 610—307=303+1=304+12 *b* & *h*=	316	77:2	to
338—31=307—50=257—27 *b* col.=230.	230	78:2	draw
338—32=306—50=256—50=206—162=44.	44	78:2	all
338—31=307—50=257—162=95.	95	78:2	the
338—284 (33 to 317, 79:1)=54.	54	79:2	substance
338—31=307—50=257—50 (76:1)=207.	207	76:2	out
338—32=306—50=256—162=94.	94	78:2	of
338—31=307—50=257—57 (79:1)=200.	200	79:2	one,

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—31=307—49—258.	258	78:2	and
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—50=252.	252	78:2	leaves
338—284 (79:1)=54—49 (76:1)=5.	5	80:1	only
338—31=307—50=257—31 *b* & *h* col.=226.	226	78:2	emptiness
338—32=306—50=256—31 *b* & *h* col.=225.	225	78:2	and
338—32=306—50=256—50=206—162=44. 396—44=352+1=353.	353	80:1	weariness.
338—284=54—30=24.	24	79:2	It
338—32=306—30=276—50 (76:1)=226.	226	76:2	was,
338—31=307—145=62. 577—62=515+1=516.	516	77:1	I
338—31=307. 610—307=303+1=304+3 *h* col.=	307	77:2	have
338—284 (32 to 316)=54—50=4+162=166.	166	78:1	heard
338—31=307—50=257—63 (79:2)=194—2 *b* (63)=	192	78:1	say,
338—31=307—30=277—31=246.	246	79:1	brought
338—32=306—30=276.	276	78:1	hither
338—31=307—30=277. 462—277=185+1=186+5 *b* col =191.	191	78:2	in
338—32=306—50=256.	256	78:2	the
338—31=307—161=146. 146—145 (76:2)=1.	1	76:1	reign
338—32=306—30=276—162=114. 339—114=225+1=226.	226	80:1	of
338—50=288—284=4—2 *h*—2. 462—2=460+1=	461	78:2	King
338—50=288—31 (791:1)=257. 462—257=205+1=	206		
338—163 (78:1)=175. 462—175=287+1=288.	288	78:2	Harry,
338—31=307—161=146—145=1. 498—1=497+1=	498	76:1	the
338—58 (79:1)=280—58 (80:1)=222.	222	80:2	father
338—32=306—30=276—50=226.	226	80:1	of
338—57=281. 598—281=317+1=318+9 *b* col.=	327	79:2	the
338—57 (79:1)=281—7 *b* col.=274.	274	78:1	present
338—31 (79:1)=307—162=145. 518—145=373+1=374+4 *h* col.=378.	378	79:1	Queen,
338—50=288—31 (79)=257—5 *b* & *h* col.=252.	252	78:1	in
338—144 (317 *d* 79:1)=194.	194	80:1	fifteen
338—31=307 (74:2)—50=257—5 *b* (31)=252.	252	80:1	hundred
338—57 (79:1)=281.	281	78:2	and
338—31=307—50=257—63 (79:2)=194.	194	80:1	fifteen.
338—31=307—30=277. 462—277=185+1=186+5 *b* col.=191.	191	78:2	In
338—284=54—5 *b* & *h* (284)=49. 162—49=113+1=	114	78:1	the
338—284 (32 to 316, 79:1)=54. 468—54=414+1=	415	78:1	war
338—32=306—30=276—50=226. 462—226=236+1 =237		78:2	against
338—31=307—30=277.	277	78:2	the
338—57=281—50=231—64 (79:2)=167. 462—167=295+1=296.	296	78:2	French
338—284 (32 to 316, 79:1)=54. 163+54=217—3 *b* (284)=214.	214	78:1	our
338—30=308—162=146. 339—146=193+1=194+2 *b* col.=196.	196	80:1	foot
338—50=288—10 *b* col.=278.	278	80:1	soldiers
338—31—307—30=277. 317 (79:1)—277=40+1=	41	79:1	entered

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—144 (317 *d* 79:1)=194—58 (80:1)=136—3 *h* col.=	133	80:2	**Holland**
338—32=306—30=276—50=226—27 *h* col.=199.	199	78:2	**and**
338—144=194.	194	78:1	**the**
338—144=194—57=137—14 *b* & *h* col.=123.	123	80:2	**Low**
338—57 (79:1)=281.	281	80:1	**Countries.**

The story of the war is told with great detail. We read of the French that—

338—31=307—50=257.	257	79:2	**They**
338—32=306—218 (74:2)=88.	88	78:2	**fortify**
338—32=306—50=256—50 (76:1)=206—1 *h* col.=	205	76:1	**the**
338—32=306—50=256—50=206. 533—206=327+1=	328	79:2	**town**
338—32=306—50=256—15 *b* & *h*=col.=241.	241	76:1	**of**
338—32=306—30=276.	276	75:2	**Gan-**
338—32=306—30=276—50=226+185=411—3 *h* col.=408.	408	81:2	**Gate.**
338—57=281—50=231—161=70.	70	78:2	**Our**
338—32=306—31 *b* & *h*=275.	275	78:2	**forces**
338—32=306—50=256. 462—256=206+1=207.	207	78:2	**take**
338—32=306—218 (74:2)=88.	88	80:1	**it**
338—145 (317 to 462)=193—5 *h* (145)=188—50=138.	138	80:2	**after**
338—284 (33 to 317)=54.	54	80:1	**a**
338—145 (317 to 462, 79:1)=193—50=143.	143	80:2	**hard**
338—32=306—30=276.	276	76:1	**fight.**

And then we are told:

338—32=306—50=256—50=206. 468—206=262+1=263+10 *b* col.=273.	273	78:2	**Our**
338—32=306—197=109—11 *b* col.=98.	98	78:2	**men**
338—32=306—50=256—5 *b*=251—50=201+186=387—9=378.	378	81:2	**became**
338—32 (79:1)=306—50=256.	256	75:2	**too**
338—32=306—30=276—2 *h* col.=274.	274	79:2	**familiar**
338—32=306—30=276—50=226—4 *h* col.=222.	222	78:2	**with**
338—32=306—30=276—50 (10:1)=226. 508—226=382+1=383.	383	75:2	**the**
338—145=193—186 (81:2)=7—4 *b* & *h* 3. 489—3=486+1=487.	487	81:1	**women**
338—32=306—50=256—50=206.	206	80:1	**of**
338—32=306—30=276—162=114.	114	78:1	**the**
338—32=306—50=256—50=206—186=20. 489—20=469+1=470+1 *h*=471.	471	81:1	**place—**

And contracted the dreadful disorder. We then read:

338—32=306—30=276.	276	78:1	**And**
338—57=281. 533—281=252+1=253+15 *b* & *h*=	268	79:2	**when**
338—32=306—30=276—50=226—15 *b* & *h* col.=211.	211	80:1	**the**
338—32=306—30=276—50=226. 396—226=170+1=171	80:1		**King**
338—57=281—50=231—64=167—22 *b* & *h*=145.	145	78:2	**and**
338—57 (79:1)=281—50=231.	231	78:2	**his**
338—32=306—50=256—50=206. 396—206=190+1=191	80:1		**forces**
338—200 (218 to 518, 79:1)=138. 338—138=200+1=201	80:1		**marched**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—50=288—31 (79:1)=257—63 (79:2)=194—2 *h* (63)=192.	192	80:1	back
338—31 (79:1)=307—50=257—63 (79:2)=194.	194	78:1	to
338—57 (79:1)=281. 338—281=57+1=58.	58	80:1	England
338—57=281—30 (74:2)=251. 533—251=282+1=	283	79:2	they
338—31=307—5 *b*=302—30=272—50=222. 461—222=239+1=240—6 *h*=246.	246	79:1	brought
338—284 (79:1)=54. 462—54=408+1=409.	409	78:2	it
338—50 (74:2)=288—57 (79:1)=231.	231	80:1	along
338—30=308—162=146—32=114. 462—114=348+1=349+1 *h*=350.	350	78:2	with
338—31=307—5 *b*=302—285 (79:1)=17—2 *h* (285)=15. 468—15=453+1=454.	454	78:1	them.

And then we are told of the ravages of the dreadful disorder.

338—57 (79:1)=281. 396—281=115+1=116+3 *h* col.=	119	80:1	It
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—50=252. 598—252=346+1=347.	347	79:2	hath
338—144=194—57=137—11 *b* col.=126.	126	80:2	made
338—58=280—58=222—3 *h* col.=219.	219	80:2	sad
338—57=281—50=231+163=394.	394	78:1	destruction
338—31=307—50=257—57 (80:1)=200—14 *b* & *h* col.=	186	80:2	among
338—144=194—10 *b* col.=184.	184	80:1	the
338—57 (79:1)=281. 598—281=317+1=318.	318	79:2	poor
338—32=306—50=256—50=206—57=149. 523—149=374+1=375.	375	80:2	lewd
338—58 (79:1)=280—2 *h* col.=278.	278	79:2	people
338—32=306—30=276—50=226.	226	80:1	of
338—32=306—50=256—50 (76:1)=206—145=61.	61	75:8	this
338—56=281. 598—281=317+1=318+10 *b* & *h* col.=	328	79:2	town.

The reader will observe that the same root-number produces very significant words. For instance, 338 *minus* 284 (284 is the number of words in the first subdivision of 79:1 above the terminal word 317) leaves a remainder of 54; but in the 284 there are three words in brackets and two hyphenated words; these give us 54, 52, 51 and 49 (54—2 *h*=52; 54—3 *b*=51; 54—5 *b* & *h*=49). And if we turn to the text we find that the 51st word (79:1) is *incurable;* and the 49th is *disease;* while the 51st word up from the end of scene third (79:1) is —— ; the 54th is *gout*, and the 49th up is *the*. But if we deduct 284 from 288 (338—50=288) instead of 338, then, instead of a remainder of 54, we have a remainder of 4, and 4 down 79:1 is again —— ; while up from the beginning of scene fourth inclusive it is *diseases*, and down it is *heard*.

And observe, also, that 338 *minus* 31, the top section of 79:1, equals 307, and 307 down 78:1 is *step*, and plus the brackets it is *feeble*, and plus both brackets and hyphens it is *thought*. And 307 produces *big — fist — upon — side — throat — French*. But before we get to this it tells another story: 307, 78:2, is *publish;* and 307, 79:2, is *book*. But this I will show hereafter.

This is the only time *fifteen* appears in this play; and this is the only time *Holland* occurs in this play, and it is found *but twice in all the Plays*. And note how ingeniously Low-Countries, the then name of the Netherlands, is worked in ! This is the only time *countries* appears in this play; and it is found *but six other times in*

all the Plays! Yet here it is cohering with *Low — Holland — French — war — foot — soldiers — entered — Gan-gate — fight — fifteen hundred and fifteen — reign — King Harry*, and all the other words appearing in these sentences. *Queen* is concealed in *Quean*, which *occurs but three times in all the Plays!* And *emptiness* appears also but *three times in all the Plays!!* And *weariness* occurs but *three times in all the Plays!!!*

If there is not a Cipher here, what miracle was it brought all these extraordinary words together just where they were needed?

After reading these sentences in the Cipher, I turned to the history of the period and found that Henry VIII., father of Queen Elizabeth, led a large army into France in 1513, and captured Therouanne and Tournay, (the latter town is in "the Low Countries,") and beat the French at the Battle of the Spurs, at Guinegate; "made peace in 1514," and "returned home with most of his forces." What time the troops got back I have not been able to determine; but Bacon, writing eighty-three years afterwards, may or may not have correctly stated the time as 1515; it may have been 1514. The reality of the Cipher, however, is demonstrated in the fact that I did not know that Henry VIII. ever invaded France, and captured a town called Guinegate, until I found this statement brought out by the number 338 radiating from column 1 of page 79, and applied to the pages and fragments of pages of the text, as set forth above. The Cipher statement is valuable for another reason: that it helps to settle the mooted question among scientists whether that "dreaded disease" did or did not exist in Europe prior to the discovery of America. There has been considerable discussion upon this point, but the better opinion, among physicians, seems to be that it was imported into Spain from the West Indies by the sailors of Columbus; from there it spread into France and the Netherlands; and in 1515, according to the Cipher story, given above, it was brought into England by the returning foot-soldiers of King Henry. And the fact that Bacon could stop in the midst of his Cipher narrative to give these details as to a shameful but most destructive disorder, is characteristic of the man who, in his prose history of Henry VII., paused to describe the great plague which decimated London in that reign; and even gave for the benefit of posterity the accepted mode of treatment, so that, should it return, the people might have the benefit of a knowledge of the remedies found useful in the past. And even here Bacon goes on to tell the mode of treatment for the shameful disease in question, the principal of which, it seems, was the sweating it out of the system. We have Falstaff saying, near the end of 77:2: "For if I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to *sweat* extraordinarily."

338—57 (lower section 79:1)=281—162 (78:1)=119.

610—119=491+1=492. 492 77:2 **sweat.**

But I have not the time or the space to work out the narrative.

I will conclude this chapter by calling the attention of the reader to the wonderful manner in which the words descriptive of Shakspere's disease are so arranged as to be used in two narratives by two different numbers, very much like the double cipher which Bacon gives in the *De Augmentis*, where one cipher phrase is inclosed inside of another, and both hidden in a harmless-looking sentence.

And let the reader examine the *fac-simile* pages, given herewith, and he will see that this task was only accomplished by the most extraordinary manipulation of the text. Turn to page 78. Observe these unnecessary bracketings and hyphenations in the first column:

And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

And again:

> But gladly would be better satisfied,
> How (in our means) we should advance ourselves.

Then again we have:

> The question then (Lord Hastings) standeth thus.

And in the same column Hastings says to Lord Bardolfe:

> 'Tis very true Lord Bardolfe, for indeed, etc.

Here there is a comma after Bardolfe. Why was not *Lord Bardolfe* embraced in brackets as well as *Lord Hastings?* They are only eleven lines apart.

Then note this line:

> May hold-up-head without Northumberland.

Why were these three words compounded into one, like *three-man-beetle* in the preceding column?

Then look at these lines:

> And so with great imagination
> (Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
> And (winking) leaped into destruction
> But (by your leave) it never yet did hurt, etc.

No compositor would print these words in this fashion unless instructed to do so. Compare this column with pages 70, 71 and 72 of *1st Henry IV.*

But here is the crowning wonder of all this extraordinary bracketing: it is near the top of 78:2:

> Or at least desist
> To build at all? Much more in this great worke,
> (Which is (almost) to pluck a kingdom down,
> And set another up) must we survey, etc.

Here we have a totally unnecessary bracket sentence of eleven words, *and in the heart of it another bracket word!* A bracket in a bracket! Was anything ever seen like it in all the wonders of typography?

CHAPTER XVII.

SHAKSPERE THE ORIGINAL FALSTAFF.

Prince Hal. Wherein is he good but to taste sacke, and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon, and eat it? Wherein cunning but in craft? Wherein crafty but in villainy? Wherein villainous but in all things? Wherein worthy, but in nothing?

1st Henry IV., ii, 4.

THE very labor of preparing this work for the press has increased the perfection of my workmanship, and I ask my critics to consider the following, especially the first sentences. Here is complete symmetry. Every word is the 338th word [505—167 (74:2)=338]. But more than that: every word is the 338th word, *minus* 31 or 32 (top 79:1); and the 31 and 32 *regularly alternate throughout the sentence.* And not only is every word 505—167=338, *minus* 31 or 32, but every 306 or 307 so obtained is modified by counting in the five bracket words found in that fragment of 31 or 32 words at the top of 79:1; and the product 301 or 302 *alternates regularly throughout the example.* And every word is 505—167=338 —31 or 32, *minus* the 5 bracket words in 31 or 32, itself, or less 30 or 50, the modifiers on 74:2; and these again are modified by deducting the fragments, 146 (76:2) or 162 (78:1), the nearest fragments of scenes to 77:2 or 78:1, in which most of the words occur.

And observe those words, *caper—it—about—halloing—and—singing. Caper* is 302 *minus* 30=272 *up* the column (77:2); *about* is 302 *minus* 30=272 *down* the same column; while *it* is 301 *minus* 50 *up* the column. And 302 down the column is *belly*, and 301 up the column, counting from the clue-word *one* (78:1), is *halloing*, and 301 from the bottom of the column, *plus* the hyphenated words, is *singing!* And 302 gives the intervening *and.* And just as we saw the length of 74:1 determined by the necessity to use the words *prepared* and *under* by two different counts, from the beginning and the end of the column, so here the necessity of bringing *caper* and *halloing*, and *singing*, and *belly*, in their proper places from the two ends of 77:2, by the numbers 301 and 302, determined that that column should contain 610 words, no more and no less. A single additional word would have thrown the count out. If, for instance, the Lord Chief Justice, where he says (284th word, 77:2) *fy—fy—fy*, had simply said *fy* once, or even twice, it would have destroyed the Cipher. If the words *three man beetle* (587th) had not been united into one word, thus, *three-man-beetle*, or if it had been printed "three-man beetle," the

Cipher would have failed. Or if the *Folio* had contained the words which were inserted in the *Quarto*, in Falstaff's speech, some eight lines in length, the count would not have matched. Or if where Falstaff says (289th word, 77:2), "My Lord, I was born with a white head," etc., the *Folio* had contained the words which are found in the *Quarto*, "My Lord, I was born *about three of the clock in the afternoon*, with a white head," etc., it would have destroyed the Cipher. We can see therefore why these words were inserted in the *Quarto* by Bacon, to break up the count, in case decipherers got on the track of his secret; and why they were taken out again when he was preparing the *Folio* for posterity. And we can see also how false is the pretense of the actors, Heminge and Condell, that they had published the Plays from the true original copies, "perfect in their limbs," etc. And it is to be noted that the eight-line passage left out in Falstaff's speech deserves for its intrinsic merits to have been perpetuated in the Folio:

It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. . . . It were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

In fact, these additions in the Quarto, being freed from the clogs and restraints of the Cipher, are usually written with great force and freedom. We see the genius of the author at its best.

The Bishop of Worcester is speaking in the following:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272. 610—272= 338+1=339+3 *h* col.=342.	342	77:2	**For**
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—162=109— 2 *b*=107	107	77:2	**I**
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—50=252—30=222—146=	76	77:2	**have**
338—32=306—5 *b*=301—30=271—145=126—4 *b* & *h* col.=122.	122	77:2	**some**
338—31=307—5 *b*=302—30=272—79 (73:1)=193— 145=48. 462—48=414+1=415.	415	78:2	**times**
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—146=125.	125	75:2	**seen**
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272—146=126. 603—126=477+1=478.	478	76:2	**him**
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—50=221.	221	77:2	**in**
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272—146=126. 508—126=382+1=383.	383	75:2	**his**
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301. 610—301=309+1= 310+9 col.=319.	319	77:2	**youth**
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272. 610—272= 338+1=339.	339	77:2	**caper**
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—50=251. 610—251= 359+1=360+9 *b*=369.	369	77:2	**it**
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272.	272	77:2	**about**
338—32=306—5 *b* (31)=301. 610—301=309+1=	310	77:2	**with**
338—31=307—5 *b* (32)=302—30=272—146=126. 508—126=382+1=383+4 *b* & *h*=387.	387	75:2	**a**
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—50=251—146=105.	105	77:2	**light**
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272—146=126. 462—126=336+1=337	337	78:2	**heart,**
338—32=306—5 *b*=301. 611—301=310+1=311.	311	77:2	**halloing**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—31=307—5 *b*=302. 610—302=308+1=309+ 3 *h*=312.	312	77:2	and
338—32=306—5 *b* (31)=301. 610—301=309+1= 310+3 *h*=313.	313	77:2	singing
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272—50=222— 146=76. 468—76=392+1=393+3 *b*=	(396)	78:1	by
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271.	271	76:1	the
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—50=252—146=105— 50 (76:1)=55. 508—55=453+1=454+1 *h*=	455	75:2	hour,
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—50=221.	221	78:1	and
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—50=252.	252	78:1	in
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—50 (76 1)=251.	251	76:2	the
338—31=307—5 *b* (32)=302—50=252—146=106— 50 (76:1)=56. 508—56=452+1=453+1 *h* col.=	454	75:2	raggedest
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—146=125—1 *h*=124	124	76:2	apparel,
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272—50=222. 468—222=246+1=247.	247	78:1	and
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—50 (76:1)= 221. 458—221=237+1=238.	238	76:2	almost
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272—146=126.	126	78:2	naked.

Here we have again the expression *almost naked*, growing out of 505—167=338, but by different terminal numbers. In the former case it was:

505—167=338—50=288—50 (76:1)=238.	238	76:2	almost
505—167=338—50=288—162 (78:1)=126.	126	78:2	naked.

Here we have it:

505—167=338—32=306—5 *b*=301—30=271—50= 221. 458—221=237+1=238.	238	76:2	almost
505—167=338—31=307—5 *b*=302—30=272—146=	126	78:2	naked.

This is the only time *naked* occurs in this act, and it is found but twice besides in this play. And this is the only time *almost* occurs in that scene. This is the only occasion when *caper* appears in this play; and it occurs but eight times besides in all the other Plays! And *halloing* or *hallowing* is so rare a word that it is found only thrice besides in all the Plays. And *singing* is a comparatively rare word; it is found but twelve other times in all the Plays. This is the only time *apparel* is found in two acts of this play, and it appears but three times in all the play. *And this is the only time "raggedest" occurs in all the Plays!*

I mention these facts to show how improbable it is that all these words, descriptive of Shakspere's youth, with all the others descriptive of his sickness, etc, should have come together here by accident, and be so placed as to cohere arithmetically.

And then we read (pursuing the same rules, the same roots and the same alternations) that Shakspere was —

338—32=306—5 *b*=301—50=251	251	76:1	A
338—31=307—5 *b*=302—50=252. 468—252=216+ 1=217+3 *h* col.=220.	220	78:1	bold,
338—32=306—5=301—30=271—146=125— 5 *b* & *h* col.=120.	120	76:1	forward

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—31=307—5 *b*=302. 610—302=308+1=309 +3 *h*=312.	312	77:2	and
338—32=306—5 *b*=301—30=271—145=126.	126	76:1	most
338—31=307—5 *b*=302—30=272—145=127. 462—127=335+1=336.	336	78:2	vulgar
338—32=306—5 *b*=301—30=271—146=125—50=75. 457+75=532.	532	76:2	boy.

And here, the formula changing as we work, we have a description given by Bacon of Shakspere as he grew older. We have the following:

338—32=306—5 *b*=301—30=271—162=109.	109	78:2	A
338—32=306—5 *b*=301—162=139.	139	79:2	gross,
338—31=307—30=277—162=115—58 (79:1)=57.	57	79:2	fat,
338—32=306—50=256—162=94.	94	76:1	on
338—32=306—50=256—162=94—50=44. 338—44=294+1=295.	295	80:1	taught
338—31=307—5 *b*=302—30=272—146 (76:2)=126. 518—126=392+1=393+4 *h* col.=397.	397	79:1	rogue,
338—32=306—50=256—162=94 462—94=368+1=369+4 *b* & *h* col.=373.	373	78:2	full
338—32=306—50=256—162=94.	94	79:2	of
338—32=306—50=256—162=94. 448—94=354+1=355		76:1	his
338—31=307—50=257—162=95. 462—95=367+1=368		78:2	own
338—32=307—30=277—162=115—5 *b* col.=110.	110	79:1	most
338—32=306—50=256—162=94. 462—94=368+1=369+2=371.	(371)	79:2	beastly
338—32=306—50=256—162=94. 462—94=368+1=369		78:2	desires.

Taught is found but twice in this play; both times in act ii, scene 1, with only two lines between them. We have seen it used already to refer to Susanna's education, and now we see it employed to describe Shakspere. *Beastly* is comparatively a rare word; it is found but twice in this play, and but twice besides in all the Historical Plays. *Desires* is found but twice in this play, and but twelve times in all the Histories. *Gross* occurs but twice in this play.

Observe also that all of these last five words are produced by precisely the same root-number and the same terminal number, 94, while 115 is the same root-number put through the same formula, except that 30 is the modifier instead of 50.

And then we have, coming out of the same root-numbers (for the difference between 94 and 144 is just 50), the following:

338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—50=252.	252	77:2	A
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—50=221—145=76—3 *b* (145)=73. 462—73=389+1=390+1 *h* col.=391		78:2	glutton,
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272—50=222. 577—222=355+1=356+3 *h* col.=339.	339	77:1	rather
338—32=306—162=144. 461—144=317+1=318 +2 *h*=320.	320	78:2	over-greedy
338—32=306—162=144—50=94. 468—94=374+1=375		78:1	than
318—32=306—162=144. 462—144=318+1=319.	319	78:2	choice.

Here again the alternations, 31, 32, etc., are preserved.

And here observe an astonishing fact:—the word *glutton occurs but twice in all*

the thousand pages of the Plays, and *both times it is found in this play, and in this act;* and both times it is used to describe Shakspere; and *both times it grows out of 505—167=338!* If the reader will turn back to 76:1 and take the number 338, and count from the first word of scene third, downward and forward, he will find that the 338th word is *glutton*. Thus:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—49 (76:1)=289.	289	76:2	**glutton.**

And here we have it again occurring in 78:2, and again it is the 338th word; and *these are the only occasions when the word is found in all the Shakespeare Plays!* And if we turn backward with this root-number we stumble again upon the story of Shakspere's fight with the game-keepers and the flight of his companions, for 288 (338—50=288) carried down the preceding column is *turned* (288, 75:2); and 289 (338—49=289) is *their;* and 289 up the preceding column is *our*, and 288 is *men;* and 288 up the same, *plus b & h*, is *fled;* and 289—50=239 down the same column is *swifter;* and 289 up the same column *plus* the bracket words is *arrows;* and 239 down the same column *plus* the *b & h* is *speed*. Here, with a touch, as it were, we have the elements of the sentence, *Our men turned their backs and fled swifter than the speed of arrows*. But if we use the modifier 30, instead of 50, we have 289—30 =259, and 259 down the same column is *prisoner;* and *plus* one hyphen word it is *ta'en* (taken); and *plus* both *b & h* it is again *fled;* and 259 up the same column is *Field* ("fled the field"); and *plus* the bracket words it is again *prisoner;* and *plus* both *b & h* it is *furious!* And 258 (288—30=258) down the column is *ta'en*, and up the column it supplies the *then* for "swifter than the speed," etc. In short, everywhere we turn with the magical Cipher numbers, marvelous arithmetical adjustments present themselves.

And then we have this description of Shakspere, coming, it will be observed, out of that same 338 *minus* 31 or 32, counting in the five bracket words in the 31 or 32:

338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272—50=222.	222	78:2	**With**
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—145=156—2 *b* col.=	154	77:2	**his**
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—145=157—2 *b* col.=	155	77:2	**quick**
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—4 *h* col.=	267	77:2	**wit**
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272—146=126.			
498—126=372+1=373.	373	76:1	**and**
338—32=306—5 (32)=301—145=156—2 *b*=154.	154	77:2	**his**
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272—50=222.	222	78:1	**big**
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—14 *b & h*=	257	77:2	**belly.**

Here we have the same regular alternatives, 31, 32; 31, 32; 31, 32; 31, 32. And it stands to reason that to have carried on the deception as to the authorship of the Plays in such wise as to escape suspicion, Shakspere must have been a man of remarkable shrewdness and some natural ability. And we will find hereafter that he was much like Sir John Falstaff in his characteristics.

But if (when we advance a step farther in the Cipher), instead of using 505—167=338 as the root-number, we count in the 22 *b & h* words in that 167, we obtain still more interesting portions of the story. The formula now is 505—167=338—22 *b & h*=316; and to save labor to printers and readers I will use in the following example only that terminal number, 316:

505—167=338—22 *b & h*=316.

316—32=284—162=122—4 *b & h* col.=118.	118	77:2	**Weighing**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
316—32=284—50=234. 603—234=369+1=	370	76:2	**two**
316—32=284—50=234—30 (76:1)=204. 396—204 192+1=193+2 *b* col.=195.	195	80:1	**hundred**
316—32=284—50=234—30=204—145=59. 610—59=551+1=552+2 *h* col.=554.	554	77:2	**pound.**

Observe the accuracy of this. *Weighing* occurs but this one time in this play, and *but four times besides in all the Plays!* Yet here it is, with all the other words descriptive of Shakspere's Falstaffian proportions before sickness broke him down. *Hundred* occurs but three times in this play; and *pound* but once in this act. Here every word is 505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—32=284—50=234. Think how many figures there are that might have applied themselves to that 505 to modify it; and yet into this labyrinth of numbers we see the same terminal root-number, reached through all these transmutations, picking out the coherent words, as in the above sentence.

The reader will perceive, by looking at the text, that *pound* was used for *pounds* in that day:— "Will your Lordship lend me a thousand pound?"

And now, marvelous to tell, Bacon refers to Shakspere, even as the Bishop of Worcester did, as a *glutton;* and still more marvelous, the text is so adjusted that again for the third time that same word *glutton* is used:

316—49=267—145=122. 448—122=326+1=327.	327	76:1	**A**
316—30=286—163=123.	123	78:1	**great**
316—30=286—50=236—163=73. 462—73=389+1=390+1 *h* col=391.	391	78:2	**glutton.**

Now compare this with the manner in which *glutton* was just obtained:

338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—50=221—145=76—3 *b* (145)=73. 462—73=389+1=390+1 *h* col.=391.	391	78:2	**glutton**

Here it will be observed that the difference between 145 and 162 is 17, and this, *plus* the 5 *b* in 31 (79:1), makes 22, the number of *b* & *h* words in 165, and thus the two counts are so equalized as to fall on the same word. But what a miracle of arithmetical adjustments does all this imply!

And then the description of the play-actor of Stratford goes on. We are told he is, besides being a glutton, a drunkard. Or, as it is expressed, that—

316—49 (76:1)=267—146=121. 498—121=377+1=	378	76:1	**He**
316—50 (74:2)=266—162=104.	104	77:2	**is**
316—50 (74:2=266—145=121—3 *b* (145)=118. 610—118=492+1=493.	493	77:2	**extraordinarily**
316—30 (74:2)=286—163 (78:1)=123. 462—123=339+1=340.	340	78:2	**fond**
316—30 (74:2)=286. 468—286=182+1=183+3 *h* col.=186.	186	78:1	**of**
316—49 (76:1)=267—162=105. 577—105=472+1=	473	77:1	**the**
316—50 (74:2)=266—162=104. 610—104=506+1=507		77:2	**bottle.**

The word *extraordinarily* is a very rare word in the Plays. *It is found but twice in all the Plays, and both times in this play!* And this is the only time *fond* appears *in all this play;* and this is the only time *bottle* appears *in all this play!* And *fond* occurs but twelve other times in all the Historical Plays; and *bottle* but four other

times! Yet here they are linked together by the same root-number, with the naturally coherent words: *big — belly — weighing — two — hundred — pound — great — glutton*, etc. And *glutton* does not, I have shown, appear in any other of the Shakespeare Plays! Surely the blindest and most perverse must concede that all this cannot be accidental.

And then we have the following important statement:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
316—161=155—57=98—12 *b* & *h* col.=86.	86	80:2	But
316—161=155. 610—155=455+1=456.	456	77:2	I
316—49 (76:1)=267—57=210.	210	77:2	must
316—162=154—57 (80:1)=97. 523—97=426+1=427+2 *b*=429.	429	80:2	confess
316—50 (74:2)=266+32 (79:1)=298—2 *h* col.=296.	296	79:1	there
316—30=286—162=124. 468—124=344+1=345+1 *h*=346.	346	78:1	was
316—49=267—145=122.	122	78:2	some
316—50=266. 339—266=73+1=74.	74	80:1	humor
316—30=286. 339—286=53+1=54+3 *h*=57.	57	80:1	in
316—50=266—50=216. 468—216=252+1=253.	253	78:1	the
316—30=286—161=125—57 (80:1)=68. 523—68=455+1=456.	456	80:2	villain;
316—31=285—30=255—4 *h* col.=251.	251	78:2	he
316—161 (78:1)=155—2 *b* col.=153.	153	77:2	hath
316—161=155—5 *b* & *h*=150.	150	77:2	a
316—161 (18:1)=155.	155	77:2	quick
316—49=267.	267	77:2	wit,
316—31=285—50=235.	235	78:2	and
316—5 *b* & *h* col.=311.	311	79·1	a
316—50=266—50=216. 468—216=252+1=253+3 *h* col.=256.	256	78:1	great
316—49=267—10 *b* col.=257.	257	77:2	belly;
316—31=285—145=140—3 *b*=137. 162—137=25+1=26	26	78:1	and,
316—30=286—161=125. 468—125=343+1=344.	344	78:1	indeed,
316—32=284. 610—284=326+1=327	327	77:2	I
316—49=267.	267		
316—163=153—4 *b* & *h* col.=149.	149	77:2	made
316. 468—316=152+1=153.	153	78:1	use
316—32=284—50=234—10 *b* col.=224.	224	77:2	of
316—32=284.	284	78:1	him,
316—30=286—32=254. 268—254=214+1=215+3 *h*=218	218	78:1	with
316.	316	78:1	the
316—2 *h*=314.	314	78:1	assistance
316—32=284—50=234—65=169—58 (80:1)=111—11 *b* col.=100.	100	80:2	of
316. 610—316=294+1=295+9 *b* col.=304.	304	77:2	my
316—32=284—50=234—65 (79:2)=169—58 (80:1)=111. 523—111=412+1=413.	413	80:1	brother,
316—50=266+162=428.	428	78:1	as
316—32=284.	284	78:2	the
316—49=267. 577—267=310+1=311.	311	77:1	original
316—32=284—50=234—162=72—11 *b*=61.	61	78:2	model

	Word.	Page and Column.	
316—32=284—4 *b* & *h* col.=280.	280	79:1	from
316—32=284—5 *b* (32)=279+162=441—3 *h* col.=	438	78:1	which
316—31=285.	285	78:1	we
316—32=284—50=234—4 *h* col.=230.	230	78:2	draw
316.	316	78:1	the
316—32=284—50=234.	234	77:2	characters
316.	316	78:2	of
316—30=286—161=125—50 (76:1)=75. 603—75= 528+1=529.	529	76:2	Sir
316—32=284—50=234. 598—234=364+1=365.	365	79:2	John
316—32=284—161=123—50=73. 603—73=530+1=531		76:2	Falstaffe
316—30=286—162=124. 610—124=486+1=487.	487	77:2	and
316—31=285—50=235. 598—235=363+1=364.	364	79:2	Sir
316—30=286—162=124.	124	78:1	Toe
316—32=284—146=138—3 *b* (146)=135+162=	297	78:1	be.

It will be remembered that the characters of Sir John Falstaff and Sir Toby, in *Twelfth Night*, have many points of similarity: both are corpulent, sordid, gluttonous, sensual, wine-drinking and dishonest; indeed, very much such characters as Bacon describes Shakspere to have been.

Note how many significant words come out of the same root-number: 234 is *characters;* it is also *draw* (*draw characters*); it is also, *minus* 162, *model* (*model to draw characters*); it is also, up the next column forward, *John;* and 284 (234+50=284) is, *minus* 161, *Falstaffe;* and 284 is *from;* and 234 again is *brother.* And observe, also, the number 316, out of which 234 is drawn by deducting 32 (79:1): 316 from the top of scene fourth (78:1), carried backward to the next column and down it, is *made;* and 316 from the end of column 78:1 upward is *use* (*made use*); and 316 carried down the next column (78:2), is *of* (*made use of*); and 316, commencing at the end of the same scene and carried down 78:1, is *him* (*made use of him*).

And this revelation supplies an answer to a question which has puzzled the commentators: Where did the author of the Plays find the character of Falstaff? There was nothing like it in literature. Knight cannot discover[1] "the very slightest similarity" to Sir John Oldcastle in the old play entitled *The Famous Victories of King Henry V.* The name was borrowed, as I have shown, but not the character Ritson thinks the name was taken "without the slightest hint of the character." We have the explanation. The fat knight was Shakspere.

The character of Falstaff is often referred to in the Cipher story. The combination *Fall-staff* is found in eighteen of the Plays; and wherever *staff* appears in the text, *in every case "fall" is near at hand!* In *The Tempest* both occur in act v, scene 1; in *Much Ado* both are found in act v, scene 1; in *Richard II.* both appear in act ii, scene 2; in *2d Henry VI.* both occur in act ii, scene 3; in *3d Henry VI.* both are found in act ii, scene 1; and in *Hamlet* both appear in act iv, scene 5; while in every other instance they are found near together.

The Cipher statement that Bacon had the assistance of his brother Anthony in preparing some of the Plays is just what we might expect. This will account for the familiarity with Italian scenes and names manifested in them; for Anthony had resided for years in Italy. We can imagine the two brothers, alike in many traits of mind, working together at St. Albans, or in their chambers at Gray's Inn;

[1] *Introductory Notice to Henry IV.*, p. 166, vol. i of *Histories*

Francis pulling the laboring oar, and the sick Anthony making valuable suggestions as to plots and characters. And one cannot help but imagine how the brothers must have enjoyed the rollicking scene of the fat Shakspere, leaping and singing about on the stage, enacting his own shameful character in the disguise of Falstaff! It was capping the climax of the ludicrous. It was a farce inside of a comedy.

I am aware it will be thought by some that I had read the foregoing passage in the Cipher story before I wrote that part of the *Argument* of this book wherein I suggested[1] that Shakspere was Falstaff. But I beg to assure the reader that all the *Argument* was in type before I worked out this portion of the Cipher narrative. In fact, the first suggestion that Falstaff might be Shakspere was made to me two or three years ago by my wife.

And the multitude also enjoyed the sight, which must have entertained Francis and Anthony so much.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
316.	316	77:2	To
316—145=171—5 *b* & *h* col.=166. [316—146=170—3 *b*=167—163=4, 78:2, *see*].	166	77:1	see
316—49=267. 610—267=343+1=344+3 *h* col.=	347	77:2	him
316—32=284. 610—284=326+1=327+12 *b* & *h* col.=	339	77:2	caper
316—32=284—30=254. 468—254=214+1=215+3 *h* col =218,	218	78:1	with
316—32=284—50=234. 457—234=223+1=224.	224	76:2	his
316—50=266—50=216. 468—216=252+1=253+3 *h* col.=256.	256	78:1	great
316—15 *b* & *h* col.=301.	301	77:2	round
316—49=267—10 *b* col =257.	257	77:2	belly.

The curious reader will note that *belly* appears five times in acts i and ii of this play, and twice in act iv, or seven times in all in this play; while it is altogether absent from one-half the Plays, and appears but once in each of eight of the Plays. Why? Because of the descriptions, here given, of Shakspere's corpulence, and the story of the effect of the poison on the stomach of Francis Bacon, which will hereafter appear.

And then Bacon goes on to tell of the wonderful success of the part of Sir John Falstaff:

316—32=284—50=234+162=396.	396	78:2	It
316—49 (76:1)=267—162=105.	105	78:2	draws
316—32=284—50 (76:1)=234.	234	78:2	together,
316—32=284—14 *b* col.=270.	270	79:1	to
316—32=284—30=254. 468—254=214+1=215+15 *b* & *h* col.=230.	230	78:1	the
316—31=285—162=123—61 (80:2)=62. 489—62=427+1=428.	428	81:1	play
316—31=285—162=123—13 *b* & *h* col.=110.	110	78:2	house
316—32=284—50=234—146=88—3 *b* (146)=85. 457—85=372+1=373.	373	76:2	yards,
316—50=266. 534—266=268+1=269 7 *b* col.=	276	79:2	such

[1] See p. 279, *ante*.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
316—32=284—50=234—146=88—3 *b* (146)=85. 468—85=383+1=384.	384	78:1	**great**
316—32=284—50=234.	234	78:1	**musters**
316—32=284—50=234—5 *b* col.=229.	229	78:1	**of**
316—50=266. 534—266=268+1=269+9 *b* & *h* col=	278	79:2	**people,**
316—7 *b*=309.	309	78:1	**far**
316—32=284—162=122—11 *b* col.=111.	111	78:2	**beyond**
316—162=154+32 (79:1)=186.	186	79:1	**my**
316—162=154—13 *b*=141.	141	78:2	**hopes**
316—32=284—50=234. 468—234=234+1=235+ 12 *b* col.=247.	247	78:1	**and**
316—162=154.	154	78:2	**expectation,**
316—32=284—145=139.	139	78:2	**that**
316—31=285—30=255. 603—255=348+1=349.	349	76:2	**they**
316—31=285—50=235. 610—235=375+1=376.	376	77:2	**took**
316—32=284—146=138. 610—138=472+1=473.	473	77:2	**in**
316—50=266. 610—266=344+1=345+9 *b* col.=	354	77:2	**at**
316—32=284—50=234—163=71—32 (79:1)=39.	39	78:2	**least**
316—32=284—7 *b* col.=277.	277	78:1	**twenty**
316—49=267. 610—267=343+1=344.	344	77:2	**thousand**
316—50=266. 610—266=344+1=345.	345	77:2	**marks.**

The word *yard* is peculiar; it meant what was called *the pit*, fifty years ago, and what is now designated as the *parquette;* it was the roofless body of the playhouse. Collier says, speaking of the Globe theater:

> It had rails to prevent spectators in the *yard* from intruding on the stage.[1]

And again Collier says:

> W. Fennor in his *Description*, 1616, speaks with great contempt of that part of the audience in a public theater which occupied the *yard* . . . He adds:
>
> But leave we these, who for their just reward
> Shall gape and gaze among the *fools in the yard.*[2]

Yard occurs but four times in all the Plays; this is the only time *draws* is found in this play; and this is the only time *musters* appears in this scene. *Musters* signified gatherings of people. "Defense, *musters*, preparations" (*Henry V.*, ii, 4); and "make fearful *musters* and prepared defense" (*1st Henry IV*, Induction). *Expectation* is found five times in this play, and but six times in all the other nine Historical Plays! Even the common word *far* is found but once in act i, and but four times more in all this play; and *least* occurs but twice in this play; and *marks* but this one time in this play; and even *hopes* is found but twice in this act and scene, and four times in all the play.

And it seems the tradition was right which said Queen Elizabeth was especially pleased with the character of Sir John Falstaff. We read:

316—32=284—57=227—14 *b* & *h* col.=213.	213	79:1	**It**
316—31=285—50 (76:1)=235.	235	80:2	**pleases**
316—32=284—50=234—65 (79:2)=169—10 *b* col.=	159	80:1	**her**
316—31=285—50 (76:1)=235.	235	77:1	**Majesty**

[1] *English Dramatic Poetry*, vol. iii, p. 110. [2] Ibid., vol. iii, p. 143.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
316—32=284+162=446.	446	78:1	much
316—32=284—50 (74:2)=234—50 (76:1)=184—4 *h* col.=180.	180	78:2	more
316—50=266. 603—266=337+1=338+1 *h* col.=	339	76:2	than
316—50=266—145=121—3 *b* (145)=118	118	77:1	any
316. 468—316=152+1=153+3 *h* col.=156.	156	78:1	thing
316—32=284—50=234—146=88—2 *h* col.=86.	86	78:2	else
316—31=285—50=235—57=178—2 *h* col.=176..	176	79:1	in
316. 338—316=22+1=23+12 *b* col.=35.	35	80:1	these
316—50=266—145=121—3 *b* (145)=118.	118	78:1	Plays.

And then we are told that the part of Sir John continued to increase in popularity:

316—50=266—145=121—3 *b* (145)=118. 162—118=44+1=45.	45	78:1	It
316—145=171—162=9.	9	79:1	seems
316—32=284—30=254+162=416.	416	78:1	indeed
316—32=284—50=234—146=88—3 *b* (146)=85. 462—85=377+1=378+3 *b* col.=381.	381	78:2	to
316—31=285—50=235.	235	77:2	grow
316—32=284—146=138.	138	77:2	in
316—31=285—146=139—2 *b* col.=137.	137	77:2	regard
316—31=285—15 *b* & *h* col.=270.	270	77:2	every
316—30=286.	286	79:1	day.

And then we are told that the popularity of Sir John with the swarming multitudes helped Bacon somewhat out of the necessities which his biographers tell us pressed so sorely upon him:

316—32=284—50=234. 610—234=376+1=377.	377	77:2	It
316—32=284—30=254—5 *b* col.=249	249	78:1	supplies
316—32=284—146=138	138	77:1	my
316—49=267+162=429—17 *b* col.=412.	412	78:1	present
316—57 (80:1)=259—62 (80:2)=197.	197	81:1	needs
316—32=284—145=139—3 *b* (146)=136. 610—136=474+1=475+2 *h* col.=477.	477	77:2	for
316—32=284—146=138. 577—138=439+1=440+3 *h* col.=443.	443	77:1	some
316—32=284—145=139—3 *b* (145)=136.	136	77:2	little
316—32=284—30=254. 255—50=205—4 *h* col.=	201	77:1	time.

Bacon was unable to take care of his gains; but the thrifty Shakspere turned his share to good account. We read:

315—32=284—146=138—3 *b* (146)=135—5 *b* col.=	130	79:1	He
316—32=284—50=234—50=184+162=346.	346	78:1	was
316—32=284—146=138. 577—138=439+1=440.	440	77:2	wise
316—32=284—50=234—50=184—22 *b* & *h* col.=162.	162	78:2	enough
316—31=285—30=255—50=205—146=59+162=221—5 *b* col.=216.	216	78:1	to
316—32=284—162 (78:1)=122—58 (80:1)=64. 523—64=459+1=460+2 *b* col.=462.	462	80:2	save

	Word.	Page and Column.	
316. 577—316=261+1=262.	262	77:1	his
316—32=284—146=138. 162—138=24+1=25	25	78:1	groats
316—32=284—50=234—50=184. 462—184=278+ 1=279+8 *b* & *h*=287.	287	78:2	and
316—32=284—50=234—162=72—50(76:1)=22. 457—22=435+1=436.	436	76:2	buy
316—32=284—146=138. 462—138=324+1=325.	325	78:2	an
316—32=284—50=234—162=72.	72	78:2	estate
316—32=284—146=138. 468—138=330+1=331	331	78:1	of
316—32=284—50=234—50=184—4 *h* col=180.	180	77:1	lordship.

And then the Cipher tells us something altogether new, that will be interesting to all lovers of the Plays, and especially to the great German race. Bacon says:

316—50=266—58=208.	208	80:2	I
316—145=171.	171	77:1	heard
316—32=284—58=226—11 *b* col.=215.	215	80:2	that
316—30=286. 598—286=312+1=313.	313	79:2	my
316—2 *h* col.=314.	314	79:2	Lord
316—32=284—50=234. 577—234=343+1=344.	344	77:1	the
316. 338—316=22+1=23.	23	80:1	German
316—144 (317 to 461 79:1)=172. 577—172=405+ 1=406+11 *b* col.=417.	417	77:1	Minister
316—31=285—30=255.	255	79:2	told
316—31=285. 598—285=313—1=314+9 *b* col.=	323	79:2	Says
316—57 (80:1)=259.	259	79:2	ill
316—30=286—57=229—14 *b* & *h* col.=215.	215	80:2	that
316—31=285—50=235. 338—235=103+1=104.	104	80:1	it
316—32=284—14 *b* col.=(270).	(270)	79:2	was
316—30=286—57 (80:1)=229. 598—229=369+1=	370	79:2	well
316. 338—316=22+1=23+5 *h* col.=28.	28	80:1	worth
316—30=286—57 (80:1)=229.	229	79:2	coming
316—31=285—57=228. 523—228=295+1=296.	296	80:2	all
316—58 (80:1)=258. 523—258=265+1=266.	266	80:2	the
316—57=259. 533—259=274+1=275+7 *b* col.=	282	79:2	long
316—32=284—57=227. 598—227=371+1=372+ 10 *b* & *h*=382.	382	79:2	way
316—30=286—57 (80:1)=229.	229	80:2	to
316—32=284. 338—284=54+1=55+3 *h*=58.	58	80:1	England
316—31=285—30=255. 338—255=83+1=84.	84	80:1	to
316—145=171—5 *b* & *h* col.=166.	166	77:1	see
316—32=284. 598—284=314+1=315.	315	79:2	this
316—31=285—162=123.	123	78:2	part
316—32=284—50=234—50 (76:1)=184. 462—184= 278+1=279.	279	78:2	of
316—31=285—30=255. 338—255=83+1=84+ 3 *h* col.=(87).	(87)	80:1	Sir
316—32=284—30=254. 338—254=84+1=85+ 3 *h* col.=(88).	(88)	80:1	John
316—31=285—50=235. 339—235=104+1=105.	105	80:1	alone,
316—31=285. 338—285=53+1=54+3 *h* col.=57.	57	80:1	in

	Word.	Page and Column.	
316—32=284. 598—284=314+1=315.	315	79:2	**this**
316—30=286—162 (78:1)=124—62 (80:1)=62. 489 —62=427+1=428.	428	81:1	**play**
316—32=284. 598—284=314+1=315+10 *b* & *h*=	325	79:2	**and**
316—31=285—30=255.	255	78:2	**The**
316—32=284—57=227—62=165—4 *b* & *h* (62)=161. 489—161=328+1=329.	329	81:1	**Merry**
316—32=284—145=139—58 (80:1)=81—62=19.	19	81:1	**Wives**
316—31=285—50=235.	235	77:2	**of**
316—64 (79:2)=252—57 (80:1)=195—2 *h* col.=193.	193	79:2	**Windsor.**

Here the word *merry* is disguised in *marry*, which represented the pronunciation of the word in that age. Mr. F. G. Fleay, in his *Shakespeare Manual*, p. 66, shows that *e* was then usually pronounced like "*a* in m*a*re," and "rarely as *e* in *e*ve;" and *merry* was therefore pronounced *marry* or *mary*. After awhile we shall see *Merry Wives of Windsor* used again, with the word *merry* as found in the same act, scene fourth, "A *merry* song, come; it grows late." And how cunningly is *wives* disguised in *ale-wive's* (19, 81:1). And yet the work is strained. The line is: "He had made two holes in the ale-wive's new petticoat." It should be *ale-wife's;* but *wife's* would not have given us the Merry *Wives* of Windsor, and hence the woman had to be turned into a plural. And see how *Windsor* is dragged in: "The prince broke thy head for likening him to a singing man of *Windsor*." Why a singing man of *Windsor* and not of some other town? And what *was* a "singing man of Windsor"? Let the curious examine the Concordance for the relations between the words *merry wives* and *Windsor*, or the disguise *Wind-sir*, in the different Plays.

And what is "the *German* hunting in water-worke"? The commentators can make nothing of it? And we will see that as *German* is the 316th word from the last word of scene 1, so *hunting* is the 316th word from the beginning of the next scene, and that it describes Shakspere's rabbit-hunting as a boy:

316—161 (78:1)=155—57 (80:1)=98—61 (80:2)=37— 4 *b* & *h* (61)=33.	33	81:1	**rabbit**)
316. 339—316=23—1=24.	24	80:1	**hunting**)

and that 98 (155—57=98) is *low* (80:2), and that 37 [155—57=98—61 (80:2)=37] is *rascally;* and that the same 234 (316—32=284—50=234) which produced *draw, characters* and so many other important words, carried through that same 57, and up from the end of the first section of the next column, *plus* 1 hyphen, yields 286, 80:2, *company;* and so we have: *rabbit—hunting—rascally—low—company!*

It would seem, I say, as if German admiration of the great genius revealed in the Plays began at an early period; and the pride with which Bacon refers to this approbation of a distinguished foreigner is characteristic of the man who left "his memory to the next ages and *to foreign nations.*" He felt the inadequacy of the development of his own people at that time.

It may be objected that I gave in the beginning of the chapter a long sentence where 31 and 32 regularly alternated; but that in the foregoing, and in some passages that follow, we have 316 used by itself as a root-number, and sometimes alternated with 30, 50, 31 and 32. The answer is that in these latter instances the top fragment of 79:1 is not used as a starting-point, as in the former case, but that the number 316 plays backward and forward between the beginning of scene third and the end of scene fourth; and that 316 is the real root-number.

And we also have given at length, in the Cipher narrative, the conversation between Cecil and the German Minister. And the Minister—

	Word.	Page and Column.	
316—32=284—57=227—62=165. 489—165=324+1=325		81:1	swears
316—32=284—30=254—162=92.	92	77:2	up
316—31=285—50=235—57=178—3 *h* col.=175.	175	80:2	and
316—30=286—30=256—162=94.	94	77:2	down
316. 598—316=282+1=283.	283	79:2	they
316—32=284—30=254—162=92. 610—92=518+1 =519+2 *h* col.=521.	521	77:2	can
316—30=286. 338—286=52+1=53.	53	80:1	not
316—30=286—50=236—50=186—22 *b* col.=164.	164	78:2	equal
316—31=285—50=235. 338—235=103+1=104.	104	80:1	it
316—32=284—30=254—162=92.	92	78:2	in
316—31=285—50=235—57 (80:1)=178—62 (80:2)= 116. 489—116=373+1=374.	374	81:1	all
316—32=284—50=234—57=177—62=115. 489— 115=374+1=375.	375	81:1	Europe.

These are rare words. *Europe* occurs but ten times in all the Plays; *minister* but twice in this play, and but eleven other times in all the Historical Plays. *German* is found but this one time in this play, and but nine times in all the Plays.

And observe the additional multitudinous proofs of the Cipher: While 316, up from the end of scene 1, act ii, is *German*, 316, up the same column, but counting in the five hyphens in the column, is *worth;* and 316 less 30 is 286, and this, less 57 (the section at the end of 80:1), is 229; and 229, carried down the preceding column, is *coming* (*worth coming*); and 229 down the next column forward is *to;* and 229 up the same column is *well* (*well worth coming to*); and 316—32=284, and this carried again up from the end of scene 1, as in the case of *German* and *worth*, produces, *plus* the hyphens, *England* (*well worth coming to England*); and 284 again less 57 is 227, and 227 carried again up the preceding column, + *b* & *h*, yields *way;* and 316 less the same 57 produces *long* (*well worth coming all the long way to England*).

I gave a great many instances, on page 715, *ante*, where *says* and *ill* or *seas* and *ill* were matched together to produce *Cecil* (pronounced *Sacil*), and here we have another; and we shall see still others as we progress.

Then the German Minister grows enthusiastic over the dramatic delineation of the character of Sir John Falstaff. In his conversation with Cecil—

316—32=284—50=234—57=177—62=115.	115	81:1	He
316—32=284—30=254—186=68. 489—68=421+ 1=422+1 *h*=423.	423	81:1	said:
316—30=286—57=229—3 *h* col.=226.	226	80:2	I
316—50=266—57=209.	209	80:2	tell
316—49 (76:1)=267—57=210.	210	80:2	thee,
316—50=266—57=209—61 (80:2)=148—4 *b* & *h* col.=144		81:1	the
316—31=285—57=228—11 *b* col.=217.	217	80:2	man
316—57=259—186 (81:2)=73.	73	81:1	that
316—32=284—57=227.	227	80:2	could
316—30=286—62 (80:2)=224.	224	81:1	conceive
316—57=259. 534—259=275+1=276.	276	79:2	such
316—31=285. 338—285=53+1=54.	54	80:1	a

	Word.	Page and Column.	
316—50 (76:1)=266—57=209—61 (80:1)=148— 2 *b* col.=146.	146	81:1	part
316—31=285—49=235—62=173.	173	81:1	as
316—50=266. 338—266=72+1=73.	73	80:1	this,
316—31=285. 338—285=53+1=54+9 *b* col.=63.	63	80:1	and
316—32=284. 338—284=54+1=55+9 *b* col.=64.	64	80:1	draw
316—31=285—50=235. 338—235=103+1=104.	104	80:1	it
316—32=284—50=234—58 (80:1)=176—14 *b* & *h* col.=162		80:2	so
316—32=284—30=254—185 (81:2)=69. 489—69= 420—1+4 *b* & *h* (185)=425.	425	81:1	well,
316—31=285—57=228—11 *b* col.=217.	217	80:2	should
316—30=286—57=229—61 (80:2)=168.	168	81:1	be
316—50=266—57=209—62 (80:1)=147—2 *b* col.=	145	81:1	immortal.

This is the only time *immortal* occurs in this play, and it is found but twice besides in all the Historical Plays. And this is the only time *conceive* appears in this play; and it is found but three times besides in all the Historical Plays. Observe the word *part* in the Concordance: — how often it occurs in some plays and how rarely in others. It is found but five times in *Macbeth*, while we discover it twenty-four times in *Hamlet;* and *play* occurs *but four times in Macbeth;* while *play* and *plays* are found *thirty-five times in Hamlet!* This is because the Cipher story in the latter play tells us a great deal about the Plays and players, and acting, etc., while in *Macbeth* those subjects are but little referred to. And where *plays* are alluded to in the internal narrative, it is natural to speak of such and such a *part* in the play, or of the first, second or third *part* of some of the Historical Plays.

And it further appears (departing a little from our root-number 316) that — as I had supposed — Shakspere was a usurer in the full sense of the term. We are told by this same root-number, 338, that he acquired a great part of his wealth by this practice, and is clad in —

338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—146=125— 1 *h*=124.	124	76:2	apparel
338—31=307—5 *b* (32)=302—30=272—146=126. 508—126=382+1=383+1=384.	384	75:2	fit
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—50=221—146 =75. 508—75=433+1=434.	434	75:2	for
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302.	302	76:2	a
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—30=271—145=126. 610—126=484+1=485.	485	77:2	prince;

That instead of being half-naked he is arrayed —

338—32=306—5 *b*=301—50=271—50=221.	221	77:2	in
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272—49=223. 610—223=387+1=388+14 *b* & *h*=402.	402	77:2	silk
338—32=306—5 *b*=301—50=251—50=201. 603— 201=402+1=403.	403	76:2	and
338—31=307—5 *b*=302—50 (76:1)=252.	252	76:2	satin.

Very different from the rags he wore when he —

338—31=307—5 *b*=302—30=272. 508—272=236+1=237		75:2	fled

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—32=306—5 *b*=301—145=166.	166	77:2	to
338—31=307—285 (79:1, 32 to 317)=22—2 *h* (285)= 20. 462—20=442+1=443.	443	78:2	London
338—32=306—5 *b*=301—50=251—145=106—3 *b* (145)=103.	103	77:1	to
338—31=307—5 *b*=302—30=272. 461—272=189+ 1=190+10 *b* & *h*=200.	200	79:1	'scape
338—32=306—5 *b*=301—49 (76:1)=252—11 *b* & *h* col.=	241	77:1	from
338—31=307—5 *b*=302—145=157. 577—157= 420+1=421.	421	77:1	imprisonment.

And that a large part of his wealth was derived not alone from—

338—32 (79:1)=306—5 *b* (312)=301—162=139.	139	77:2	these
338—31 (79:1)=307—5 *b* (31)=302—30=272.	272	76:1	shows;

But from the lending of money at a high rate and by usurious practices. (The reader will note the precision and regularity of the above sentences. Every word is the 338th *minus* 31 or 32, alternated, *minus* the 5 bracketed words in 31 or 32). We read that he doth —

338—31=307—50 (74:2)=257—50 (76:1)=207—146= 61. 610—61=549+1=550.	550	77:2	lend
338—32=306—162=144. 162—144=18+1=19.	19	78:1	money
338—31=307—162=145. 610—145=465+*b* col.=	(475)	77:2	at
338—32=306—49=257—30=227.	227	76:2	a
338—31=307—50=257—30=227—5 *b* col.=222.	222	78:1	big
338—32=306—50=256—30=226—50=176—163=13.	13	78:2	rate
338—31=307—50=257—30=227—162=65—2 *h* col.=	63	78:2	upon
338—32=307—50=257—50=207—145=61. 162— 61=101+1=102.	102	78:1	a
338—31=307. 468—307=161+1=162.	162	78:1	commodity
338—32=306—50=256—50=206.	206	77:2	of
338—31=307—50=257—50=207—161=46. 598— 46=552+1=553.	553	79:2	paper,
338—32=306—50=256—50=206—145=61+162= 223—5 *b* col.=218.	218	78:1	with
338—31=307—50=257—30=227—162=65.	65	78:2	sure
338—32=306—49 (76:1)=257—30=227. 603—227= 376+1=377+3 *b* col.=380.	380	76:2	security
338—31=307—50=257—50=207—146=61+162=	223	78:1	enough.

Observe the regularity with which the Cipher moves in the foregoing: 31—32—31—32—31—32—31—32, etc. And note how all the words that are not due directly to 306 or 307 are derived from 306 or 307, *minus* 30 or 50. *Commodity* is a rare word; this is the only time it occurs in this play. It is found in *King John* quite often, where it tells, probably, the story of Bacon's own money necessities; it is found twice in *1st Henry IV.*, and but ten times besides in all the Plays. In *Measure for Measure*, iv, 3, we find the "commodity of paper" alluded to. The clown, describing the occupants of the prison, says:

First, here's Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds.

Whereupon Knight says in a foot-note:

The old comedies are full of the practice of the usurer — so notorious as to acquire him the name of the *brown paper merchant* — of stipulating to make his advances partly in money and partly in goods, which goods were sometimes little more than packages of brown paper.

The practice is alluded to in *1st Henry IV.*, and there we have even the word *brown*. It is dragged into the wild and senseless talk of the Prince to Francis (ii, 4), the drawer: "Your *brown* bastard is your only wear." In act i, scene 2, we have a *commodity* of warm slaves; and in act ii, scene 4, again, we have "nothing but *papers*, my Lord." It would be curious to find how often *commodity* — *brown* — *paper* appear together in the same vicinity in the different Plays; but I have not the time or space to pursue the subject.

I will conclude this chapter by remarking that it adds very much to our knowledge of Shakspere, his character and appearance. It tells us he was gross and coarse in his nature and his life; that he was not devoid, however, of a certain ready wit; a glutton in his diet and fond of the bottle. That he had many of the characteristics of Falstaff, and that he was the model from which the characters of Sir John and Sir Tobie were drawn. It also tells us that Bacon was assisted, to some extent, in the construction of the Plays by his brother Anthony. It tells us further that before Shakspere's health was broken down by his evil courses he acted the part of Falstaff on the stage. It also tells us that the Plays drew great crowds of delighted people, and greatly enriched all concerned in their production. And this is confirmed from historical sources. Nash records that in a short space of about three months, in the summer of 1592, the play of *Henry VI.* was witnessed by "ten thousand spectators at least;"[1] and we are told that *Romeo and Juliet*, in 1596, "took the metropolis by storm."[2] And this chapter further confirms the tradition of Elizabeth's admiration of the character of the fat knight; and it gives us further the enthusiastic admiration of the German Minister. And beyond all this it tells us that Shakspere had enriched himself by usurious practices, corroborating the evidence of the numerous suits brought by him against different parties to recover money loaned, and the fact that the only letter extant addressed to him was touching a loan of money.

[1] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, p. 64. [2] Ibid., p. 85.

NOTE. The numbering in column 2 of page 78 in the *fac-simile* is slightly wrong; each number below the 51st should be moved backwards one. The error is due to the fact that the word *almost*, line 7, enclosed in the bracket sentence of eleven words, is not counted in as part of the bracket sentence, but as part of the text; hence the first word, *should*, after the bracket sentence, is the 52d word instead of the 51st, and all the succeeding numbers in the column have to be moved backward to correspond. THE PUBLISHERS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SWEET ANN HATHAWAY.

One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace.

Much Ado, iii, 2.

WE pass to another part of our story: the history of Shakspere's marriage.

I have already quoted one or two lines as to his rabbit-hunting. The Bishop of Worcester says:

338—30=308—49=259—161=98. 457—98=359+1 =360+5 *b* col.=365.	365	76:2	**He**
338—30=308. 533—308=225+1=226+13 *b* col.=	239	79:2	**had**
338—50=288—49=239. 577—239=338+1=339+ 3 *h* col.=342.	342	77:1	**fallen**
338—30=308—31 (79:1)=277—162=115—49 (76:1)=	66	76:2	**into**
338—30=308—50=258—50=208—162=46—2 *h* col.=	44	78:2	**all**
338—30 (74:2)=288—50 (76:1)=238—31 (79:1)=207 —50 (76:1)=157—145=12—3 *b* (145)=9. 498—9 =489+1=490.	490	76:1	**sorts**
338—30=308—49=259—162=97+457=554.	554	76:2	**of**
338—30=308—49=259—162=97.	97	77:2	**evil**
338—50 (74:2)=288—50 (76:1)=238—31 (79:1)=207 —145 (76:2)=62—50 (76:1)=12.	12	76:1	**courses**
338—30=308—49=259—162=97. 457—97=360+1=361		76:2	**with**
338—30=308—50=258—162=96—32 (79:1)=64— 58 (80:1)=6.	6	80:1	**drinking**
338=30—308—50=258—49=209—162=47.	47	77:2	**wassail**
338—31=307—50=257.	257	76:2	**and**
338—49=289.	289	76:2	**gluttony.**

Then we are told how he annoyed Sir Thomas Lucy, "an upright and worshipful man."

338—22 *b* & *h*=316—161=155—59=98—61 (80:2)=37 —5 *b* col.=32.	32	81:1	**Upright**
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—161=155—57=98.	98	79:1	**and**
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—161=155—57=98. 461—98= 363+1=364.	364	80:2	**worshipful.**

And we are told that he did—

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—30=308—161=147—32=115. 518—115=403 +1=404+2 *h* col.=406.	406	79:1	**kill**
338—30=308—50=258—162=96—32=64—2 *b* col.=	62	80:2	**many**
338—30=308—50=258—162=96. 518—96=422+1=423	423	79:1	**a**
338—30=308—49=259—162=97+186 (81:1)=	283	81:2	**deer.**

And observe how cunningly that word *deer*, spelled *deere*, is concealed in the triple-hyphenated word, *heart-deere-Harry*. It is not spelled *dear*, as it is elsewhere, but *deere*. See *deare Lord*, end scene 1, act iii, p. 86, Folio. *Deare* was one thing and *deere* another, and here the Cipher required *deere*.

And we are told that he spent his time —

316—32=284—50=234—162=72—2 *h* col.=70.	70	77:2	**hare**
316—31=285—162=123—4 *b* & *h* col.=119.	119	77:2	**and**
316—161=155—57=98—61 (80:2)=37—4 *b* & *h* (61)=	33	81:1	**rabbit**
316. 339—316=23+1=24.	24	80:1	**hunting**
316—32=284—146=138—3 *b* (146)=135—58 (80:1) =77—2 *b* col.=75.	75	79:2	**o'nights**
316—31=285—5 *h* col.=280.	280	80:1	**in**
316—32=284—50=234—57=177. 461—177=284+1=285	285	80:2	**vile,**
316—161=155—57=98.	98	80:2	**low,**
316—161=155—57=98—61 (80:2)=37.	37	81:1	**rascally**
316—32=284—50=234—57=177. 461—177=284+1 =285+1 *h* col.=286.	286	80:2	**company.**

Observe that *rabbit* occurs but four times in all the thousand pages of the Plays, and but once in this play, and *hunting* is found but fifteen times in all the Plays, and but once in this play. And here is another evidence of the Cipher in the Plays: — *rascally* is found in but six plays out of thirty-seven; and it is found once in *The Merry Wives*, where Shakspere's story is talked about in Cipher, and four times in this play, where he is also dealt with. That is to say, *rascally* appears but eleven times in all the Plays, and five of these are where Shakspere is spoken of in the Cipher narrative! This illustrates that all words are not found on all pages, but that each subject begets its own vocabu'ary.

We are told that —

338—30=308—162=146—32=114. 396—114=282+1 =283+2 *b* col.=285.	285	80:1	**Will**
338—30=308—163=145.	145	78:2	**and**
338—30=308—49=259—162=97—50=47. 457—47 =410+1=411.	411	76:2	**his**
338—30=308—162=146—31 (79:1)=115. 523—115 =408+1=409+4 *b* & *h*=413.	413	80:2	**brother**
338—30=308—49=252—162=97—32 (79:1)=65. 339—65=274+1=275.	275	80:1	**are**
338—30=308—162=146—31=115—5 *b*=110—58 (80:1)=52. 462—52=410+1=411.	411	80:2	**a**
338—30=308—49=259—162=97—32=65—2 *b*=63.	63	80:2	**pair**
338—30=308—162=146—31=115.	115	79:2	**of**
338—30=308—162=146—31=115—58 (81:1)=57. 523—57=466+1=467.	467	80:2	**most**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—30=308—162=146—31=115—5 *b* (31)=110—58 (80:1)=52. 523—52=471+1=472.	472	80:2	**pernicious**
338—30=308—163=145. 518—145=373+1=	374	79:1	**villains.**

The reader will observe here that every word grows out of 308 (338—30=308), and that in every case but one the 308 is modified by deducting 162 from it; that is to say, by carrying the 308 to the end of scene third (78:1) and counting upwards; while in the case of the one exception referred to, we commence to count one word further down, to-wit: from the beginning of scene fourth, instead of from the end of scene third. And every one of these 308 minus 162 or 163 is carried again through the last fragment of scene fourth, containing 31 words, or 32 if we count from the first word of the next scene (act ii, scene 1) inclusive.

And he will observe that the modifications are made by 49, 162, 31 or 32, and 57 or 58. Now 49 is *the first fragment of scene 3*, and 162 is *the last fragment of scene 3;* and 31 or 32 represents *the last fragment of scene 4;* and 57 or 58, the *first fragment of scene 2, act ii;* and 308 put through these changes yields the remarkable sentence above given.

And then comes the story of his trouble with Ann Hathaway. Here we have the name:

338—200 (79:1)=138. 462—138=324+1=325.	325	78:2	**Ann**
338—200 (79:1)=138—5 *h* (200)=133. 462—133=329+1=330	330	78:2	**Hath**
338—200 (79:1)=138—13 *b* col.=125.	125	78:2	**a**
338—31 (79:1)=307—30=277—50=227. 598—227=371+1=372+10 *b* & *h* col.=382.	382	79:2	**way.**

Here it will be observed *Ann hath a* are all derived from 338—200=138; these came from the fragment of 79:1 below the end of the second subdivision of the column, to the bottom of the column (318+200=518, number of words on page); while the last word comes from the fraction above the first word of that same subdivision to the top of the column. And we will see that same number 277 yielding a great many other significant words, as 277, 78:1, *twenty* (Ann was *twenty*-five); and up 79:2, less 1 hyphen, it is *she*, etc.

And it seems she was a widow and her legal name was Whatley, but she was generally called by her maiden name. And here we have it again:

338—32 (79:1)=306—30=276—5 *b* (32)=271+162=433—3 *h* col.=	430	78:1	**Ann**
338—200 (79:1)=138—2 *b* col.=136.	136	79:2	**What**
338—31 (79:1)=307—30=277—50=227—57 (80:1)=170. 338—170=168+1=169.	169	79:1	**lay.**

And there is a long narrative here about Ann and her troubles. By the same root-number 338, modified by deducting the 22 *b* & *h* in 167, as heretofore, we have another reference to her:

605—167=338—22 *b* & *h* (167)=316.

316—31=285—2 *h* col.=283.	283	79:2	**They**
316—31=285.	285	79:2	**call**
316—49 (76:1)=267+163=430.	430	78:1	**Ann**
316—50 (76:1)=266—199 (79:1)=67—5 *b* (199=62. 598—62=536+1=537.	537	79:2	**What**
316—49=267—200 (79:1)=67. 468—67=401+1=	402	78:1	**lay.**

Observe the adroitness with which the same *Ann*, or, as it is disguised, *An* (430, 78:1), is made to do double duty once by the root-number 338, and then by the modified root-number 338—22 *b* & *h*=316, both counts falling on the same word from the same starting-point. And the same is true of the word *a* (125, 78:2).

And she was a widow!

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—50=288—163=125.	125	78:2	**A**
338—50=288—163=125.	125	79:2	**widow.**

In the Consistory Court at Worcester, in the marriage register, there is an entry in these terms: "1582, Nov. 27, William Shaxpere and Anne Whately of Temple Grafton." The next day, November 28, 1582, a bond is given to the Bishop of Worcester to hold him harmless for "licensing," etc., the marriage of William Shagspere and Anne Hathwey. The Shakspereolators have always ignored the license entry; and although there was no record of a license to Shakspere to wed Ann Hathaway, they would have none of the Whately woman. And Knight even goes so far as to give us a picture of the old church at Hampton Lucy,[1] and would have us believe that Shakspere and the "sweet Anne" were married in it, although there is not a shred of evidence to sustain the belief; and we have a delightful rural picture of the "ribands, rosemary and bay," the "roundels," the "wheaten garlands," the "bride cup" and the bridal banquet; all constructed, as most of the Shakspere biography has been, out of the vivid imagination of the writer, who sought, in this way, from the beggarly materials afforded him, to create a man that would fit into the requirements of the Plays.

Halliwell-Phillipps is said, in an article in the *London Telegraph*,[1] to be of the opinion that Ann Hathaway never lived in the Hathaway cottage; that is, that she was not a daughter of Richard Hathaway, *alias* Gardner, of Stratford, who died in 1582. Mr. Rolfe[2] concurs in this view. Richard Hathaway's will names seven children, and Anne was not one of them. The *London Telegraph* says:

> It is deplorable to have doubts started as to *whether the Shakespeare Museum contains a single genuine relic;* whether Anne Hathaway's cottage is not, after all, a simple fraud; and Mary Arden's farm a disreputably unhistorical building. . . . But will they care to go to the shrine of the great poet if a cloud of doubt surrounds some of its most cherished monuments? If everything at Stratford were shown as being only doubtfully connected with the Bard? For example, instead of the guide-post pointing the way to Anne Hathaway's cottage, it might be sadly truthful to say, "To the reputed cottage of Anne Hathaway." Mary Arden's farmhouse ought to be ticketed as an "uncertain" building, and Shakespeare's tomb in the church would have to be pointed out as the tomb "either of Shakespeare or somebody else."

A. Hall, in a letter to the London *Athenæum*, 1886, suggests that Richard Hathaway, *alias* Gardner, may have married a widow named *Whately*, from Temple Grafton, and that she might have taken the name of Hathaway as his stepdaughter.

But here in the Cipher is the explanation of the mystery: Ann had been married to one Whatley; and when the bride herself gave her name, Nov. 27, 1582, for the marriage license, she gave it correctly, and she was married by that name; but the next day, when her farmer friends were called upon to furnish the bond to indemnify the Bishop, they gave the lawyer who drew the bond the name by which, in the careless fashion of such people, she was generally known.

[1] *Biography*, p. 223.
[2] *Literary World*, Boston, Jan. 23, 1886, p. 30.
[2] *Shakspeariana*, Sept., 1886, pp. 430, 431.

De Quincey says of the marriage bond:

Trepidation and anxiety are written upon its face. . . . Economy, which retards the marriage, is here evidently in collision with some opposite principle which precipitates it. How is all this to be explained? Neither do we like the spectacle of a mature young woman, five years past her majority, wearing the semblance of having been led astray by a boy who had still two years and a half to run of his minority.

And we are told that —

	Word.	Page and Column.	
316—31 (79:1)=285—16 *b* & *h* col.=269.	(269)	78:2	**She**
316—50=266—162=104.	104	77:2	**is**
316—7 *b* col.=309.	309	78:1	**far**
316—31 (79:1)=285—14 *b* col.=271.	(271)	79:2	**gone**
316—50=266—162=104.	104	79:1	**in**
316—163=153—6 *b* & *h* col.=147.	147	77:2	**pregnancy.**

This the only time the word *pregnancy* appears *in all the 900,000 words of the Plays!* And it appears just where it is needed to tell the story of Shakspere's marriage; and it is found side by side with *Ann — Hath — a — way*, and *Ann — What — lay* (by two different counts); and other still more significant words that are to follow. I weary of asking the question:—can all this be accident?

And then we have this description of her:

338—30=308—31=277. 598—277=321+1=322.	322	79:2	**She**
338—50=288—146=142—3 *b* (146)=139. 462—139=323+1=324+6 *b* & *h* col.=330.	330	78:2	**hath**
338—32=306—50=256—162=94—65=29.	29	80:1	**a**
538—30=308—145=163. 610—163=447+1=448+11 *b* & *h*=459.	459	77:2	**pretty**
338—50=288—162=126—64 (79:2)=62.	62	80:1	**face**
338—30=308—145=163. 610—163=447+1=448+2 *h* col.=450.	450	77:2	**and**
338—50=288—162=126. 598—126=472+1=473.	473	79:2	**a**
338—50=288—162=126—57 (79:1)=69. 396—69=327+1=328.	328	80:1	**fair**
338—50=288—162=126—30=96—64 (79:2)=32+338=370	370	80:1	**complexion,**
338—199=139.	139	80:1	**with**
338—50=288—162=126—65 (79:2)=61. 396—61=335+1=336.	336	80:1	**a**
338—30=308—285=23+338=361.	361	90:1	**high**
338—199 (318 *d* 79:1)=139.	139	78:1	**color**
338—30=308—285=23. 162—23=139+1=140.	140	78:1	**and**
338—50=288—161=127. 396—127=269+1=270+2 *b* col.=272.	272	80:1	**long,**
338—50=288—161=127—57 (79:1)=70—57 (80:1)=13. 523—13=510+1=511.	511	80:2	**red**
338—200 (79:1, 317 *d*)=138—65 (79:2)=73. 162—73=89+1=90.	90	78:1	**hair.**

This is the only time *red* appears in this act; it is found but twice besides in this play. And this is the only time *color* occurs in this act. And this is the only time *complexion* appears in this play, and it is found but four other times in the ten

Historical Plays. And it is dragged in here by the heels: "It discolors the complexion of my greatness," says Prince Hal, "to acknowledge that I am weary!" And note how it is matched with *fair* ("fair complexion"). Each is 505—167=338—50=288—162 (78:1)=126; and both words are found in the same column, the one carried through the last subdivision of 79:1, the other through the last subdivision of 79:2.

And this statement about Ann's appearance confirms the tradition recorded by Oldys, that she was quite handsome; but—

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—30=308—31 (79:1)=277. 598—277=321+1=	322	79:2	She
338—200=138—50=88. 396—88=308+1=309.	309	80:1	was
338—199=139—30=109.	109	78:2	a
338—199=139.	139	79:2	gross
338—58 (79:1)=280. 468—280=188+1=189.	189	78:1	and
338—200=138—5 *h* (200)=133. 462—133=329+1= 330+6 *b* & *h*=336.	336	78:2	vulgar
338—57 (79:1)=281—162=119—50=69. 598—69= 529+1=530.	530	79:2	woman;
338—162=176—50=126. 462—126=336+1=337+ 5 *b* col.=342.	342	78:2	with
338—200=138—50=88. 518—88=430+1=431.	431	79:1	a
338—199=139—30=109.	109	79:2	good
338—162=176—50=126. 462—126=336+1=337.	337	78:2	heart,
338—31=307—30=277—50=227—50=177+163= 340—2 *h* col.=338.	338	78:1	'tis
338—161=177. 177+163=340.	340	78:1	true,
338—200=138—50=88—58 (79:1)=30—1 *h* col.=	29	78:2	but
338—200=138—50=88. 88—57 (79:1)=31. 598— —31=567+1=568.	568	79:2	a
338—163=175—50=125. 462—125=337+1=338 +6 *b* & *h* col.=344.	344	78:2	loud
338—199=139—30=109. 185—109=76+1=77.	77	81:2	tongue and
338—161=177—49 (76:1)=128.	128	79:2	rough
338—200 (79:1)=138—30=108—65 (79:2)=43. 338— 43=295+1=296+2=298.	298	80:1	manners; a
338—31=307. 533—307=226+1=227.	227	79:2	gossip
338—31=307—200 (79:1)=107. 338—107=231+1=	232	80:1	with
338—199=139—30=109.	109	78:2	a giddy
338—57=281.	281	78:1	head,
338—32=306—200=106.	106	78:2	the
338—199=139—30=109—2 *h* col.=107.	107	78:2	model from
338—32 (79:1)=306—30=276+162=438.	438	78:2	which I
338—200 (79:1)=138—50=88—58 (79:1)=30.	30	78:2	draw
338—200=138—50=88. 162—88=74+1=75.	75	78:1	Mistress
338—32=306. 533—306=227+1=228.	228	79:2	Quickley.

And the Bishop says:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239.	239	79:2	**She**
338—144 (79:1, 317 to 461)=194—57=137.	137	80:2	**follows**
335—31=307—5 *b*=302—285 (79:1)=17—2 *h* (285)=15. 462—15=447+1=448.	448	78:2	**after**
338—31=307—5 *b*=302—285 (79:1)=17—3 *b* (285)=	14	78:1	**my**
338—31=307—5 *b*=302—285 (79.1)=17—5 *b* & *h* (285) =12. 462—12=450+1=451.	451	78:2	**heels**
338—200=138—5 *h* (200)=133—3 *h* col.=130.	130	78:2	**weeping**
338—31 (79:1)=307—5 *b*=302—285=17.	17	78:2	**and**
239—31=307—5 *b*=302—285 (79:1)=17. 462—17= 445+1=446.	446	78:2	**sighing;**
338—200=138—5 *h* (200)=133—32 (79:1)=101. 533 —101=432+1=433.	433	79:2	**her**
338—200=138—5 *h* (200)=133.	133	78:2	**waste**
338—31=307—30=277+162=439—3 *h* col.=436.	436	78:1	**appearing**
338—31=307—30=277—50=227—50=177+162=	339	78:1	**very**
338—31=307—30=277—50=227—5 *b* col.=222.	222	78:1	**big.**

Appearing is a rare word; it is found but six times in all the Plays; *waste* occurs but three times in this play and but once in this scene; *weeping* appears but twice in this play; *big* is found but once in this act.

And she brought her captive lover along with her; she —

338—200=138. 338—138=200+1=201.	201	80:1	**Marched**
338—50=288—27=261.	261	78:2	**him**
338—199=139. 338—139=199+1=200+2 *b* col.=	202	80:1	**up.**

Marched occurs but nine times in all the Plays. But all Stratford had turned out. There was —

338—32=306—50=256—57 (80:1)=199—10 *b* & *h*=	189	79:2	**A**
338—284=54—3 *b*=51—2 *h* col =49.	49	78:2	**great**
338—32=306—30=276—58 (80:1)=218. 598—218= 380+1=381+10 *b* & *h* col.=391.	391	79:2	**throng**
338—31=307—50=257—57 (80:1)=200—8 *b* col =	192	:	**of**
338—32=306—50=256. 533—256=277+1=278.	278	79:2	**people**
338—31=307—50=257—57=200—10 *b* & *h* col.=	190	79:2	**singing.**

The villagers were having a merry time over poor Ann's misfortunes.

In the last chapter I asked: — Why — if there is no Cipher — did we have "the *singing* man of *Windsor?*" But the Cipher then explained the appearance of *Windsor*, and now we see the reason why the unknown man of *Windsor* was a *singing* man.

The Bishop complains that he was just sitting down to dinner —

338—200=138—50=88. 338—88=250+1=251.	251	80:1	**dinner—**

when the rabble broke in upon him.

She asked the Bishop to grant her redress:

338—200 (79:1)=138.	138	78:2	**Grant**
338—31 (79:1)=307—50=257. 396—257=139+1=	140	80:1	**her**
338—32 (79:1)=306—58 (80:1)=248. 598—248=350 +1=351+10 *b* & *h*=361.	361	79:2	**redress.**

The reluctant lover had tried to escape the bonds of matrimony:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—57=281. 598—281=317+1=318+9 *b* col.=	327	79:2	The
338—200=138—3 *h* col.=135.	135	78	churlish,
338—199=139—30=109—50=59—2 *b* col.=57.	57	79:2	fat
338—200=138—64=74—2 *b* (64)=72. 518—72=446 +1=447.	447	79:1	rogue

And then we are told, the root-number changing, as heretofore, from 505—167 =338, to 505—167=338—22 *b* & *h* (167)=316, that Shakspere fled. He—

316—31=285—50=235. 610—235=375+1=376.	376	77:2	took
316—284 (79:1)=32.	32	77:2	to
316—56 (79:1)=260—50=210. 462—210=252+1=	253	78:2	his
316—50=266—64 (79:2)=202. 462—202=260+1= 261+3 *h* col.=264.	264	78:2	heels.

And hid himself among the Welsh,—for Wales was near at hand:

316—50=266—59 (79:1)=207. 462—207=255+1=	256	78:2	the
316—31 (79:1)=285.	285	78:2	Welsh.

But he grew homesick, and —

316—50=266—32 (79:1)=234—5 *b* (32)=229.	229	79:2	Coming
316—30=286—32=254.	254	78:2	back,
316—30=286—32=254. 462—254=208+1=209+ 3 *h* col.=212.	212	78:2	the
316—30=286—32=254. 598—254=344+1=345+ 9 *b* col.=354.	354	78:1	officers
316—50=266—32 (79:1)=234—27 *b* col.=207.	207	78:2	take
316—32=284.	284	78:1	him.

Even the details of the arrest and the struggle of Shakspere are given (by 316) with great particularity. The reader will find them embalmed in the latter part of column 1, page 79, disguised in the arrest of Falstaff by Dame Quickley. Indeed, the fragments into which page 79 is divided are so many, and the brackets and hyphens are so numerous, that almost every word of the text, in some places, is used in the Cipher story. And hence, to accomplish this result, the external story was made to tell of the arrest of Sir John Falstaff by Dame Quickley, because of money loaned him, with complaints that he had promised to marry her; while the internal story tells how Shakspere had borrowed money from Ann Hathaway under similar promises, and how she finally settled her claim by marrying her dissolute, eighteen-year-old debtor. It is no wonder that he left her, in his last will, his "second-best bed." A marriage so made could hardly have been a happy one.

But the question may be asked: Why does the Cipher rule in some of the following instances differ from that found in the preceding chapters? There the words moved right and left from a common center. Here they are found in clusters, all in the same column; and the text, the hyphens and brackets are so arranged as to bring out sentences almost identical with those found in the text. The answer is, that it is only the terminal root-numbers, created by deducting *the ends of scenes or acts*, that become new factors to be carried in all directions, to other scenes and acts; but where the fragments are inside of, and parts of, scenes, like 284 and 285, 57 and 58, 64 and 65, the work they perform is confined to the contiguous columns.

In the description of the arrest we learn that Will was taken by surprise as he was loitering about the streets of Stratford. We are told that —

	Word.	Page and Column.	
316—31=285.	285	80:1	**Will,**
316—31=285—161=124. 396—124=272+1=	273	80:1	**being**
316—31=285—30 (74:2)=255.	255	78:2	**unarmed,**

is, after a hard fight, at length taken prisoner. Had he been armed they would have found him a *dangerous* person to handle:

316—32=284—30=254—162=92. 610—92=518+1=519		77:2	**dangerous.**

But, being unarmed, they are *able* to take him up:

316—31=285—30=255—162=93. 396—93=303+1=304		80:1	**They**
316—32=284—162=122. 396—122=274+1=275.	275	80:1	**are**
316—31=285—161=124—50=74.	74	78:2	**able**
316—31=285—162=123. 396—123=273+1=274—2 *b* col.=276.	276	80:1	**to**
316—32=284—162=122. 396—122=274+1=275+2 *b* col.=277.	277	80:1	**take him**
316—31=285—30=255. 462—255=207+1=208.	208	78:2	**up.**

And they take him on—

316—31=285—162=123—30=93. 610—93=517+1=518		77:2	**A**
316—31=285+162=447.	447	78:1	**warrant**
316—161=155+163=318.	318	78:1	**for**
316—162=154—50=104. 533—104=429+1=430.	430	79:2	**debt**
316—65 (79:2)=251—4 *b* & *h* col.=247.	247	79:1	**in**
316—31=285—30=255.	255	77:2	**an**
316—31=285—30=255—162=93. 610—93=517+1=518+2 *h* col.=520.	520	77:2	**action**
316—31=285—30=255.	255	80:1	**upon**
316—162=154—4 *h* col.=150.	150	78:2	**the**
316—65 (79:2)=251—30=221—32=189+162=351—2 *h* col.=349.	349	78:1	**case.**

Observe how all the law phrases come out by the same root-number—*warrant—debt—action—case.* And directly we will see *arrested at my suit. Warrant* is found but once in each of the plays of *Macbeth, Midsummer Night's Dream, Love's Labor Lost, Merchant of Venice, All's Well,* and *3d Henry VI.*, and not at all in *Julius Cæsar;* but it occurs eleven times in *The Merry Wives* (where Shakspere's story is also told), and four times in act ii of this play, and once in the last scene of act i; or six times altogether in this play. This is the only time *debt* occurs in this play. It is found, however, once in the Epilogue.

And Ann tells the Bishop, astonished at such a scene of love-making, that—

338—285=53—30 (74:2)=23—5 *b* & *h* (285)=18.	18	79:2	**He**
338—284=54—30 (74:2)=24—5 *b* & *h* (285)=19.	19	79:2	**is**
338—285=53—30 (74:2)=23—3 *b* (285)=20.	20	79:2	**arrested**
338—284=54—30 (74:2)=24—3 *b* (285)=21.	21	79:2	**at**
338—285=53—30 (74:2)=24—2 *h* (285)=22.	22	79:2	**my**
338—285=53—30 (74:2)=23.	23	79:2	**suit,**
338—284=54—30 (74:2)=24.	24	79:2	**for**
338—285=53—30 (74:2)=23. 598—23=575+1=	576	79:2	**by**

		Word.	Page and Column.	
338—284=54—30 (74:2)=24. +2 *h* (284)=577.	598—24=574+1=575	577	79:2	**this**
338—285=53—30 (74:2)=23. +2 *h* (285)=578.	598—23=575+1=576	578	79:2	**heavenly**
338—285=53—30 (74:2)=23. +3 *b* (285)=579.	598—23=575+1=576	579	79:2	**ground**
338—284=54—30 (74:2)=24. +5 *b* & *h* (284)=580.	598—24=574+1=575	580	79:2	**I**
338—285=53—30 (74:2)=23. +5 *b* & *h* (285)=581.	598—23=575+1=576	581	79:2	**tread.**

Here it will be perceived that 23 and 24 down the column (79:2), modified by the brackets and hyphens in 284 and 285, produce the upper part of the sentence; and 23 and 24 carried up the same column, modified in the same way, produce the latter part of the sentence; and the words flow in regular sequence from 18 to 24, and again from 576 to 581. And it will be observed that the oath taken by Ann Whatley, "by this heavenly ground I tread," is much more appropriate to her than to Dame Quickley; for Ann was at the Bishop's house, while Dame Quickley had Falstaff arrested in the open street, which, certainly, was not "heavenly ground."

But the sentence flows right on. What does Ann call the "heavenly ground" to witness?

338—284=54—50 (76:1)=4—3 *b* (284)=1.	1	79:2	**Oh**
338—285=53—49 (76:1=4—2 *h* (284)=2.	2	79:2	**my**
338—284=54—49 (76:1)=5—2 *h* (284)=3.	3	79:2	**most**
338—285=53—49 (76:1)=4.	4	79:2	**worshipful**
338—284=54—49 (76:1)=5.	5	79:2	**Lord,**

Here we have perfect regularity; and the words produced are the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th of the text. And when we increase the root-number by 50 (4+50=54) we have another similar series, showing the accurate adjustment of the text to the Cipher. And observe what good service 338 *minus* 284 = 54 and 338 *minus* 285= 53 perform in this story. We have just seen that 53 and 54 *minus* the common modifier, 30, produced "*He is arrested at my suit, for by this heavenly ground I tread;*" and *minus* the other common modifier, 50, we have just got the words, *Oh my most worshipful Lord;* and now we turn to 53 and 54 themselves, unmodified, and we have the following sentence:

338—284 (79:1)=54—5 *b* & *h* (284)=49.	49	79:2	**he**
338—285 (79:1)=53—3 *b* (285)=50.	50	79:2	**hath**
338—284 (79:1)=54—3 *b* (285)=51.	51	79:2	**put**
338—284=54—2 *h* col. (285)=52.	52	79:2	**all**
338—285=53	53	79:2	**my**
338—284=54	54	74:2	**substance**

Here again the words follow in the regular order of the text, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53 and 54. And when we have exhausted the root-number 338, carried through the second subdivision of 79:1 (284 and 285), we fall back on the first subdivision of the same column, containing 31 and 32 words, (as we count from the end of one scene or the beginning of another), with the following results, which hitch onto the sentence worked out by the second subdivision:

338—32=307—50=256—199 (79:1)=57—2 *b* col.=55.		79:1	**into**
338—31=307—50=257—199 (79:1)=58—2 *b* col.	56	79:1	**that**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—32=306—50=256—199 (79:1)=57.	57	79:1	**fat**
338—31 (79:1)=307—50=257—199 (79:1)=58.	58	79:1	**belly.**

Here again the words follow in their regular order; the last sentence ended with 54; this begins at 55 and runs regularly to 58.

And the widow further complains that the "divine William" hath—

338—32=306—162=144—50 (74:2)=94—50 (76:1)=44 —2 *b* col.=42.	42	79:2	**eaten**
338—31=307—162=145—50=95—50=45— 2 *b* col.=43.	43	79:2	**me**
338—32=306—162=144—50=94—50=44.	44	79:2	**out**
338—31=307—162=145—50=95—50=45.	45	79:2	**of**
338—285=53—5 *b* & *h* (284)=48—2 *b* col.=46.	46	79:2	**house**
338—284=54—5 *b* & *h* (284)=49—2 *b* col.=47.	47	79:2	**and**
338—285=53—5 *b* & *h* (284)=48.	48	79:2	**home.**

Here again the words follow the regular sequence of the text, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 48.

Surely if all this is accident it is the most miraculous series of accidents ever seen in the world.

And the widow also says that the young spendthrift has borrowed and spent all her money, and has come back from Wales in the ragged and woe-begone condition which the Bishop described to Cecil: without shirts, stockings, cloak, etc. And she grieves over the loss of her money; it is a case of "Oh my ducats! Oh my daughter!"

338—65=273. 518—273=245+1=246.	246	79:1	**For**
338—64=274. 518—274=244+1=245+6 *h* col.=	251	79:1	**a**
338—65=273. 518—273=245+1=246+6 *h* col.=	252	79:1	**100**
338—64=274—50=224+32=256—3 *b* col =253.	253	79:1	**mark**
338—64=274—2 *b* (64)=272—50=222+32=254.	254	79:1	**is**
338—65=273—50=223+32=255.	255	79:1	**a**
338—64=274—50=224+32=256.	256	79:1	**long**
338—65=274—49 (70:1)=225+32=257.	257	79:1	**one.**

The young scamp had wasted the widow's dower in riotous living, while she was enamored of his youth and good looks. And she continues the plaintive story of her wrongs:

338—57=281—50=231. 598—231=367+1=368.	368	79:2	**I**
338—64=274.	274	79:1	**have**
338—65=273—3 *b* col.=270.	270	79:1	**borne**
338—64=274—1 *h* col.=273.	273	79:1	**and**
338—65=273—2 *b* (65)=271—3 *b* col.=268.	268	79:1	**borne**
338—64=274—3 *b* col.=271.	271	79:1	**and**
338—65=273—1 *h* col.=272.	272	79:1	**borne;**
338—50=288 (79:2)—64=224. 518—224=294+1=	295	79:1	**there**
338—50=288—65 (79:2)=223. 518—223=295+1=	296	79:1	**is**
338—50=288—64 (79:1)=224. 518—224=294+1= 295+2 *b* (64)=297.	297	79:1	**no**
338—50=288—65 (79:1)=223. 518—223=295+1= 296+2 *b* (64)=298.	298	79:1	**honesty**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—64=274—49=225. 518—225=293+1=294+ 5 *h* col.=299.	299	79:1	in
338—64=274—50=224. 518—224=294+1=295+ 5 *h* col.=300	300	79:1	such
338—65=273—50=223. 518—223=295+1=296+ 5 *h* col.=301.	301	79:1	dealing.
338—64=274—8 *b* col.=266.	266	79:1	I
338—65=273—2 *b* (65)=271—4 *b* & *h* col.=267.	267	79:1	have
338—64=274—30=244. 518—244=274+1=275.	275	79:1	bin
338—65=273—30=243. 518—243=275+1=276.	276	79:1	fubbed
338—64=274—30=244—2 *b* (64)=242. 518—242= 276+1=277.	277	79:1	off
338—65=273—30=243—2 *b*=241. 518—241=277+1=278		79:1	and
338—64=274—30=244. 518—244=274+1=275+ 5 *h* col.=280.	280	79:1	from
338—65=273—30=243. 518—243=275+1=276+ 5 *h* col.=281.	281	79:1	this
338—64=274—30=244—2 *b* (64)=242. 518—242= 276+1=277+5 *h* col. 282.	282	79:1	day
338—65=273—30=243—2 *b* (65)=241. 518—241=277 +1=278+5 *h* col.=283.	283	79:1	to
338—30=308—50=258+31=289—5 *b* & *h* col.=284.	284	79:1	that
338—30=308—50=258+32=290—5 *b* & *h* col.=285.	285	79:1	day.

Observe the exquisite adjustment of the foregoing; the alternations are regular: 274, 273, 274, 273, 274, 273, 274, 273; and every word is 338 *minus* 64 or 65, *minus* 30. If there had not been those two bracketed words in 64 or 65 the words would not have matched as they do. If there had not been the five hyphenated words in the lower part of the column the sentence would have been imperfect. If the second "fubbed off" had not been united into one word by a hyphen the Cipher would have failed. And why are those words, "fubbed off," printed once with a hyphen, and, two words above, printed again without a hyphen? And here we have the very Warwickshire dialect the critics have been talking so much about:—the cultured English spoken by "sweet Ann Hathaway." And observe another detail: Some of the Cipher words given in previous sentences depended upon a sixth hyphen in that second "fubbed-off." But if that hyphen instead of being there had been, say, on the next line, between *thought on*, our sentence would have been ruined. It is these delicate adjustments of means to ends that must carry conviction to even the most skeptical.

And the fair Ann demands satisfaction, since —

338—65=273—30=243—8 *b* col.=235.	235	79:1	My
338—64=274—30=244—8 *b* col.=236.	236	79:1	case
338—65=273—30=243—2 *b* (65)=241—9 *b* & *h* col.=	232	79:1	is
338—65=273—30 243—2 *b* (64)=241—3 *b* col.=	238	79:1	openly
338—64=274—30=244—2 *b* (64)=242—3 *b* col.=	239	79:1	known
338—65=273—30=243—3 *b* col.=240.	240	79:1	to
338—65=273—30=243—2 *b* (64)=241.	241	79:1	the
338—64=274—30=244—2 *b* (64)=242.	242	79:1	world.

And she wants to have him indicted:

338—64 (79:2)=274—2 *b* (64)=272—50=222.	222	79:1	To

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—64 (79:2)=274.	274	79:1	have
338—64 (79:2)=274—30=244.	244	79:1	him
338—64=274—50=224—2 *b* (64)=222—9 *b* & *h* col.=	213	79:1	indicted.

The word *indicted* does not appear anywhere in its proper form in the Plays. In this instance it is given as *indited* (probably in obedience to the requirements of the Cipher, as it may be used in the sense of "written," in some other part of the story); and it is also found in *Othello*, iii, 4, spelled again *indited*. But only twice, in any form of spelling, meaning *indicted*, is it found in all the Plays. Yet here it is with *arrested*, *suit*, *warrant*, etc., just where the Cipher narrative needs it.

The "poet" "deniges" the soft impeachment and tries to brave it out, somewhat as Falstaff does in the play. Whereupon Ann replies, in the words of Mistress Quickley: Didst thou not—

338—31=307. 598—307=291+1=292.	292	79:2	kiss
338—32=306. 598—306=292+1=293.	293	79:2	me
338—31=307. 598—307=291+1=292+2 *h* col.=	294	79:2	and
338—32=306—50=256—58 (80:1)=198—2 *h* col.=	196	79:2	swear
338—65=273—2 *b* (65)=271—57 (80:1)=214— 14 *b* & *h* col.=200.	200	79:2	to
338—64=274—2 *b* (64)=272—57 (80:1)=215— 14 *b* & *h* col.=201.	201	79:2	marry
338—65=273—2 *b* (65)=271—57 (80:1)=214— 12 *b* col.=202.	202	79:2	me?
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301.	301	79:2	I
338—31=307—5 *b* (31)=302.	302	79:2	put
338—31=307. 598—307=291+1=292+11 *b* & *h*=	303	79:2	thee
338—32=306—2 *h* col.=304.	304	79:2	now
338—31=307—2 *h* col.=305.	305	79:2	to
338—32=306.	306	79:2	thy
338—31=307.	307	79:2	Book-oath;
338—31=307—30=277—50=227. 534—227=307+1=308		79:2	deny
338—32=306—30=276—50=226. 534—226=308+1=309		79:2	it
338—49=289. 598—289=309+1=310.	310	79:2	if
338—50=288. 598—288=310+1=311.	311	79:2	thou
338—50=288. 598—288=310+1=311+1 *h* col.=	312	79:2	canst.
338—64=274—2 *b* (64)=272—57 (80:1)=215— 12 *b* col.=203.	203	79:2	And
338—65=273—2 *b* (65)=271—57 (80:1)=214.	214	79:2	did
338—64=274—2 *b* (64)=272—57 (80:1)=215.	215	79:2	not
338—65=273—57 (80:1)=216.	216	79:2	goodwife
338—64=274—57 (80:1)=217.	217	79:2	Keech,
338—49=289—57=232—14 *b*=218.	218	79:2	the
338—65=273—2 *b* (65)=271—50=221—2 *h* col.=219.	219	79:2	butcher's
338—64=274—2 *b* (64)=272—50=222—2 *h* col.=220.	220	79:2	wife,
338—65=273—2 *b* (65)=271.	271	79:2	come
338—64=274—2 *b* (64)=272—50=222.	222	79:2	in
338—65 (79:2)=273—50=223.	223	79:2	then
338—64=274—50=244	244	79:2	and
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—32=284—50=234—2 *h* col.=	232	79:2	borrow
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—31=285—50=235—2 *h* col.=	233	79:2	a

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—32=284—50=234.	234	79:2	mess
388—22 *b* & *h*=316—31=285—50=235.	235	79:2	of
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—57=244—2 *h* col.=	242	79:2	a
338—31=307—5 *b* (32)=302—57=245—2 *h* col.=	243	79:2	dish
338—32=306—5 *b* (32)=301—57=244.	244	79:2	of
338—32=307—5 *b* (31)=302—57=245.	245	79:2	prawns,
338—32=306—58 (80:1)=248—2 *h* col.=246.	246	79:2	whereby
338—32=306—57 (80:1)=249—2 *h* col.=247.	247	79:2	thou
338—32=306—58=248.	248	79:2	didst
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—31=285. 533—285=248+1=	249	79:2	desire
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—32=284. 533—284=249+1=	250	79:2	to
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—31=285. 533—285=248+1= 249+2 *h* col.=251.	251	79:2	eat
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—32=284. 533—284=249+1= 250+2 *h* col.=252.	252	79:2	some;
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—31=285. 534—285=249+1= 250+1=251+2 *h* col.=253.	253	79:2	I
338—65=273—14 *b* col.=259—2 *b* (65)=257—2 *h* col.=255	255	79:2	told
338—64=274—14 *b* col.=260—2 *b* (64)=258—2 *h* col.=256	256	79:2	thee
338—65=273—14 *b* col.=259—2 *b* (65)=257.	257	79:2	they
338—64=274—14 *b* col.=260—2 *b* (64)=258.	258	79:2	were
338—65=273—14 *b* col.=259.	279	79:2	ill
338—64=274—14 *b* col.=260.	260	79:2	for
338—31=307—30=277—14 *b* col.=263—2 *h* col.=	261	79:2	a
338—32=306—30=276—14 *b* col.=262.	262	79:2	green
338—31=307—30=277—14 *b* col.=263.	263	79:2	wound.

And then Ann tells how Will desired her to—

338—65=273—2 *b* (65)=271.	271	79:2	Be
338—64=274—2 *b* (64)=272.	272	79:2	no
338—65=273.	273	79:2	more
338—64=274.	274	79:2	familiar
338—31=307—30=277—2 *h* col.=275.	275	79:2	with
338—32=306—30=276.	276	79:2	such
338—31=307—30=277.	277	79:2	poor
338—32=306—50=256. 533—256=277+1=	278	79:2	people,
338—57 (79:1)=281—2 *h* col.=279.	279	79:2	saying
338—56 (79:1)=282—2 *h* col.=280.	280	79:2	that
338—57=281.	281	79:2	ere
338—56=282.	282	79:2	long
338—65=273—2 *b* (65)=271—14 *b*=257.	257	79:2	they
338—32=306—22 *b* & *h* col =284.	284	79:2	should
338—31=307—22 *b* & *h*=285.	285	79:2	call
338—32=306—20 *b* col.=286.	286	79:2	me
338—31=307—20 *b* col.=287.	287	79:2	madam.

And observe another evidence of the adjustment of the number of the bracketed and hyphenated words to the necessities of the Cipher. A little while ago we found the word *call* with the root-number 316 [338—22 *b* & *h* (167)=316] thus:

316—31=285.	285	79:2	call.

And now we have the same word *call* coming out again at the touch of 338. Why? Because there are precisely 22 bracketed and hyphenated words in the column (79:2) above the word *call;* and the 22 *b* & *h* in the column exactly equalize the 22 *b* & *h* in the 167 in 74:2! Hence we have this result:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—22 *b* & *h* (167)=316—31=285.	285	79:2	**call**
505—167=338—31=307—22 *b* & *h* in col.=285.	285	79:2	**call**

Another conundrum for the men who believe the sun is an accidental bonfire, and man a fortuitous congregation of atoms!

There are a few points I will ask the reader to note: First, the many *shes* and *hers* in this story. We could not have found these in the Cipher story in act i, for that entire act of four scenes does not contain a single *she* and but one *her*. And this illustrates that we cannot make everything out of anything. Again, I would note the great many *a's:* "*a* 100," "*a* dish," "*a* green wound," "*a* widow," "*a* pretty face," "*a* fair complexion," "*a* high color," "*a* gross and vulgar woman," "*a* loud tongue," etc. We find nothing like this in the preceding chapters, but where it was needed we have it.

Some of the words used in the foregoing sentences are quite rare. *Throng* is found but twice in this play, and but seven times besides in all the Historical Plays. *People* occurs but three times in this play. *Arrested* appears but this time in this play, and but ten times in all the Plays. *Suit* is found but four times in this play. *Heavenly* occurs but twice in this play, and this is the only time *tread* is found in this play. And thus we see that even so little a matter as Ann Hathaway's oath could not be constructed without bringing together this array of unusual words.

It may be objected that the wife of Shakspere would not be called *madam* under any circumstances; but it must be remembered that Shakspere's father had been the chief officer of the town; and Shakspere's effort to obtain a coat-of-arms shows that he had a lively sense of all the dignities belonging to his family,—and even of some that did not belong to it. In 1571, Shakspere's father was made chief alderman, and therefore he is entered on the parish records as "magistri Shakspere," and thereafter he is no longer "Johannis Shakspere," but "Mr. John Shakspere." Indeed, a writer on Shakspere's life has remarked that it must have been quite an elevation for Ann Hathaway to have married "the high-bailiff's son."

And Will's father, John Shakspere, is indignant at the whole business. He thinks his son has been entrapped by the widow, and that she "is no better than she should be." And he calls his son sundry pet names:

338—31=307—30=277+32=309.	309	79:1	**ass**
338.	338	80:1	**fool**

He says:

338—30=308—31 (79:1)=277. 598—277=321+1 =322.	322	79:2	**She**
338—162=176—1 *b*=175.	175	77:1	**was**
338—30=308—31=277.	277	78:1	**twenty**
338—161=177—4 *h* col.=173.	173	78:2	**five;**

And that she was the —

338—30=308—31 (79:1)=277. 598—277=321+1= 322+9 *b* col =331.	331	79:2	**eldest**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—30=308—285 (79:1)=23. 598—23=575+1=	576	79:2	**by**
338—30=308—284 (79:1)=24.	24	78:1	**seven**
338—50=288—162=126. 523—126=397+1=398	398	80:1	**years.**

Is it not remarkable,— if this is all accident,— that we have here the very words to tell the real age of Shakspere's wife, at the time of her marriage, and the precise number of years' difference between her age and that of her husband? *And this is the only time "eldest" occurs in this play?* And it occurs just where it is needed. And *seven* is found but twice in this play. *Years* is disguised in the word *'ears*, the pronunciation of the period slurring the *y* where it began a word.

And the matter was much laughed over among the neighbors. It was—

338—49=289—161=128. 462—128=334+1=	335	78:2	**the**
338—50=288—162=126.	126	78:2	**subject**
338—200=138. 468—138=330+1=331.	331	78:1	**of**
338—50=288—161=127. 462—127=335+1=336+ 5 *b* col.=341.	341	78:2	**many**
			a
338—49=289—161=128.	128	79:2	**rough**
338—199 (79:1)=139. 468—139=329+1=330.	330	78:1	**surmise.**

For he was but a boy:

338—32=306—285 (79:1)=21—5 *b* & *h* (285)=16.	16	78:1	**boy.**

And, in the opinions of the neighbors, it did—

338—199=139. 610—139=471+1=472.	472	77:2	**not**
338—31=307—285 (79:1)=22—3 *b* (285)=19. 162—19 =143+1=144.	144	78:1	**seem**
338—32=306—285 (79:1)=21—5 *b* (285)=16. 162—16=146		78:1	**reasonable**
338—58 (80:1)=280.	280	79:2	**that**

he

338—30=308—31=277—5 *b* (31)=272.	272	78:1	**should**
338—30=308—31=277—4 *h* col.=273.	273	78:2	**lead**

her from the

338—161=177. 523—177=346+1=347.	347	80:2	**road-way**

of

338—199=139—5 *h* (199)=134—2 *b* col.=132.	132	77:2	**virtue.**

This is the only time *reasonable* is found in this play, and this is the only time *virtue* occurs in this act; and the same is true of *seem;* this is the only time *surmise* is found in this play; and this is the only time *road-way* appears *in all the Plays!*

But debt was a serious business in that day, for it meant imprisonment for years, with, oftentimes, no food provided for the unhappy wretches, who had to depend for life upon the charity of such passers-by as might be good enough to fill the basket lowered to them from the prison window. And so, with that threat hanging over him, "the bard of Avon" accepted the sweet bonds of matrimony. The Bishop—

338—22 *b* & *h*=316—32=284—5 *b* (32)=279—4 *h* col.=275		78:2	**forces**
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—32=284—50=234—32 *b* & *h* col.= 202. 461—202=259+1=260.	260	78:2	**him**
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—32=284—50=234—31 *b* & *h* col.=203		78:2	**perforce**

to marry; no great hardship, perhaps, for he had, we are told,—

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—22 *h* & *h*=316—31=285—5=280—199 (79:1)=	81	78:1	**sworn**
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—32=284—5 *b*=279—199 (79:1)=	80	78:1	**weekly**
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—31=285—5 *b*=280—199=81. 162—81=81+1=82.	82	78:1	**to**
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—32=284—5 *b*=279—199 (79:1)= 80. 162—80=82+1=83.	83	78:1	**marry**
338—22 *b* & *h*=316—31=285—5 *b*=280—50=230—58 (80:1)=172. 598—172=426+1=427+6 *b* col.=	433	79:2	**her.**

And observe here an astonishing fact: *this is the only time the word "weekly" appears in all the nine hundred thousand words of the Plays!* And *sworn* appears but this once in twenty-nine columns of this play, and but two other times in all the play. And see how precisely they move together. To even construct so simple a phrase of five words as the foregoing, the cryptologist had to import one word never used before or afterward in the Plays, and another word used but three times in this play. And then observe that sentence, "sworn weekly to marry her." Every word is 505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316—31 or 32 (regularly alternated) *minus* the 5 *b* in 31 or 32. And four of the words are found in that same fragment of a scene at the top of 78:1, and two of them are 80 and 81 *down* from the top of the fragment, and two of them are 80 and 81 *up* from the end of the fragment!

And then we have the whole story of the precipitate marriage. It must take place at once, or "the divine William" might fly again to Wales; but it was necessary to publish a notice of the bans three times in advance of the marriage:

505—167=338—50 (74:2)=288—31 (79:1)=257. 462—257=205+1=206.	206	78:2	**Must**
505—167=338—32 (79:1)=306.	306	78:2	**publish**
505—167=338—50=288—32 (79:1)=256.	256	78:2	**the**
505—167=338—32 (79:1)=306—5 *b* (32)=301.	301	78:2	**notice**
505—167=338—50=288—31 (79:1)=257—5 *b* (31)= 252. 462—252=210+1=211+5 *b* col.=216.	216	78:2	**three**
505—167=338—30=308—32 (79:1)=276. 462—276 =186+1=187+*b*=	(187)	78:2	**times**
505—167=338—162=176.	176	79:2	**in**
505—167=338—50=288—32 (79:1)=256. 468—256 =212+1=213.	213	78:1	**advance.**

The word *publish* is quite rare: itis found but eight times in all the Plays, and but once in this play; and *notice* is comparatively rare: it occurs but ten times in all the *Histories*, and but once in this play; and *advance* is also a rare word: it is found but twelve times in all the *Histories*, and but this time in this play! Here, then, are three words, *publish — notice — advance* — (together with the comparatively rare words *three — times*) —not found anywhere else among all the many thousand words of this play; and yet all brought together on the same page (page 78), and all tied together in a bunch by the same number:

338—31=	78:2	**Must**
338—32=	78:2	**publish**
338—32=	78:2	**the**
338—31=	78:2	**notice**

	Page and Column.	
338—31=	78:2	**three**
338—32=	78:2	**times**
338—32=	78:2	**advance.**

And, more than all this, these significant words are thus bunched together, just where we have found all the other significant words that tell the story of Shakspere's marriage! And, historically, we know that the marriage was peculiar, to say the least; and that a bond had to be given to avoid the necessity of calling the bans more than once.

And we have here, also, the whole story of the bond. Here is the bond:

338—146=192—3 *b* (146)=189. 457—189=268+ 1=269+6 *h* col.=275.	275	76:2	**bond**

John Shakspere offered to go upon it, but he was not considered sufficient, and at last two friends of the family are found; and sweet Ann Hathaway enters into history, to be sung by poets and idealized by fools.

CHAPTER XIX.

BACON OVERWHELMED.

News fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.
King John, v, 6.

MY publishers write me that the book now contains over 900 pages, and that the *edition de luxe* "looks like a Chicago Directory!" And, therefore, fascinating as the story is to me, I must condense the remainder of it into the smallest possible compass. I regret to leave the history of Shakspere unfinished. I have worked out fragments of it all the way through to the end of *2d Henry IV.* It gives in detail his conversations with his father, his dread of being hanged, his flight to London, the poverty of his wife and children, his own wretchedness and distress in the metropolis, his begging on the streets in mid-winter with the tears frozen on his face; his being relieved by Henslow. I will try to give fragments from these narratives, if I have time and space after finishing the story announced in the prospectus of my publishers; if not, the particulars will have to go into some future work.

We turn back to the beginning of scene third (76:1), and we have to use now a Cipher-number different from that 505—167=338 which has given us so much of the foregoing narrative; but even with so different a number we shall find the text responding with sentences just as significant as those already given. And the reader will note that, although we go over the same ground which gave us the Shakspere story, derived from 338, we flush always an entirely different covey of game, in the shape of Cipher words.

Bacon says:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—29 (74:2)=476—457=19—9 *b* col.=10.	10	76:1	**On**
505—449=56—5 *h* (449)=51. 603—51=552+1=	553	76:2	**hearing**
505—146 (76:2)=359. 498—359=139+1=140.	140	76:1	**this**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—161=344—30 (74:2)=314. 508—314=194 +1= 195+13 *b*=208.	208	75:2	**heavy**
505—161=344—284=60—10 *b* (284)=50. 248—50 =198+1=199+2 *b* & *h* col.=201.	201	74:2	**news**
505—449=56—50=6. 457—6=451+1=452.	452	76:2	**I**
505—49=456—146=310. 498—310=188+1=189.	189	76:1	**was**
505—449=56—1 *h* col.=55.	55	76:2	**o'erwhelmed**
505—49 (76:1)=456—162 (78:1)=294.	294	77:2	**with**
505—449=56—5 *h* (449)=51.	51	76:2	**a**
505—29 (74:2)=476—447=29. 508—29=479+1=	480	75:2	**flood**
505—29 (74:2)=476. 498—476=22+1= 23.	23	76:1	**of**
505—449=56—50=6.	6	75:2	**fears**
505—49=456—146=310—50 (76:1)=260.	260	75:2	**and**
505—49 (76:1)=456—448 (76:1)=8—5 *h* (448)=3. 603—3=600+1=601.	601	76:2	**shame.**
505—146=359—305 (78:1)=54.	54	77:2	**I**
505—49 (76:1)=456. 456—284 (74:1)=172.	172	74:2	**saw**
505—50=455—146=309—3 *b* (146)=306. 468—306 =162+1=163+20 *b* & *b* col.=183.	183	78:1	**plainly**
505—449=56.	56	76:2	**all**
506—449=56. 508—56=452+1=453.	453	75:2	**the**
505—146=359. 448—359=89+1=90+3 *h* col.=93.	93	76:1	**perils**
505—146=359—49=310. 448—310=138+1=139.	139	76:1	**of**
505—146=359—161=198. 610—198=412+1=413 +11 *b* & *h*=424.	424	77:2	**my**
505—49=456—30=426. 462—426=36+1=37+ 21 *b* col.=58.	56	78:2	**situation.**

This is the only time *o'erwhelmed* appears in this play; it is found but four other times in all the Plays! *Flood* occurs but three times in this play; *plainly* appears but twice in this play, and but six times besides in all the Histories. *Perils* is found but twice in this play, and but once besides in all the Histories; and but four times besides in all the Plays! *And this is the only time "situation" is found in all the Plays!*

505—146=359. 577—359=218+1=219.	219	77:1	**I**
505—145=360. 448—360=88—1=89.	89	77:1	**knew**
505—145=360—3 *b* (145)=357.	357	77:1	**very**
505—146=359—3 *b* (145)=356.	356	77:1	**well**
505—49=456.	456	75:2	**that**
505—145=360—305=55—2 *h* col.=53.	53	77:2	**if**
505—30=475—447 (75:1)=28.	28	75:2	**Shak'st**
505—30=475—161=314—247 (74:2)=67—7 *b* col.=	60	75:1	**spur**
505—145=360—50=31). 498—310=188+1=189.	189	76:1	**was**
505—146=359. 498—359=139+1=140.	(140)	76:1	**apprehended**

Here we have another combination of *Shak'st-spur*, besides the fourteen given elsewhere; and here we have another mode of counting, besides the ones already given, whereby *apprehended* is reached. And this is the only time *apprehended* appears in this play, while *Shak'st* is found but twice: once here, and once in *The Winter's Tale*, iv, 3; and while the Concordance gives the word very properly in both instances, as *shakest*, the Folio gives it in both instances as *shak'st;* because *shak'st*

could be combined here with *spur*, and with the same word *spur* in *The Winter's Tale* (iv, 1) to give the sound of Shakespere's name, while *shakest* could not! Thus we find everywhere evidences of the Cipher.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—146=359. 448—359=89+1=90.	90	76:1	**he**
505—145=360—193=167.	167	76:2	**will**
505—449=56—50 (74:2)=6—5 *h* (449)=1. 603—1=602+1=603.	603	76:2	**be**
505—146=359—50=309—4 *h* col.=305.	305	77:1	**as**
505—449=56—50=6.	6	76:2	**clay,**
505—449=56. 162—56=106+1=	107	78:1	**or**
505—146=359.	359	77:1	**rather**
505—146=359—305=54—2 *h* col.=52.	52	77:2	**tallow,**
505—146=359—3 *b* (146)=356—30=326.	326	76:1	**in**
505—146=359—161=198—10 *b* col.=188.	188	77:2	**the**
505—146=359—162=197. 610—197=413+1=414+11 *b* & *h* col.=425.	425	77:2	**hands**
505—145=360. 498—360=138+1=139.	139	76:1	**of**
505—145=360—30=330. 498—330=168+1=169.	169	76:1	**that**
505—146=359—30=329—50=279—248=31. 284—31=253+1=254.	254	74:1	**crafty**
505—146=359—304 (78:1)=55—20 *b* & *h* (304)=35.	35	77:2	**fox,**
505—146=359—304 (78:1)=55—20 *b* & *h* (304)=35. 610—35=575+1=576+2 *h* col.=578.	578	77:2	**my**
505—146=359—305 (78:1)=54—20 *b* & *h* (305)=34. 610—34=576+1=577+2 *h* col.=579.	579	77:2	**cousin**
505—146=359—29 (74:2)=330—3 *b* (146)=327. 498—327=171+1=172+10 *b* & *h* col.=182.	182	76:1	**Seas**)
505—49=456—50=406—304 (78:2)=102.	102	77:2	**ill.**)

What contempt for the corpulent "bard of Avon" is expressed in that phrase, "he would be as clay,—or rather tallow,— in the hands of," etc.! This is the only time *fox* occurs in this play; and this is the only time *crafty* is found in this play; and this is the only time *tallow* is found in this play, and it occurs but five other times in all the Plays! And this is the only time *clay* appears in this play. And this is the only time *seas* is found in this play. So that in this short sentence there are five words found nowhere else in this play; in other words, this sentence could not be constructed anywhere else in this play; nor would all these words come out at the summons of any other number. And herein we have also still another combination forming the name of Cecil.

The story proceeds:

505—146=359—3 *b* (146)=356—50=306.	306	77:1	**It**
505—145=360—50=310. 498—310=188+1=189.	189	76:1	**was**
505—146=359—50=309. 498—309=189+1=190.	190	76:1	**ten**
505—145=360—50=310. 498—310=188+1=189+2 *h* col.=191.	191	76:1	**to**
505—146=359—50=309. 498—309=189+1=190+2 *h* col.=192.	192	76:1	**one**
505—145=360—50=310—50 (76:1)=260. 508—260=248+1=249.	249	75:2	**the**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—146=359—50=309. 577—309=268+1=269.	269	77:1	whorson
505—146=359—50=309—10 *b* & *h* col.=299.	299	76:2	knave
505—146=359—3 *b* (146)=356—193 (75:1)=163—49 =114—1 *h* col.=113.	113	76:2	will
505—146=359—50=309—11 *b* col.=298.	298	77:1	tell
505—146=359—30=329—162=167. 603—167=436 +1=437+3 *b* col.=440.	440	76:2	in
505—30=475—193=282—49=233—22 *b* & *h* col.=	211	75:2	self
505—145=360—248=112—22 *b* (248)=90—10 *b* col.=	80	74:1	defence
505—145=360—50=310—4 *b* col.=306.	306	76:2	and
505—145=360—3 *b* (146)=357. 603—357=246+1= 247+6 *h* col.=253.	253	76:2	for
505—145=360—248=112. 284—112=172+1=173.	173	74:1	his
505—146=359—3 *b* (146)=356—161=195. 603—195 =408+1=409+3 *b* col =412.	412	76:2	own
505—145=360—50=310.	310	76:2	security
505—146=359—163=196—13 *b* & *h* col.=183.	183	77:2	that
503—146=359—161=198—10 *b* col.=188.	188	77:2	the
503—146=359—193=166—15 *b* & *h*=151. 284—151 =133+1=134.	134	74:1	play
505—146=359—163=196.	196	77:2	of
505—146=359—162 (78:1)=197—10 *b* col.=187.	187	77:2	Measure
505—146=359—3 *b* (146)=356.	356	77:2	for
505—146=359—193 (75:1)=166—15 *b* & *h* (193)=151. 508—151=357+1=358+6 *b* col.=364.	364	75:2	Measure—

See how precisely these words come out by the same root-number.

This play of *Measure for Measure*, and its irreligious tendencies, are alluded to in another part of the Cipher narrative, growing out of 505—167=338. I have stated on page 762, *ante*, that Cecil gave this play, and the play of *Richard II.*, to the Bishop of Worcester to "anatomize." And here we have the name of the play again by a different root-number from the above:

338—30=308—50=258—57 (79:1)=201—14 14 *b* & *h* col.=187.	187	77:2	Measure
338—30=308—50=258—163=95—58 (79:1)=37— 2 *b* col.=35.	35	79:2	for
338—30=308—163=145. 508—145=363+1=364.	364	75:2	Measure.

Consider the careful adjustment that was necessary to make these words come out by these two different kinds of counting from the same starting-point! Notice that 197 down 77:2 produces *Measure*, and 201 down the same column, by the arrangement of brackets and hyphens, produces the same word *Measure;* and 151 up 75:2 produces *Measure*, and 145 up the same column produces the same word, *Measure*. If there had been a single bracket or hyphen more or less in either one of these four countings, the Cipher would have failed to produce, two different times, by two different numbers, the name of the play *Measure for Measure!*

And the Bishop said,—speaking of this last *Measure for Measure* and *Richard the Second*,—that he believed there were utterances in both hostile to the Christian religion. I have shown, on pages 208 and 209, *ante*, what those utterances were. And here we have the name of *Richard the Second*, growing, like the last *Measure for Measure*, out of 505—167=338. The Bishop speaks of—

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—30=308—49=259—162=97—32=65—58 (80:1)=	7	77:2	that
338—30=308—49=259—162=97—32=65—58=7+ 461=468.	468	80:2	noble
338—30=308—49=259—162=97—32=65—58=7.	7	80:2	composition,
338—30=308—49=259—161=98—31=67—5 *b* (31)= 62—2 *h* col.=60.	60	78:2	the
338—30=308—49 259—161=98—31=67—5 *b*=62. 489—62=427+1=428.	428	81:1	play
338—30=308—49=259—162 97—31=66.	66	79:2	of
338—30=308+162=470—468 (col. 78:1)=2. 462—2 =460+1=461.	461	78:2	King
338—30=308—163=145—31=114—5 *b* (31)=109— 65 (79:2)=44. 462—44=418+1=419.	419	78:2	Richard
338—30=308—49=259—162=97—2 *h* col.=95.	95	78:2	the
338—30=308—163=145—31=114. 523—114=409+ 1=410+2 *b*=412.	412	80:2	Second.

And the Bishop says, after reading these Plays, that he (I)—

338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—162=77. 162—77= 85+1=86.	86	78:1	perceived
338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—162=77—32=45.	45	78:2	much
338—50=288—50 (76:1)=238—162=76—62 (80:1)=14. 186—14=172+1=173.	173	81:2	in
338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—162=77—32=45. 339—45=294+1=295.	295	80:1	these
338—50=288—49=239—162=77—32=45. 162—45 =117+1=118.	118	78:1	plays
338—50=288—49=239—162=77—4 *b* & *h* col.=73.	73	81:1	that
333—50=288—49=239—162=77—31=46. 163+46=209		78:1	satisfied
338—50=288—50=238—162=76—31=45—2 *b* col.=	43	79:2	me
338—50=288—49=239—162=77. 32+77=109.	109	79:1	that
338—50=288—49=239—162=77.	77	77:2	his
338—50=288—50=238—162=76—62 (80:2)=14—4 *b* & *h* (62)=10. 186—10=176+1=177.	177	81:2	purpose
338—49=289—30=259—162=97. 610—97=513+ 1=514+2 *h*=516.	516	77:2	is
338—50=288—49=239—162=77—57 (80:1)=20+185=205		81:2	the
338—50=288—50=238—162=76. 468—76=392+1 =393+1 *h*=394.	394	78:1	destruction
338—50=288—49=239. 77—32=45.	45	79:2	of
338—30=308—49=259—162=97—2 *h* col.=95.	95	78:2	the
338—50=288—49 (76:1)=239—163=76. 523—76= 447+1=448+2 *b* col.=450.	450	80:2	Christian
338—30=308—163=145—31=114. 449—114=335 +1=336.	336	76:1	religion.

And the Bishop came to the conclusion that these—

338—1 *h* (167)=337—30=307—49=258—31 (79:1)= 227—5 *b* (31)=222+162=384.	384	76:1	great
338—1=337—30=307—49=258—31=227.	227	78:1	and

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—1=337—30=307—49=258—31 (79:1)=227—5 *b* (31)=222. 162+222=384—11 *b* & *h* col.=373.	373	78:1	**much**
338—1 (76:2)=337—304 (78:1)=33—20 *b* & *h* (304)= 13. 462—13=449+1=450.	450	78:2	**admired**
338—1 (76:2)=337—50=287—49=238—161=77—49 =28+458=486.	486	76:2	**Plays**

are the work of a gentleman who is at heart a *pagan:*

338—50=288—49=239—162=77.	77	78:2	**work**
338—30=308—50=258—162=96—56 (79:1)=40. 598—40=558+1=559.	559	79:2	**gentleman**
338—50=288—49=239—163=76—62 (80:2)=14 —1 *h* col.=13.	13	81:2	**pagan**

Observe how many significant words come out of the same numbers: 77, or its alternate, 76, produces *perceived — much — in — these — plays — that satisfied me that his purpose — destruction — of — Christian — work — pagan;* while 96 and 97, which are just 20 more than 76 and 77, due to the fact that between the common modifiers, 30 and 50, there is a difference of 20, produce *is — noble — composition — gentleman.*

And observe the remarkable character of the words growing out of these roots. *Composition* is a rare word; it is found but once in this play, and but fourteen times besides in all the Plays. *Perceived* is found but once in this play, and but twelve times besides in all the Plays. And *satisfied* appears but once in this play, and but thirteen times besides in all the Histories. And *destruction* is found but once in this play, and but thirteen times besides in all the Histories. And this is the only time *pagan* is found in this play, and it is found but eight times besides in all the Plays. And *Christian* is found but twice in this play. And this is the only time *religion* is found in this play. Let the reader compare the number of times the word *second* appears in this play with the number of times it is found in *Much Ado, Love's Labor Lost, Twelfth Night*, etc. It is not found at all in several of the Plays. And this is the only time *admired* occurs in this play, and it is found but twice besides in all the Histories. And *Measure* occurs but once in this play besides the two instances given above. And not only do these remarkable words grow out of the same primary root-number, but out of the same modification of the primary root-number, and even out of the same terminal Cipher-number! And almost every word is found nowhere else in this play, and rarely anywhere else in all the Plays!

And the Bishop praises the literary merit of the Plays highly. He says the language is most choice —

338—50=288—49=239. 284—239=45+1=46.	46	74:1	**Language**
338—30=308—163=145—31=114—57 (80:1)=57. 523—57=466+1=467.	467	80:2	**most**
338—50=288—50=238. 468—238=230+1=231+ 15 *b* & *h* col.=246.	246	78:1	**choice.**

And that in this particular they have had —

338—31=307—143 (318 *d* 79:1)=164. 462—164=298 +1=299	299	78:2	**No**
338—31=307—143=164.	164	78:2	**equal**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
338—49=289—30=259—162=97. 462—97=365+1=366		78:2	**in**
338—50=288—49=239—162=77. 420—77=343+1 =344+6 *b* col.=350.	350	81:2	**England**
338—50=288—49=239—162=77—64 (79:2)=13— 1 *h* col.=12.	12	77:1	**since**
338—50=288—49=239—162=77.	77	79:2	**the**
338—50=288—49=239—162=77+185=262— 2 *b* col.=260.	260	81:2	**time**
338—50=288—49=239—162=77—32=45.	45	79:2	**of**
338—50=288—49=239—162=77—32=45—5 *b* (32)= 40. 339—40=299+1=300+2=302.	302	80:1	**Gower.**

Observe again how many significant words here grow out of 77, besides the long catalogue already produced by it.

It must be remembered that in 1597 the literature of England, in its own tongue, was very limited. The poet alluded to, John Gower, was born in Yorkshire about 1325, and died in 1408. His *Confessio Amantis* was written in English in eight books, it is said, at the request of *Richard II.* Hallam says of him: "He is always sensible, polished, perspicuous, and not prosaic, in the worst sense of the word." He seems to have been a favorite of the Bishop. And the Bishop reiterates his conviction, after reading these Plays, that Shakspere has not the power of brain to have produced them:

505—167=338—49=289—32=257. 468—257=210 +1=211+12 *b* col.=223.	223	78:1	**enough**
505—167=338—49=289—32=257. 577—257=320 +1=321.	321	77:1	**brain**
505—167=338—49=289—32=258. 468—258=210 +1=211+15 *b* & *h* col.=226.	226	78:1	**power.**

Observe how precisely these significant words match; they come out of the same number; except that 31 and 32 alternate, as in other examples given heretofore.

And the Bishop also reads the play of *Richard the Third.* Here we have it:

338—50=288—50=238. 468—238=230+1=	231	78.1	**King**
338—50=288—50=238—31 (79:1)=207—163=44. 462—44=418+1=419.	419	78:2	**Richard**
338—50=288—50=238.	238	76:1	**the**
338—50=288—30=258. 462—258=204+1=205.	205	78:2	**Third.**

But let us recur to the story of Bacon's feelings when he heard the bad news.

He says he knew that if Shakspere was taken and he confessed the truth (as he believed he would), he was a ruined man. In that event —

505—50=455—31=424. 462—424=38+1=39+ 5 *h* col.=44.	44	78:2	**All**
505—30=475—146=329. 447—329=118+1=119+ 11 *b* col.=130.	130	75:1	**my**
505—30=475—146=329—3 *b* (146)=326. 462—326 =136+1=137+4 *h* col.=141.	141	78:2	**hopes**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—145=360. 498—360=138+1=139.	139	76:1	of
505—146=359—3 *b* (146)=356.	356	76:1	rising
505—31=474. 603—474=129+1=130.	130	76:2	to
505—49=456—161=295. 603—295=308+1=309+ 10 *b* & *h* col.=319.	319	76:2	high
505—30=475—50 (76:1)=425. 508—425=83+1=84.	84	75:2	office
505—449=56—14 *b* (449)=42—1 *h*=41.	41	76:2	in
505—146=359—3 *b* (146)=356. 498—356=142+1=	143	76:1	the
505—161=344—31 *b* & *h* col.=313.	313	78:2	Common-wealth
505—146=359—3 *b* (146)=356. 448—356=92+1= 93+14 *b* & *h* col.=107.	107	76:1	were
505—146=359—32 (79:1)=327—3 *b* (146)=324—50=	274	77:2	blasted.

And again observe how rare some of these words are: This is the only time *rising* is found in this play, and it occurs but thirteen times besides in all the Plays! *Commonwealth* is found three times in this play, and but nine times in all the Comedies, and but four times in all the Tragedies. *Blasted* appears but once in this play, and but nine times besides in all the Plays! *Hopes* is found but three other times in this play.

And Bacon says:

505—31=474.	474	76:2	I
505—30=475—58 (80:1)=417.	417	80:2	am
505—30=475—58=417. 523—417=106+1=107.	107	80:2	not
505—32=473—58=415. 498—415=83+1=84+ 11 *b* col.=95.	95	76:1	an
505—31=474—4 *h* col.=470.	470	79:2	impudent
505—31=474.	474	79:2	man
505—32=473—58=415.	415	80:2	that
505—30=475.	475	79:2	will
505—49=456—50=406. 603—406=197+1=198.	198	76:2	face
505—32=473—50=423—58 (80:1)=365. 603—365 =238+1=239.	239	76:2	out
505—49=456. 603—456=147+1=148.	148	76:2	a
505—58 (80:1)=447. 462—447=15+1=16+24=40.	40	80:2	disgrace
505—31=474—27 *b* & *h* col.=447.	447	79:2	with
505—32=473—30=443—57=386—30 *b* & *h* col.=356.	356	80:2	an
505—32=473—50=423—23 *b* col.=400.	(400)	79:2	impudent
505—49=456. 603—456=147+1=148+16 *b* & *h* col =164		76:2	cheek,
505—31=474—50=424—26 *b* & *h* col.=398.	398	79:2	sauciness
505—32=473—162=311.	311	77:2	and
505—32=473—4 *h* col.=469.	469	79:2	boldness.

And here Bacon repeats the very language he used in 1594 in a letter to Essex (see page 273, *ante*): "I am not an impudent man that would face out a disgrace."

And these are the only times *impudent* occurs in *2d Henry IV.*, and it is found but seven times besides in all the Plays! And these are the only occasions when *sauciness* is found in this play, and it occurs but four times besides in all the Plays. Yet here both are found repeated twice in the compass of a few lines. And the word *disgrace* is found but twice in this play.

And Bacon grieves at the disgrace his exposure will bring upon the memory of his father. He says it—

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—50=455—32=423. 533—423=110+1=111.	111	79:2	would
505—30=475—50=425—396 (80:1)=29.	29	80:2	humble
505—50=455—32=423.	423	79:2	my
505—30=475—50=425—58 (80:1)=367. 523—367=156+1=157+3 *h* col.=160.	160	80:2	father's
505—31=474—32 *b* col.=442.	442	78:2	proud
505—31=474—50=424—162=262—4 *h* col.=258.	258	78:2	and
505—31=474—50=424—57=367—4 *h* col.=363.	363	80:2	most
505—32=473—5 *b* (32)=468.	468	79:2	honorable
505—30=475. 523—475=48+1=49.	49	80:2	name
505—30=475—50=425—4 *h* col.=421.	421	79:2	in
505—31=474—50=424. 534—424=110+1=111+27 *b* col.=138.	138	79:2	the
505—31=474—39 *b* & *h* col.=435.	435	78:2	dust
505—32=473—30=443—57 (80:1)=386—4 *h* col.=	382	80:2	and
505—30=475—50=425—10 *b* col.=415.	415	77:2	send
505—31=474. 533—474=59+1=60.	60	79:2	his
505—31=474. 598—474=124+1=125.	125	79:2	widow
505—31=474—27 *b* & *h* col.=447.	447	79:2	with
505—31=474. 598—474=124+1=125+4 *h* col.=	129	79:2	a
505—31=474—50=424—162=262.	262	77:2	broken
505—162=344—7 *h* col.=337.	337	78:2	heart
505—30=475—396 (80:1)=79. 461—79=382+1=	383	80:2	to
505—31=474—9 *b* col.=465.	465	76:2	the
505—32=473—30=443—5 *b* (31)=438—7 *h* col.=431.	431	78:2	grave.

And what is it that would so distress the widow of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who, as we have seen, was preëminently a religious lady? Here is the statement:

505—30=475—50=425—396 (80:1)=29. 523—29=494+1=495+4 *b* & *h* col.=499.	499	80:2	to
505—31=474—50=424—57=367.	367	80:2	think
505—30=475—58 (80:1)=417.	417	78:2	that
505—31=474—58=416.	416	80:2	I
505—31=474—50=424—30=394—58=336—26 *b* col.=310.	310	80:2	should
505—31=474—62 (80:2)=412—18 *h* col.=394.	394	81:1	make
505—32=473—50=423—58 (80:1)=365—26 *h* col.=	339	80:2	a
505—57 (80:1)=448—3 *h* col.=445.	445	81:1	mock
505—30=475—58 (80:1)=417.	417	79:2	of
505—32=473—50=423. 533—423=110+1=111+27 *b* col.=138.	138	79:2	the
505—31=474—396 (80:1)=78. 523—78=445+1=446+4 *b* & *h* col.=450.	450	80:2	Christian
505—146=359—3 *b* (146)=356—193=163. 498—163=335+1=336.	336	76:1	religion.

It was certainly enough to shock the pious Lady Ann to know that her son had written, in *Measure for Measure*, of the conception of the Christian religion as to the eternal condition of the wicked, in these startling words:

Or to be worse than worst
Of those, that *lawless and incertain thoughts*
Imagine howling.

And Bacon tells what he feared: — that he would be —

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—31=474—5 *b* (31)=469. 577—469=108+1=109+23 *b* col.=132.	132	77:1	**hanged**
505—146=359—162=197. 462—197=265+1=266+5 *b* col.=271.	271	78:2	**like**
505—31=474—50=424. 457—424=33+1=34+17 *b* & *h* col.=51.	51	76:2	**a**
505—30=475—49 (76:1)=426—31=395—6 *h* col.=	(389)	78:2	**dog**
505—30=475—396 (80:1)=79.	79	80:2	**for**
505—31=474—50=424. 462—424=38+1=39+21 *b* col.=60.	60	78:2	**the**
505—30=475—396 (80:1)=79—17 *b* & *h* (396)=62. 489—62=427+1=428.	428	81:1	**play**
505—31=474—49=425—4 *h* col.=421.	421	80:2	**of**
505—146=359—162=197—26 *b* & *h* col.=171.	171	78:2	**King**
505—31=474—49 (76:1)=425—30=395.	395	78:2	**Richard**
505—146=359—162=197.	197	78:2	**the**
505—31=474—58 (80:1)=416—4 *h* col.=412.	412	80:2	**Second.**

Observe the symmetry of these words of *King Richard the Second;* see how 505—31=474—49 alternates with 505—146=359—162.

And here we have *Richard the Second* by another and a different root-number.

CHAPTER XX.

THE QUEEN'S ORDERS TO FIND SHAKSPERE.

Wheresoe'er he is,
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living.
As You Like It, iii, 1.

I TURN to another part of the Cipher story, or rather I recur to it, because I have already referred to it in a previous chapter.

I can do no more now than give a few words, here and there, to show that the Cipher story runs through all these pages, and is called forth by the same root-numbers.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—448=57.	57	76:2	Her
505—193=312—30=282.	282	75:2	Grace
505—448=57—50=7.	7	76:2	is
505—193=312—50=262.	262	75:2	furious
505—193=312. 448—312=136+1=137.	137	76:1	and
505—254=251—50=201. 508—201=307+1=	308	75:2	hath
505—193=312.	312	75:2	sent
505—193=312—50=262. 448—262=186+1=	187	76:1	out
505—193=312—31 (79:1)=281—50=231. 462—231 =231+1=232.	232	78:2	several
505—254=251—5 *h* col.=246.	246	76:1	well
505—50=455.	455	76:2	horsed,
505—193=312=30 (79:1)=282—27 *b* col.=255.	255	78:2	unarmed
505—248=257.	257	74:1	posts
505—248=257—50=207. 447—207=240+1=	241	75:1	to
505—193=312—237 (73:2)=75. 169—75=94+1=	95	73:1	find
505—254=251—30=221—193=28.	28	75:2	Shak'st
505—197 (74:2)=308—248=60.	60	75:1	spur,
505—254=251—15 *b* & *h* (254)=236—49 (76:2)=187. 508—187=321+1=322.	322	75:2	under
505—248=257—50=207.	207	74:1	the
505—254=251—30=221—31 (79:1)=190. 462—190 =272+1=273.	273	78:2	lead
505—254=251—10 *b* col.=241.	241	76:1	of
505—193=312—237=75+90=165.	165	73:1	my
505—193=312—50=262.	262	76:1	Lord
505—193=312—50=262. 498—262=236+1=237+ 4 *b* col.=241.	241	76:1	of
505—354=251—10 *b* col.=241.	241	76:1	Shrewsbury.

This accords with the statement on page 686, *ante*, that the forces sent out to find Shakspere and the rest of the players were under the direction of the Earl of Shrewsbury. And there was no necessity of sending armed troops to arrest a party of poor actors. The object was secrecy; hence, no tradition has come down to us of the attempt to arrest Shakspere. If armed soldiers had gone to Stratford looking for him, it would have made such an impression on the minds of the villagers that, in all probability, it would have been remembered, and we should have heard something of it. And yet the matter was important enough to require prompt action under a prominent, reliable and discreet leader; for it was not merely the offense of playing seditious plays that was in question, but the fact that this had been done as an incentive to rebellion; and no one could tell in that troubled age how far the attempt had succeeded, or how soon civil war might break forth. The object was to quietly gain possession of the actors and probe the thing to the bottom.

And the reader will observe how the beginning of scene 1, act i, interlocks with the end of the same act, in the words *several — well — horsed — unarmed — posts — under — lead*, etc. With ampler leisure I could reduce this to a precise, mathematical, continuous system.

And Cecil proposed —

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—254=251. 498—251=197+1=198+2 *h* col.=	200	76:1	**proposed —**

that the Earl should divide his forces into three divisions and send them in different directions wherever the actors were likely to be.

505—193=312—30=282. 448—282=216+1=217.	217	76:1	**Will**
505—193=312—30=282.	282	76:1	**divide**
505—254=251—30=221—32=189. 462—189=273 +1=274.	274	78:2	**his**
505—193=312—32 (79:1)=280—5 *b* (32)=275.	275	78:2	**forces**
505—193=312—32=280—5 *h* (32)=275. 462—275= 187+1=188+3 *b* col.=191.	191	78:2	**in**
505—193=312—31=281—5 *b* (31)=276. 462—276= 186+1=187+5 *b* col.=192.	192	78:2	**three**
505—254=251—30=221—32 (79:1)=189.	189	78:2	**divisions.**

Here it will be observed that the same words, *three — divisions*, which came out at the summons of 523—218 (74:2)=305—31 (79:1)=274 (see page 772, *ante*), and which were then used to describe the allotment of the money made by the Plays, between actors and author, are again employed at the call of 505—193=312—31 and 505—254—32; that is to say, 505, less the upper section of 75:1, produces, carried to the end of act i, *three;* and 505 less the lower section of 75:1, carried to the beginning of act ii, gives us *divisions*. And 305 (523—218=305)—31=274, carried up 78:2, *plus* the hyphens, produces the same word *three;* and the same 305 —31=274, carried up the same 78:2, not counting in the hyphens, produces the same word *divisions*. Surely, no one will believe that all this delicate adjustment of the text and its brackets and hyphens, to two different numbers, could come about by accident. If it stood alone it would be enough to stagger incredulity; but, as it is, it is only one of thousands of other and similar instances.

But the Queen, while taking these steps, does not fully believe that Francis Bacon could have written the treasonable play of *Richard II.* And she rebukes Cecil for making such a charge against him. And the Queen says to Cecil:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—193=312—30=282—29 (73:2)=253. 284—253 =31+1=32.	32	74:1	This
505—193=312—30=282—29 (73:2)=253+193=	446	75:1	thing
505—193=312—29 (73:2)=283—193=90. 508—90 =418+1=419.	419	75:2	must
505—193=312—29 (73:2)=283. 284—283=1+1=2 +7 *h* col.=9.	9	74:1	stop.
505—193=312—50=262—208 (73:2)=54. 284—54= 230+1=231+5 *h* col.=236.	236	74:1	Between
505—193=312—50=262—15 *b* & *h*=247—237=10— 3 *b* (237)=7.	7	74:1	you
505—193=312—30=282—29 (73:2)=253.	253	75:1	and
505—193=312—29 (73:2)=283. 284—283=1+1=	2	74:1	your
505—193=312—30=282—28 (73:2)=254.	254	74:1	crafty
505—193=312—30=282—248 (74:2)=34. 284—34= =250+1=251.	251	74:1	old
505—193=312—30=282—28 (73:1)=254—4 *h* col.=	250	74:1	father,
505—193=312—50=262—208 (73:1)=54.	54	74:1	with
505—193=312—50=262—90 (73:1)=172.	172	73:2	your
505—193=312—50=262—15 *b* & *h*=247—237=10— 3 *b* (237)=7. 284—7=277+1=278+3 *h* col.=	281	74:1	smooth
505—193=312—50=262—15 *b* & *h*=247—237=10— 3 *b*=7. 284—7=277+1=278.	278	74:1	tongues,
505—193=312—50=262—50=212—78 (73:1)=134. 237—134=103+1=104+3 *b* col.=107.	197	73:2	you
505—193=312—50=262—79 (73:1)=183.	183	73:2	are

Here it will be observed that every word grows out of 505 *minus* 193, the upper section of 75:1; we will have directly a sentence that grows out of 505 *minus* 254, the lower section of the same column and page. The above sentence is produced by counting from the beginnings and ends of the subdivisions of the preceding column, 73:2; the next sentence will be derived by counting from the beginnings and ends of 74:1 or 74:2. Thus the reader will perceive that there is not only regularity in the results, but a method and system in the work.

But the sentence goes on:

505—254=251—15 *b* & *h* (254)=236. 284—236=48+1=49		74:1	stuffing
505—248=257—2 *h* (248)=255. 284—255=29+1= 30+7 *h* col.=37.	37	74:1	my
505—254=251—248=3.	3	74:1	ears
505—248=257—51 (74:2)=206. 284—206=78+1= 79+7 *h* col.=86.	86	74:1	with
505—254=251. 284—251=33+1=34+5 *b* col.=	39	74:1	continual
505—248=257—4 *h* col.=253.	253	74:1	lies
505—254=251—15 *b* & *h* (254)=236—50=186. 284— 186=98+1=99.	99	74:1	and
505—248=257—22 *b*=235. 284—235=49+1=50+5 *b*=55		74:1	false
505—254=251—15 *b* & *h*=236. 284—236=48+1=49 +7 *h* col.=56.	56	74:1	reports

Observe the perfect symmetry of this: 505—254 (75:1)=251 is regularly alternated with 505—248 (74:2)=257. And all the words are in column 1 of page 74!

And what a concatenation of words: *stuffing my ears with continual lies and false reports!* And we know that Cecil desired to keep Bacon out of office and power, and we can surmise that this would be the very means he would resort to. And the coarse-minded, crafty old Queen, even if she suspected Bacon, would be very apt to talk in this way to Cecil, for we have historical testimony that she would assault "this little man" (as she called him) with bitter vituperation.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—193=312—90=222.	222	73:2	this
505—248=257—208 (73:2)=49+90=139.	139	78:1	many
505—193=312—30=282—15 *b* & *h*=267—4 *h* col.=	263	74:1	a
505—254=251—50=201. 284—201=83+1=84.	84	74:1	year.

And here I would ask the reader to turn to pages 719 and 720, *ante*, and note how the same words *stuffing — ears — false — reports — lies — this — many — a — year*, which here come out at the summons of 505 carried through 74:2 and the upper and lower subdivisions of 75:1, were also brought out, by an entirely different mode of counting, by the root-number 516—167=349—22 *b* & *h* (167)=327! For instance, 327—30, carried through 74:2 and *down* 74:1, yields *stuffing*, while 505—254=251—15 *b* & *h* (254)=236, carried *up* 74:1, yields the same word, *stuffing;* and the same number 236, plus the hyphens, *up* the same column, yields *reports;* while the same number 327, again less 30, again carried through 74:2 and again carried *down* 74:1, yields the same word, *reports*. And so with the other words. The adjustments here are as delicate and as manifold as in the works of a watch; and the one is just as likely to have come together by chance as the other.

And the Queen was in a—

505—193=312—30=282—15 *b* & *h*=267—29 (73:2)=	238	74:1	royal
505—193=312—30=282—50 (74:2)=232—12 *b* & *h* col.=220.	220	74:1	rage,

and commenced to rebuke Cecil severely:

505—193=312—50=262. 284—262=22+1=23+7 *h* col.=30.	30	74:1	Commenced
505—193=312—284=28—10 *b* col.=18.	18	73:2	to
505—193=312—237 (73:2)=75. 169—75=94+1=95+1 *h* col.=96.	96	73:1	rebuke
505—193=312—209 (73:2)=103. 169—103=66+1=	67	73:1	him
505—193=312—15 *b* & *h* (193)=297—248=49—5 *b* col.=	44	74:1	in
505—193=312—15 *b* & *h* (193)=197—30=267—28 (73:2)=239. 284—239=45+1=46.	46	74:1	language
505—193=312—15 *b* & *h*=297—30=267—28 (73:2)=239. 284—239=45+1=46+50=96.	96	74:1	stern
505—254=251—208=43. 284—43=241+1=242.	242	74:1	and
505—193=312—15 *b* & *h*=297—30=267—28 (73:2)=239. 284—239=45+1=46+30=76.	76	74:1	fearful,
505—193=312—50=262—15 *b* & *h*=247. 284—247=37+1=38+5 *b* col.=43.	43	74:1	which
505—254=251—30=221. 284—221=63+1=64.	64	74:1	wounds
505—193=312—30=282. 284—282=2+1=3+7 *h* col.=10		74:1	the
505—193=312—30=282. 284—282=2+1=3.	3	74:1	ears
505—254=251. 284—251=33+1=34.	34	74:1	of

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—193=312—30=282—50 (74:2)=232. 284—232 =52+1=53.	53	74:1	**them**
505—254=251—30=221. 284—221=63+1=64+ 7 *h* col.=71.	71	74:1	**who**
505—193=312—15 *b* & *h*=297—30=267—29 (73:2)= 238—22 *b* & *h* col.=216.	216	74:2	**listen**
505—193=312—50=262—50=212—79 (73:1)=133.	133	73:2	**to**
505—193=312—248=64—2 *h* (248)=62—50.	12	73:2	**it;**
505—153=252—248=4.	4	74:1	**for**
505—193=312—49=263.	263	74:1	**a**
505—193=312—30=282.	282	74:1	**worse**
505—193=312—50=262—15 *b* & *h*=247. 284—247= 37+1=38.	38	74:1	**tongue**
505—193=312—50=262—248=14—2 *h* (248)=12. 237 —12=225+1=226.	226	73:2	**is**
505—193=312—50=262.	262	74:1	**not**
505—193=312—284=28.	28	73:2	**upon**
505—193=312—248 (74:2)=64—22 *b* (248)=42.	42	74:1	**the**
505—193=312—50=162. 284—162=22+1=23+ 12 *b* & *h*=35.	35	74:1	**earth.**

Observe how regularly this sentence moves. It accords with historical truth, so far as it concerns Elizabeth's violent temper and abusive tongue; and it accords with the probabilities that the Queen would not, without conclusive proof, believe that Sir Nicholas Bacon's son could engage in treasonable practices. Nearly all the words grow out of 505—193=312; or, where they do not come from the 505 *minus* the upper section of 75:1, they come from 505 *minus* the lower section of 75:1, and they are nearly all found on 74:1, except where fragments left after deducting 74:1 or 74:2 are carried backward to the last page or forward to the next page.

And the Queen tells Cecil that he has been unfair to Bacon; that he has —

505—254=251—30=221.	221	74:1	**stooped**
505—254=251—50=201—30=171. 284—171=113+1=114		74:1	**so**
505—254=251—15 *b*=236—10 *b* col.=226.	226	74:1	**low,**

as to assail Bacon —

505—254=251—50=201—30=171—10 *h* col.=161.	161	74:1	**in**
505—193=312—248=64—2 *h* (248)=62. 284—62 =222+1=223+6 *h* col.=229.	229	74:1	**this**
505—193=312—248=64—2 *h* (248)=62.	62	74:1	**covert**
505—193=312—30=282—248=34.	34	75:1	**way,**
505—254=251—15 *b* & *h* (254)=236. 284—236=48 +1=49+12 *b* & *h* col.=61.	61	74:1	**while**
505—248=257—208 (73:2)=49—3 *b* (208)=46. 169 —46=123+1=124.	124	73:1	**thy**
505—193=312—30=282—237 (73:2)=45. 169—45 =124+1=125.	125	73:1	**kinsman's**
505—248—257—2 *h* (248)=255.	255	74:1	**sick.**

And in her "royal rage" she tells Cecil that, if he does not find Shakspere, and prove his charge against Bacon to be true, he shall lose his office:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—193=312—284 (74:1)=28. 237—28=209+1=	210	73:2	lose
505—248=257—50=207—10 *b* col.=197.	197	74:1	office.

And the Queen tells the posts —

505—248=257—50=207. 447—207=240+1=241.	241	75:1	To
505—254=251. 284—251=33+1=34+7 *h* col.=	41	74:1	ride
505—193=312—248=64.	64	73:2	with
505—248=257—22 *b* (248)=235. 284—235=49+1=	50	74:2	the
505—193=312—248=64. 237—64=173+1.	174	73:2	speed
505—254=251. 284—251=33+1=34.	34	74:1	of
505—248=257—22 (248)=235. 284—235=49+1=	50	74:1	the
505—193=312—30=282—15 *b* & *h* (193)=267. 284—267=17+1=18+10 *b*=(28).	28	74:1	wind
505—248=257—24 *b* & *h*=233.	233	74:1	through
505—248=257—237 (73:2)=20+90=110.	110	73:1	all
505—193=312—30=282. 284—282=2+1=3+7 *h* col.=10		74:1	the
505—248=257—22 *b* (248)=235.	235	74:1	peasant-towns
505—248=257—24 *b* & *h* (248)=233. 284—233=51+1=52		74:1	of
505—193=312—50=262. 284—262=22+1=23.	23	74:1	the
505—193=312—30=282—15 *b* & *h* (193)=267. 284—267=17+1=18+7 *h* col.=25.	25	74:1	West.

Observe here the recurrence of the same root-numbers: 505 carried through 74:2, containing 248 words, leaves a remainder of 257; 257 taken down the preceding column, 74:1, brings us to *posts;* but less the bracket words in 74:2 it produces *peasant-towns;* and less both the bracketed and hyphenated words it gives us *through* (*posts through peasant-towns*); and up the column it is *stuffing, slanders, of,* etc. And note how 505—193=312 produces *speed—wind—West,* etc.

And the Queen tells them to give large rewards to the man who finds the actors.

505—193=312—237 (73:2)=75.	75	74:1	Make
505—193=312—237 (73:2)=75—3 *b* (237)=72	72	73:1	great
501—193=312—284=28+90 (73:1)=118.	118	73:1	offers
505—193=312—28 (73:2)=284—10 *b* col.=274.	274	74:1	of
505—193=312—284=28. 90—28=62+1=63.	63	73:1	rewards
505—193=312—50=262—237=25. 170 (72:2)—25=145+1=146.	146	72:2	to
505—193=312—50=262—237=25.	25	72:2	the
505—193=312—50=262—237=25. 346+25=371.	371	72:2	man
505—193=312—50—262—208 (73:1)=54—3 *b* (208)=	51	73:1	who
505—193=312—30=282—15 *b* & *h* col.=267.	267	74:1	brings
505—193=312—50=262—209 (73:2)=53.	53	74:1	them
505—193=312—30=282—29 (73:2)=253. 284—253=31+1=32+12 *b* & *h* col.=44.	44	74:1	in,
505—193=312—50=262—209 (73:2)=53.	53	73:1	dead
505—193=312—50=262—237=25+170 (72:2)=	195	72:2	or
505—193=312—50=262—237=25. 169—25=144+1=145		73:2	alive.

Some of my readers may have thought that the marvelous revelations of the foregoing pages were merely coincidences. But here we are invading another play, the play of *1st Henry IV.*, with cipher numbers derived from *2d Henry IV.*,

and we find the words of the story coming out in regular order as in the above sentence. And how completely does this fit into the story already told. We have had the narrative of the Queen's rage, the flight of the actors, the despair of Bacon, the order to send out posts to find Shakspere and his fellows, the separation of the soldiers into three divisions; and here we have *the offer of great rewards to the man who brings them in dead or alive.* If this is accident, then the world is an accident.

And the Queen says she does not believe that this woe-begone, hateful, fat creature, Shakspere, had been a mask for her brilliant friend, whom she has known since a child:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—193=312—30=282—29 (73:2)=253. 447—253= 194+1=195.	195	75:1	**This**
505—193=312—29 (73:2)=283.	283	75:1	**woe-begone,**
505—193=312—50=262—28 (73:2)=234.	234	75:1	**hateful,**
505—193=312—50=262—29 (73:2)=233—90 (73:1)=	143	72:2	**fat**
505—193=312—50=262—208 (73:2)=54—3 *b* (208)= 51+90=141.	141	73:1	**creature**
505—193=312—50=262—209 (73:2)=53+90=143.	143	73:1	**had**
505—193=312—50=262—208 (73:2)=54+90=144.	144	73:1	**been**
505—193=312—50=262—209 (73:2)=53—3 *b* (209)= 50+90=140.	140	73:1	**a**
505—193=312—30=282—29 (73:2)=253—13 *b* col.=	240	75:1	**mask**

for the son of her old friend; for she had—

505—193=312—50=262—90=172—28=144.	144	74:1	**known**
505—193=312—209 (73:2)=103—79=24. 588—24= 564+1=565+1 *h* 565 (79)=566.	566	72:2	**him**
505—193=312—91 (73:1)=221.	221	73:2	**since**
505—193=312—30=282—29 (73:2)=253. 447—253 =194+1=195+11 *b* col.=206.	206	75:1	**a**
505—193=312—91 (73:1)=221—29 (73:2)=192. 284— 192=92+1=93.	93	74:1	**child.**

And the Queen had all the incredulity of the Shakspereolators of the nineteenth century, and she says: I pronounce this story the strangest tale in the world, and not to be believed, and a lot of lies.

505—193=312—209 (73:2)=103—90=13. 588—13= 575+1=576.	576	72:2	**Strangest**
505—193=312—209 (73:2)=103—91=12. 588—12= 576+1=577.	577	72:2	**tale**
505—193=312—50=262—28 (73:2)=234—169 (73:1) =65. 170—65=105+1=106.	106	72:2	**in**
505—193=312—28 (73:2)=284—79=205. 588—205 =383+1=384.	384	72:2	**the**
505—193=312—50=262—15 *b* & *h*=247—28 (73:2)= 219. 284—219=65+1=66.	66	74:1	**world; not**
505—193=312—29 (73:2)=283—90=193.	193	72:2	**to**
505—193=312—28 (73:2)=284—27 (73:1)=257+171=	428	72:2	**be**
505—193=312—50=262—28 (73:2)=234—169 (73:1)= 65. 588—65=523+1=524.	524	72:2	**believed.**

And the Queen says Cecil has been telling her —

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—193=312—28 (73:2)=284—79=205. 346—205 =141+1=142+2 *h* col.=144.	144	72:2	a
505—193=312—28 (73:2)=284—79=205.	205	72:2	lot
505—193=312—30=282—237 (73:2)=45—3 *b* (237)=	42	73:1	of
505—193=312—30=282—29=253.	253	74:1	lies.

And here again we have the combination — it is found more than twenty times in these two plays — giving the name of Bacon's cousin:

505—193=312—28 (73:2)=284—27 (73:1)=257. 588— 257=331+1=332.	332	72:2	Sees
505—193=312—30=282—208 (73:2)=74. 169—74= 95+1=96+1 *h*=97.	97	73:1	ill

And here we have it again:

505—193=312—30=282—28 (73:2)=254—90=164+ 170=334—2 *h* col.=332.	332	72:2	Sees
505—193=312—30=282—209 (73:2)=73. 169—73= 96+1=97.	97	73:1	ill

In this last instance it will be observed that the two words move in parallel lines: 505—193=312—30=282; and the first word, *sees*, starts from the end of the first subdivision on 73:2, and goes upward and to the end of the scene on 73:1, and up again and backward and down from the end of the second section of 72:2. The other word, *ill*, starts from the same point of departure, the end of the first section, but moves downward through the column and backward and up the preceding column to the word *ill*. And in the first instance the count departs in the same way from the same starting-point and moves up through 28 and down through 208 in the same order.

And right here, in connection with the elements of the name of Cecil, we have *kinsman's* and *your cousin*. We saw that 164 (505—193 (75:1)=312—30 (74:2)=282—28 (73:2)=254—90 (73:1)=164) produced *sees;* but it also produces *cousin:*

505—193=312—50=262—90=172.	172	73:2	your
505—193=312—30=282—28=254—90=164.	164	73:2	cousin.

And that same 282, which, modified by carrying it through the first section of 73:2, produced *sees* and *ill* and *cousin*, also, carried through all of 73:2, produces *kinsman's:*

505—193=312—208 (73:2)=104—27 (73:2)=77.	77	72:2	thy
505—193=312—30=282—237=45. 169—45=124+1=125		72:2	kinsman's

And the "old termagant" goes on to say that if Cecil can prove that Bacon wrote the Plays she will have him executed. I have not time to work this out in detail, but I call the attention of the critical to the way in which the same numbers, which have already done such good service, respond again with most significant words. Here we have:

505—193=312—50=262—208 (73:2)=54—3 *b* (208)=51. 90—51=39+1=40.	40	73:1	the
505—193=312—209=103—3 *b* (209)=100—27=73. 170—73=97+1=98.	98	72:2	old
505—193=312—50=262—208 (73:2)=54—27 (73:1)= 27+171=198.	198	72:2	termagant

And let us pause and observe the manner in which this word *termagant* is so placed that like *Seas-ill*, *Shak'st-spur*, *old jade*, etc , it can be repeatedly used in referring to the Queen. It is accompanied by the word *old* — "the old termagant."

Let us take the combination with which we are already familiar, 505—167=338—50=288. If we commence to count at the end of scene third (73:1), and count up that fragment of a column and down the preceding column, we have:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—50=288—90 (73:2)=198.	198	72:2	**termagant**

Take 516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277. If we commence to count at the same point of departure as in the last instance, but count downward through 73:1, and then again down the next column as before, we again reach *termagant*, thus:

516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—79 (73:2)=	198	72:2	**termagant**

Or let us take still another root-number, to-wit: 513—29 (74:2), and we have, going through the same 90 used in the first instance:

513—29 (74:2)=484—90 (73:1)=394. 588—394=194 +1=195+3 *h* col.=198.	198	72:2	**termagant**

Here we perceive that 484—90=394. Let the reader turn to the fac-simile and he will find that 394 in the same column with *termagant* is *plays !*

513—29 (74:2)=484—90=394.	394	72:2	**plays**

Surely a very significant combination; for the *old termagant* and the *plays* represented very important subjects in Bacon's life and thoughts. We noted how *plays* was brought in in 78:1:— "for one or t'other *plays* the rogue with my great toe;" and here we have:

> Art thou alive,
> Or is it fantasy that *plays* upon our eye-sight?

We can see the Cipher in the very process of construction. And if I had time and space I could show that nearly every word in that sentence, nay, in all these columns, is a Cipher word But to resume:

We have seen that the text was so arranged as to bring out the word *termagant* in response to the summons of 505, 516 and 513:—here we have the fourth primal root-number, 523. We have just reached *termagant* by deducting 29, the lower section of 74:2, from 513; we now deduct the upper section of 74:2 from 523, and we have:

523—50 (74:2)=473—79 (73:1)=394. 588—394=194 +1=195+3 *h* col.=198.	198	72:2	**termagant**

Here again we have the terminal number, 394; but how? We obtained it in the last instance by deducting from 513 (—29=484) the *upper* section of 73:2, to-wit, 90; now we obtain it by deducting from 523 (—50=473) the *lower* section of 73:2, to-wit, 79. And again the 394 produces the word *plays!* But think of the exquisite adjustments that were necessary to bring this about. The cryptologist could not use the word *termagant* (even though applied, as in the text, to a man !), or the word *plays*, very often, without exciting suspicion; and he tells us in the *De Augmentis* that one of the first requirements of a cipher is that it "be such as not to raise suspicion."[1] Therefore he so adjusted the fragments of 73:1 that, counting *upward* from the end of the scene, with the number 513—29, it would yield 394, which gives us both

[1] *Bacon's Works*, vol. ix, p. 115.

termagant and *plays:* while counting *downward, from the same point*, with 523—50, would again give us 394 and the same words, *termagant* and *plays!*

But this is not all. Turn back to the two immediately preceding instances, and we have the same process repeated, but with different elements. Thus:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—167=338—50=288—90=198.	198	72:2	**termagant**
516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—79=198.	198	72:2	**termagant**

Here we have the same process of cunning adjustment:—Again we count *up* from the end of the scene to produce 198—*termagant;* and again we count *down* from *the same point* to produce 198—*termagant!* And observe these numbers are not accidental: they are produced in the same way:

505—167 (74:2)=338—50=288.
516=167 (74:2)=349—50=299—22 *b* & *h*=277.

And the difference between 288 and 277 is *eleven;* and the difference between 79 and 90 is *eleven!*

But even this is not all. Let us take the fifth primal number, 506, and deduct 50, and we have 456. Now we have seen that in the middle section of 73:1, between 28 and 90, there are 62 words. Let us deduct this fragment, just as we deducted 79 and 90 before, and we have:

506—50=456—62=394.	394	72:2	**plays**
506—50=456—62=394. 588—394=194+1=195+ 3 *h* col.=198.	198	72:2	**termagant**

Or let us take the first primal number again, 505, and deduct the fragment at the top of 74:2, from 50 upwards, to-wit, 49, and we have the same result:

505—49=456—62=394.	394	72:2	**plays**
505—49=456—62=394. 588—394=194+1=195+ 3 *h* col.=198.	198	72:2	**termagant**

But even this does not end the use of the word *termagant.* We have:

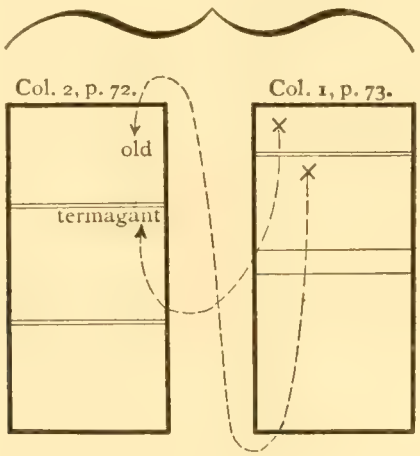
505—193 (75:1)=312—284 (74:1)=28+170=198.	198	72:2	**termagant**

But there is still more. When the brothers, Francis and Anthony Bacon, are discussing the bad news, the Cipher (with a root-number carried back from 74:2) refers again to the *old termagant;* thus:

523—30 (74:2)=493—254 (75:1)=239—141 (73:1)=	98	72:2	**old**
523—30=493—254=239—90=149. 346—149=197 +1=198.	198	72:2	**termagant**

Let the critical reader study this. Here we have the same formula, 523—30 =493—254=239. But how do the terminals vary? *Old* is obtained by counting 239 words from the beginning of the second section of 73:1 to the end of the column; now, as between 28 and 169 there are 141 words, we deduct 141 from 239, and we have 98 left; and the 98th word on the next preceding column is *old.* But to find the word *termagant* we commence at the top of the *first* section 73:1, instead of the *second*, and instead of going to the end of the *column* we go to the end of the *scene;* this gives us 90 words; and 90 deducted from 239 leaves 149, and this, taken to the

end of the second section of 72:2, and carried upward, yields *termàgant.* Let me put this in the form of a diagram:



I think it is probable that a full investigation of the Cipher will show that these words — *old termagant* — are used at least a score of times in the internal narrative. Here are some instances of the word *old:*

If we commence with the root-number 505, to count from the end of 73:2 and count upward and forward, counting in the whole of page 73, containing 406 words, and also the one hyphenated word, the 505th word is the 98th word, *old;* thus:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—407=98.	98	72:2	**old**

We also have, matching the *termagant* already cited, the following:

523—29 (74:2)=494) 588—494=94+1=95+3 *h* col.=	98	72:2	**old**
523—50 (74:2)=473—79=394. 588—394=194+1= 195+3 *h* col.=198:	198	72:2	**termagant**

Observe the precision of this: the only difference is this, that the first word comes out of 523 less the *last* section of 74:2; the other, out of the *first* section of 74:2; and that in the first case we commence to count, really, from the end of the third section of 73:1, and in the other case from the beginning of the same.

And here we have another duplication:

505—167=338—237 (73:2)=101—3 *b* (237)=98.	98	72:2	**old**
505—167=338—50=288—90 (73:1)=198.	198	72:2	**termagant**

Here the count runs first from the end of scene 4, act v, *1st Henry IV.*, then from the beginning of it.

And here is still another:

505—30 (74:2)=475—50=425—237 (73:2)=188 —90 (73:1)=98	98	72:2	**old**
505—49 (74:2)=456—62 (73:1)=394. 588—394=194 +1=195+3 *h*=198.	198	72:2	**termagant**

But away and beyond all these adjustments the word *termagant* is used by the large root-numbers, which I have shown to lie at the very beginning of the Cipher narrative, and of which 505, 506, 513, 516 and 523 are but modifications. Thus,

there are twelve italic words in column 1 of page 74; let us multiply 74, the number of the page, by this number 12, and we have 888. Now commence to count at the top of 72:1 and count downward, and go forward to the next column and downward again, and we have *plays*, and counting downward and forward as before, but upward, counting in the hyphens on 73:2, we have *termagant*. Thus:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
74×12=888—494 (72:1)=394.	394	72:2	**plays**
74×12=888—494=394. 588—394=194+1=195+ 3 *h* col.=198.	198	72:2	**termagant**

Here, then, I have shown that not only does *termagant* come out at the call of every one of our Cipher numbers, 505, 506, 513, 516 and 523, but even at the summons of one, at least, of the higher numbers which precede these in the order of the narrative.

In short, every act, scene, fragment of scene, page, column, word, bracket and hyphen, in all the pages of these two plays, and, as I believe, of all the Plays, has been the subject of the most patient, painstaking prevision and arithmetical calculation and adjustment, to a degree that is almost inconceivable. These *Histories* are, indeed, histories in a double sense; these *Comedies* may be the mask for inner tragedies; and, perhaps,—with a fine touch of humor,—the *Tragedies* themselves may be but the cover for comedies of real life.

The man was sublime:—he played with words; he made the grandest and profoundest thoughts of which the brain is capable the strings of his exquisite puzzle; he made a jest of mankind, by setting up a stock and stone for their worship; and he dealt at once and forever a deadly blow to all absolute belief in the teachings of history.

I should not dare to utter these opinions save in the presence of so many marvelous proofs. But there is no imagination in the multiplication table; no self-deception can invade the precincts of addition and subtraction; two and two are four, everywhere, to the end of the chapter.

But to resume our narrative:

And Cecil tells them when they find Shakspere and his men to offer them immunity for their past misdeeds, if they will make a clean breast of it and tell who really prepared the dangerous play of *Richard II.* Observe how remarkably the significant words come out from the terminal root-number, 312.

505—193 (75:1)=312.

312—237 (73:2)=75—50 (73:2)=25.	25	73:1	**Terms**
312—208 (73:2)=104—90 (73:1)=14.	14	72:2	**of**
312—209 (73:2)=103.	103	73:1	**grace,**
312—208 (73:2)=104.	104	73:1	**pardon**
312—90=222—30=192—3 *b* col.=189.	189	73:2	**and**
312—208 (73:2)=104. 169—104=65+1=66.	66	73:1	**reward**
312—237=75—30 (74:2)=45.	45	73:1	**to**
312—27 (73:1)=285—237=48.	48	74:2	**himself**
312—208 (73:2)=104—27 (73:1)=77. 588—77=511+1=512		72:2	**and**
312—79 (73:1)=233.	233	73:2	**all**
312—237=75—30 (74:2)=45—3 *b* (237)=42.	42	73:2	**of**
312—50=262—79=183+346 (72:2)=529.	529	72:2	**them**
312—142 (73:1)=170—30 (74:2)=140. 588—140= 448+1=449.	449	72:2	**if**
312—28 (73:1)=284.	284	72:2	**he**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
312—79=233+170=403—1 *h* col.=402.	402	72:2	will
312—90=222. 588—222=366—1=367.	367	72:2	tell
312—208 (73:2)=104—27 (73:1)=77.	77	73:2	the
312—90=222—27 (73:1)=195.	195	74:2	name
312—79=233.	233	72:2	of
312—90=222—169 (73:1)=53+170=223.	223	72:2	the
312—50=262—27 (73:1)=235.	235	72:2	man
312—50=262—208=104—90=14+346=360.	360	72:2	who
312—27 (73:1)=285—29 (74:2)=256—237=19. 248—19=229+1=230.	230	74:2	furnished
312—90=222—30 (74:2)=192. 237—192=45+1=46+3 *b* col.=49.	49	73:2	him
312—27 (73:1)=285—29 (74:2)=256—237=19. 248—19=229+1=230+1 *b* col.=231.	231	74:2	with
312—90 (73:1)=222.	222	73:2	this
312—90=222—50=172—28 (73:2)=144—10 *b* col.=	134	74:1	play
312—79=233—30=203—3 *b* col.=200.	200	73:2	and
312—237=75—27 (73:1)=48—29 (73:2)=19.	19	74:2	the
312—90=222—50=172. 237—172=65+1=66.	66	73:2	rest
312—237=75—27 (73:1)=48.	48	72:2	of
312—209=103. 171—103=68+1=69.	69	72:2	these
312—90=222—27 (73:1)=195. 588—195=393+1=	394	72:2	Plays.
312—90=222.	222	72:2	But
312—90=222—50=172.	172	72:2	if,
312—79=233—27 (73:1)=206. 588—206=382+1=	383	72:2	on
312—284 (74:1)=28.	28	73:1	the
312—284=28+91=119.	119	73:1	contrary,
512—143 (73:1)=169. 237—169=68+1=69+3 *b* col.=72	72	73:2	he
312—28 (73:1)=284—171 (72:2)=113.	113	72:2	means
312—29 (73:2)=283—90=193.	193	72:2	to
312—142 (73:1)=170.	170	72:2	lie
312—29 (73:2)=283—90=193—170.	23	72:1	about
312—90=222+171 (72:2)=393—2 *h* col.=391.	391	72:2	it
312—29 (73:2)=283—79=204.	204	72:2	and
312—28 (73:1)=284—171 (72:2)=113. 494—113=381+1=382.	382	72:1	play
312—208=104—79=25.	25	72:2	the
312—79 (73:1)=233—170=63. 494—63=431+1=432+1 *h* col.=433.	433	72:1	fool,
312—90 (73:1)=222—208 (73:2)=14. 284—14=270+1=271.	271	74:1	they
312—29 (73:2)=283—90=193. 346—193=153+1=154+2 *h* col.=156.	156	72:2	will
312—209=103—30 (74:2)=73+90=163.	163	73:1	have
312—29 (73:2)=283—90=193.	193	72:2	to
312—90=222. 237—222=15+1=16.	16	73:2	bear
312—90=222. 237—222=15+1=16+28 (73:1)=	44	73:2	the
312—90=222—169 (73:1)=53. 588—53=535+1=	536	72:2	sin
312—90=222—169=53—1 *h* (169)=52. 588—52=536+1=537	537	72:2	upon

	Word.	Page and Column.	
312—29 (73:2)=283—90=193+346=539—1 *h* col.=	538	72:2	**their**
312—29 (73:2)=283—90=193+346=539.	539	72:2	**own**
312—29 (73:2)=283—90=193+347=540.	540	72:2	**heads.**

And Cecil refers to Shakspere as "the fat fellow":

312—169 (73:1)=143.	143	72:2	**Fat**
312—169 (73:1)=143—50 (74:2)=93—90 (73:1)=3. 588—3=585+1=586.	586	72:2	**fellow.**

Thus confirming the statements found on pages 78 and 79 of the Folio.

And Cecil tells the Earl that the Queen is in a great rage. And here, again, it is not safe to say in the text *Queen* or *her Majesty*, or to have more than one *termagant* in several pages, and so the Queen is alluded to as "the royal maiden."

312—28 (73:1)=284—237=47. 284—47=237+1=	238	74:1	**Royal**
312—79 (73:1)=233. 588—233=355+1=356.	356	72:2	**maiden**
312—90=222+170=392—2 *h* col.=390.	390	72:2	**is**
312—142=170+170=340.	340	72:2	**in**
312—90=222. 346—222=124+1=125.	125	72:2	**a**
312—208 (73:2)=104—29 (74:2)=75—3 *b* (208)=72.	72	73:1	**great**
312—208 (73:2)=104—30 (74:2)=74—3 *b* (208)=71. 284—71=213+1=214+6 *h* col.=220.	220	74:1	**rage.**

And the Queen doth swear:

312.	312	72:2	**swear**

that every man engaged in the production of the play of *Richard II.* on the stage, unless they give up the real author,—

312—237=75—27 (73:1)=48. 170—48=122+1=	123	72:2	**should**
312—237=75—30=45—3 *b* (237)=42+171=213.	213	72:2	**die**
312—90=222—169 (73:1)=53. 170—53=117+1=	118	72:2	**a**
312—90=222—28 (73:1)=194. 346—194=152+1=	153	72:2	**bloody**
312—90=222. 237—222=15+1=16+3 *b* col.=19.	19	73:2	**death.**

And Cecil says she told him to—

312—28 (73:1)=284+170=454—3 *h* col.=451.	451	72:2	**let**
312—27 (73:1)=285—29 (74:2)=256—237=19. 284—19=265+1=266.	266	74:1	**them**
312—27 (73:1)=285.	285	72:2	**be**
312—90=222—28 (73:1)=194. 346—194=152+1= 153+2 *h* col.=155.	155	72:2	**imbowelled.**

And as for Shakspere, if he does not confess the truth, she will—

312—29 (73:2)=283. 588—283=305+1=306.	306	72:2	**make**
312—237=75—30=45+90=135.	135	73:1	**a**
312—29 (73:2) 283—30=253. 433—253=180+1=	181	71:2	**carbonado**
312—79=233—30=203.	203	73:2	**of**
312—209 (73:2)=103. 169—103=66+1=67.	67	73:1	**him.**

But if he will reveal all he knows he will be spared:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
312—79 (73:1)=233. 346—233=113+1=114+ 3 *h* col.=117.	117	72:2	**spared;**

and not only spared, but favors shown him by the court:

312—90=222—169 (73:1)=53.	53	72:2	**favors.**

And the officers are directed to say nothing to any one about their mission, lest the actors fly the country. And when they arrest Shakspere they are at first to treat him kindly, and ask him why he should try to injure the Queen, who had never harmed him; and appeal to his better feelings; and urge him to confess, to save his own life and fortune.

312—79 (73:1)=233. 433 (71:2)—233=200+1=201.	201	71:2	**Save**
312—27 (73:1)=285—50=235.	235	73:2	**own**
312—90=222—30=192. 213 (71:2)—192=21+1=22 +1=23.	23	71:2	**life**
312—79=233. 237—233=4+1=5.	5	73:2	**fortune.**

And they are to say to him that he must not hold back the information he has as to the treasonable play; that there is —

312—27=285—170 (72:2)=115. 494—115=379+1=	380	72:1	**No**
312—90=222—30=192.	192	72:2	**time**
312—169 (73:1)=143. 346+143=489.	489	72:2	**to**
312—29 (73:2)=283. 433—283=150+1=151.	151	71:2	**dally.**

In short, the crafty Cecil directed the officers that when they found Shakspere they were to work upon him in every way possible — by appeals to his cupidity, his ambition, and his terror of being burned alive — to tell the real author of the Plays, especially of that dangerous play which represented the deposition and murder of an unpopular King, and the execution of those councilors who stood to him in the same relation in which Cecil stood to the Queen.

The reader will observe that *every word of the story*, for the last few pages, *grows out of the same terminal root-number, 312*, and nothing else. And that all the modifications of this number arise out of the fragments of the scenes in columns 1 and 2 of *the same page*, 73. A few words are carried backward to the beginning of the third scene, page 71, column 2; just as we saw the Cipher carried forward to the ends or the beginnings of acts and scenes in *2d Henry IV.* So that not only do we find the same capacity of the text to produce a coherent narrative in these pages of *1st Henry IV.*, which we found to exist in *2d Henry IV.*, but the story coheres with the narrative produced by the same root-number, 312, in *2d Henry IV.* For instance, we saw that 505, counting from the end of the first section of 75:1 forward and down the next column, produced *sent out:*

505—193=312.	312	75:2	**Sent**
505—193=312. 498—312=186+1=187.	187	76:1	**out**
505—248 (74:2)=257.	257	74:1	**posts**

to

505—193=312—237=75. 169—75=194+1=195.	195	73:1	**find**
505—30 (74:2)=475—447=28.	28	75:2	**Shak'st**
505—197=308—248=60.	60	75:1	**spur.**

But here the very 312 which produced *sent out* and *find* tells the story of

what the posts were to do when they did find Shakspere; how they were to offer him pardon and grace if he would make a confession as to who was the real author of the Plays; and if he would not, that they were to threaten all the players who had taken part in the presentation of the deposition scene of *Richard II.* with *a bloody death*, that they should be *imbowelled*, etc.; and we have even the fierce threat of the savage *old termagant*, that of Shakspere himself she would make a *carbonado* — a bon-fire — for the insults to the Christian religion contained in *Measure for Measure*, of which he was the alleged author.

And observe how the fragments of 312 carried over from the first column of page 74 produce so many significant words: 312—284 (74:1)=28; and 28 up the the next column (73:2) is *lose* (lose his office), addressed by the Queen to Cecil, if he did not find Shakspere and prove his story against Bacon to be true. And 28 up from the end of scene third (73:1) is *rewards;* and 28 down from the same point is *offers* ("offers of rewards"):

	Word.	Page and Column.	
312—284=28. 90—28=62+1=63.	63	73:1	**rewards**
312—284=28. 90+28=118.	118	73:1	**offers**

Or take 312 again less the *second* column of page 74 instead of the first; we have 312—248=64; now 64 *down* 73:2 is *with;* and 64 *up* 73:2 is speed; and 312—50 (74:2) =262, and this carried up 74:1 lands us in the midst of the first bracket sentence on the word *wind* (ride *with* the *speed* of the *wind*); and while 64 up 73:2 produces *speed*, the 174th word, if we add the modifier 30 it gives us *march* (174+30=204); thus:

312—248=64—30 (74:2)=34. 237—34=203+1=	204	73:2	**march;**

and *march*, applied to the movements of the "well-horsed posts," is cunningly disguised in the name of "the Earl of *March*."

I repeat that we cannot penetrate the text of these two plays, at any point, without perceiving that, apart from any rule, the Cipher numbers call out words that cohere in meaning and purpose, in a way that no other text in the world is capable of.

CHAPTER XXI.

FRAGMENTS.

> And the hand of time
> Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
>
> *King John, ii, 1.*

I AM constrained by the great size of my book to leave out much that I had intended to insert. I have worked out the story of Bacon attempting suicide by taking ratsbane:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—50 (74:2)=455—50 (76:1)=405—145 (76:2)=260 —50 (76:1)=210. 508—210=298+1=299.	299	75:2	**Took**
505—50 (74:2)=455—50 (76:1)=405—145 (76:2)=260. 603—260=343+1=344+8 *b* col.=352.	352	76:2	**ratsbane.**

Preceding this we have, originating from pages 72 and 73 and their subdivisions, a full account of his griefs, his intense feelings, his desire to shield the memory of his father, Sir Nicholas, from the *ignominy* which would fall upon it if it was known that his son had shared with such a low creature as Shakspere the profits of the Plays. Observe how the number 505 brings out *ignominy:*

505. 588—505=83+1=84.	84	72:2	**ignominy.**

And here we have his father's name:

505—27 (73:1)=478—212 (71:2)=266. 494—266= 228+1=229.	229	72:1	**Sir**
505—169 (73:1)=336—212 (71.2)=124.	124	72:1	**Nicholas.**

Observe this: the *Sir* is 505 commencing at the end of the first section of 73:1, at the 27th word, and counting upward; the remainder is then taken to the end of the third scene (71:2), and carried up and brought back into the scene and down the column. The *Nicholas* is the same root-number, 505, carried through precisely the same process, save that we begin to count with 505 from the *top* of the same first section of 73:1, instead of the bottom, and we go *down* 73:1, instead of *up;* and when we return from the beginning of scene 3 (71:2) we go *up* the column instead of *down*.

And here observe that the same number 478 (505—27 (73:1)=478), which carried to the end of the scene and brought back gave us *Sir*, if carried up 72:2 gives us *'ack;* and this, with *sphere*, —

> Two stars keep not their motion in one *sphere*, —

gives us another form of the word *Shakspere*.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—27=478. 588—478=110+1=111.	111	72:2	**Jack**
505—80=425—221 (71:2)=204. 494—204=290+1=	291	72:1	**sphere.**

Here again we see the systematic arrangement: 505—27 (the first section 73:1) is alternated with 80, the number of words from the end of the second section of 73:1 to end of the column. But when the remainder is carried to the beginning of scene 3, 71:2, it is taken *down* the column through 221 words, instead of *up* the column through 212 words.

And here we have *Sir Nicholas* again,—repeated in the progress of the inner story:

505—169 (73:1)=336—1 *h* (169)=335—212 (71:2)=	123	72:1	**Sir**
505—63 (73:1)=442—212 (71:2)=230.	230	72:1	**Nicholas.**

Here, it will be observed, the words flow again from the same corner of 73:1: that is, for *Sir* we commence to count from the top of the first section of 73:1, and count down the column, as we did to obtain *Nicholas* before; but now we count in the one hyphenated word in the column, and we get *Sir*. And the next *Nicholas* is a different word from the one we used last: that was 124, 72:1; this is 230, 72:1. We obtained that word by beginning to count, with 505, from the beginning of the first section of 73:1 and going through the whole column; we procure this *Nicholas* by starting with the same number, 505, but, instead of going through the whole column, we stop at the end of scene third; this gives us 63 words. (27 to 90=63.) And here again we note the beautiful adjustments of the text to the Cipher; for, starting from substantially the same place, with the same root-number, we produce *Sir Nicholas* twice and *Shakspere* once! And the 442 (505—63=442) which gave us the last *Nicholas*, carried down 72:2 gives us, as the 442d word, *father* (my father, Sir Nicholas)!

And Bacon refers to the *ignominy* his exposure would bring upon his ancestors, "those proud spirits," Sir Anthony Cooke, his grandfather; his father, Sir Nicholas, and others of whom we know little or nothing, who had "won great titles in the world."

It is a pitiful and terrible story, told with great detail. Bacon sacrificed himself, or intended to do so, to save his family and the good name of his ancestors from the ignominy of his trial and execution at Smithfield as a traitor and an infidel.

And then we have the terrible story of his sufferings: He lost consciousness for a time and fell in the orchard and cut his head on the stones. He thought, in his dreadful mental excitement and torture,—for he knew what it was

> Upon the tortures of the mind to lie
> In restless ecstacy,—

that the spirits of his dead ancestors appeared and urged him to die! Then came a young gentleman who was visiting at the house, St. Albans; he walked forth into the orchard; he stumbled over Bacon's body; he thought at first it was a dead deer:—

523—79 (73:1)=444. 588—444=144+1=145.	145	72:2	**deer.**

When he found it was a man, he drew his sword, in great terror, and asked who it was, and what he was doing there, and finally ran to the house and returned, followed by Harry Percy and the whole household, who came running. Then we have Bacon resolving to keep quiet and counterfeit death, so as to allow the deadly drug,

"which like a poisonous mineral doth gnaw the inwards," to do its complete work; rejoicing to think that in a little while he will be beyond the reach of Cecil's envy and the Queen's fury. Then we have the recognition, by Percy, that it is "our young master;" and the lifting up of the body, and the carrying of it to the house and to his room:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—79=426—1 *h* (79)=425—406=19.	19	72:2	**room.**

Then follows the wiping the blood from his face; the undressing of him,—taking off "his satin cloak and silken slops;" the sending for the doctor, —

505—50=455.	455	76:1	**doctor, —**

who was the village apothecary, a Mr. Moore; then the discussion of the family as to what was the matter, some thinking he had fought a duel, others that he had been assailed by ruffians, for he was too gentle, it was said, to quarrel with any one. Then we have the refusal of the doctor to come, because the young man owed him a large bill for previous services, which had been standing for some time and not paid; and he demanded payment.

And, strange to say, we find this very doctor's bill referred to in a letter of Lady Bacon to her son Anthony, given by Hepworth Dixon.[1] She says, under date of June 15, 1596:

> Paying Mr. Moore's bill for my physic, I asked him whether you did owe anything for physic? He said he had not reckoned with you since Michaelmas last. Alas! Why so long? say I. I think I said further it can be muted, for he hath his confections from strangers; and to tell you truly, I bade him secretly send his bill, which he seemed loth, but at my pressing, when I saw it came to above xv *l.* or xvj *l.* If it had been but vij or viij, I would have made some shift to pay. I told him I would say nothing to you because he was so unwilling. It may be he would take half willingly, because "ready money made always a cunning apothecary," said covetous Morgan, as his proverb.

We can imagine that the apothecary was incensed, because after his bill had been presented, at the request of Lady Ann Bacon, it had not been paid; and that months had rolled by, from June, 1596, until the events occurred which are narrated in the Cipher—that is to say, until as I suppose, the spring of 1597; and hence the heat of the man of drugs and his refusal to attend. The apothecary was probably the only substitute for a doctor possessed by the village of St. Albans at that time.

And here we have another little illustration of the cunning of the work. Where the doctor said that they "owed" him money, the text is twisted to get in the word thus: Falstaff says to the page:

> Sirra, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?
> *Page.* He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but for the party that *owned* it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

This is the way it is found in the standard editions; but if the reader will turn to my *fac-similes* he will find the word *owned* printed *ow'd.* In this way, Bacon got in the doctor's statement in the Cipher story, by misspelling a word in the text.

But Bacon's aunt, Lady Burleigh, sister to his mother, and mother of his persecutor, Cecil, overheard the servants report that the doctor would not come unless

[1] *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, page 391.

his bill was paid, and she secretly gave the servant the money to pay it. And observe, again, how cunningly the word *aunt* is hidden in the text:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
505—145 (76:2)=360.	360	77:1	**aunt**

But it is not spelled *aunt*, but *an't*, to-wit, *and it*.

Now, if the reader will examine the text of the play, he will find that *and it* is usually printed, where it is condensed into one word, as *and't*. See the 485th word, 76:2.

And Essex had arrived to warn Bacon of his danger, and he observed that the doctor did not come when he was first sent for, and he rebuked him fiercely, and threatened to have his ears cut off; and the doctor answered with considerable spirit, under cover of the retorts of Falstaff to the Chief Justice's servants. See upper part of 77:1.

Then we have the voluble doctor's declaration that Bacon's troubles were due to *overstudy* and *perturbation* of the brain, and were in the nature of an apoplectic fit; and he prescribed for him. In the meantime, Bacon suffered terribly from the effects of the poison, and, as he had taken a double dose, his stomach rejected it, and his life was thereby saved.

Then we have the story of Harry Percy being sent in disguise to Stratford. I have worked out enough of it to make *a story as long as all the Cipher narrative thus far given in these pages.*

Percy's rapid journey, his arrival, his demand to speak at once with Shakspere; the difficulties in the way. At last, he is shown up into the bed-room; the windows are all closed, according to the medical treatment of that age; and Shakspere is sweltering in a fur-trimmed cloak. Here we have a full and painful and precise description of his appearance, very much emaciated from the terrible disorder which possessed him. Percy told him the news and urged him to fly. Shakspere refused. Percy saw that Shakspere intended to promptly confess and deliver up "Master Francis," and save himself. Percy was prepared for such a contingency, and told him that the man who was the ostensible author would suffer death with the real author; and he asks him: Did you not share in the profits; did you not strut about London and claim the Plays as yours, and did you not instruct the actor who played *Richard II.* to imitate the peculiarities of gesture and speech of the Queen, so as to point the moral of the play: that she was as deserving of deposition as King Richard? ("Know you not," said the Queen to Lambarde, "that I am Richard the Second!") And do you think, said Percy, that the man who did all this can escape punishment? When Shakspere saw, as he thought, that he could not save himself by betraying Bacon, he at last consented to fly. Then followed a stormy scene. Mrs. Shakspere hung upon her husband's neck and wept; his sister, Mrs. Hart, bawled; her children howled, and the brother Gilbert, who was drunk, commenced an assault on Harry Percy, and drew a rusty old sword on him. Harry picked up a bung-mallet, and knocked him down, and threw him down stairs into the malt cellar. Then bedlam was let loose. In the midst of the uproar entered Susannah, who at once calmed the tempest. Harry was astonished at her beauty and good sense. He wonders how "so sweet a blossom could grow from so corrupt a root." We have a long description of her. She put the children to bed, and when she had heard Percy's story she advised her father to fly. He commenced to talk about his family, and how well he stood with his neighbors, for that question of gentility was his weak point. She replied, very sensibly, that they owed their neighbors no obligations, and need care nothing for what they said or thought. And

Percy advised that they tell the neighbors that the Queen had sent for him to prepare a play for some approaching marriage at court. Mrs. Shakspere still wept and clung to him, and said she would "never see her dear husband again;" that he was too sick to travel, etc. To all this Percy replied that a sea-voyage and change of scene and air were the best remedies for his sickness; that they would go to Holland and from there to France, and that "Master Francis" was acquainted with the family of *De la Montaigne*, and they could visit there; and in the meantime that Essex would, as soon as the Queen's rage had subsided, intercede for him, and he would thus be able to come back improved in health to the enjoyment of his wealth; while if he stayed he would forfeit both life and fortune. And Percy said he had a friend, a Captain Grant, who was about to marry a relative of his; his ship was then unloading at London, and they would have time to get to London before it was ready to sail. They would go twenty miles a day across the country, and hide in the vicinity of St. Albans, with some friends of Percy's, and thence work their way to London in the night; that when the posts found he had fled they would naturally think he had gone northward to Wales or Scotland; they would not look for him near St. Albans or London. And Percy suggested that Shakspere tell Captain Grant, to account for his secret flight, that he was an unmarried man, and that he had fallen into some trouble with a young woman; that a child was about to be born and that he was leaving the country on that account. The night was stormy and dark, and the roads muddy, and there would be none abroad to notice their flight.

Convinced by all these arguments, Shakspere told his wife to get some supper ready and to bring him an old suit of leather jerkins, etc., which he had worn when a butcher's 'prentice, and he proceeded to array himself in these.

Then follows, with great detail, a description of the supper, served by the handsome Susannah; and every article of food is given, much of it coarse and in poor condition; and Percy is vehement in his description and denunciation of the very poor quality of the wine, which was far inferior to the kind that was served at his spendthrift master's table.

I only touch upon the salient points of the narrative. We have all the conversations given in detail, and with the graphic power that might be expected from such a writer.

I have progressed far enough beyond this point to see that Shakspere went to sea. Turn to page 85 of the *fac-similes*, and in the first column we have *tempest*, *commotion*, *vapor*, *captains*, etc., while in the second column of the same page the reader will find *high and giddy mast*, *ship*, *surge*, *winds*, *monstrous billows*, *slippery*, *clouds*, *hurley*, *sea*, *sea*, *ocean*, *Neptune;* while on page 82, column 2, we have *vessel*, *vessel*, *vessel*, *marchant's venture*, *Burdeaux-stuff*, *hold* (of a ship), *hogs-head*, etc.; in 83:2 we have *Captain*, several times repeated, and in 82:2 we have *grant*, two or three times. The story of the brawl is told on pages 83 and 84; in 85:1 we have Percy's description of how he overtook and outrode the scouts, concealed in the lines:

> I met and over-tooke a dozen captains,
> Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns
> And asking every one for Sir John Falstaffe.

For the description of the supper, we have (82:1) *dish*, *apple-johns;* (82:2) *canaries — wine — pike — dry toasts;* (83:1) *ancient — mouldy — dried — cakes; stewed-prunes — bottle-ale — cup — sack;* (84:1) *bread — mustard;* (84:2) *bread — kitchen — roast — fat;* (85:1) *joint* of *mutton*. Here are all the essentials of a supper, and yet there is no supper described in the text. And we have just seen that we have

(85:1, 85:2 and 82:2) all the words to describe a sea-voyage and a tempest on the ocean, and yet there is no sea-scene in the play.

And here is another evidence of the Cipher, and of the microscopic character of the work. I showed some time since that on page 83 the 184th word was *shake*, and that it is forced into the text; because Dame Quickly, who had, in a preceding scene in the same act, threatened to throw the corpulent Sir John Falstaff into the channel, and who did not fear his thrust, is now so terrified, by the mere approach of a swaggerer, that she says, "Feel, masters, how I *shake*." This is the first part of the name of Shakspere. Where is the rest of the name? It is on the same page, in the next column, and yet it will puzzle my readers to find it. Let them attempt it. And here I would observe that Bacon avoids putting *Shake* and *spear* near each other, lest it might create suspicion. Hence, where we have *shak'st*, we find near at hand *spur;* where we have *sphere* (pronounced then *spere*) we have close at hand not *Shake* but *Jack*, pronounced *shack*. And so here, where we have *shake*, the last syllable is most cunningly concealed in the Italian quotation of Pistol: *Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente.* Now, in the Folio there is a hair space between *sper* and *ato;* and this gives us the necessary syllable to make the "Shake" *Shake-sper*. But the distinction is so minute that when Lionel Booth made his literal copy of the Folio of 1623, the printers, while they faithfully followed every detail of capitalization, spelling, pronunciation, etc., of the original Folio, missed this point and printed the word as *sperato*. And in the very last scene of the play, page 100, Pistol repeats his quotation, in a different form: *Si fortuna me tormento sper a me contento.* Here again we have *sper* separated from *a*. And note the different spelling: in the first instance *fortune* serves in the Cipher story for *fortune*, the name of the Fortune theater; *tormente* is used for *torment;* and *contente* for *content;* but in the other instance, we have "fortun*a*," "tormento," and "contento," because the Cipher grew less intricate as the end of the play approached, and there was no necessity for the words to do double duty, as in the former instance.

And here I would note another point. Falstaff says, "Throw the quean in the *channel:*" and some of the commentators have changed this word, because there was no *channel* at or near London, and the scene of Falstaff's arrest is clearly placed in London. What does it mean? The Cipher is telling something about the English Channel; and hence this violation of the geographical unities. In the same way it will be found that the sea-coast of Bohemia, Machiavel, in *1st* and *3d Henry VI.*, and Aristotle, in *Troilus and Cressida*, are to be accounted for: they were necessities of the Cipher narrative, and the congruities of time and place had to give way to its requirements. The correctness of the inside story was more important, in the mind of the author, than the proprieties of the external play.

If the reader will turn to page 56 he will see how adroitly the name of the Spanish city of *Cadiz*, the scene of an English invasion, is worked into the text. The Prince is talking nonsense to the drawer, *Francis*, and he says:

> Wilt thou rob this Leatherne-jerkin, Christall button, Not-plated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, *Caddice* garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

And the boy very naturally exclaims: "O Lord, sir, who do you mean?"

Yet here, in this rambling nonsense, *Caddice* conceals *Cadiz*, and four words distant we have *Spanish*—and Cadiz was a Spanish town. In that incoherent jumble of words were probably grouped together the tail-ends of half a dozen different parts of the Cipher story. The wonder of the world will never cease when all this Cipher narrative is worked out; it will be indeed —

"The life-long wonder and astonishment"

of mankind for thousands of years to come.

It is not, of course, possible for me to prove the truth of my statements as to the foregoing Cipher narrative in this volume; but I hope to follow this work with another, in which I shall give the story in detail, and even follow the sick Shakspere across the sea. While Cecil could not prove his case against Bacon without the testimony of Shakspere, it must have been apparent to the Queen that the actor had received warning of his danger from some one about the court; and it might have been that facts enough came out to satisfy the Queen of Bacon's guilt; and hence his inability to rise to any office of great trust during Elizabeth's reign.

But I will give one little specimen which is most significant, and may be clearer to the reader because of its simplicity. In most cases the scenes are divided up into fragments by the stage directions, and these fragments complicate the working of the Cipher; but here the entire scene is but a column in length, about one-half of it being in 81:2, and the remainder in the next column, 82:1. The sentence I give is: *Harry at length persuaded him to fly.* This significant collocation of words refers to Harry Percy, after a long discussion, persuading Shakspere to fly the country — the very flight referred to by Coke, in his allusion to clapping a *capias utlagatum* on Bacon's back, some years afterward.

The Cipher number is 505. It commences to count from the upper section of 73:2, containing 29 words; therefore, 505—29=476; and the number here used is 476. And here we perceive the subtlety of the Cipher: If any one thought he saw on pages 81 and 82 traces of a Cipher, he would naturally look for the key-number on or near those pages; he would not think of going back to the end of a preceding play, *1st Henry IV.*, to find the first modifier of a number obtained from the first page of *2d Henry IV.* But here we have the Cipher contained on pages 81 and 82 revealed by a number growing out of pages 73 and 74, eight or nine pages distant.

Now this little scene of one column (scene 3, act ii, *2d Henry IV.*) is literally packed with Cipher words. I give only a fragment.

First we have:

505—29=476.

But I stated in the chapters in which I explained the Cipher rule that the second group of modifiers was found in 73:1, and that they consisted of 27 or 28, 62 or 63, 90 and 79, and 141 or 142. Here we have in this brief sentence of seven words these modifiers: 28 — 62 — 90.

If we deduct 28 from 476 we have 448; if we deduct from it 62 we have 414; if we deduct from it 90, we have 386. Now, if these numbers, carried to a part of the play eight pages distant from where they are obtained, produce a perfectly coherent sentence, no one but an individual lacking in the ordinary faculties of the human mind can believe that it is accidental.

Here, then, we have the sentence:

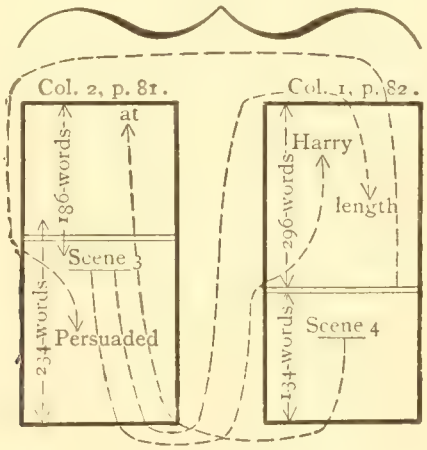
		Word.	Page and Column.	
476—28=448—234 (81:2)=214.	296—214=82+1= 83+9 *b* & *h*=92.	92	82:1	**Harry**
476—62=414—134 (82:1)=280.	420—280=140+1=	141	81:2	**at**
476—28=448—234 (81:2)=214.		214	82:1	**length**
476—62=414—296 (82:1)=118.	186+118=304.	304	81:2	**persuaded**
476—90=386—296 (82:1)=90.	420—90=330+1=	331	81:2	**him**

		Word.	Page and Column.	
476—62=414—296 (82:1)=118.		118	81:2	**to**
476—90=386—234 (81:2)=152.	296—152=144+1=	145	82:1	**fly.**

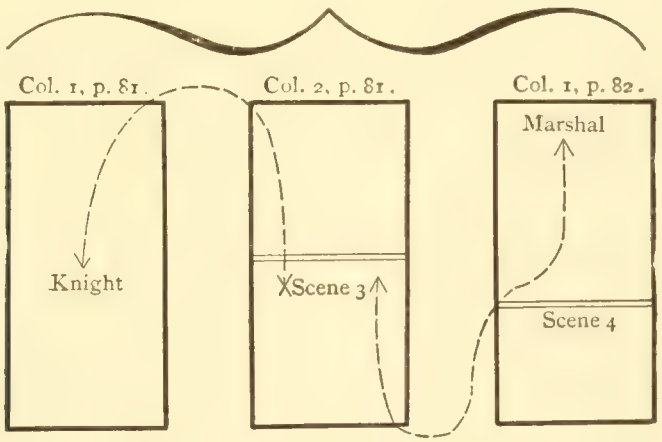
And note that the first formula above, 476—28=448—234, carried up from the end of the scene, gives us the 83d word (82:1), which is *Marshal*, and here is its associate, *Knight*—the "Knight Marshal" was one of the officers of the court:

476—28=448—186 (81:2)=262.		262	81:2	**Knight**
476—28=448—234 (81:2)=214.	296—214=82+1=	83	82:1	**Marshal.**

But to make the first sentence plainer I give the following diagram, showing the precise and regular movement of the four words—*Harry at length persuaded:*



Or take the words *Knight Marshal:*



Those words—*Harry at length persuaded*—ought alone to settle the question of a Cipher in the Plays.

They stand thus:

476—28=	**Harry**
476—62=	**at**
476—28=	**length**
476—62=	**persuaded.**

But observe the movement of them:

476—28.	Commence beginning scene 3, *down*,	**Harry**
476—62	" end scene 3, *up*,	**at**
476—28	" beginning scene 3, *down*,	**length**
476—62	" end scene 3, *up*,	**persuaded.**

But everywhere you touch with these numbers in this vicinity you bring out significant words. For instance, 476—90 gave us 386 (which yielded *him* and *fly*). But the same 90 (386—296=90), which, carried up 81:2, gave us *him*, carried down the same column gives us *go* (90, 81:2), a word naturally connected with "persuaded him to fly;" and carried up from the end of the break in the same column the same 90 gives us *rode;* and the same 476—28=448, carried through that same first section of 81:2, leaves 262, and this, carried through the second section of 82:1 and down 82:2, *plus* the brackets, gives us *muddy* ("muddy roads"); and the same 90 taken downward from the end of first section of 81:2 yields *now* (the road is now muddy); and if we deduct from 476, instead of 90, its co-modifier, 79, we have left 397; and if we commence at the beginning of scene third, as before, and count down and then up from the end of the scene, as in the other instances, we get the word *seek* (the Knight Marshal comes to seek you):

	Word.	Page and Column.	
476—79=397—234=163. 296—163=133+1=134	134.	82:1	**seek.**

And this same 163, down 82:1, *plus* the brackets, is *armed* (the armed soldiers with the Knight Marshal).

And here we have the drunken brother alluded to. We saw that 505—29=476—28=448 produced, less the fragments in 81:2, *Harry*, *length*, *muddy*, etc. Now, if, instead of counting from the beginning of scene third *downward*, through 234 words, we count upward, through 186 words, counting in that first word (for this part of the narrative belongs to the third scene), we have the following:

476—28=448—186=262.	262	82:1	**A**
476—28=448—234=214—133 (82:1)=81. 425—81=344+1=345.	345	82:2	**swaggering**
476—28=448—186=262—134 (82:1)=128—5 *h* (134)=	123	82:2	**rascal.**

Here the 214 which produces *swaggering* is the same root-number that produced *length* — "Harry at *length* persuaded," etc. And here we have the statement that he was *drunk*, growing out of the same 414 which gave us *persuaded:*

476—62=414—234=180—134 (82:1)=46—5 *h* (134)=	41	82:2	**drunk.**

And so I might go on for another volume.

Here we have Shakspere's sister alluded to: *Mistress Hart* — see word 136, 82:2, and word 78, 82:2; and again in *Hart-deere-Harry*, 282, 81.2; and just as we found the *dear* in this triple hyphenation spelled *deere*, because in the Cipher story it referred to a *deer*, so we even have *heart* misspelled, to give us the correct spelling of Shakspere's sister's name. Here we have it: 273, 80:2, *hart!*

And here, growing out of the same root-number, 448, we have *St. Albans:*

476—28=448—134 (82:1)=314. 420—314=106+1=	107	81:2	**St. Albans.**

And if we count in the nine brackets in the column below *St. Albans*, we have the word *bestow;* and if we count in both brackets and hyphens we have *night;* and if we take 414 (476—62=414), which we have seen to alternate with 448, up 82:1, *plus* the brackets, it brings us to *second;* thus:

476—28=448—297 (82:1)=151.	151	82:2	**The**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
476—62=414. 430 (82:1)—414=16+1=17+9 *b* col.=	26	82:1	**second**
476—28=448—134=314. 420 (81:2)—314=106+1= 107+12 *b* & *h*=119.	119	81:2	**night**

And here we have:

476—28=448—430 (82:1)=18. 186—18=168+1=	169	81:2	**shall**
476—28=448—134 (82:1)=314. 420—314=106+1= 107+9 *b* col.=116.	116	82:1	**bestow**

The *second night* we *shall bestow* ourselves at *St. Albans.*

476—28=448—297 (82:1)=151—9 *b* (297)=142— 1 *b* col.=141.	141	81:2	**at**
476—28=448—134 (82:1)=314. 420—314=106+1=	107	82:1	**St. Albans.**

Here the number 448 parts at the stage direction in 82:1, and carried up, backward and down, it produces *at*, while carried down, backward and up, it produces *St. Albans!*

And observe how cunningly that *at* is made to do double duty, first in the sentence, *Harry at length persuaded*, etc., and then in the above:

476—62=414—134 (82:1)=280. 420—280=140+1=	141	81:2	**at**
476—28=448—297 (82:1)=151—9 *b* (297)=142— 1 *b* col.=141.	141	81:2	**at**

Think of the infinite adjustments in every part of this text, any one of which failing would destroy much of the Cipher narrative!

And here, again, we have, out of the same root-numbers, *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*

476—62=414—26 (85:1)=388+50 (84:1)=438.	438	84:1	**Merry**
476—28=448—186 (81:2)=262—57=205—186 (81:2) =19—1 *h* col.=18.	18	81:1	**Wives**
476—62=414—186 (81:2)=228—31 (79:1)=197— 4 *b* & *h* col.=193.	193	79:2	**Windsor.**

And here we have:

476—62=414—234 (81:2)=180—57 (80:1)=123. 185 —123=62+1=63.	63	81:2	**Master**
476—28=448—186 (81:2)=262. 333 (85:1)—262=71 +1=72+12 *b* & *h* col.=84.	84	85:1	**Francis.**

The word *Francis* occurs in the Folio fifteen times; *Francisco* twice; *Francois* once; and *Frank* ten times; or twenty-eight in all. It is probable that Bacon often refers to himself under the disguise of *France-is*. *France* fills up nearly three columns of Mrs. Clarke's Concordance, and is found in twenty of the Plays; even in plays like *The Merry Wives*, the *Merchant of Venice*, the *Comedy of Errors*, and *Hamlet*, where we would not naturally expect to meet it. In *Love's Labor Lost*, act iii, scene 1, the word *Francis* is dragged in very oddly:

> *Armado.* Sirra Costard, I will infranchise thee.
> *Clown.* O marry me to one *Francis*. I smell some Lenvoy, some goose in this.

Here *infranchise* is introduced to make a foundation for a pun on *Francis*. But, as Costard is a man, he could not marry a man, and the word should be

Frances, and so it is printed in the ordinary editions of to-day; but in the Folio of 1623 it is *Francis!* And in the same play we have, act v, scene 1:

> *Pedant.* *Ba*, pueritia, with a horn added.
> *Page.* *Ba*, most seely sheepe, with a horn.

There is little meaning and no wit in this; but the word *can* added to *Ba*, with the broad pronunciation of that age, would give us, with the misspelled *Frances*, the whole name: *Francis Ba-con.*

But let us pass away from these examples and this part of *2d Henry IV.*, and go backward, twenty-six columns, to act v, scene 1, of *1st Henry IV.*, and see if the text there also responds to the magical influence of these same Cipher numbers. Some may say that I have shown nothing in the Cipher narrative that asserts that Francis Bacon wrote the Plays. True; and that is one of the proofs of the reality of the work I have performed. If I had wrought out only such sentences as I *desired*, I would probably in the beginning have constructed a sentence directly making the claim that "*I, Francis Bacon, of St. Albans, son of the late Lord Chancellor Nicholas Bacon, wrote the so-called Shakespeare Plays.*" But I could not find what is not in the text; and I doubt if any such direct and distinct assertion of authorship is made; nor would it be natural, when one thinks it over, that it should be made; for if Bacon proceeds to give, in a long narrative, the history of his life, he would advance, step by step, from his youth upward; we should hear of his first essays in poetry; then of his first attempts at dramatic writing; then of his acquaintance with Shakspere; then the history of a particular play; and so the narrative would advance without any sign-board declaration of the kind supposed above. But I have shown enough to satisfy any one that Shakspere did *not* write the Plays; and I have also shown that the man who did write them was a certain *Master Francis*, a cousin of *Cecil*, and that his father's name was *Sir Nicholas;* that he resided at St. Albans. But here we have a reference to *my uncle Burly*, which still further serves to identify the mysterious voice which is talking to us out of these arithmetical adjustments, as the voice of the great Francis Bacon. And it comes from another part of the text, showing that the Cipher is everywhere; and it responds, not to 505, like the sentences I have just been giving, but to another Cipher number, 523.

Let us commence with 523 at the beginning of scene 2, act i, *1st Henry IV.*, page 70, column 1. From the first word, inclusive, of the scene, upward, we have in the column 341 words: deduct 341 from 523. and we have 182 left; carry this up the preceding column, and it brings us to the word *burly:*

> Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
> Of hurly *burly* innovation.

Why are these words not united by a hyphen, as are *water-colours*, two lines below them?

Now, if we take that root-number 523 again, and commence at the same point, but count *down* the column, instead of *up*, as in the last sentence, we pass through 138 words; and these deducted from 523 leave 385; now deduct the common modifier, 30 (74:2), and we have 355. Now, instead of going up 69:2, let us carry this 355 to the end of the first section of scene 1, act i, 69:1, and go upward; there are 179 words from the end of that section to the top of the column; 179 deducted from 355 leaves 176, and 176 carried down the preceding column (68:2) is *uncle.* But if we count from the top of the second section of act i, scene 1, we have 180 words, and this deducted from 355 leaves 175, which gives us the word *my.* Here we have the words *my uncle;* and, growing out of precisely the same root-number, we have the word *Burly*, by a different count from that just given:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
523—138 (70:1)=385—30 (74:2)=355—180 (69:1)=	175	68:2	**My**
523—138=385—30=355—179 (69:1)=176.	176	68:2	**uncle**
523—138=385—60 (2d ≶ 79:1)=325—2 ℎ col. =	323	69:2	**Burly.**

Or, to give the word *Burly*, as at first stated, we have:

23—341= 182. 504—182=322+1=323.	323	69:2	Burly.

Here the length of column 2 of page 69 was adjusted to the fragments of 70:1, *so that 523 would produce the word Burly both up and down the column!*

And observe how singularly this word *uncle* appears in the Plays. It is found but once in each of the following plays: *Merchant of Venice*, *All's Well*, *Comedy of Errors* and *Cymbeline;* but twice in each of the following plays: *Tempest*, *Merry Wives*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Othello;* while it is altogether absent from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Measure for Measure*, *Love's Labor Lost*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Henry VIII.*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon of Athens*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Lear* and *Anthony and Cleopatra*. On the other hand, it is found eight times in *King John*, *twenty* times in *Richard II.*, ten times in *1st Henry IV.*, seventeen times in *Richard III.*, and eleven times in *Troilus and Cressida*. But while found ten times in *1st Henry IV.* and eight times in *Henry V.*, it does not occur at all in the play between these,—*2d Henry IV.!* There is no reason why *uncle* should appear eleven times in the Greek play of *Troilus and Cressida*, and not at all in that other Greek play of *Timon of Athens*, or in the Roman plays of *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*, or why it should be found twenty times in *Richard II.* and not at all in *Henry VIII.!* The explanation will be found to be, that in some plays Bacon is telling the history of his youth, with which his uncle Burleigh had a great deal to do, while *Lear*, *Timon of Athens*, the Roman plays, *Henry VIII.*, etc., were written after his uncle's death, and the internal story does not relate to him, while the more youthful and joyous plays, like *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Love's Labor Lost*, were composed before the dark shadow of his kinsman's hostility fell upon his life.

And here is another significant fact. The difference between the first *Burly* and the last is the difference of deducting the modifier 30. Now let us take the last *Burly* and deduct the other modifier 50, that is, go down the column 50 words, and what do we find? *Burly* is the 323d word, 69:2, counting up the column; add 50 to 323 and we have 373, 69:2, and the 373d word is *nephew;* and Bacon was Burleigh's *nephew!* Now take that same 186 and carry it through the first section of scene 1, act i, 69:1; we have 122 or 123 left, accordingly as we count from the 179th or 180th word; and we get the following words:

523—341=182—59=123.		123	69:2	**Had**
523—341=182—60=122.	202 (68:2)—122=80+1=	81	68:2	**sought**
523—341=182—59=123.	202 (68:2)—123=79+1 =80+2 *h*=82.	82	68:2	**to**
523—431=182—60=122.	202 (68:2)—122=80+1 =81+2 *h*=83.	83	68:2	**intrap**
523—341=182—60=122.	203 (68:2)—122=81+1 =82+2 *h*=84.	84	68:2	**me.**

How? By excessive and extravagant praises of the Plays, hoping that in his pride Bacon would admit the authorship. The accomplice of Burleigh and Cecil in this work was *Sir Walter* (Raleigh), and *Sir Walter* is often referred to in the text. Here we have him:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
523—138 (70:1)=385—180 (69:1)—205.	205	68:2	**Sir**
523—138 (70:1)=385—30=355—120 (69:1)=235—201 (68:2)=34.	34	68:1	**Walter.**

And here is the word *praise:*

523—138=385.	385	69:2	**praise.**

And the play they especially praised was *The Famous Victories*, one of the early plays, here alluded to simply as the *Victories*. And the same root-number, 123, that produced *sought to intrap me*, produces also *Victories*, thus:

523—341 (70:1)=182—59 (69:1)=123. 202—123=79+1=80. 68:2 **Victories.**

And note again, that while 523—138 (70:1)=385, and this, counting from the beginning of the second section of 69:1, produced *sir*, and from the top of the first section of 69:1 produced *Walter*, that from the end of the first section of 69:1 it leaves 206, and this less the modifier 30 is 176, and 176 is again *uncle*.

523—138=385—179=206—30=176.	176	68:2	**uncle.**

And I could go on and on *ad infinitum*, and show how 176 up from the end of scene third (68:2) produces *King;* and I might then point to the word *Richard's*, 387, 69:1; *deposed*, 25, 68:2; *deprived*, 31, 68:2; *life*, 35, 68:2; *purpose*, 180, 68:2; *council-board*, 92, 68:2; *insurrection*, 329, 69:2; *rebellion*, 296, 69:2; *Sir Walter*, 147-8, 68:2, and a whole host of most significant words, every one of which has its Cipher arithmetical arrangements. And here, too, is told the story of the sending of Percy to Shakspere's home. There are 283 words in scene 1, act i, in column 1, page 69:

505—193 (75:1)=312—283=29.	29	69:2	**home.**

And here we have the word *strait* growing out of precisely the same root as *home:*

505—193 (75:1)=312—59 (first section, act v, scene 1) =253—191 (68:2)=62. 458—62=396+1—397.	397	68:1	**strait.**

And we saw that 29, carried forward to 69:2, made the word *home*, but carried backward to 68:2 and down from the end of scene third, it gives us *directed*, thus:

505—193=312—283=29+202=231.	231	68:2	**directed.**

While counting in the four hyphens in 283 and in the column gives us 227, *to;* and 312—120 (from top of act v to top of column)=192, and the 192d word, 69:2, is *bird*, a rare word; the sentence is: *directed* him *to* go as *straight as a bird* flies *to* his *home;* and 312—59 again =253, less the two hyphens in the column, gives us 251 (69:2), *as;* and 312—179 (from end section 1, scene 1, act v, up to top of column) gives us 133; and 133 up the next preceding column (68:2) gives the 261st word, *a* (*straight as a bird*); and then we have the word *indirect:* Percy is to go not by the *indirect* ways, but straight as a bird flies, etc.

312—179=133.	133	68:2	**indirect.**

And 312—180 (from the top of second section, act v, scene 1, upward) = 132, and this *minus* 50 (74:2) leaves 82, and this carried to the beginning of scene 4 (68:2) and downward gives us *understand* (82+202=284, 68:2), while 83 (312—179=133—50=83) carried up from the same point yields the 120th word, *safety:* to let Shakspere *understand* that his own *safety* requires him to fly. And so I might go on and work out another volume of the story right here.

And now let us turn to some other fragments, for I desire to show that all the Cipher numbers, 505, 506, 513, 516 and 523, applied in all parts of the text, produce coherent narratives, which I have now neither the space nor time to work out in full.

Take the root-number 516 and deduct the 167 words in the second section of 74:2, and we have 349; now deduct the 22 *b* & *h* in 167, and we have 327.

And here we have a fragment of the statement of Cecil to the Queen, to-wit, that, suspecting the real authorship of the Plays, the Earl of Shrewsbury went to the Curtain (286, 75:1) Play-house to see Shakspere act:

516—167=349—22 *b* & *h* (167)=327.

	Word.	Page and Column.	
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284 (74:1)=43—10 *b* (284)=33.	33	73:2	**The**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—248=29. 447—29=418+1=419.	419	75:1	**Earl**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—284 (74:1)=43.	43	73:2	**of**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254=73. 248—73=175+1=176+3=179.	179	74:2	**Shrewsbury**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254 (75:1)=73. 448—73=375+1=376.	376	76:1	**tells**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—248=29—22 *b* (248)=	7	75:1	**me**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—248=29+449=478.	478	76:1	**he**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—145=132—2 *b*=130.	130	75:2	**saw**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—50 (76:1)=247—146 (76:2) =101. 498—101=397+1=398.	398	76:1	**him**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—49 (76:1)=278—254 24—15 *b* & *h*=9. 508—9=499+1=500.	500	75:2	**act.**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—49=278.	278	76:2	**He**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—50=247.	247	76:2	**said,**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254 (75:2)=73. 248—73=175+1=176+4 *b* & *h*=180.	180	74:2	**I**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—50=247—3 *b*=243.	243	76:2	**assure**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—248=29—22 *b* (248)=	7	74:1	**you**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277.	277	76:2	**your**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—248=29. 447—29=418+1=419+2 *b*=421.	421	75:1	**divination**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134. 284—134=150+1=	151	74:1	**is**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—145 (76:2)=132—8 *b* & *h*=124.	124	74:2	**right.**

And he goes on to say that he —

349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—219 (74:2)=58. 498—58=440+1=441.	441	76:1	**never**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—248=29+193=222—2 *h*=220.	220	75:1	witnessed

such a performance; that he had to stuff his *quoife* (his cap) into his mouth to keep from laughing out loud. Shakspere was acting the part of Hotspur, and the Earl says: "He speaks the rude tongue of the peasant-towns of the West ever since the Conquest," and —

349—22 *b* & *h*=327—49 (76:1)=278.	278	75:2	**his**

	Word.	Page and Column.	
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—50=247—146=101—3 =98—50=48—1 *h*=47.	47	76:2	**walk**

is grotesque and laughable.

And Cecil then gives in detail Shakspere's history after he first came to London, when he was —

349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297.	297	76:1	**constrained**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277. 448—277=171+1=	172	76:1	**to**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—50 (76:1)=247.	247	76:1	**fly**

because Sir Thomas was furious: My —

349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193=104+*b*=104.	104	75:2	**Lord**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277. 477—277=170+1 =171.	171	75:1	**was**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—50 (76:1)=247. 508—247=261+1=262.	262	75:2	**furious.**

And Shakspere would have been —

349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—145=132.	132	77:1	**hanged**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277.	277	76:1	**for**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193=104—15 *b* & *h*= 89—50 (76:1)=39+457=496.	496	76:2	**robbery.**

And Cecil's friend Morton —

349—254 (75:1)=95.	95	75:2	**remembered**
349—146 (76:2)=203. 448—203=245+1=246.	246	76:1	**well**
349—146 (76:2)=203—22 *b*=181.	181	75:2	**his**
349—50 (76:1)=299—27 *b*=272.	272	75:2	**appearance**
349—254=95—15 *b* & *h*=80+50 (74:2)=130.	130	74:2	**the**
349—253=96. 284—96=188+1=189+6 *h*=195.	195	74:1	**first**
349—145=204—3 *b* (145)=201.	201	77:1	**time**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—49 (76.1)=228.	228	74:2	**he**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193=104—15 *b* & *h*=	89	75:2	**ever**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—145=132—2 *b*=130.	130	75:2	**saw**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—50 (76:1)=247—146= 101. 498—101=397+1=398.	398	76:1	**him.**

And here we have again, growing out of this root-number, 349, the name of Marlowe:

349—193 (75:1)=156.	156	75:2	**More**
349—254 (75:1)=95—30=65. 284—65=219+1=220 +6 *b* & *h* col.=226.	226	74:1	**low.**

And he describes Shakspere running about the inn-yards, with lanthorn in hand, ready to run an errand or hold a horse. Then he says he was a servant of Henslow, corroborating the tradition which said he entered the play-house first "as a serviture," or servant.

349—22 *b* & *h*=327—254=73—30=43. 248—43=205 +1=206+1 *b* col.=207.	207	74:2	**servant.**

And here we have the name of Philip Henslow:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50 (74:2)=277—50 (76:1)=227—31 (79:1)=196—5 *b* (31)=191—162—29. 610—29=581+2 *h*=583.	583	77:2	**Philip**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—193 (75:1)=104. 508—104=404+1=405+1 *h*=406.	406	75:2	**Hence**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—218 (74:2)=59. 284—59=225+1=226.	226	74:1	**low.**

Observe how craftily *Philip* is hidden in the text. Falstaff says: "If I do *fillop* me with a three-man-beetle."

The whole thing is forced. A *fillop* with a beetle swung by three men is absurd; and why are *three man beetle* all hyphenated? Because if they were not this count would not match! And note, too, how the same number, 516—167=349—22 *b* & *h*=327 produces *low* in More-*low* and Hence-*low*, reaching the same word *low* (226, 74:1) up the same column by 65 and 59. Why? Because there are six hyphenated words at the end of column 1, page 74: "peasant-towns," "worm-eaten-hole," "smooth-comforts-false," and "true wrongs;" all in eight lines and all below *low;* so that 59 *without* these extraordinary hyphenations produces *low;* and 65 *with* these extraordinary hyphenations produces the same word *low*. So that to produce these two sets of words, *More-low* and *Philip Hence-low*, here given, *thirteen words* had to be pounded together, by hyphenating them, *so as to count as five words!* Was ever anything like it seen in the annals of literature?

But how was Shakspere serving Henslow? He was —

349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—26 *b* & *h*=251.	251	75:2	**then**
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—49 (76:1)=248. 508—248=260+1=261+6 *b*=267.	267	75:2	**laboring**

for him; he was in his service:

349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—50=247—146 (76:2)=101. 577—101=476+1=477.	477	77:1	**service**

He was acting first in the capacity of call-boy, to summon the actors, when their time came, to go upon the stage. Here we have it:

349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—193=84—10 *b* (193)=	74	75:2	The
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—193=84.	84	75:2	office
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—30=297—50=247—7 *b* & *h*=	240	76:2	of
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—193=134—5 *h* (193)=129—50 (76:1)=79. 603—79=524+1=525.	525	76:2	call
349—22 *b* & *h*=327—50=277—193=84—10 *b* (173)=74. 458+74=532.	532	76:2	**boy.**

And then we have the whole story of Bacon's trouble at the death of Marlowe; for although in one sense he was glad that so blatant and dangerous a fellow was not to be brought before the Council to be questioned as to the authorship of his Plays, yet Bacon found himself without a mask. He consulted Harry Percy, who recommended Shakspere as a shrewd, prudent, cunning, close-mouthed man, not likely to fall into the troubles which had overtaken Marlowe. And we have, in the Cipher narrative, the whole story of Bacon sending Percy to interview Shakspere, whom he found not, as he did later, in silken apparel:

523—167 (74:2)=356—22 *b* & *h* (167)=334. 603—334=269+1=270.	270	76:2	He

	Word.	Page and Column.	
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—30=304.	304	75:1	found
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—50=284.	284	76:1	him
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=234—50=284—4 *b* col.=	280	76:2	not
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—30=304.	304	76:1	in
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—30=304. 447—304 =143+1=144.	144	75:1	silken
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334. 457—334=123+ 1=124.	124	76:2	apparel,
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334.	334	76:2	with
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—50 (74:2)=284—163 (78:1)=121—1 *h* col.=120.	120	76:2	silver
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—50=284—50 (76:1)= 234—146=88—3 *b* (146)=85. 577—85=492+1=	493	77:1	buckles
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—50=284—50=234— 146=88—3 *b* (146)=85.	85	77:1	in
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—50=284—49 (76:1)= 235—3 *h* col.=232.	232	76:2	his
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—50=284. 603—284 =319+1=320.	320	76:2	shoes.

And here we have the very picture of how Percy drew him aside one night at the Curtain:

523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—50=284.	284	75:1	drew
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—30=304—50 (76:1)= 254—145 (76:2)=109.	109	77:2	aside
523—167=356—22 *b* & *h*=334—30=304—13 *b* col.=	291	75:1	night

and made him an offer of one-half of all that might be earned by the Plays if he would father them. But I must stay my hand and reserve all this for the future.

But here is another fragment, and the last, which I will throw into the hopper. When the wounded Shakspere, after his fight with the gamekeepers, was bailed out and taken to his father's house, the village doctor, an apothecary, was sent for; and he told Shakspere's father that the young man had better fly; that, though his wounds were not dangerous, he had but a slender chance for his life, because of the wrath of Sir Thomas. He—

505—167=338—22 *b* & *h*=316.

316—50=266—50 (76:1)=216—9 *b* & *h*=207.	207	76:1	feared
316—50=266. 448—266=182+1=183.	183	76:1	that
316—50=266—49=217—145=72—49=23+457=	480	76:2	he
316—193=123.	123	75:2	had
316—50 (74:2)=266—50 (76:1)=216. 284—216=68+1=69	74:1	but	
316—49=267—145=122. 448—122=326+1=327.	327	76:1	a
316—49=267—50=217—145=72. 577—72=505+1=506	77:1	slender	
316—50=266—50=216—145=71—5 *b* & *h*=66.	66	76:1	chance
316—49=267—145=122. 577—122=455+1=456.	456	77:1	for
316—49=267—145=122—3 *b* (145)=119.	119	76:1	his
316—253=63. 448—63—385+1=386.	386	76:1	life.

And he advised:

	Word.	Page and Column.	
316—193=123—15 *b* & *h* (193)=108.	108	76:1	advised
that—			
316—49=267. 457—267=190+1=191.	191	76:2	he
316—50=266—3 *h*=263.	263	76:2	should
316—49=267—145=122—3 *b* (145)=119.	119	77:1	leave
316—49=267. 457—267=190+1=191+5 *b*=196.	196	76:2	at
316—50=266—50=216—50=166—1 *h*=165.	165	75:2	once.
And he proceeds to tell the gossip of the village:			
316—193=123—15 *b* & *h* (193)=108—50=58. 603—58=545+1=546.	546	76:2	I
316—145=171.	171	77:1	heard
316—145=171.	171	76:2	say
316—145=171. 448—171=277+1=278.	278	76:1	that
316—50=266—145=121—2 *h*=119.	119	76:1	his
316—145=171—3 *b* (145)=168.	168	76:1	Lordship,
316—248=68.	68	74:1	who
316—30=286—49 (76:1)=237.	237	76:2	is
316—49=267—5 *b* col.=262.	262	78:1	an
316—49=267. 603—267=336+1=337.	337	76:2	honest
316—49=267—15 *b* & *h*=252.	252	76:1	man,
316—145=171—3 *b* (145)=168. 577—168=409+1=	410	77:1	but
316—30=286—145=141.	141	76:1	not
316—30=286—50=236. 603—236=367+1=368+8 *b*=376.	376	76:2	as
316—145=171—3 *b* (145)=168. 577—168=409+1=410+3 *h*=413.	413	77:1	patient
316—50=266—145=121—3 *b* (145)=118. 577—118=459+1=460+3 *h* col.=463.	463	77:1	as
316—145 (76:2)=171. 577—171=406+1=407.	407	77:1	Job,
316—30=286—49=237. 457—237=220+1=221+5 *b* col.=226.	226	76:2	was
316—193=123—15 *b* & *h*=108. 448—108=340+1=	341	76:1	in
316—50 (74:2)=266—49 (76:1)=217. 603—217=386+1=387+3 *b* (145)=390.	390	76:2	the
316—50 (74:2)=266—50 (76:1)=216.	216	75:2	greatest
316—50 (74:2)=266—50 (76:1)=216—145=71. 284—71=213+1=214+6 *h*=220.	220	74:1	rage,
316—50=266—146=120—3 *b* col.=117.	117	76:1	and
316—49=267—7 *h* & *b*=260.	260	76:2	said
316—50=266—145=121. 498—121=377+1=378.	378	76:1	he
316—146=170—3 *b* (146)=167. 508—167=341+1=342+6=348.	348	75:2	is
316—193=123—15 *b* & *h* (193)=108—50=58+457=515—3 *b*=512.	512	76:2	going
316—193=123—49 (76:1)=74.	74	76:2	to
316—49 (76:1)=267—145=122.	122	77:1	hang
316—145 (76:2)=171—145=26. 448—26=322+1=	323	76:1	every
316—49 (76:1)=267—15 *b* & *h* col.=252.	252	74:1	man
316—248 (74:2)=68.	68	74:1	who

	Word.	Page and Column.	
316—248 (74:2)=68—7 *b* col.=61.	61	75:1	**was**
316—145 (76:2)=171.	171	76:1	**engaged**
316—248=68+193=261—5 *b* & *h* col.=256.	256	75:1	**in**
316—30=286—145=141. 498—141=357+1=358.	358	76:1	**the**
316—50=266—32 (79:2)=234+162=396—2 *h* col.=	394	78:1	**destruction**
316—50=266—145 (76:2)=121—3 *b* (145)=118— 5 *b* & *h* col.=113.	113	76:1	**of**
316—162 (78:1)=154.	154	77:2	**his**
316—30=286—161 (78:1)=125. 448—125=323+1=	324	76:1	**fish**
316—145 (76:2)=171. 498—171=327+1=328.	328	76:1	**pond.**

And Shakspere's father tells him that many a man had been hanged for a less offense; and that Sir Thomas would not scruple to give him the full extent of the law; and that it did not take much in that day to send a man to the gallows, and that he had better fly. And he sends him off with his parental blessing and a very little money.

And here, before closing the Cipher narrative, I would say that it may be objected that I have not given in detail much of the story set forth in the prospectus and preliminary notice of my book, as to Bacon's attempted suicide and Percy's visit to Stratford. This is true, but I have given much that I did not promise, such as Shakspere's marriage and the description of Ann Hathaway. And instead of furnishing the reader with a book of seven hundred pages, as promised, I submit to him a book of nearly one thousand pages.

And the question may be asked, "Did Shakspere know there was a cipher in the Plays asserting Bacon's authorship and exposing his own pretensions?" I think he did. I think that famous visit of Ben Jonson to Stratford, shortly before his death, conveyed to him the intelligence, and that he requested Bacon to write an inscription for his tombstone that would prevent his bones being cast out when the exposure came. But he took a still further and most remarkable precaution.

There has been found recently (1884) in the Bodleian Library an old letter from a certain William Hall, a Queen's College man, who took his B. A. degree in October, 1694, to Edward Thwaites, of Queen's College, a well-known Anglo-Saxon scholar. Halliwell-Phillipps pronounces the letter genuine, and has printed it for private circulation, with a preface, in which he shows that it was probably written in December, 1694, seventy-eight years after Shakspere's death. Mr. Hall was visiting Stratford and wrote to his "dear Neddy." He quotes the famous lines on the tombstone, and adds, "The little learning these verses contain would be a very strong argument of the want of it in the author." He says that Shakspere ordered those four lines to be cut on his tombstone during his life-time, and that he did so because he feared his bones might some day be removed; and he further says that they buried him "*full seventeen feet deep;* deep enough to secure him!"

And so, seventeen feet below the surface, and with those famous lines above him:

> Blest be the man that spares these stones,
> And cursed be he that moves my bones,

Shakspere awaits the revelation of the Cipher.

CHAPTER XXII.

A WORD PERSONAL.

Report me and my causes right
To the unsatisfied. *Hamlet*, v, 5.

I BEGAN this book with an apology; I end it with another.

No one can be more conscious of its defects than I am. So great a subject demanded the utmost care, deliberation and perfection; while my work has, on the other hand, been performed with the utmost haste and under many adverse circumstances.

It was my misfortune to have announced, in 1884, that I believed I had found a Cipher in the Plays. From the time I put forth that claim until the copy was placed in the hands of the publishers, I made no effort to advertise my book. But the assertion was so startling, and concerned writings of such universal interest, that it could not be suffered to fall unnoticed. I felt, at the same time, that I owed some duties to the nineteenth century, as well as to the sixteenth, and hence my work was greatly broken in upon by public affairs. After a time the reading world became clamorous for the proofs of my surprising assertion; and many were not slow to say that I was either an impostor or a lunatic. Goaded by these taunts, I made arrangements to publish before I was really ready to do so; and then set to work, under the greatest strain and the highest possible pressure, to try to keep my engagements with my publishers. But the reader can readily conceive how slowly such a Cipher work as this must have advanced, when every word was a sum in arithmetic, and had to be counted and verified again and again. In the meantime upon my poor devoted head was let loose a perfect flood-tide of denunciation, ridicule and misrepresentation from three-fourths of the newspapers of America and England. I could not pause in my work to defend myself, but had to sit, in the midst of an arctic winter, and patiently endure it all, while working

from ten to twelve hours every day, at a kind of mental toil the most exhausting the human mind is capable of.

These facts will, I trust, be my excuse for all the crudeness, roughness, repetitions and errors apparent in these pages.

In the Patent Office they require the inventor to state clearly what he claims. I will follow that precedent.

I admit, as I have said before, that my workmanship in the elaboration of the Cipher is not perfect. There are one or two essential points of the Cipher rule that I have not fully worked out. I think that I see the complete rule, but I need more leisure to elaborate and verify it abundantly, and reduce my workmanship to mathematical exactness.

But I claim that, beyond a doubt, *there is a Cipher in the so-called Shakespeare Plays.*

The proofs are *cumulative.* I have shown a thousand of them.

No honest man can, I think, read this book through and say that there is nothing extraordinary, unusual and artificial in the construction of the text of *1st* and *2d Henry IV.* No honest man will, I think, deny the multitudinous evidences I present that the text, words, brackets and hyphens have been adjusted arithmetically to the necessity of matching the ends of scenes and fragments of scenes with certain root-numbers of a Cipher. No man can pretend that such words and phrases as the following could come in this, or any other book, by accident, held together in every case by the same Cipher numbers:

THE NAMES OF PLAYS.

1. *Measure for Measure*, three times repeated.
2. *Contention of York and Lancaster*, three times repeated.
3. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, twice repeated.
4. *Richard the Second*, twice repeated.
5. *Richard the Third*, given once.
6. *King John*, twice repeated.

THE NAMES OF PERSONS.

1. *Shakspere*, repeated about twenty times.
2. *Marlowe*, repeated several times.
3. *Archer*, used once.
4. *Philip Henslow*, used once in full, and twice without first name.
5. *Field*, several times repeated.
6. *Cecil*, many times repeated.
7. *The Earl of Shrewsbury*, two or three times repeated.

8. *Sir Thomas Lucy*, twice repeated.
9. *Hayward.*
10. *Harry Percy*, many times repeated.
11. *Master Francis.*
12. *My Uncle Burleigh*, twice repeated.
13. *My Lord John, the Bishop of Worcester*, used twice.
14. *Dethick, King of Arms.*
15. *Ann Hathaway.*
16. *Ann Whatley*, twice repeated.
17. *King Harry, father of the present Queen.*
18. *Sir Nicholas*, twice repeated.
19. *Sir Walter.*

NAMES OF PLACES.

1. *St. Albans*, twice repeated.
2. *The Fortune Play-house.*
3. *The Curtain Play-house.*
4. *New-Place.*
5. *Guinegate.*
6. *The Fire of Smithfield.*
7. *Holland.*
8. *The Low Countries.*
9. *The fish pond*, twice repeated.

SIGNIFICANT PHRASES.

1. *The old jade*, many times repeated.
2. *The old termagant*, many times repeated.
3. *My cousin*, many times repeated.
4. *The royal tyrant.*
5. *The royal maiden.*
6. *The rascally knave.*
7. *A butcher's 'prentice.*
8. *Glove-making*, two or three times repeated.
9. *The King's evil.*
10. *Fifteen hundred and fifteen.*

Now I submit to all fair-minded men whether this is not an astonishing array of words to find in about a dozen pages of the text of two plays; and whether there is any other writing on earth in which, in the same space, these words can be duplicated. I cannot believe there is. But remember that not only are these significant and most necessary words found in this brief compass, but they fit exactly into sentences every word of which grows out of the same determinate Cipher number. But, in addition to all this, remember the dense packing of some columns, and the sparse condition of the adjoining columns; remember how *heart* is spelled *hart* where it refers to Shakspere's sister; remember how *and it* is

spelled *an't*, and not *and't*, where allusion is had to Bacon's *aunt;* remember how *dear* is spelt *deere* when it refers to *deer;* remember how *sperato* is separated by a hair space into *sper ato*, so as to give the terminal syllable of *Shake-sper;* remember how the rare word *rabbit* is found in the text precisely cohering, arithmetically, with *hunting*. Then turn to the Cipher story on page 79 of the Folio, where not only scattered words come out, but where whole long series of words are so adjusted, with the aid of the brackets and hyphens, as to follow precisely the order of the words in the play! Then remember how every part of this Cipher story fits precisely into what we know historically to be true; and, although much of it is new, that part is, in itself, probable and reasonable.

The world will either have to admit that there is a Cipher in the Plays, or that in the construction of this narrative I have manifested an ingenuity as boundless as that which I have attributed to Bacon. But I make no such claim. No ingenuity could *create the words* necessary to tell this extraordinary story, unless they were in the text. Take Bulwer's *Richelieu*, or Byron's *Manfred*, or Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, or any other dramatic composition of the last hundred years, and you will seek in vain for even one-tenth of the significant words found herein; and as to making any of these modern plays tell a coherent, historical tale, by counting *with the same number* from the ends of scenes and fragments of scenes, it would be altogether and absolutely impossible.

I do not blame any man for having declared *à priori* against the possibility of there being a Cipher in the Plays. On the face of it such a claim is improbable, and, viewed from our nineteenth century standpoint, and in the light of our free age, almost absurd. I could not, in the first instance, have believed it myself. I advanced to the conception slowly and reluctantly. I expected to find only a brief assertion of authorship, a word or two to a column. If any man had told me five years ago that these two plays were such an exquisite and intricate piece of microscopic mosaic-work as the facts show them to be, I should have turned from him with contempt. I could not have believed that any man would involve himself in such incalculable labor as is implied in the construction of such a Cipher. We may say the brain was abnormal that created it. But

how, after all, can we judge such an intellect by the ordinary standard of mankind? If he sought immortality he certainly has achieved it, for, once the human family grasps the entirety of this inconceivable work, it will be drowned in an ocean of wonder. The Plays may lose their charm; the English language may perish; but tens of thousands of years from now, if the world and civilization endure, mankind will be talking about this extraordinary welding together of fact and fiction; this tale within a tale; this sublime and supreme triumph of the human intellect. Beside it the *Iliad* will be but as the rude song of wandering barbarians, and *Paradise Lost* a temporary offshoot of Judaism.

I trust no honest man will feel constrained, for consistency's sake, because he has judged my book unheard, to condemn it heard. It will avail nothing to assail me. I am not at issue. And you cannot pound the life out of a fact with your fists. A truth has the indestructibility of matter. It is part of God: the threads of continuity tie it to the throne of the Everlasting.

Edmund Burke said in a debate in Parliament about the population of the American colonies: "While we are disputing they grow to it." And so, even while the critics are writing their essays, to demonstrate that all I have revealed is a fortuitous combination of coincidence, keen and able minds will be taking up my imperfect clues and reducing the Cipher rule to such perfection that it will be as useless to deny the presence of the sun in the heavens as to deny the existence of the inner story in the Plays.

And what a volume of historical truths will roll out of the text of this great volume! The inner life of kings and queens, the highest, perhaps the basest, of their kind; the struggles of factions in the courts; the interior view of the birth of religions; the first colonization of the American continent, in which Bacon took an active part, and something of which is hidden in *The Tempest;* the death of Mary Queen of Scots; the Spanish Armada, told in *Love's Labor Lost;* the religious wars on the continent; the story of Henry of Navarre; the real biography of Essex; the real story of Bacon's career; his defense of his life, hidden in *Henry VIII.*, his own downfall, in cipher, being told in the external story of the downfall of Wolsey. What historical facts may we not expect, of which that account of the introduction

of "the dreaded and incurable malady" into England is a specimen; what philosophical reflections; what disquisitions on religion; what profound and unrestrained meditations! It will be, in short, the inner story of the most important era in human history, told by the keenest observer and most powerful writer that has ever lived. And then think of the light that will be thrown upon the Plays themselves; their purposes, their history, their meaning! A great light bursting from a tomb, and covering with its royal effulgence the very cradle of English Literature.

And so I trust my long-promised book to the tender mercies of my fellow-men, saying to them in the language of the old rhyme:

Be to its faults a little blind,
And to its virtues very kind.

BOOK III.

·CONCLUSIONS·

"Delayed,
But nothing altered. What I was, I am."

Winter's Tale, IV, 3.

BOOK III.

CONCLUSIONS.

CHAPTER I.

DELIA BACON.

Patience and sorrow strove
Which should express her goodliest.
King Lear, iv., 3.

NO work in regard to the Baconian theory would be complete without some reference to Miss Delia Bacon, who first announced to the world the belief that Francis Bacon was the real author of the Plays.

America should especially cherish the memory of this distinguished lady. Our literature has been, to too great an extent, a colonial imitation, oftentimes diluted, of English originals. But here is a case where one of our own transplanted race, out of the depths of her own consciousness, marshaled to her conclusions by her profound knowledge, advanced to a great and original conception.

I. [illegible]s Bacon's Biography.

I am indebted to Mr. W. H. Wyman[1] for the following notes of Miss Bacon's biography:

Delia Bacon was born in Tallmadge, Ohio, February 2, 1811. She was the daughter of Rev. David Bacon, one of the early Western missionaries, and sister of the late Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon. She was educated at Miss Catharine E. Beecher's school, in Hartford, and is described as a woman of rare intellect and attainments. Her profession was that of a teacher and lecturer: the first woman,

[1] *Bacon-Shakespeare Bibliography.*

Mrs. Farrar says, whom she had ever known to speak in public. At this time she resided in Boston. Having conceived the idea of the Baconian authorship, she became a monomaniac on the subject. Visiting England, in 1853, in search of proofs for her theory, she spent five years there; first at St. Albans, where she supposed Bacon to have written the Plays; then at London, where she wrote *The Philosophy of Shakespeare Unfolded*, and subsequently at Stratford-on-Avon. Here, after the publication and non-success of her book, she lost her reason wholly and entirely. She was returned to her friends in Hartford, in April, 1858, and died there, September 2, 1859.

Mrs. John Farrar, in her interesting little book, *Recollections of Seventy Years*, (pp. 319, etc.), gives the following account of Miss Bacon's first appearance as a lecturer:

The first lady whom I ever heard deliver a public lecture was Miss Delia Bacon, who opened her career in Boston, as teacher of history, by giving a preliminary discourse describing her method, and urging upon her hearers the importance of the study.

I had called on her that day for the first time, and found her very nervous and anxious about her first appearance in public. She interested me at once, and I resolved to hear her speak.

Her person was tall and commanding, her finely-shaped head was well set on her shoulders, her face was handsome and full of expression, and she moved with grace and dignity. The hall in which she spoke was so crowded that I could not get a seat, but she spoke so well that I felt no fatigue from standing. She was at first a little embarrassed, but soon became so engaged in recommending the study of history to all present, that she became eloquent.

Her course of oral lessons or lectures on history interested her class of ladies so much that she was induced to repeat them, and I heard several who attended them speak in the highest terms of them. She not only spoke but read well, and when on the subject of Roman history she delighted her audience by giving them, with great effect, some of Macaulay's *Lays*.

I persuaded her to give her lessons in Cambridge, and she had a very appreciative class, assembled in the large parlor of the Brattle House. She spoke without notes, entirely from her own well-stored memory; and she would so group her facts as to present to us historical pictures calculated to make a lasting impression. She was so much admired and liked in Cambridge, that a lady there invited her to spend the winter with her as her guest, and I gave her the use of my parlor for another course of lectures. In these she brought down her history to the time of the birth of Christ, and I can never forget how clear she made it to us that the world was only then made fit for the advent of Jesus. She ended with a fine climax that was quite thrilling.

In her Cambridge course she had maps, charts, models, pictures, and everything she needed to illustrate her subject. This added much to her pleasure and ours. All who saw her then must remember how handsome she was, and how gracefully she used her wand in pointing to the illustrations of her subject. I used to be reminded by her of Raphael's sibyls, and she often spoke like an oracle.

She and a few of her class would often stay after the lesson and take tea with me, and then she would talk delightfully for the rest of the evening. It was very inconsiderate in us to allow her to do so, and when her course ended she was half dead with fatigue.

II. Her Love Affair.

Delia Bacon's life was one of many sorrows. It would almost seem as if there is some great law of compensation running through human lives, so that those who are to be happy in immortal fame too often pay for it by unhappy careers on earth. It is difficult to conceive of a more wretched life than was that of Francis Bacon. For a few short years only he rode the waves of triumphant success; but his youth was enshrouded in poverty, and his age covered with dishonor. Even the great philosophical works, which the world now holds as priceless, were received with general ridicule and contempt; but his fame is to-day the greatest on earth, and will so continue as long as our civilization endures.

And we seem to see the same great law of compensation running through the life of poor, unhappy Delia Bacon. Filled with a divine enthusiasm for truth, her ideas were received by an ignorant and bigoted generation with shouts of mockery. Nay, more, as if fortune had not done its worst in this, her very heart was lacerated and her womanly pride wounded, by a creature in the shape of a man—a Reverend (!) Alexander McWhorter.

A writer in the Philadelphia *Times* of December 26th, 1886, gives the following account of this extraordinary affair:

> Four young men were smoking in a chamber at a hotel in New Haven. It is not to be assumed that they were drinking as well as smoking; for at least one of them had been a theological student in the Yale Divinity School, who was then a resident licentiate of the university; and another was a nephew of a professor in the theological department of that institution. Although they were so near to the "cloth," they were a set of "jolly dogs," these young men, and so not averse to a good cigar. Indeed, the resident licentiate, in whose room they were gathered, was not only a good fellow, but a very rich young man. Presently, a waiter entered and delivered a note to the host. It was couched in the following words:
>
> Miss Delia Bacon will be happy to see Mr. ——— at the rooms at the ——— Hotel this evening, or at any time that may be convenient to him.
>
> Delia Bacon was the daughter of a Michigan missionary, and when she came east in her girlhood, it was to qualify herself as a teacher. At school she made rapid progress in everything except in English composition, to excel in which she most aspired, and, later on, it was conceded that her learning was not only unusual, but extraordinary, in a woman. She was, indeed, from the outset of her career as an instructor, a sibyl in aspect, as in fact; and her classes at New Haven and Hartford, when she succeeded in establishing them, soon became the fashion. Her lectures, for such her lessons really were, were attended by the most cultivated ladies of the two chief cities of Connecticut, the wives of the governors of the State, the judges of the courts, the professors in the colleges, and other

dignitaries, who came to her to learn wisdom. It was her custom to give receptions at her parlors, and, as she was admitted to be particular and discriminating in her invitations, it was esteemed an honor, especially by young men, to receive them. This accounts for the peculiar phraseology of the letter quoted above, and it would deprive her invitation to the resident licentiate of any indelicacy, although he had not been formally presented to her, if she had reason to know that he desired to call upon her.

Such was the case.

The young theologian lived at the same hotel, and had sought an introduction. He was ten years her junior. He was well known, and was a young man of good repute. He and Miss Bacon met daily at the same table. She had no objection to the introduction, but the person who it was proposed should make it was objectionable to her. She therefore considered the request for an introduction as equivalent to the ceremony, and asked the young man to call. Had the resident licentiate been a gentleman who was offended at the informal character of the invitation, he would simply have put the letter into the fire and said nothing about it. The young theologian, from a want of that delicacy he affected to find absent in another, chose to adopt a different course. He read the note to his companions. He and they considered the invitation a gross violation of propriety in the lady. It was with them the subject of uproarious mirth; but the resident licentiate accepted the invitation all the same, and, after making the call, wrote a ludicrous account of the affair for the amusement of one of his classmates, a clergyman, already ordained and ministering to a charge. But his first visit was not his last. He was more than pleased with Delia Bacon's intellectual attainments — he was interested in her personal attractions. He called upon her frequently. He showed her marked attention. He acted as her escort in public. He professed for her a profound and lasting affection, and would not take "no" for an answer. He even followed her to a watering-place, with no other excuse than to be near her. These two — the learned lady of New Haven, always busy and already impressed with the notion that she had "the world's work" to perform, and the resident licentiate, idle, because he was rich, and living near the university for years after he should have been caring for souls — were lovers. She had allowed him to ensnare her affections, notwithstanding the discrepancy in their years. He was completely fascinated by the brilliant talk of a refined and cultivated woman, to whom the whole field of *belles lettres* was a familiar garden. They read and studied together, and, with two such natures, it was only natural that their talk should be more of books than of love. She even confided to him her favorite theory that was afterwards to take complete possession of her, that Shakspere was not the author of Shakespeare's Plays, and that they were written in cipher in order to conceal for a time a profound system of political philosophy which it was her mission to reveal. He approved these ideas and encouraged the delusion in its incipient stages. Then, when he tired of the flirtation, as all men do who fall in love with women older than themselves, he turned viciously upon his uncomplaining victim and contemptuously characterized an affair, that had begun with baseness on his part, a literary intimacy. . . . Indeed, the very person to whom objection was made by the lady became from the very outset the confidant of her admirer, and either saw or heard or read everything she subsequently wrote to him. Besides exposing her correspondence, the resident licentiate, while he was paying devout court to the lady, was, also, at all times, secretly holding her up to ridicule among his friends, and, when it was reported he was engaged to marry her, he indignantly declared his surprise that any one who knew him should think him such a fool. . . .

The matter grew, after a time, into a scandal, and eventuated in a trial before a council of the Congregational Church.

The clerical Lothario asserted in his own behalf that he had never made a declaration of affection — that, so far as he was concerned, there had been no sentiment — not a thimbleful. In disproof of this, Miss Bacon's mother and brother testified that they had seen a letter from her suitor to her that was "a real love letter." This letter contained an account of the progress of the affection of the gay young cleric for the tall sibyl. In it were such expressions as, "Then I loved you," "I have loved you purely, fervently," "Though you should hate me, my sentiment for you would remain unchanged." He said he would retain this sentiment through life, in death, and after death. . . . The toothsome gossip once begun, it went from pious tongue to pious ear and from pious ear to pious tongue, until it had spread all over the State of Connecticut, and even penetrated New York and Boston. Not only were the old Professor and his family concerned in the circulation of the story almost from the outset, but his house became the resort of those who wished to hear it. Day after day his reception-room was thronged with those who came to listen to the tale of wonder. As we have seen, other clergymen and professors repeated the story everywhere on pretense of defending their clerical brother. It was in this way that "the facts in the case" reached the ears of Miss Bacon's friends.

"From village to village, from city to city, the marvel spread," wrote Catherine Beecher afterwards, "till almost every village in New England was agitated with it. No tale of private scandal had ever before been known to create so extensive an excitement."

It is scarcely surprising that as the tale was told the wonder grew. The story of a literary lady of five and thirty angling for a clergyman of twenty-five, and ensnaring his unsophisticated affections, — it was always told with his share in the courtship carefully excluded, — could not fail to prove grateful to the ears of good people to whom society scandal and sensations were a boon not often afforded.

No one can read all this without thrills of indignation at the base wretch who could thus, for the amusement of his friends, trifle with the affections of a great and noble-hearted woman. And it is not difficult to realize what must have been the feelings of the eloquent scholar to find herself the talk of all New England, and to have the tenderest emotions of her heart laid bare, and made the subject of discussion by a public Congregational Church council. The whole thing is horrible. And the writer in the Philadelphia *Times* intimates that this great trial of her heart and pride had something to do with the final overthrow of the poor lady's reason.

III. The Putnam's Magazine Article.

It would seem that the thought that Shakspere did not write the Plays was conceived by Miss Bacon as far back as 1845 ; but it was not until 1856 that she announced her belief to the world.

This announcement was made in *Putnam's Magazine* of January, 1856, in the first article of that number. The editor was careful to accompany the essay by a disavowal of any belief on his part in the truth of the theory. He said:

> In commencing the publication of these bold, original, and most ingenious and interesting speculations upon the real authorship of Shakespeare's Plays, it is proper for the editor of *Putnam's Monthly*, in disclaiming all responsibility for their startling view of the question, to say that they are the result of long and conscientious investigation on the part of the learned and eloquent scholar, their author; and that the editor has reason to hope that they will be continued through some future numbers of the magazine.

But they were not continued. I have been told that Miss Bacon's friends interfered to prevent the publication of any more such startling and radical ideas. Mrs. Farrar gives a different explanation. Be that as it may, this essay is the only one that appeared from her pen in any American publication; and it is the one thing that will save *Putnam's Magazine* from being forgotten.

Much has been said about Miss Bacon's insanity, as if it had some necessary connection with the Baconian heresy and grew out of it. And every one who has denied that the poacher of Stratford wrote the Plays has been met with the reminder that Miss Bacon died in a mad-house. It seems to have been forgotten that a great many worthy people have died in mad-houses who believed that Shakspere himself wrote the Plays; and a great many others have ended their lives there who never heard of either Shakspere or Bacon. And for one to go out of his mind implies that he has some mind to go out of, and hence Miss Bacon's critics have spoken from the assurance of positive safety. The truth is, insanity does not come from opinions or theories, but it is a purely physical disease, implying degeneration of the substance-matter of the brain. A theory should stand or fall by itself, on its own merits, upon the facts that can be adduced in its support; not by reference to the personal careers of its advocates. If this were not so, what religion on earth could not, in this way, be proved false? For the insane asylums are full of people whose mania is some form or other of religious belief. And the poet tells us, that

> From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
> And Swift expires a driveler and a show.

But does it follow that Marlborough was not one of the greatest and most successful military leaders that ever lived; or that Swift was not a powerful and incisive writer and thinker?

The injustice and absurdity of all such arguments is further shown in the fact that the first book ever written, in defense of Shakspere, against the assaults of Delia Bacon and William Henry Smith, was the work of one Geo. H. Townsend, of London, published in 1857; and the author of it subsequently became crazy and committed suicide. But no Baconian ever argued therefrom that every man who believed Shakspere wrote the Plays was necessarily a lunatic and would end by self-murder, unless sent, as Grant White suggested, to the insane asylum. The Shakspereans have been insolent because they were cowardly. They felt that the universal prejudice and ignorance sustained them; inasmuch as the clear-seeing and original thinkers are necessarily in the minority in all generations. In all ages it has been the multitude who were wrong, and the few who were right.

IV. Her Visit to England.

Mrs. Farrar gives the following account of Delia Bacon's visit to England:

She expressed a great desire to go to England, and I told her she could go and pay all her expenses by her historical lessons. Belonging to a religious sect in which her family held a distinguished place, she would be well received by the same denomination in England, and have the best of assistance in obtaining classes. After talking this up for some time, I perceived that I was talking in vain. She had no notion of going to England to teach history; all she wanted to go for was to obtain proof of the truth of her theory, that Shakspere did not write the Plays attributed to him, but that Lord Bacon did. This was sufficient to prevent my ever again encouraging her going to England, or talking with her about Shakspere. The lady whom she was visiting put her copy of his works out of sight, and never allowed her to converse with her on this, her favorite subject. We considered it dangerous for Miss Bacon to dwell on this fancy, and thought that, if indulged, it might become a monomania, which it subsequently did.

She went from Cambridge to Northampton, and spent the summer on Round Hill, as a boarder, at a hydropathic establishment. Separated from all who knew her, and were interested in her, she gave herself up to her favorite theme. She believed that the Plays called Shakespeare's contained a double meaning, and that a whole system of philosophy was hidden in them, which the world at that time was not prepared to receive, and therefore Lord Bacon had left it to posterity thus disguised. At Round Hill she spent whole days and weeks in her chamber, took no exercise, and ate scarcely any food, till she became seriously ill. After much suffering she recovered and went to New York. To pay her expenses she was

obliged to give a course of lessons in history; but her heart was not in them — she was meditating a flight to England. *Her old friends and her relations would not, of course, furnish her with the means of doing what they highly disapproved;* but some new acquaintances in New York believed in her theory, and were but too happy to aid her in making known her grand discovery. A handsome wardrobe and ample means were freely bestowed upon her, and kind friends attended her to the vessel which was to carry her to England on her Quixotic expedition. Her mind was so devoted to the genius of Lord Bacon that her first pilgrimage was to St. Albans, where he had lived when in retirement, and where she supposed he had written all those Plays attributed to Shakespeare. She lived there a year, and then came to London, all alone and unknown, to seek a home there. She thus describes her search after lodgings:

On a dark December day, about one o'clock, I came into this metropolis. intending, with the aid of Providence, to select, between that and nightfall, a residence in it. I had copied from the *Times* several advertisements of lodging-houses, but none of them suited me. The cab-driver, perceiving what I was in search of, began to make suggestions of his own, and, finding that he was a man equal to the emergency, and knowing that his acquaintance with the subject was larger than mine, I put the business into his hands. I told him to stop at the first good house which he thought would suit me, and he brought me to this door, where I have been ever since. Any one who thinks this is not equal to Elijah and his raven, and Daniel in the lion's den, does not know what it is for a lady, and a stranger, to live for a year in London, without any money to speak of, maintaining all the time the position of a lady, and a distinguished lady, too; and above all, such a one cannot be acquainted with the nature of cab-drivers and lodging-house keepers in general.

V. A Noble Londoner.

And in marked contrast with the treatment she received from her friends and relatives, who refused to give her money or encouragement, is the course of this poor lodging-house keeper in London. His memory should be perpetuated for the honor of our common humanity. She continues in her letter:

The one with whom I lodge has behaved to me like an absolute gentleman. No one could have shown more courtesy and delicacy. For six months at a time he has never sent me a bill; before this I had always paid him weekly, and I believe that is customary. When after waiting six months I sent him ten pounds, and he knew that it was all I had, he wrote a note to me, which I preserve as a curiosity, to say that he would entirely prefer that I should keep it. I have lived upon this man's confidence in me for a year, and this comparatively pleasant and comfortable home is one that I owe to the judgment and taste of a cab-driver. . . . Your ten pounds was brought me two or three hours after your letter came, and I sent it immediately to Mr. Walker, and now I am entirely relieved of that most painful feeling of the impropriety of depending upon him in this way, which it has required all my faith and philosophy to endure, because he can now very well wait for the rest, and perceive that the postponement is not an indefinite one. Your letter has warmed my heart, and *that was what had suffered most.* I would have frozen into a Niobe before I would have asked any help for myself, and would sell gingerbread and apples at the corner of a street for the rest of my days before I could stoop, for myself, to such humiliations as I have borne in behalf of my work — and I knew that I had a right to demand aid for it.

VI. Her Interview with Carlyle.

In her first interview with Carlyle she told him of her great discovery in regard

to Shakespeare's Plays, so-called, and he appeared to be interested in her, if not in her hypothesis; but he treated that with respect, and advised her to put her thoughts on paper. She accordingly accepted an arrangement kindly made for her by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson with the editors of a Boston magazine, worked very hard, and soon sent off eighty pages. A part of this was published, and she received eighteen pounds for it. Had this contract been carried out, the money made by it would have supported her comfortably in London, but there arose some misunderstanding between her and the editors, owing, perhaps, to her want of method and ignorance of business. She considered herself very ill-used, and would have nothing more to do with them.

VII. Her Sanity.

We are struck here by the fact that while Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson not only believed in the possibility of her theory being correct, and were ready to aid her to obtain a public hearing; and while she was living upon the bounty of poor Mr. Walker, and the contributions of Mrs. Farrar and other literary acquaintances, her own family and immediate friends seem to have abandoned her to starvation in London. It could not have been upon any question of her sanity, for the *Putnam's Magazine* article gives no indication of lunacy; it is an exceedingly lucid and able essay; and certainly Carlyle and Emerson were better fitted to judge of her mental condition than any coterie of the McWhorter stripe could possibly be; and those eminent men, it seems, believed her to be sane enough to be entitled to a full publication of her views. It may have been that the mere theory that Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespeare Plays was, in that day, regarded, by the average mind in New England, as sufficient proof of lunacy, without any other act or acts on the part of the unhappy individual who possessed it.

And even Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne — another distinguished writer of that day — held out his hand and helped her. His course throughout was courteous and generous, and should be remembered to his everlasting honor.

VIII. The Publication of Her Book.

Mrs. Farrar says :

She now found an excellent and powerful friend in Mr. Hawthorne. He kindly undertook to make an agreement with a publisher, and promised her that her

book should be printed if she would write it. Deprived of her expected endowment from writing articles for a periodical, she was much distressed for want of funds, and suffered many privations during the time that she was writing her book. *She lived on the poorest food*, and was often without the means of having a fire in her chamber. She told me that *she wrote a great part of her large octavo volume sitting up in bed to keep warm.*

There is scarcely a more tragical story in the whole history of literature. This noble, learned woman, with a mind that penetrated far beyond her contemporaries, suffering for want of food in London, and writing her great work wrapped in the bed-clothes, for lack of a fire in her chamber.

Is it any wonder that her mind finally gave way? Where is the brain that could long stand such a strain? Poverty, hunger, cold, intense and long-continued mental labor, the estrangement from friends, the cruel indifference of relatives, the contempt of the world, the sneers of the shallow and the abuse of the base.

And does any one believe she would have had to endure such sufferings if she had been writing a sentimental, shallow book to illustrate the heroic career and magnificent virtues of that illustrious money-grabber of Stratford? No. All New England would have come to her relief. She suffered because she proclaimed a belief that the ignorant age regarded as improbable. She was scourged into the mad-house by men who called themselves critics. And to the honor of England be it remembered that when she was denied a hearing in America, and was abandoned by her own kith and kin, she found friends and a publisher in London.

Mrs. Farrar continues:

It was when her work was about half done that she wrote to me the letter from which I have made the foregoing extract. Her life of privation and seclusion was very injurious to both body and mind. How great that seclusion was is seen in the following passage from another of her letters to me:

I am glad to know that you are still alive and on this side of that wide sea which parts me from so many that *were once so near*, for I have lived here much like a departed spirit, looking back on the joys and sorrows of a world in which I have no longer any place. I have been more than a year in this house, and have had but three visitors in all that time, and paid but one visit myself, and that was to Carlyle, after he had taken the trouble to come all the way from Chelsea to invite me; and though he has since written to invite me, I have not been able to accept his kindness. I have had calls from Mr. Grote and Mr. Monckton Milnes; and Mr. Buchanan came to see me, though I had not delivered my letter to him.

All the fine spirits who knew Miss Bacon found in her what pleased and interested them, and, had not that one engrossing idea possessed her, she might have had a brilliant career among the literary society of London.

Yes; it was her dissent from the common opinion of mankind that ruined everything.

One dark winter evening, after writing all day in her bed, she rose, threw on some clothes, and walked out to take the air. Her lodgings were at the West End of London, near to Sussex Gardens, and not far from where my mother lived. She needed my address, and suddenly resolved to go to the house of Mrs. R—— for it. She sent in her request, and while standing in the doorway she had a glimpse of the interior. It looked warm, cheerful and inviting, and she had a strong desire to see my mother; so she readily accepted an invitation to walk in, and found the old lady with her daughter and a friend just sitting down to tea. Happily, my sister remembered that a Miss Bacon had been favorably mentioned in my letters from Cambridge, so she had no hesitation in asking her to take tea with them. The stranger's dress was such an extraordinary deshabille that nothing but her lady-like manners and conversation could have convinced the family that she was the person she pretended to be. She told me how much ashamed she was of her appearance that evening; she had intended going only to the door, but could not resist the inclination to enter and sit down at that cheerful tea-table, which looked so like mine in Cambridge.

IX. Her Journey to Stratford.

Poor soul! In rags and wretchedness she clung to the task which she believed God had assigned to her.

The next summer I was living in London. The death of a dear friend had just occurred in my house; the relatives were collected there, and all were feeling very sad, when I was told by my servant that a lady wished to see me. I sent word that there was death in the house, and I could see no one that night. The servant returned, saying, "She will not go away, ma'am, and she will not give her name."

On hearing this I went to the door, and there stood Delia Bacon, pale and sad. I took her in my arms and pressed her to my bosom; she gasped for breath and could not speak. We went into a vacant room and sat down together. She was faint, but recovered on drinking a glass of port wine, and then she told me that her book was finished and in the hands of Mr. Hawthorne, and now she was ready to go to Stratford-upon-Avon. There she expected to verify her hypothesis, by opening the tomb of Shakspere, where she felt sure of finding papers that would disclose the real authorship of the Plays. I tried in vain to dissuade her from this insane project; she was resolved, and only wished for my aid in winding up her affairs in London and setting her off for Stratford. This aid I gave with many a sad misgiving as to the result. She looked so ill when I took leave of her in the railroad carriage that I blamed myself for not having accompanied her to Stratford, and was only put at ease by a very cheerful letter from her, received a few days after her departure.

On arriving at Stratford she was so exhausted that she could only creep up to bed at the inn, and when she inquired about lodgings it was doubtful to herself, and all who saw her, whether she would live to need any. One person expressed this to her, but her brave heart and strong will carried her out the next day in search of a home, and here as in London she fell into good hands. She entered a very pretty cottage, the door of which stood open, found no one in it, but sat down

and waited for some one to appear. Presently the woman entered, an elderly lady, living on her income, with only one servant. She had never taken any lodger, but she would not send Miss Bacon away, because she was a stranger and ill; and she remembered, she said, that Abraham had entertained angels unawares. So she made her lie down on her sofa, and covered her up, and went off to prepare some dinner for her. Miss Bacon says, in her letter to me:

There I was, at the same hour when I left you, the day before, looking out upon the trees that skirt the Avon, and that church and spire only a few yards from me, but so weak that I did not expect ever to go there. I know that I have been very near death. If anything can restore me, it will be the motherly treatment I have here.

These incidents cannot fail to exalt our ideas of the noble, generous English character. Twice had this poor castaway found in total strangers the kindest and most hospitable treatment; twice had they opened their hearts and homes to one who seemed almost abandoned by the world. Mrs. Farrar continues:

A few weeks after this I received a very cheerful letter from her on the subject of the publisher of her book. She writes :

I want you to help me ; help me bear this new kind of burden which I am so little used to. The editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, Parker, the very best publisher in England, is going to publish my book immediately, in such haste that they cannot stay to send me the proofs. That was the piece of news which came with your letter. How I wished it had been yourself instead, that you might share it with me on the instant. It was a relief to me to be assured that your generous heart was so near to be gladdened with it. Patience has had its perfect work. For the sake of those who have loved and trusted me, for the sake of those who have borne my burden with me, how I rejoice !

Mr. Bennock writes to me for the title, and says this has been suggested, "The Shakespeare Problem Solved by Delia Bacon;" but I am afraid that the name sounds too boastful. I have thought of suggesting "The Shakespeare Problem, by Delia Bacon," leaving the reader to infer the rest. I have also thought of calling it "The Baconian Philosophy in Prose and Verse, by Delia Bacon;" or the "Fables of the Baconian Philosophy." But the publishers are the best judges of such things.

That the book should be published under such agreeable auspices was the crowning blessing of her arduous labors, and it is a comfort to her friends that this gleam of sunshine illumined her path before the clouds settled down more darkly than ever on her fine mind.

She remained for several months in Stratford, but I believe she never attempted to open the tomb of Shakspere; and when she left that place, she returned home to die in the bosom of her family. Thus ends the history of a highly gifted and noble-minded woman.

Thus ends Mrs. Farrar's melancholy story — the story of a life which was sacrificed for an idea as truly as ever were the martyrs of old who suffered in flame for their religious convictions. For what death at the stake, with its few moments of agony, can be compared with those long years of hardship, want, hunger, cold, neglect and obloquy?

It has been the habit to speak of her book as an insane production. Doubtless the shadow of the coming mental aberration may hang over parts of it, and obscure the style, but there is a great deal in it that is clear, cogent and forceful. As it may interest the reader, who cannot readily procure a copy of the original work, I copy a few extracts. The work is called *The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded:*

X. The Art of the Play-writer.

Certainly, at the time when it was written, it was not the kind of learning and the kind of philosophy that the world was used to. Nobody had ever heard of such a thing. The memory of man could not go far enough to produce any parallel to it in letters. It was manifest that this was *nature*, the living nature, the thing itself. None could perceive the tint of the school on its robust creations; no eye could detect in its sturdy compositions the stuff that books were made of; and it required no effort of faith, therefore, to believe that it was not that. It was enough to believe, and men were glad, on the whole, to believe that it was not that — that it was not learning or philosophy — but something just as far from that, as completely its opposite, as could well be conceived of.

How could men suspect, as yet, that this was the new scholasticism, the New Philosophy? Was it strange that they should mistake it for rude nature herself, in her unschooled, spontaneous strength, when it had not yet publicly transpired that something had come at last upon the stage of human development, which was stooping to nature and learning of her, and stealing her secret, and unwinding the clue to the heart of her mystery?

How could men know that this was the subtlest philosophy, the ripest scholasticism, the last proof of all human learning, when it was still a secret that the school of nature and her laws, that the school of natural history and natural philosophy, too, through all its lengths and breadths and depths, was open; and that "the schools" — the schools of old chimeras and notions — the schools where the jangle of the monkish abstractions and the "fifes and the trumpets of the Greeks" were sounding — were going to get shut up with it.

How should they know that the teacher of the New Philosophy was Poet also — must be, by that same anointing, a singer, mighty as the sons of song who brought their harmonies of old into the savage earth — a singer able to sing down antiquities with his new gift, able to sing in new eras?

But these have no clue as yet to track him with; they cannot collect or thread his thick-showered meanings. He does not care through how many mouths he draws the lines of his philosophic purpose. He does not care from what long distances his meanings look toward each other. But these interpreters are not aware of that. They have not been informed of that particular. On the contrary, they have been put wholly off their guard. Their heads have been turned, deliberately, in just the opposite direction. They have no faintest hint beforehand of the depths in which the philosophic unities of the piece are hidden; it is not strange, therefore, that these unities should have escaped their notice, and that they should take it for granted that there were none in it. It is not the mere play-reader who is ever going to see them. It will take the philosophic student, with all his clues, to master

them. It will take the student of the New School and the New Ages, with the torch of Natural Science in his hand, to track them to their center.

XI. The Age of Elizabeth.

We all know what age in the history of the immemorial liberties and dignities of a race — what age in the history of its recovered liberties, rescued from oppression and recognized and confirmed by statute, this was. We know it was an age in which the decisions of the Bench were prescribed to it by a power that had "the laws of England at its commandment," that it was an age in which Parliament, and the press, and the pulpit, were gagged, and in which that same justice had charge, diligent charge "of amusements also, and of those who only played at working." That this was a time when the play-house itself,— in that same year, too, in which these philosophical plays began first to attract attention, and again and again,— was warned off by express ordinances from the whole ground of "the forbidden questions." . . .

To the genius of a race in whose nature development, speculation and action were for the first time systematically united, in the intensities of that great historical impersonation which signalizes its first entrance upon the stage of human affairs, stimulated into premature activity by that very opposition which would have shut it out from its legitimate fields, and shut it up within those impossible, insufferable limits that the will of the one man prescribed to it then,— to that many-sided genius, bent on playing well its part even under these conditions, all the more determined on it by that very opposition — kept in mind of its manliness all he time by that all-comprehending prohibition on manhood, that took charge of every act — irritated all the time into a protesting human dignity by the perpetual meannesses prescribed to it, instructed in the doctrine of human nature and its nobility in the school of that sovereignty which was keeping such a costly crib here then; "Let a beast be lord of beasts," says Hamlet, "and your crib shall stand at the king's mess;" "Would you have me false to *my nature?*" says another, "*rather* say I *play* the *man* I am;" to that so conscious man, playing his part under these hard conditions, on a stage so high; knowing all the time what theater that was he played it in, how "far" those long-drawn aisles extended; what "far-off" crowding ages filled them, watching his slightest movements; who knew that he was acting "even in the eyes of all posterity that wear this world out to the ending doom:" to such a one studying out his part beforehand, under such conditions, it was not one disguise only, it was not one secret literary instrumentality only, that sufficed for the plot of it. That toy stage which he seized and converted so effectually to his ends, with all its masks did not suffice for the exigencies of this speaker's speech, "who came prepared to speak well" and "to give to his speech a grace by action."[1]

XII. Miss Bacon's Persecutors.

I take pleasure in giving the following very interesting letter from William D. O'Connor. I need not say that Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, of Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts, referred to in it, is well and honorably known as the friend of Emerson and Hawthorne

[1] Delia Bacon, *The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded*, pp. 285-7.

and all the really great men of New England. Always a woman of remarkable mental powers, she has attained a vast age with unclouded intellect.

WASHINGTON, D. C., LIFE-SAVING SERVICE, October 29, 1887.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have your note about the suppression of Miss Bacon's MS. I had the story from Miss Peabody more than twenty-five years ago, and lately again, when I saw her at Jamaica Plains.

Her second version differs from the first only in this: — She now does not think it was a life of Raleigh; but she told me it was when I first talked with her: and her memory was nearer the event; and I am sure that the extracts from the "Life of Raleigh," which you will see in the early part of Miss Bacon's book, are her attempt to recall from memory some fragments of the lost MS., which, I remember Miss Peabody told me long ago, had cost twelve years' labor, and the loss of which was a staggering blow to its author.

The tale ran thus: Emerson was powerfully impressed with Miss Bacon's theory, and stood her friend in it from first to last. He was instrumental in sending her to England, to prosecute her studies on the subject there; and gave her letters of introduction to many people, and got her material aid. Before sailing, it was arranged that the continuation to the *Putnam's Magazine* article in 1856 should appear in the same magazine, and she went off flushed with hope and confidence.

Now came the beginning of disaster. Richard Grant White and some other Shaksperioloters tore down to Putnam's; howled over the profanation like cayotes, and finally scared him into discontinuing the publication.

Then Emerson had to write to Miss Bacon that her MS. was rejected, and she in turn wrote back to have it sent to her in England for publication there, probably in her book, which she was then projecting.

The MS. (which I believe to have been a Life of Raleigh and a sort of a key to the theory, dwelling, as I have been told it did, on the nature of Raleigh's School), was sent to one of Emerson's brothers, William Emerson, at New York, for safe keeping. In some way, and for some reason, which I cannot gather, it was passed over to the care of Miss P—— R——, at Staten Island.

When Miss Bacon's request to have the MS. sent to her in England was received, Miss R—— was asked to have it brought over to New York to William Emerson.

The story goes that she got into a close carriage with the package, at her residence on Staten Island, with the intention of driving to the ferry, crossing over to New York, and delivering it in person to William Emerson. It was in the dark twilight of an autumn evening, the roads were miry and full of hollows, and the carriage swayed and joggled as it rolled. In one of these vehicular convulsions, the package rolled from Miss R——'s lap into the straw-covered bottom of the carriage. Miss R—— put her hand down in search of it, and, not coming upon it, reflected that it was perfectly safe in the close interior, and would be better found when the carriage arrived at the ferry, where its motions would cease, and light would aid in the search. Presently the terminus was reached, but the MS. could not be found, though a rigorous investigation was made. I was told that it was advertised for, but nothing was ever heard of it.

Was ever any occurrence more unexplainable, or more sinister? I do not like

to suspect Miss R—— of complicity with any foul play, for I have always heard that she was a high-minded lady; but how can this loss be explained under the circumstances? When you bring to mind the nature of a coach interior, you will see that the MS. could not be bounced out or jolted out by any possibility. It is an utter mystery.

However, the MS. was lost, and it is said that Miss Bacon went wild when she got the next letter from Emerson, telling her the bad news.

Whatever may be the explanation of this incident, I think there can be little doubt that Delia Bacon was persecuted by the Grant Whites of that era, denied a hearing in her own country, and driven to a foreign land to find a publisher. The treatment of the poor woman from first to last was simply shameful. She was persecuted into the mad-house and the grave by men who called themselves scholars and gentlemen. Their asinine hoofs beat upon the great sensitive brain of the shrinking woman, and every blow was answered by a shriek. And when, at last, they had, by their onslaughts, destroyed her intellect, the braying crew wagged their prodigious ears, and in stentorian chorus clamored that her insanity was indubitable proof of the falsehood of her theory, and of the wisdom which lay concealed in their admirable and learned hoofs.

XIII. Delia Bacon's Portrait.

It is with deep regret that I find myself unable to fulfill the promises made by my publishers, in their advertisements, to give the public, in this work, a copy of Delia Bacon's portrait. They applied some months since to her nephew, the Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, of Savannah, Georgia, and he referred them to his brother, Theodore Bacon, a lawyer, in Rochester, N. Y. He replied that he possessed a picture of Delia Bacon, an old daguerreotype, but that the dress was peculiar and not fitted for publication. My publishers then offered to send an artist to Rochester to copy the features, and that they would give in the book simply an engraving of the face and head. A representative of the firm even went to Rochester, in connection with the matter, but failed to find Mr. Bacon. After considerable correspondence a family council was at last held upon this grave subject, and "the family" refused to furnish my publishers with a copy of the picture, or permit them to copy it themselves.

It is difficult to account for such action. I know of no precedent for it. The world is entitled to look upon the features of its illustrious characters; and I cannot understand how any "family" has a right to monopolize them. Suppose there was but one picture of Francis Bacon in the world, and that was in the hands of the family of one of his nephews, and they refused to permit the world to look at it! In this case the sun painted the picture, and it would seem especially to belong to mankind. But poor Delia's ill fate pursues her even beyond the grave:—she was suppressed, by her family, living, and she is suppressed by them dead.

If the authors of books had been clamoring, for years past, for Delia Bacon's picture, the case might be different; but this is the first work ever published which seeks to defend the poor, misused woman, and to honor her by giving her features to the world,—and it is refused permission to do so! If the picture itself was utterly unfit to be seen by human eyes, it might be different; but I am told that copies are being circulated in private hands.

It is to be regretted that some of the tender solicitude now shown toward the picture of Delia Bacon, by her family, was not manifested for the poor woman herself when she was starving and shivering and living on the charity of strangers in London. But,

> Seven cities claimed immortal Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged for bread.

I am shocked to hear, since writing the above, that there is reason to believe that "the family" refuse to permit Delia Bacon's portrait to appear in this book because they do not *want her identified with the theory that Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespeare Plays!*

Alas! and alas! As if Delia Bacon had any other claim upon immortality than the fact that she originated that very theory! And as if there was any chance of any of her "family" escaping utter oblivion, in a generation or two, except by their connection with her, and through her with that very theory. It is incomprehensible.

CHAPTER II.

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.

Here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.
Troilus and Cressida, ii, 3.

WE turn to the Nestor of the Baconian question — the distinguished William Henry Smith, who will always be remembered as the first of Francis Bacon's countrymen who saw through the Shakespearean myth, and announced the real authorship of the Plays.

It is a gratification to know that this distinguished gentleman is still alive, in hale old age, to witness the overthrow of the delusion which he challenged in 1856. His portrait, which we here present, represents a jovial, clear-headed, kindly-hearted man.

I. Mr. Smith Described.

A Baconian correspondent, writing to *Shakespeariana*, describes Mr. Smith as follows:

He is an old gentleman, seventy-five or seventy-six years of age, I think, with the brightest of eyes and the most energetic, kind manner that you can imagine. His interest in the Baconian subject is still so great that he can hardly allow himself to speak upon it, it excites him too much; and on this account he has never attended any of our meetings, although he comes here after them to hear the news. He considers that we have got quite past him, and he will never again be dragged into controversy. But no one is better up than he is, both in Bacon and Shakespeare. As a young man his education seems to have been peculiar. He was thrown very much upon himself and upon a few books, which he has evidently read until he has them at his fingers' ends. A few choice classics, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and *The Pilgrim's Progress* for his theology; Bacon for his solid reading, Shakespeare for his lighter studies. It was the persistent reading of these two groups of works which brought him to perceive the identity of their tone, their field of knowledge, and finally of their author. He had no preconceived ideas, but the conviction grew upon him. He belonged to a young men's debating

club. One day, a subject for debate being lacking, he proposed that it should be debated whether Bacon or Shakespeare had the better claim to the authorship of the Plays. The subject was considered, at first, too monstrous to be discussed; but John Stuart Mill, being one of the members, spoke strongly in favor of giving Mr. Smith a hearing. A paper was accordingly read, and produced such a sensation that Mr. Smith was requested to print it in the form of a letter to Lord Ellesmere, the then head of the Shakespearean Society. Of course it was virulently assailed by the Shakspereans, who tried by caricature and ridicule to annihilate Mr. Smith and his notions. He then wrote a fuller statement and published it in a little two-shilling-sixpence volume, and having done this he retired from the scene. He did not care, he said, to have literary mud cast at him; the truth would come out some day. Great domestic troubles overtook him, and for a while he lost interest in everything, even in the fate of his book, living a very recluse life, sometimes in London, but more often in a little country estate in Sussex. He is a highly entertaining old gentleman, always ready with his joke and his apt quotation, and with a laugh of infectious jollity. He had, he says, no desire to live, but now he certainly would like to abide the publication of Mr. Donnelly's book, and see how the learned Shakspereans are going to wriggle out of their very decided statements.

II. The Charge of Plagiarism.

Mr. W. H. Wyman, in his *Bacon-Shakespeare Bibliography*, has the following remarks:

> A question of precedence as to the Baconian advocacy arose between Mr. Smith and Miss Bacon's friends. Hawthorne, in his preface to Miss Bacon's book, animadverted upon Mr. Smith for "taking to himself this lady's theory," resulting in the correspondence published in Smith's book. In his letter Mr. Smith claimed that he had never seen Miss Bacon's *Putnam's Monthly* article until after his pamphlet was published, and also that he had held these opinions for twenty years previously. But as Miss Bacon's article was published eight months previous to his pamphlet, and reviewed in the *Athenæum* in the meantime, his want of knowledge was certainly very singular, and the precedence must be awarded to her.

It seems to me that any one who reads this famous pamphlet of 1856 will come to the conclusion that these animadversions are not just. There is no resemblance in the mode of thought between Miss Bacon's argument and that of Mr. Smith. Miss Bacon dealt in the large, general, comprehensive propositions involved in the question; Mr. Smith's essay is sharp, keen and bristling with points. Both show wonderful penetration, but it is of a different kind. Miss Bacon's is the penetration of a philosopher; Mr. Smith's that of a lawyer,

Neither should it be a matter of surprise that two different minds should arrive at the same conclusions, at the same time, on

this question: the only wonder is that the whole world did not reach the same views simultaneously with them.

III. Mr. Hawthorne's Charge.

Concerning this question of originality in the discussion of the question, Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his Preface to Miss Bacon's book, had this to say:

> Another evil followed. An English writer, (in a "Letter to the Earl of Ellesmere," published within a few months past), has thought it not inconsistent with the fair play on which his country prides itself, to take to himself this lady's theory, and favor the public with it as his own original conception, without allusion to the author's prior claim. In reference to this pamphlet, she (Miss Bacon) generously says:
>
> This has not been a selfish enterprise. It is not a personal concern. It is a discovery which belongs not to an individual, and not to a people. Its fields are wide enough and rich enough for us all; and he that has no work, and whoso will, let him come and labor in them. The field is the world's; and the world's work henceforth is in it. So that it be known in its real comprehension, in its true relations to the weal of the world, what matter is it? So that the truth, which is dearer than all the rest—which abides with us when all others leave us, dearest then — so that the truth, which is neither yours nor mine, but yours *and* mine, be known, loved, honored, emancipated, mitered, crowned, adorned —"*who* loses anything, that does not find it?" And what matters it? says the philosophic wisdom, speaking in the abstract, what name it is proclaimed in, and what letters of the alphabet we know it by?—What matter is it, so that they spell the name that is good for all, and good for each?—for that is the *real* name here?
>
> Speaking on the author's behalf, however, I am not entitled to imitate her magnanimity; and, therefore, hope that the writer of the pamphlet will disclaim any purpose of assuming to himself, on the ground of a slight and superficial performance, the results which she has attained at the cost of many toils and sacrifices.

IV. Mr. Smith Exonerated by Mr. Hawthorne.

In 1857 Mr. Smith published his book: *Bacon and Shakespeare: An Inquiry touching Players, Play-houses and Play-writers in the days of Elizabeth.* By William Henry Smith. London: John Russell Smith, 36 Soho Square; and he prefaced it with copies of a correspondence between Mr. Hawthorne and himself. In this correspondence Mr. Smith assured Mr. Hawthorne:

> I had never heard the name of Miss Bacon until it was mentioned in the review of my pamphlet in the *Literary Gazette*, September, 1856. . . . If it were necessary I could show that for upwards of twenty years I have had the opinion that Bacon was the author of the Shakespeare Plays.

To which Mr. Hawthorne replies, June 5, 1887, as follows:

> I beg leave to say that I entirely accept your statement as to the originality and early date of your own convictions regarding the authorship of the Shakespeare

Plays, and likewise as to your ignorance of Miss Bacon's prior publication on the subject. Of course my imputation of unfairness or discourtesy on your part falls at once to the ground, and I regret that it was ever made.

My mistake was perhaps a natural one, although, unquestionably, *the treatment of the subject in your "Letter to the Earl of Ellesmere" differs widely from that adopted by Miss Bacon.* . . . I now see that my remarks did you great injustice, and I trust that you will receive this acknowledgment as the only reparation in my power.

V. The Conversion of Lord Palmerston.

One of the first and greatest converts to the Baconian theory was made by Mr. Smith's book, namely, the famous Premier of England, Lord Palmerston. Mr. Wyman quotes the following from an article in *Fraser's Magazine* for November, 1865:

Literature was the fashion of Lord Palmerston's early days, when, (as Sydney Smith remarked), a false quantity in a man was pretty nearly the same as a *faux pas* in a woman. He was tolerably well up in the chief Latin and English classics; but he entertained one of the most extraordinary paradoxes, touching the greatest of them, that was ever broached by a man of his intellectual caliber. He maintained that the Plays of Shakespeare were really written by Bacon, who passed them off under the name of an actor, for fear of compromising his professional prospects and philosophic gravity. Only last year, when this subject was discussed at Broadlands, Lord Palmerston suddenly left the room, and speedily returned with a small volume of dramatic criticisms, in which the same theory (originally started by an American lady) was supported by supposed analogies of thought and expression. "There," he said, "read that, and you will come to my opinion." When the positive testimony of Ben Jonson, in the verses prefixed to the edition of 1623, was adduced, he remarked, "Oh, these fellows always stand up for one another, or he may have been deceived like the rest." The argument had struck Lord Palmerston by its originality, and he wanted leisure for a searching exposure of its groundlessness.

The volume alluded to was Smith's *Bacon and Shakespeare*.[1]

The truth was that the comprehensive mind of the great statesman, who had ruled the British Empire for so many years, needed but a statement of the outlines of the argument to leap at once to the conclusion that there was no coherence between the life of the man of Stratford and the mighty works which go by his name.

In America we have a gentleman who, for breadth of mind, knowledge of affairs, keenness of observation and depth of penetration, deserves to be named in the same breath with Lord Palmerston. I refer to the celebrated Benjamin F. Butler, whose genius has adorned alike the walks of peace and the fields of war. General

[1] *Bacon-Shakespeare Bibliog.*, p. 26.

Butler, like Lord Palmerston, needed but the presentation of the argument to reach the conclusion that Francis Bacon wrote the Plays; and that opinion he has maintained inflexibly during a period of thirty years.

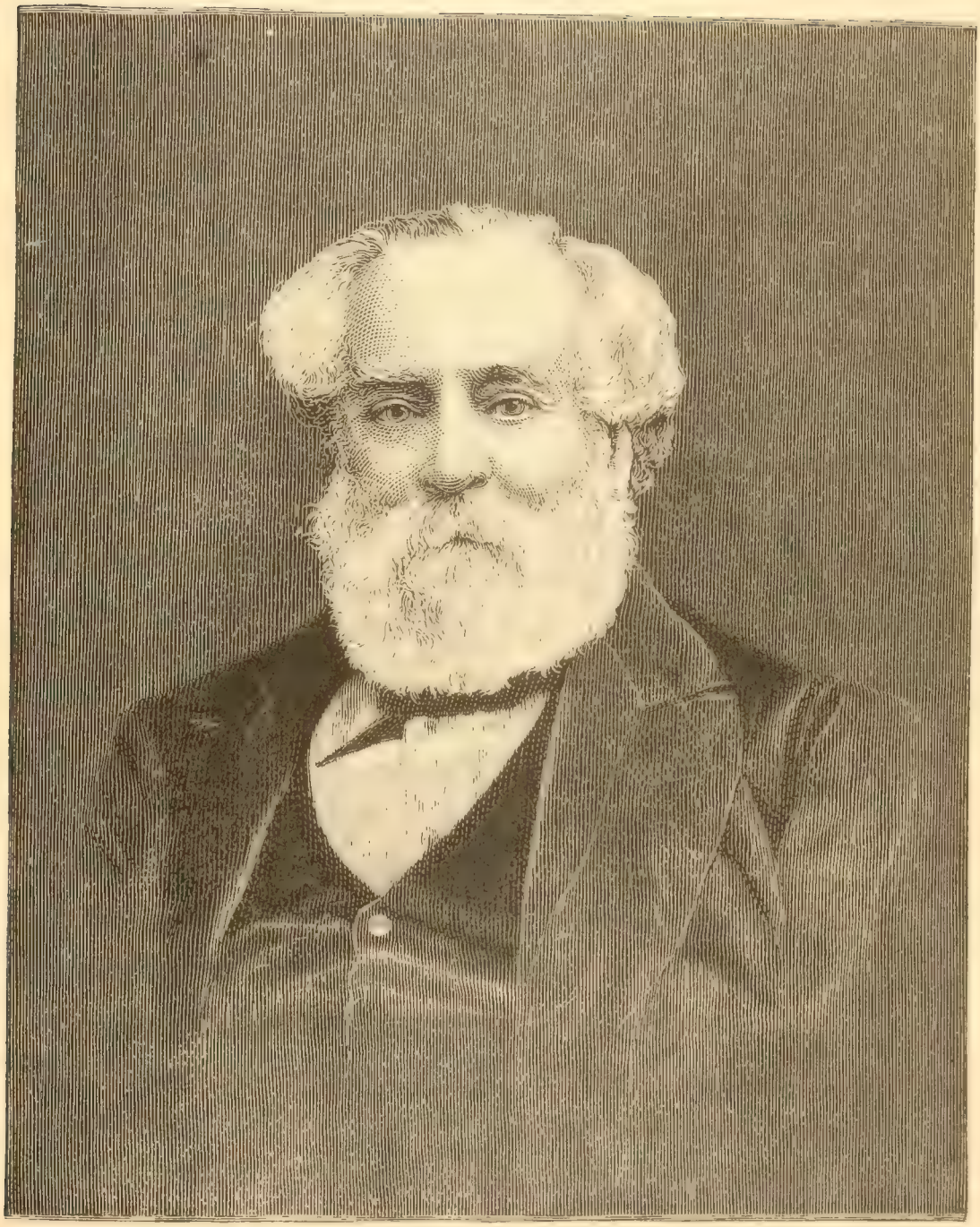
When such large and trained intelligences accept the theory of the Baconian authorship, as not only reasonable, but conclusive, it is amusing to see small creatures, who have never been known outside of their own bailiwicks, protesting, with their noses high in the air, that the theory is utterly absurd and ridiculous; and that it is an insult to their brain-pans to be even asked to consider it.

VI. A Wonderful Fact Brought Out.

Mr. Smith's book, already referred to, is a very able and original performance. It contained, for the first time, many of the arguments that have since been used by all the writers on the subject. It is evident that his observation is very keen. I find, for instance, this paragraph, which has a curious bearing on the Cipher in the Plays:

> We may here mention a fact which we have remarked, and have not seen noted by any commentator — that every page in each of the three first folio editions *contains exactly the same amount of matter:* — the same word *which begins or ends the page in the 1623 edition, begins and ends the page in the 1632 and 1664 editions;* proving that they were printed from one another, if not from the same types. The 1685 edition is altogether different.

This is a very remarkable fact. The curious paging of the 1623 edition must have been precisely followed in the edition printed nine years later, and again in the edition printed forty-one years later. Now, there were no stereotype or electrotype plates in those days; and the type could not have been kept standing for forty-one years. There are but two explanations: The first is, that some person of means, we will say the author of the Plays, solicitous to secure the perpetuation of the Folio from the waste and ravages of "devouring time," had had printed in 1623 other editions, dated, on the title-pages, 1632 and 1664, and left them to be brought out by friends at those dates. The second explanation is that some man or men had been left behind,— some friends of Bacon,— or some secret society, if you please, like the *Rosicrucians*,— who, knowing that there was a cipher in the Plays, and that it depended



William Henry Smith 1887
Ætat. 79.

on the arrangement of the matter on the pages of that first Folio of 1623, took pains to see that the printers, in reprinting the Plays, copied the exact arrangement of the text found in that Folio of 1623.

It is not within the human possibilities that any printer, unless peremptorily instructed so to do, would or could repeat the arrangement of the matter found in the first Folio: — with three hundred words in one column and six hundred in another; with the stage directions, as I have shown, in one case taking up two or three inches of space, and in another crowded into the corner of a speech of one of the characters.

And on either supposition — that all the editions were really printed in 1623, from the same type; or that the printing of the editions of 1632 and 1664 was supervised and directed by some intelligent person with a purpose; — on either supposition, I say, it shows there was some mystery about that first Folio. Surely Heminge and Condell would not print copies of the Folio in 1623 to be put forth forty-one years thereafter; and surely no person in 1632 or 1664 would insist on repeating the exact arrangement of type in the edition of 1623, if he did not know that there was something of importance attached to and depending on that arrangement.

But, after the edition of 1664, that directing intelligence had passed away, and the Plays were left to take their natural course; and hence the folio edition of 1685 departed altogether from the standard set by the 1623 Folio; and ever after, until we reach the modern era of *fac-similes*, the arrangement of every edition as to paging, etc., has been utterly unlike that of the first Folio.

Francis Bacon was determined that his name and writings should not perish from the face of the earth; hence in his will he left especial directions that copies of his philosophical works should be presented to all the great libraries then in existence; and with the same profound prevision he may have arranged with Sir Thomas Meutis, Harry Percy, Sir Tobie Matthew and other friends, who were doubtless in the secret of the Cipher, that editions should be put forth after his death, with the same arrangement of the text, on which the Cipher depended, so as to increase the chances of the work continuing to exist and of the Cipher being found out.

VII. In Conclusion.

But it must be a source of gratification to the countrymen of Francis Bacon, if the wreath of immortal glory is to be taken from the head of Shakspere and placed on the brow of another, that there was one Englishman with sagacity enough to look through the illusions so cunningly constructed around the subject, and perceive the hidden truth, as early as any other; and that for the first steps of this great revelation they are not altogether indebted to foreigners. It must be the hope of all men that this patriarch may long live, in hale old age, to enjoy the honors justly belonging to him.

It was my intention to have given, in this work, Miss Bacon's famous *Putnam's Magazine* article in full and also Mr. Smith's original letter to the Earl of Ellesmere, but I find my book already too large, and I am reluctantly constrained to omit them. I would say in conclusion that I possess copies of the original essays, and I consider them worth a good deal more than their weight in gold.

CHAPTER III.

THE BACONIANS.

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with my love
It shall be still my true love's recompense.

Richard II., ii, 3.

I AM sure that if the spirit of Francis Bacon could stand at my side and speak, it would say:

"In the day of my rehabilitation let not those who have maintained my cause be forgotten; do you justice to the clear heads and kind hearts that have labored to bring me to the possession of my own. They have endured abuse and mockery for my sake: let them be set right in the eyes of mankind."

In this spirit I have given the two preceding chapters; in this spirit I shall briefly refer to a few of the leading advocates of the theory that Francis Bacon wrote the Plays.

I. William D. O'Connor.

The first book ever published, subsequent to the utterances of Delia Bacon and William Henry Smith, in which the Baconian theory was advocated, was a work published in 1860, entitled *Harrington: A Story of True Love.* By William D. O'Connor. Boston: Thayer and Eldridge. 12mo, pp. 558.

I quote from Mr. Wyman's *Bibliography*[1] the following extracts, descriptive of this book:

Hawthorne, in his *Recollections of a Gifted Woman* (title 27), says of Miss Bacon's book:

I believe it has been the fate of this remarkable book never to have had more than a single reader. But since my return to America, a young man of genius and

[1] *Bacon-Shakespeare Bibliog.*, p. 23.

enthusiasm has assured me that he has positively read the book from beginning to end, and is completely a convert to its doctrines.

It belongs to him, therefore, and not to me — whom, in almost the last letter that I received from her, she declared unworthy to meddle with her work — it belongs surely to this one individual, who has done her so much justice as to know what she wrote, to place Miss Bacon in her due position before the public and posterity.

The "young man" referred to (in 1863) is the author of this novel. The story itself is of the times of the Fugitive Slave Law. Mr. O'Connor introduces his own Baconian theories through the dialogue of his title-hero, Harrington.

He also renders an acknowledgment to Miss Bacon as their source, in a note at the end of the book:

The reader of the twelfth chapter of this book may already have observed that Harrington, if he had lived, would have been a believer in the theory regarding the origin and purpose of the Shakespearean drama, as developed in the admirable work by Miss Delia Bacon, entitled, *The Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays Unfolded,* in which belief I should certainly agree with Harrington.

I wish it were in my power to do even the smallest justice to that mighty and eloquent volume, whose masterly comprehension and insight, though they could not save it from being trampled upon by the brutal bison of the English press, yet lift it to the dignity, whatever may be its faults, of being the best work ever composed upon the Baconian or Shakespearean writings. It has been scouted by the critics as the product of a distempered ideal. Perhaps it is.

"But there is a prudent wisdom," says Goethe, "and there is a wisdom that does not remind us of prudence;" and, in like manner, I may say that there is a sane sense, and there is a sense that does not remind us of sanity. At all events, I am assured that the candid and ingenuous reader Miss Bacon wishes for, will find it more to his profit to be insane with her, on the subject of Shakespeare, than sane with Dr. Johnson.

A personal friend of Mr. O'Connor has, at my request, written for me the following interesting account of his life:

WILLIAM DOUGLAS O'CONNOR has long been known as one of the most earnest and determined of the Baconians. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1833. His earliest aspiration was to be an artist, and several years of his youth were devoted to the life of the studio. Finding, at length, his projected art career impracticable, he applied himself to business occupations for a living, keeping an eye meanwhile on literature as a possible profession, and maintaining the habit of an omnivorous reader. His early days witnessed the memorable deepening of the anti-slavery struggle, and he was one of many who threw themselves into the gallant movement of resistance to the Slave Power, which then shook the Northern centers, and had a notable arena in his native city. In 1851 he became associate editor of the Free Soil newspaper in Boston, *The Commonwealth*, and took an active personal part in the stirring scenes of the place and period, such as the rendition of Burns. The eventual suspension of *The Commonwealth* caused his migration to Philadelphia, where from 1854 to 1860 he was connected editorially with a weekly journal of large circulation, *The Saturday Evening Post.* In 1861 he became Corresponding Clerk of the Lighthouse Board at Washington, of which in 1873 he became Chief Clerk. He resigned in 1874 and became Librarian of the Treasury. A year later he entered the Life-Saving Service, then extremely contracted in its functions, and an appendage of the Bureau of Revenue Marine. Under the able management of Mr. Sumner J. Kimball, it gradually expanded, until in 1878 it was formally organized by law as a separate establishment, thus entering upon the career of splendid usefulness which is known to the whole country; and Mr. O'Connor was promoted to the responsible position of its Assist-

ant Chief, which he has since continued to occupy with distinction. The elaborate historical and descriptive articles on the Service in Appleton's and Johnson's Cyclopedias are from his hand.

It is known to his friends that the extent and arduousness of his official occupations have prevented him from doing the work in the field of literature of which he is widely thought capable, although it is understood that his preparations toward this end have been considerable. For several years following 1856 he published a number of tales, which were popular at the time, such as *The Sword of Manley*, *What Cheer*, *The Carpenter*, etc., and also several poems, among which *To Athos*, *Resurgémus*, *To Fanny*, etc., are still sometimes remembered. In 1860 he published *Harrington*, an anti-slavery romance, characterized by great picturesqueness and fervor, the scene of which was laid in Boston, in the Fugitive Slave Law kidnapping days. In 1866 the illustrious poet Walt Whitman, having been ignominiously ejected by the then Secretary, the Hon. James Harlan, from a position in the Interior Department, on account of his book, published ten years before, Mr. O'Connor came out in an impassioned pamphlet entitled *The Good Gray Poet*, notable for its range of literary learning and its eloquence, and chastised the outrage with a cogency and vigor which turned the tide in the venerable poet's favor, and started the strong movement in his behalf which has continued to this day both in Europe and this country. It was this pamphlet that the Hon. Henry J. Raymond termed editorially, in the New York *Times*, "the most brilliant monograph in American literature." In 1867 one of Mr. O'Connor's early magazine tales, *The Ghost*, was published in book form in New York, with illustrations by Nast; and the story was afterwards reproduced in the Little Classic series. In 1883 Dr. R. M. Bucke, of Ontario, Canada, put forth an admirable memoir of Walt Whitman, in which he published *The Good Gray Poet*, and to preface this Mr. O'Connor contributed a long introduction, mainly tributary to the old bard, and armed, like a scythed chariot, with a flashing plenitude of excoriation for his detractors and defamers. In 1882-3 the Massachusetts District Attorney for Suffolk County, Oliver Stevens, aided by the Massachusetts Attorney-General, John Marston, the notorious Anthony Comstock being also darkly apparent in the transaction, made an attempt to legally crush by prosecution Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, a new edition of which had just been published by Osgood & Co. of Boston; and on this occasion Mr. O'Connor won signal distinction by several rousing letters in the New York *Tribune*, so effective in their fulminations that they alarmed the assailants, and broke the hostile movement down. In 1886, he published *Hamlet's Note-Book*, a work which completely vindicated from the aspersions of Richard Grant White the powerful and valid presentment of the Baconian case made by Mrs. Constance M. Pott in her edition of Lord Bacon's *Promus*. Besides the special vindication, the work has many points of value to the student of the Bacon-Shakspere controversy, chief among which is the striking contrast instituted between the respective characters and lives of the two men — a contrast which tells heavily against Shakspere. It is a tribute to the force of the book, that, despite the prevalent Shakspere bias, it was received with general commendation.

Mr. O'Connor is entitled to rank with the original Baconians. He gave his ardent adhesion to Miss Delia Bacon's general theory immediately after the publication of her first paper in *Putnam's Magazine* in 1856, and in several journals of that period he repeatedly championed her cause in uncompromising letters and editorials.

. . . In the printed letter prefacing *The Good Gray Poet*, in Dr. Bucke's memoir of Walt Whitman, he has several weighty pages on Lord Bacon, as the author

of the Shakespeare drama. His special plea in *Hamlet's Note-Book* has already been referred to. He has considerable celebrity in certain private circles for his powers in conversation and as a letter-writer, and it is said that on many occasions, when the Bacon-Shakspere subject was the theme, he has made impressions in various quarters which have become wide-spread and ineffaceable, and brought many converts into the fold.

I have had the pleasure of knowing Mr. O'Connor personally, and I have found him, as his friend says, a person of rare conversational powers, and possessed of a world of curious information.

The Celtic blood, implied in his name, gives him a combative, chivalric spirit, which, however, is only aroused in defense of some person to whom he thinks injustice has been done. Hence, when Miss Bacon was universally denounced, he sprang to her defense; when "the good gray poet," Walt Whitman, was persecuted by shallow hypocrites, he entered the lists as his champion; and when Richard Grant White assailed Mrs. Pott's *Promus*, in most virulent and unmanly fashion, he wrote a book which is one of the brightest, keenest and most *vitriolic* in our literature. Mr. O'Connor is of an unselfish nature, unfitted to do much for himself, but very potent as the defender of the oppressed. His heart permeates his intellect, and his sympathy is greater than his ambition. A kindly, generous, admirable nature.

II. Hon. Nathaniel Holmes.

Among the pioneers of this great argument—and one who has done perhaps more complete and comprehensive work than any other—is Hon. Nathaniel Holmes. Mr. Wyman calls him "the apostle of Baconianism," and gives the following as the theorem of his book:

This work [*The Authorship of Shakespeare*, by Nathaniel Holmes] undertakes to demonstrate, not only that William Shakspere did not, but that Francis Bacon did write the Plays and poems. It presents a critical view of the personal history of the two men, their education, learning, attainments, surroundings and associates, the contemporaneousness of the writings in question, in prose and verse, an account of the earlier plays and editions, the spurious plays, and "the true original copies." It gives some evidence that Bacon was known to be the author by some of his contemporaries. It shows in what manner William Shakspere came to have the reputation of being the writer. It exhibits a variety of facts and circumstances which are strongly suggestive of Bacon as the real author. A comparison of the writings of contemporary authors in prose and verse proves that no other writer of that age, but Bacon, can come into any competition for the authorship. It sifts out a chronological order of the production of the Plays, and

of the several writings of Bacon, ascertaining the exact dates, whenever possible, and shows that the more significant parallelisms run in the same order, and are of such a nature, both by their dates and their own character, as absolutely to preclude all possibility of borrowing, otherwise than as Bacon borrowed of himself. It is amply demonstrated that mere common usage, or the ordinary practice of writers, can furnish no satisfactory explanation of these parallelisms and identities. There is a continuous presentation of parallel or identical passages throughout the work, with such commentary as was deemed necessary or advisable, in order to bring out their full force and significance; and twenty pages of minor parallelisms are given in one body, without commentary.

It gives some extensive proofs that Bacon was a poet, and suggests some reasons for his concealment of his poetical authorship. There is some indication of the object and purpose the author had in view in writing these Plays. It is shown that the tenor of their teaching is in keeping with Bacon's ideas upon the subjects treated in them. The latter half of the book presents more especially the parallelisms in scientific and philosophical thought, with a view to show the identity of the Plays and the writings of Bacon, in respect to their philosophy and standard of criticism; and in this there is an endeavor to show that the character and drift of the philosophy of Bacon (as well as that of the Plays) was substantially identical with the realistic idealism of the more modern as of the more ancient writers on the subject.

It is recognized that the evidences drawn from historical facts and biographical circumstances are not in themselves alone entirely conclusive of the matter, however suggestive and significant, as clearing the way for more decisive proofs, or as raising a high degree of probability; and it is conceded that, in the absence of more direct evidence, the most decisive proof attainable is to be found in a critical and thorough comparison of the writings themselves, and that such a comparison will clearly establish the identity of the author as no other than Francis Bacon.

Judge Holmes was born July 2, 1814, at Peterborough, New Hampshire; he graduated from Harvard University in 1837; was in the Harvard Law School during 1838–39, and was admitted to the bar, in Boston, in 1839. He practiced law at St. Louis from 1839 to 1865; was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Missouri from 1865 to 1868, and Professor of Law in Harvard University from 1868 to 1872; he resumed the practice of the law in St. Louis in 1872, and continued it until 1883, when he retired from business and returned to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he now resides. At St. Louis, Judge Holmes was Corresponding Secretary of the Academy of Science from 1857 to 1883, except when absent at Cambridge; and he has been a Fellow of the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Boston since 1870.

His great work, *The Authorship of Shakespeare*, was first published in 1866 by Hurd & Houghton, of New York (now Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston and New York); the third edition of the book appeared in 1875, with an Appendix, containing ninety-two

pages of additional matters; and the last edition, published in 1886, has grown into two volumes, and contains a supplement of one hundred and twenty pages of new matter.

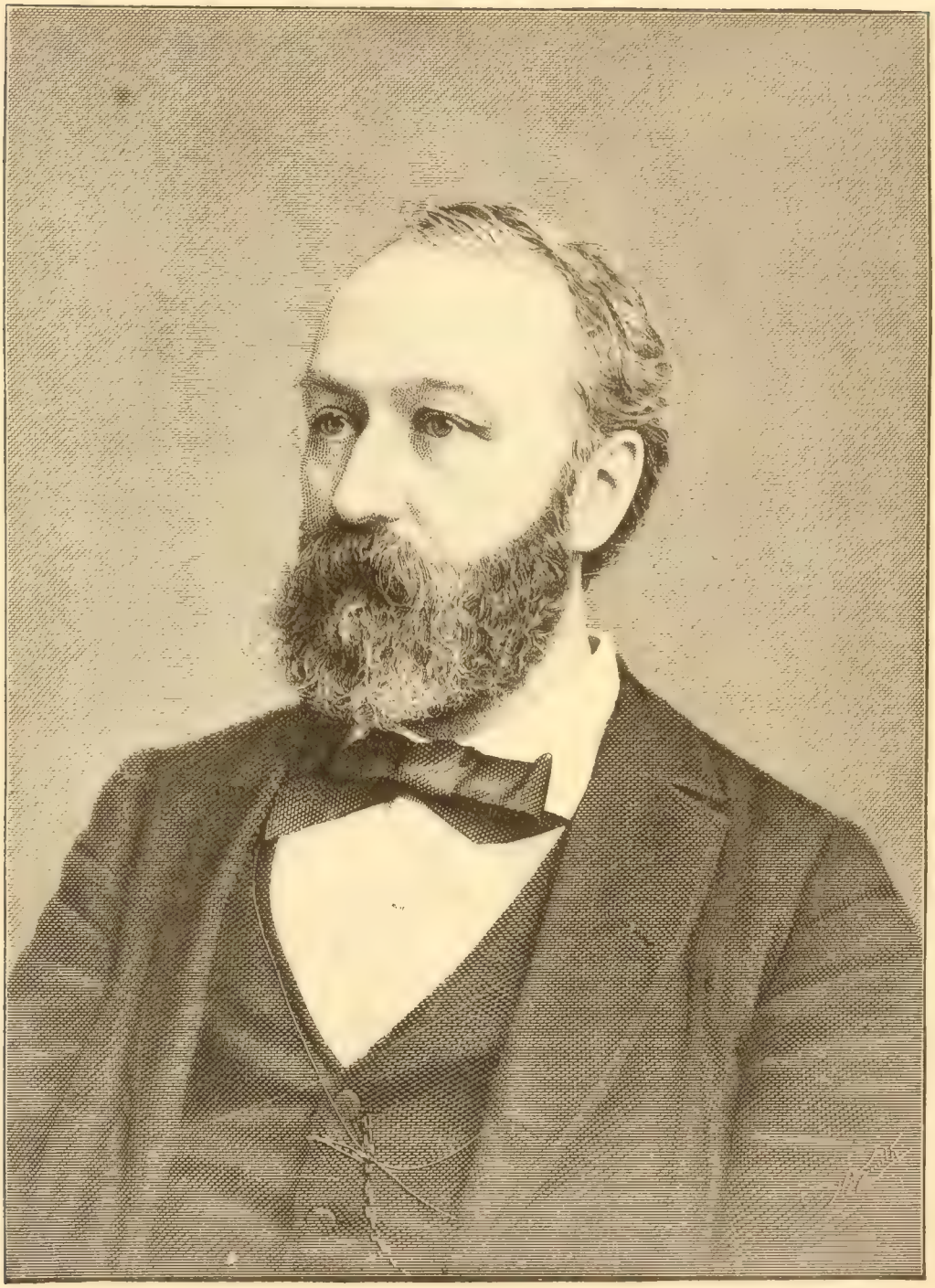
When in college Judge Holmes' studies had more tendency to metaphysics than to literature, merely as such. He read the Shakespeare Plays, as he says, "to find out what great poetry was." He read, in 1856, Delia Bacon's celebrated *Putnam's Magazine* article, and thereupon, he says, "I set to work to make a more thorough study and comparison of the two sets of writings, and soon found matter for surprise. Within a year I had convinced myself of the identity of the author." He says:

> My method was to read Bacon, and when I came across anything that was particularly Shakespearean to set the passage down in one column, and when I found anything in the Plays that was particularly Baconian, I set it down in the opposite column. Thus the context, thought and word were brought into comparison.
>
> Another and very important part of the method was, to ascertain, as exactly as possible, the date of the first known appearance of each play, or of such as had appeared before the Folio of 1623 was published, and of each one of Bacon's acknowledged writings; and the result was that the stronger resemblances in thought, matter and word were pretty sure to appear in both writings if they were of nearly the same date of composition. With these dates fixed in my memory, I was very sure to go, at once, to the right work in which to find some exhibition of the same matter, thought and expression.

I need scarcely add that Judge Holmes' work is exceedingly able; it is and has been, since it was published, the standard authority of the Baconians; and it is markedly fair and judicial in its tone. One has but to look at the portrait of Judge Holmes, which we present herewith, to read the character of the man — plain, straightforward, honest and capable. In fact, I might here observe that it seems to me that all the portraits of the original Baconians presented in this volume are remarkable for the intellectual power manifested in them. A finer collection of faces never adorned the advocacy of any theory. Instead of being, as the light-headed have charged, a set of visionaries, their portraits show them to be people of penetrating, original, practical minds, who differ from their fellows simply in their power to think more deeply, and in their greater courage to express their convictions.

III. Dr. William Thomson.

The next important contribution to the Baconian argument in



Always faithfully
W. O'Connor.

order of time, was made by Dr. William Thomson, of Melbourne, Australia, in his work, *The Political Purpose of the Renascence Drama: The Key of the Argument*, an 8vo pamphlet of 57 pages, published at Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide, in 1878, by George Robertson.

I have not been able to procure copies of any of Dr. Thomson's publications. I learn from Mr. Wyman's *Bibliography* that Dr. Thomson was a practicing physician at Melbourne, Australia. Mr. Wyman says:

> He was evidently a fine scholar and an intense Baconian. He died during the past year (1884), at the age of sixty-three.

Mr. Wyman sends me the following extract from a private letter received by him from Melbourne:

> The Baconian theory of Shakespeare's writings was an intense hobby with Dr. Thomson; and even the day before he died he sent for some books on the subject: the ruling passion strong in death. . . . His usefulness as a member of society was somewhat marred by his quarrelsome disposition. He was ever ready to put on the literary war-paint, and raised up numerous enemies thereby.

From my knowledge of this end of the nineteenth century I should interpret this last sentence to signify that Dr. Thomson was persecuted and hounded by the advocates of "the divine Williams," as the Frenchman called him; and that because he maintained his convictions,—his intelligent convictions,—and would not agree to think as the unreasoning multitude around him, he was regarded as a belligerent savage, ready at all times to don the war-paint. The man who in this world undertakes to think his own thoughts, and express them, will find the angles of ten thousand elbows grinding his ribs continually. The fool who has no opinions, and the coward who conceals what he has, are always in rapport with the streaming, shouting, happy-go-lucky multitude; but woe unto the strong man who does his own thinking, and will not be bullied into silence!

Mrs. Pott writes me, recently:

> I have had a long and pleasant correspondence with Dr. Thomson, and I felt his death very much. He was a very clever man. His friends, (some of whom have been to see me), and his relations, claim for him that he was the originator of the *germ theories* attributed to Koch. He illustrated the fact that *phthisis* is infectious and communicable by germs in the air, and proved that it was unknown in Australia until introduced in a definite manner by consumptive people from England. He was a man to be remembered.

I regret that I cannot speak more fully concerning this able and resolute gentleman, who held up the torch of the new doctrine in the midst of an unbelieving generation, in the far-away antipodes.

In 1880 he published at Melbourne, Australia, a book entitled: *Our Renascence Drama; or, History made Visible.* Sands and McDougal. 8vo., pp. 359.

In 1881 he put forth a continuation of this work: *William Shakespeare in Romance and Reality.* By William Thomson. Melbourne: Sands and McDougall. 8vo, pp. 95.

In the same year he published at Melbourne a pamphlet of sixteen pages, entitled, *Bacon and Shakespeare;* also another pamphlet of thirty-nine pages, entitled, *Bacon, not Shakespeare, on Vivisection.* In 1882 he published another pamphlet of forty-six pages, entitled, *The Political Allegories in the Renascence Drama of Francis Bacon.* In 1883 he put forth a pamphlet of twenty-four pages, entitled, *A Minute among the Amenities*, in which he replies to certain pro-Shakspere critics in leading Australian periodicals; claiming that he was denied a hearing by the papers that had attacked him, and was forced to defend himself and his doctrines in a pamphlet. This was the last of his utterances.

IV. Mrs. Henry Pott.

In 1883 appeared one of the most important contributions yet made to the discussion of the Baconian question: *The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies*, (being Private Notes, *circ.* 1594, hitherto unpublished), by Francis Bacon. Illustrated and elucidated by passages from Shakespeare. By Mrs. Henry Pott. With Preface by E. A. Abbott, D.D., Head Master of the City of London School. 1883. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 8vo, pp. 628.

Mr. Wyman says:

> The MSS. known as the *Promus* form a part of the Harleian collection in the British Museum. . . . They consist of fifty sheets or folios, nearly all in the handwriting of Bacon, containing 1655 different entries or memoranda. The whole seems to have been kept by Bacon as a sort of commonplace-book, in which he entered at different times brief forms of expression, phrases, proverbs, verses from the Bible, and quotations from Seneca, Horace, Virgil, Erasmus, and many other writers. These are in various languages — English, French, Italian, etc.

Mrs. Pott's great work — and it is indeed a monument of industry and learning — has for its object to show that, while hundreds

of these entries have borne no fruit in the preparation of Bacon's acknowledged works, they reappear with wonderful distinctness in the Shakespeare Plays. With phenomenal patience Mrs. Pott has worked out thousands of these identities in her book. I have already made many citations from it. Some idea may be formed of the marvelous industry of this remarkable lady when I state that, to prove that we are indebted to Bacon for having enriched the English language, through the Plays, with those beautiful courtesies of speech, "Good morrow," "Good day," etc., she carefully examined *six thousand works anterior to or contemporary with Bacon.*

Mrs. Pott resides in London. She is nearing the fiftieth milestone of her life. She comes of the best blood of England and Scotland; of a long line of clergymen and lawyers. Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia, celebrated as the writer of the "Sam Slick" papers, was a cousin of her mother. Her uncle, James Haliburton, was the first Englishman to attempt to investigate the Pyramids of Egypt. He lived among the Arabs and mastered their language, as well as the hieroglyphics on the ancient monuments. The first collection of mummies in the British Museum was presented by him, and bears his name. It is claimed that Sir Gardiner Wilkinson appropriated his papers and labors without acknowledgment. Sir Walter Scott was a Haliburton. Mrs. Pott's father, John Peter Fearon, was a lawyer. "He came," says Mrs. Pott, in answer to my questions, "of a long line of Sussex clergy and country gentlemen. They seem, like the oaks, to have been indigenous to this soil." Among the acquaintances of Mrs. Pott's youth were the celebrated Stephensons and "dear old Professor Faraday." Mrs. Pott writes me a charming account of her early years, from which I take the liberty to quote a few sentences:

> Things in general fell to me to do. To ride, to botanize and analyze with my father; and to take notes for him at the Royal Institution lectures, which we attended thrice a week during the season, from the time I was nine until I was nineteen. We had an immense deal of company to entertain and cater for, and I was dubbed "chief of the folly and decoration department;" and looking back, in these days of high schools and cram, I cannot think how I got my education — certainly not in the ordinary way. We had an extremely clever and original governess, who had lived for sixteen years at Oxford in the family of the Dean of Christ Church. She came to us overflowing with university ideas, knowledge of books, etc.; and she impenetrated my imagination with a desire to know all sorts of things which were considered to be far beyond the reaches of small souls; so

that I remember *stealing* learned volumes from my father's shelves, hiding them like a guilty thing, and glorying in the feeling that I *did* understand them, and that if I had known the authors I could have talked to them to our mutual pleasure. And somewhat in this way I made Bacon's acquaintance. One day, (I was ten or eleven years old), an aunt took me to pay some visits. Whilst she and her friends prosed drearily on, so to me it seemed, I improved the dismal hour by taking a tour round the big drawing-room table, adorned with books radiating from the center. Soon I found one with short pieces in good print, and read: "What is truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not wait for an answer." I was delighted with this new view of the subject, and the mixture of gravity and fun made me feel at home with the author, for it was like my father. I read on, and I found it to be a very nice book; so I looked at the title-page, and afterwards asked at home if there were any books by a man called Francis Bacon, for I wished to read them. It was not my father that I asked, and I was told that it was a conceited and ridiculous thing for a little girl to pretend to understand Bacon, who by all accounts was too wise for any one to understand. That fixed him in my mind as a thing to be seen into at the earliest opportunity; and somehow I must have got possessed of the *Essays*, for my old governess told me a few years ago that when I was thirteen years of age we were speculating on the joys of heaven, and I said, to the great surprise of the audience, that *my* idea would be to *walk about and talk to Francis Bacon*. Of this I have no recollection; but I do remember the violent repulsion which I felt at having to say "How d'ye do" to Lord Macaulay, because, in my secret heart, I thought him a villain for having written such an essay about Bacon. When I married, at the age of twenty, a friend asked me to name something which I would like him to give me. I said, "Bacon's *Essays;*" and that little well-bound volume, (containing also the *New Atlantis*, *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, and *The History of Henry VII.*), was the proximate cause of present effects. It used to be on the table by which I sat whilst I had my daily cup of five o'clock tea. As time went on, and in my happy little country home annual babies were added to the household, they were always with me at this hour, whilst the nurse was having her more important meal. Whilst they played and rolled about (five under six years of age), I could not do much, but I could catch a few refreshing ideas from my favorite author. I got to know the *Essays* through and through, and was not long in perceiving the resemblances of thought between passages there and in Shakespeare. In the long damp evenings, before my husband came home, I used to amuse myself by hunting out in the Plays the lines which I thought I remembered. I began by trying to find out how much Bacon owes to Plato, and soon found that Shakespeare owed as much. This was before the days of a Shakespearean *Concordance*, at least I never heard of any; but in the search for passages after my own fashion, I continually stumbled upon fresh resemblances of thought and diction so surprising, that, at last, I said one day to our learned old clergyman, the Rev. John Thomas Austen, that I felt sure that Bacon must have taken the youthful Shakespeare by the hand and coached him, or in some definite way helped him with his works. Mr. Austen said that others had thought the same thing, but that experts, the Shakespearean Society and others, had inquired into the subject, which had been duly weighed and found wanting. I spoke to others on the same topic, but found that it was held to be ridiculous, or even offensive, to touch upon it. So, for a while, I said no more, but kept on scribbling notes on the margins of my books, until my own mind grew confirmed and audacious. I said to Mr. Austen that I had altered my ideas. Bacon did not *help* Shakespeare, but he wrote all the Plays himself. Then Mr. Austen laughed at me

kindly, and said I ought to have known Lord Palmerston, who to his dying day maintained the same thing. I asked what were Lord Palmerston's views. Mr. Austen said that he did not know; that he had some vaporous notions which the circumstances of the men's lives did not warrant. I said that if the idea savored of "inane," I should be happy to be a fool in such good company as Lord Palmerston's; and privately continued my researches. In 1874 we were in London, and I casually met with *Fraser's Magazine*, July or August, containing that remarkably fair, calm article which has now become almost classic. It summed up all that had been published on the subject, and brought forward the names of Miss Delia Bacon, and Mr. W. H. Smith, and Judge Holmes, of not one of whom had I ever before heard. I was enchanted to find that there was nothing which upset the theories which had been building themselves up about Bacon. I told Archdeacon Pott, my husband's cousin, what I thought, and that the only scientific way of getting at the truth was to take, separately, every branch of Bacon's learning, every subject of his studies and researches, placing them under headings as in a cyclopædia, and comparing them with Shakespeare's utterances. I proposed to begin with concrete substantives, to prove (what I already knew was a fact) that Bacon and Shakespeare *talked* of the *same things;* then I would collect all the passages which showed their *thoughts* on those same things; and then, again, the actual *words* which they used to express their thoughts. My cousin thought that the task would be Herculean, and require an army of able workers, but no aid was then to be had. "The learned" did not like my notions, and fought shy of discussing them. "The unlearned" were useless; and the small amount of work which I paid for was done in a perfunctory or uncomprehending way which rendered it valueless. So I remembered my father's dictum that Time and Force are convertible terms; and I recollected also a mushroom which, in a day and a night, heaved up a great threshold stone at our garden door; and I thought that by small, persistent efforts I would be even with that mushroom. So I began systematically on the simplest subjects — Horticulture, Agriculture, etc.; arranging each detail under a heading, and writing on the right half of the sheet what Bacon said, and on the left what Shakespeare said. After doing Horticulture, Natural History, Medicine, Metallurgy, Chemistry, Meteorology, Astronomy, Astrology, Light, Heat, Sound, Man, Metaphysics, Life, Death, etc., I proceeded to Politics; the State, Kings, Seditions, etc.; Law, in all its branches; Mythology, Religion; the Bible, Superstitions, Witchcraft or Demonology, etc. Then History, Ancient and Modern, Geography, allusions to Classical Lore, Fiction, Arts, the Theater, Music, Poetry, Painting, Cosmetics, Dress, Furniture, Domestic Affairs, Trades, Professions; in short, everything. Then for the Grammar, (by aid of Dr. Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar), and the Philology, by an exhaustive process of comparison, and by *Promus* notes. Then I wrote a sketch of Bacon's life, consisting of twenty-nine or thirty chapters, wherein, as I believed, I traced his history, written in the Plays. Fortunately I made no attempt to publish this. Meanwhile I began another dictionary, which was well advanced when I broke down in health. Having taken out all the metaphors, similes and figurative turns of speech from the prose works, I compared them as before with the same sort of thing in the Plays. I made about 3,000 headings, illustrated by about 30,000 passages.

This extraordinary mental activity and industry is quite Baconian; it

> O'er-informs its tenement of clay,
> And frets the pigmy body to decay.

It is the spirit mastering the flesh; and it reminds one of the expression used by one of the great French generals of the eighteenth century, who found himself trembling, as he was going into battle: "Thou tremblest, O body of mine! Thou wouldst tremble still more if thou knewest where I am going to take thee to-day!"

And this marvelous mental labor has been carried on in the midst of the demands of a large family and the exactions of many and high social duties. I was amused to find Mrs. Pott saying in a recent letter,—in which she was discussing some very grave questions,—"But I must stop; for I have to give one of the children a lesson on the violin."

Mrs. Pott is one of the most comprehensive and penetrating minds ever born on English soil, and her nation will yet recognize her as such; and she is, withal, a generous, modest and unpretending lady. It is an auspicious sign for the future of the human race, when women, who in the olden time were the slaves or the playthings of men, prove that their more delicate nervous organization is not at all incompatible with the greatest mental labors or the profoundest and most original conceptions. And if it be a fact—as all creeds believe—that our intelligences are plastic in the hands of the external spiritual influences, then we may naturally expect that woman—purer, higher, nobler and more sensitive than man—will in the future lead the race up many of the great sun-crowned heights of progress, where thicker-brained man can only follow in her footsteps.

I owe Mrs. Pott an apology for venturing to quote so extensively, as I have done, from her private letters, but I trust the pleasure it will give the public will plead my excuse.

V. Other Advocates of Bacon.

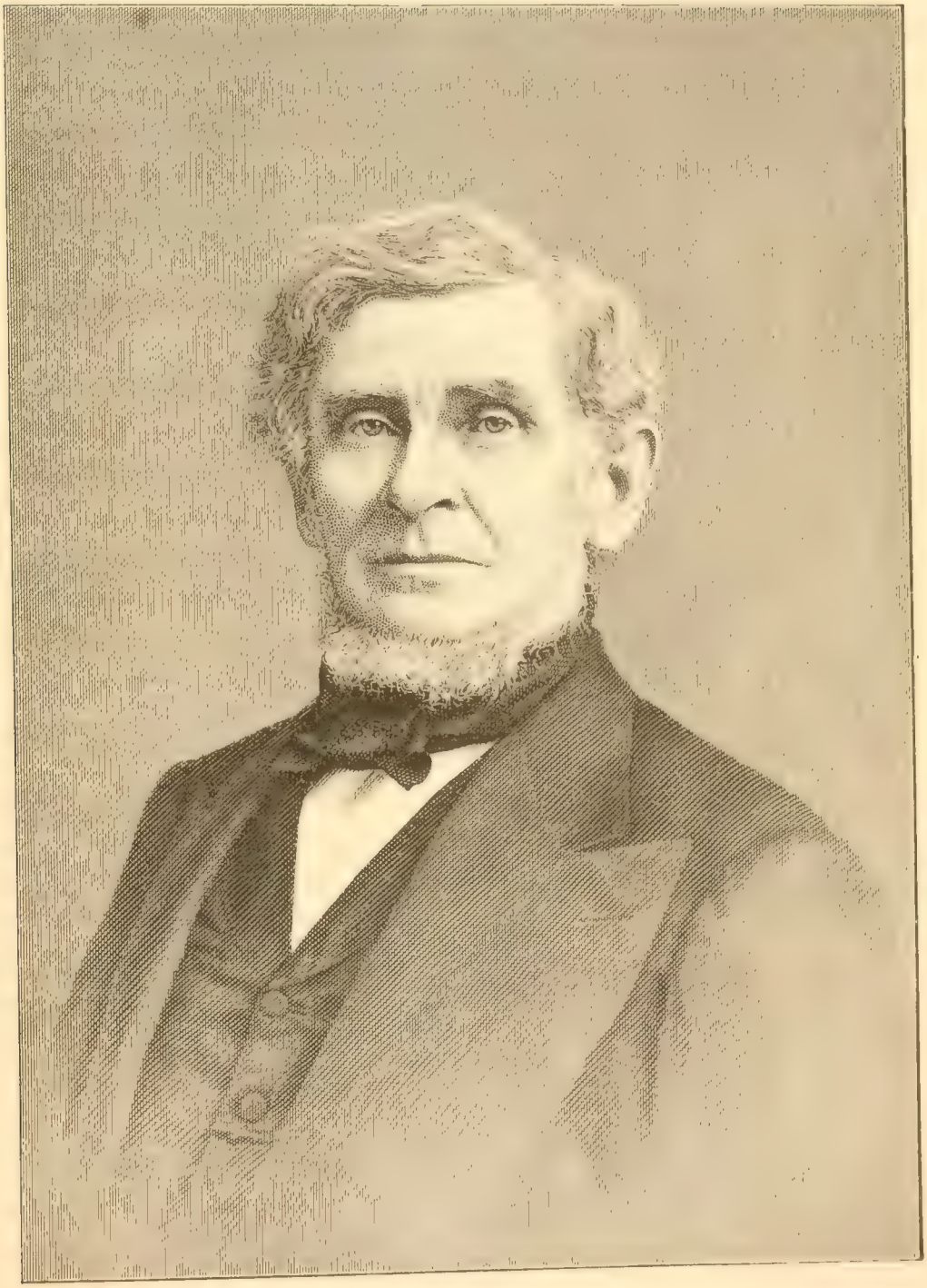
Besides these distinguished laborers in the field of this great discussion, as advocates of Francis Bacon, there have been many humbler, but no less gallant defenders of his cause, who, in pamphlet, magazine, or newspaper, have set forth the reasons for the faith that was in them; and who deserve now to be remembered for their sagacity and courage. Among these I would mention:

Francis Fearon, a brother of Mrs. Pott, whose able lecture, recently, upon the question of Bacon's authorship of the Plays, has been read by millions of people in England and America; the unknown writer of the article which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, London, November, 1855; Richard J. Hinton, of Washington, D. C., who published an able three-column article in the *Round Table*, of New York, November 17, 1866, and has subsequently done yeoman service in the cause; Rev. A. B. Bradford, of Enon, Pennsylvania, who printed, in the *Golden Age*, May 30, 1834, and in the *Argus and Radical*, of Beaver, Pennsylvania, December 29, 1875, a report of a six-column lecture on the same theme; J. V. B. Prichard, who wrote a ten-page article for *Fraser's Magazine*, London, August, 1874 (which was reproduced in *Littell's Living Age*, October, 1874, and attracted marked attention); the Ven. Archdeacon William T. Leach, LL.D., of McGill College and University, Montreal, Canada, who delivered a lecture before the College on Bacon and Shakespeare, November 13, 1879, and warmly espoused the side of Francis Bacon as the author of the Plays. In addition to these I would also mention: George Stronach, M.A., who advocated the Baconian theory in *The Hornet*, London, August 11, 1875; M. J. Villemain, who published two articles, in *L'Instruction Publique: Revue des Lettres, Science et Arts*, Paris, August 31 and September 7, 1878. Also my friend O. Follett, Esq., of Sandusky, Ohio, who printed a pamphlet of forty-seven pages, May, 1879, and another May, 1881, of twelve pages, and has contributed a strong communication to the *Register*, of Sandusky, Ohio, April 5, 1883, in answer to Richard Grant White's "Bacon-Shakespeare Craze." Mr. Follett has, I understand, ready for the press a larger work on the Baconian authorship, which I hope will soon see the light. I would also refer to Henry G. Atkinson, F.G.S., who, in the *Spiritualist*, London, July 4, 1879, and in many other periodicals, has advocated the Baconian theory; also to O. C. Strouder, author of an article in the *Wittenberger Magazine*, of Springfield, Ohio, November, 1880; also to William W. Ferrier, of Angola, Indiana, who contributed numerous able articles on the subject to the *Herald* of that town in the year 1881; also to E. W. Tullidge, editor of *Tullidge's Quarterly Magazine*, Salt Lake City, Utah, who has written several strong

articles in advocacy of Bacon's authorship of the Plays; also to John W. Bell, of Toledo, Ohio, who has written several newspaper articles of the same tenor; also to Robert M. Theobald, of London, England, one of the officers of the Bacon Society of London, and an able and earnest advocate of Baconianism in leading English journals. I would also mention the names of Edward Fillebrown, of Brookline, Massachusetts, and the late Hon. Geo. B. Smith, at one time a leading lawyer of the State of Wisconsin, whom I had the pleasure of knowing. I would also refer to the unknown writer of an able article in defense of Bacon's authorship of the Plays, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Stuttgart and Munich, March 1, 1883, four columns in length. I would also refer to the labors of two of my friends, William Henry Burr, of Washington, D. C., a powerful controversialist upon the question; and to Hon. J. H. Stotsenburg, of New Albany, Indiana, the author of a very interesting series of articles in an Indianapolis newspaper, entitled "An Indian in Indiana."

VI. Appleton Morgan.

I regret that I cannot include in this catalogue of Baconians Mr. Appleton Morgan, the author of *The Shakespearean Myth*, published in 1881, by Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio (8vo, pp. 342); but Mr. Morgan writes me recently that he is not a Baconian. This is the more to be regretted because his book is a powerful assault upon Shakspere's authorship; and it seems to me that if Shakspere did not write the Plays there is no one left to dispute the palm with Francis Bacon. Certainly there could not have been half a dozen Shakespeares lying around loose in London just at that time. Nature does not breed her monsters in litters. While Mr. Morgan gives us in his work few new facts, not already contained in the writings of Miss Bacon, William Henry Smith and Judge Holmes, he arrays the argument in the case with the skill of a trained lawyer, and brings out his conclusions in a forcible manner. But I regret to see evidences, in some of Mr. Morgan's recent utterances, which lead me to fear that he has recanted the opinions expressed in *The Myth*, and that he thinks the man of Stratford may, after all, have written the Plays!



Nathaniel Holmes
1887.

VII. Professor Thomas Davidson.

I take pleasure in presenting to the public the features of one of the most accomplished scholars in America, who, while not an avowed Baconian, has been largely identified with the presentation of this book to the public, and therefore deserves to be mentioned in it. Professor Davidson was sent to my home by the New York *World*, in August, 1887, to examine the proof-sheets of this work. He came believing that William Shakspere was undoubtedly the writer of the Plays; he left convinced that this was almost impossible; and since then, in numerous newspaper articles, he has presented most powerful arguments in support of his views. Only a great man could thus overcome, in a few hours, the prejudices of a life-time; only an honest man would dare avow the change. Prof. Davidson is both.

He comes of the great race of Burns and Scott, and Hume and Mackintosh; — a race whose part in the world has been altogether out of proportion to the dimensions of their stormy little land; a land which sits with the fair fields of England at her knees, and the everlasting clouds upon her mountain brows.

Professor Davidson was born October 25, 1840, at Deer, Aberdeenshire. He graduated as the first in his class at Aberdeen in 1860. He has traveled in Germany, France, Italy, Greece, Canada, the United States, etc. From 1875 to 1877 he was a member of the Harvard University Visiting Committee. He has written for all the leading magazines and reviews of England and America. His lingual acquirements and his universal learning are such that he has been aptly termed "the Admirable Crichton of recent times."

But intellect and learning are cheap in these latter ages; they are produced in superabundance. Professor Davidson has that, however, which is better than a thoroughly-stored brain, to-wit: a kind, broad heart, which feels for the miseries of his fellow-men. The acquisitions of the memory cannot be expected to be perpetuated beyond the disintegration of the brain which holds them; but the impulses for good come from the Divine Essence, and will live when all the universities are but little heaps of dust.

VIII. James T. Cobb.

And here I would note the labors of an humble and unostentatious

gentleman, who, while he has himself, I believe, published nothing touching the Baconian controversy, has contributed not a little to the elucidation of many remarkable parallelisms of thought and expression between Bacon's acknowledged writings and the Shakespeare Plays. Some of these have been used by Judge Holmes and others by myself. Mr. James T. Cobb, of Salt Lake City, Utah, school-teacher, born in Boston, graduated in 1855 from Dartmouth College, resided in different Western States, and finally removed to the great Salt Lake Basin. Mr. Cobb's verbal knowledge of the Baconian and Shakespeare writings is equaled only by his penetration into the spirit of the great mind which produced both.

IX. W. H. Wyman.

I cannot close this chapter without some reference to one who, while not a Baconian, has yet materially contributed to the discussion of the question. I refer to Mr. W. H. Wyman, of Cincinnati, Ohio, author of *The Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy, with Notes and Extracts*, published in 1884 by Cox & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio — a reasonably fair and well arranged compilation.

It is singular, indeed, that one who believed the Baconian theory was a delusion and a snare should be at so much pains to collect every detail of the controversy, amounting in all, in 1884, to 255 titles of books, pamphlets, essays and newspaper articles. So far back as 1882 we find Mr Wyman publishing in a Wisconsin paper a partial bibliographical list (25 titles); this grew in the same year to a small book of 63 titles and eight pages; this in 1884 to the work referred to of 255 titles and 119 pages; and I am informed Mr. Wyman has now the material on hand for a large volume, which will, I trust, soon be published.

Mr. Wyman was born in Canton, New York, July 21st, 1831. In 1838 he removed with the rest of his family to Madison, Wisconsin, then almost a wilderness. His father was publisher of a newspaper there, and Mr. Wyman received most of his education in the printing-office. He has been in the service of the Ætna Insurance Company for thirty-two years, and now holds the responsible place of Assistant General Agent for that corporation in the State of Ohio.

CHAPTER IV.

OTHER MASKS OF FRANCIS BACON.

> No more yet of this,
> For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
> Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
> Befitting this first meeting.
>
> *Tempest*, v, 1.

THE Cipher establishes that Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespeare Plays; but it proves much more than this to the reasoning mind.

The first of the Plays, we are told by Halliwell-Phillipps, (the highest authority on the subject), appeared March 3, 1592. But Bacon was born January 22, 1561; so that he was *thirty-one years of age* when the first Shakespeare play was placed on the stage.

Can any one believe that the vastly active intellect of Francis Bacon lay fallow from youth until he was thirty-one years of age?

The Rev. Mr. Newman, in his funeral oration over the son of Senator Stanford, of California, collated many instances, going to show how early the greatness of the mind manifests itself in men of exceptional ability. He says:

> In all this early intellectual superiority he reminds us that the history of heroes is the history of youth. At eleven, Bacon was speculating on the *Laws of the Imagination;* at twelve, a student at Cambridge; at sixteen, expressing his dislike for the philosophy of Aristotle; at twenty, the author of a paper on the defects of universities; at twenty-one, admitted to the bar; at twenty-eight, appointed Queen's Counsel Extraordinary. He reminds us of the tender and eloquent Pascal, who, at the age of sixteen, published a *Treatise on Conic Sections*; at seventeen, suggested the hydraulic press; at twenty, anticipated by his inventions the works of Galileo and Descartes, and at twenty-four was an authority in higher mathematics. He reminds us of Grotius, who entered the University of Leyden at twelve; at fourteen, published an edition of *Martianus Capella*, which disclosed his acquaintance with Cicero, Aristotle, Pliny, Euclid, Strabo, and other great writers; at fifteen, was an attaché of a Dutch embassy to Henry IV.; at sixteen, was admitted to practice; at twenty-four, was Advocate-General of the Treasury of Holland, and at twenty-five was an authority on international law. He

recalls to us Gibbon, who was in his Latin at seven; a student at Oxford at fifteen; a lover of Locke and Grotius and Pascal at seventeen, and at twenty-five had acquired the scholarship, gathered the materials, and formed the plan of that great history which has given immortality to his name. He brings to mind our own Hamilton, who entered college at fifteen; was an orator at seventeen; a political writer at eighteen; at twenty, was on Washington's staff; at twenty-four, was a legislator, and at thirty-two was Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. Nay, more; his mental promise was like that of Washington, of Pitt, of Whitfield, of Raphael, of Agassiz, in their early manhood.

And yet, up to 1592, when Bacon was thirty-one years of age, he had published nothing but a pamphlet on a religious topic, and a brief letter on governmental questions. What was he doing before he assumed the mask of Shakespeare?

I. Early Plays.

He had, before "William Shagsper of thone part" appeared on the scene, created a whole literature. That mighty renaissance of English genius and reconstruction of the drama, which marks the years between 1580 and 1611, had begun while the beadles were still amusing themselves and exercising their muscles over the raw back of Shagsper; and when Shake-speare appeared in 1592, as an author, he simply inherited a style of workmanship and a form of expression already created. Swinburne says:

> In his early plays the style of Shakespeare was not for the most part distinctively his own. It was that of a crew, a knot of young writers, among whom he found at once both leaders and followers, to be guided and to guide.[1]

The young lawyer, Francis Bacon, being possessed of the creative, poetical instinct, and having discovered that there was in the theaters a veritable mine of money, and that "a philosopher may be rich, if he will," and still be a philosopher, poured forth, between the year 1581, when he was twenty years of age, and 1592, when he assumed the Shake-speare mask, a whole body of plays. They were not perfected or elaborated; they were youthful and immature experiments; many of them, most of them, have perished; they were dashed off to meet some temporary money necessity; just as we are told the original play of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was written in fourteen days; and Bacon's chaplain, Rawley, notes the rapidity with which he composed his writings. The very names of many of these plays are lost; some we have in glimpses; three

[1] Swinburne, *A Study of Shak.*, p. 243.

years before Shakespeare began to write, in 1589, Peele addressed a farewell to the Earl of Essex, Norris and Drake on their expedition to Cadiz, in which he says:

> Bid theater and proud tragedians,
> Bid *Mahomet*, *Scipio* and mighty *Tumburlain*,
> *King Charlemagne*, *Tom Stucley* and the rest
> Adieu. To arms, etc.[1]

Now, we know that there is a play of *Tamburlaine*, attributed to Marlowe, and a play of *Tom Stuckley*, the author of which is unknown; hence we may reasonably infer that *Mahomet*, *Scipio* and *King Charlemagne* were also plays, then being acted on the stage. And the names imply that they were kindred in substance to *Tamburlaine* and *Doctor Faustus;* that is to say, they dealt with vast characters and huge events, which naturally would fascinate the wild imagination of a young man of genius; and they touched upon subjects which might be reasonably expected to catch the attention of one fresh from his academical studies. *Tamburlaine* ruled a great part of the world; so did Mahomet; so did Charlemagne; while the career of Scipio Africanus and his mighty victories was as extraordinary as the powers which Doctor Faustus, through his compact with the evil one, gained over the forces of nature, over life and the tenants of the grave.

And in addition to these lost plays there are fifteen other dramas that have survived the chances of time, and have been attributed by many commentators to the pen which wrote the Shakespeare Plays, to-wit: *The Arraignment of Paris*, *Arden of Feversham*, *George-a-Greene*, *Locrine*, *King Edward III.*, *Mucedorus*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, *The London Prodigal*, *The Puritan* (*or the Widow of Watling Street*), *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Fair Em*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and *The Birth of Merlin.* Many of these are now printed in all complete editions of Shakespeare's works. In addition to these, *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, which was not inserted by Heminge and Condell in the great Folio, was published in quarto in 1609, with the name of William Shakespeare on the title-page, and was played at Shakespeare's play-house. It is now generally conceded to be the work of Shakespeare. There was also a play called *Love's*

[1] *School of Shak.*, vol. i. p. 153.

Labors Won, named by Meres in 1598 as the work of Shakespeare, which is either lost, or has survived under some other name. There was also another play entitled *Duke Humphrey*, attributed to Shakespeare during his lifetime, which was destroyed by the carelessness of a servant of Warburton, in the early part of the last century.

Now, it must be remembered that all of the list of fifteen plays given above, except *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, were *published during Shakspere's life-time*, in nearly every instance with *the name of William Shakespeare*, or his initials, *on the title-page*, and *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* was announced as the joint work of Shakespeare and Rowley, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen* as having been written by Shakespeare and Fletcher.[1] So that we have just as good authority for assigning most of these plays to Shakespeare as we have for attributing to him those that go by his name. Besides, the critical acumen of learned commentators has discovered abundant evidence that they all emanated from the same mind which produced *Hamlet* and *Lear*.

I regret that the limitations of space in this book, already too bulky, prevent me from going fully into all these matters; but they are "not a relation for a breakfast," but a subject that may be recurred to hereafter.

The great German critics have, it seems to me, taken juster views upon these "doubtful plays," as they are called, than the English. Tieck refers to them in his *Alt-Englisches Theater, oder Supplemente zum Shakspere*, as follows:

> Those dramas which Shakspere produced in his youth, and which Englishmen, through a misjudging criticism, and *a tenderness for his fame* (as they thought) have refused to recognize.

Tieck is speaking of *George-a-Greene*. He also, from internal evidences, attributes *Fair Em*, *The Birth of Merlin*, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, *Edward III.*, and *Arden of Feversham*, to Shakespeare; while Schlegel says that *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, and *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, are "unquestionably Shakespeare's."

The Yorkshire Tragedy appeared in 1608 with Shakespeare's name on the title page; *The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street*, was

[1] Morgan, *Shakespearean Myth*, p. 286.

published in 1607, as "written by W. S.;" *The London Prodigal* was published in 1605, as "by William Shakespeare;" the play of *Thomas Lord Cromwell* was published in 1613, "written by W. S.;" *Locrine* was published in 1595 as "newly set forth, overseene and corrected by W. S.;" *The Life of Sir John Oldcastle* was published 1600 with the initials "W. S." on the title-leaf. Speaking of *Arden of Feversham*, Swinburne says:

> Either this play is the young Shakespeare's first tragic masterpiece, or there was a writer unknown to us then alive, and at work for the stage, *who excelled him as a tragic dramatist* not less, to say the very least, than he was excelled by Marlowe as a tragic poet.

He adds that Goethe is said to have believed that Shakespeare wrote this play.[1]

Here, then, is a whole body of literature, Shakespearean in its characteristics, and yet discarded by Heminge and Condell from the first complete edition of Shakespeare's works, printed from the "true original copies." And, if I had the space for the inquiry, I could show that these plays are full of Baconianisms, if I may coin a word. For instance, Bacon had returned from the higher civilization of France, (nearer geographically to the surviving Roman culture), full of all the arts — music, poetry and painting. We see many references to the art of painting in the Shakespeare Plays; it was still a foreign art; and Swinburne says, speaking of *Arden of Feversham:*

> I cannot remember, in the whole radiant range of the Elizabethan drama, more than one parallel tribute paid in this play by an English poet to the yet foreign art of painting.[2]

And it is a curious fact that the words,—

> Come, make him stand upon this mole-hill here
> That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
> Yet parted but the shadow with his hand,—

which we find in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*, are taken bodily from *The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York*, a play not published as Shakespeare's.

And Swinburne finds still another play, *The Spanish Tragedy*, which he believes to be the work of Shakespeare. He says:

> I still adhere to Coleridge's verdict, . . . that those magnificent passages, well-nigh overcharged at every point with passion and subtlety, sincerity and

[1] *A Study of Shakespeare*, p. 135.

[2] *A Study of Shakespeare*, p. 141.

instinct of pathetic truth, are no less like Shakespeare's work than unlike Johnson's.[1]

In short, the genius we call Shakespeare's is found dissociated from the man Shakspere, and covering a vast array of matter which the play-actor had nothing to do with: for *Fair Em* appeared in 1587, while Shakspere was holding horses at the door of the playhouse; and some others of the plays, above named, now believed to have been written by the Shakespeare pen, were never associated with Shakspere's name during his lifetime, nor long afterwards. And all this is compatible with the theory that a scholar of vast intellectual precocity, like Bacon, and of immense fecundity, flooded the stages of London with plays — to make money — for years before Shakspere left Stratford; but it is utterly incompatible with the belief that the man who left nothing behind him to show any mental activity (except, of course, his alleged plays), and who dwelt during the last years of his life at Stratford in utter torpidity of mind, could have produced this array of unclaimed dramas. And the reader will note that most of these plays were printed, for the first time, between 1607 and 1613, just at the time Bacon was drawing to the close of his poetical productiveness. It was as if he was trying to preserve to posterity the history of the growth of his own mind from its first crude, youthful beginnings to its perfect culmination; from *Stuckley* and *Fair Em* to *Othello* and *Lear*.

Besides these earlier plays there were a number which, it is claimed, Shakespeare used and enlarged, and which are supposed by the critics to have been written by other men, but which were in reality Bacon's first essays upon those subjects. For it is not probable that any dramatic writer would re-cast and improve and glorify another man's work. We can conceive of Charles Dickens, for instance, taking up an immature sketch of his youth, and enlarging it into *David Copperfield* or *Bleak House;* but we cannot imagine him taking a story written by Thackeray and re-writing it and publishing it under his own name. There, for instance, is the *Contention between the Houses of York and Lancaster*, the early *King John*, the *Famous Victories*, and that *Hamlet* which it is claimed was first played in 1585. And here is another instance of the same kind. Swinburne says:

[1] *A Study of Shakespeare*, p. 144.



Believe me Yrs very Sincerely
Constance M. Pott.

The refined instinct, artistic judgment and consummate taste of Shakespeare were never perhaps so wonderfully shown as in his recast of another man's work — a man of real if rough genius for comedy — which we get in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Only the collation of scene with scene, then of speech with speech, then of line with line, will show how much may be borrowed from a stranger's material, and how much may be added to it by the same stroke of a single hand. *All the force and humor alike of character and situation belong to Shakespeare's eclipsed and forlorn precursor;* he has added nothing, he has tempered and enriched everything. The luckless author of the first sketch is like to remain a man as nameless as the deed of the witches in *Macbeth*, unless some chance or caprice of accident should suddenly flash favoring light on his now impersonal and indiscoverable individuality. . . . On the other hand, he is, of all the Pre-Shakespeareans known to us, incomparably the truest, the richest, the most powerful and original humorist; one, indeed, without a second on that ground, for the rest are nowhere.[1]

And how comes it that the world was, just at that time, so full of mighty but unknown geniuses? It seems to have *rained* Shakespeares.

Then there is *The Warning for Fair Women*, arising out of a murder in 1573, supposed to have been written before 1590, and published in 1599. Mr. Collier[2] gives excellent reasons for believing that it was written by the man who wrote Shakespeare; and says the identities of language and thought are so great that it is *aut Shakespeare aut diabolus*. And Collier[3] cites the names of a number of other plays, "domestic tragedies" he calls them, which, like *The Yorkshire Tragedy* and *Arden of Feversham*, were founded upon events of the day; there is, for instance, *Two Tragedies in One*, based upon the assassination of a merchant of London, *The Fair Maid of Bristol*, *The Stepmother's Tragedy*, *The Tragedy of John Cox of Collumpton*, *The Tragedy of Page of Plymouth*, *Black Bateman of the North*, etc., all founded on actual occurrences which attracted public attention, and which were seized upon by some fertile mind as subjects on which to dash off short plays that would draw the multitude, and fill the pockets of actors and author. Many of these "domestic tragedies" are lost, but nearly all those that have been accidentally preserved are deemed by our best critics, English and German, to bear traces of the Shakespearean mind. And nearly all these antedate the time when Shakespeare appeared as a play-writer.

II. The Play of "Edward III."

It is generally supposed that Shakespeare originated that form

[1] *A Study of Shak.*, p. 124.
[2] *History of Dram. Poetry*, vol. ii, p. 440.
[3] Ibid., p. 457.

of drama known as the historical play. This is not true. Marlowe preceded him with *Edward II.*, and an unknown writer with *Edward III.* Here we see that the purpose of teaching the multitude the history of their own country in plays, descriptive of the great events of different reigns, began before Shakspere appeared on the scene, probably before he left Stratford.

Of the author of this play of *Edward III.* Swinburne says:

> He could write, at times, very much after the fashion of the adolescent Shakespeare.[1]

This play was first printed in 1596, and ran through several anonymous editions. Collier speaks of it as undoubtedly Shakespeare's.[2] Capell published it in 1760, as "thought to be writ by Shakespeare." Knight says "there was no known author capable of such a play."[3] Ulrici is positive that Shakespeare wrote it.

There is a curious fact about this play. It contains the following line:

> Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

And this line is precisely repeated in Shakespeare's 94th sonnet:

> Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Either the unknown author stole this line bodily from Shakespeare, or Shakespeare stole it bodily from him: for in neither case were there any marks to show that it was a quotation. Public purloining of whole lines is very unusual in any age; but it would be most natural for an author to copy a few expressions from himself, with intent to preserve them.

The writer of the play puts this speech into the mouth of the Countess of Salisbury:

> As easy may my intellectual soul
> Be lent away and yet my body live,
> As lend my body, palace to my soul,
> Away from her, and yet retain my soul.
> My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
> And she an angel pure, divine, unspotted;
> If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee,
> I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me.

"This last couplet," says Swinburne, "is very much in the style of Shakespeare's sonnets; nor is it wholly unlike even the dramatic

[1] *A Study of Shak.*, p. 235.
[2] *History of Dram. Poetry*, vol. iii, p. 311
[3] Knight's *Doubtful Plays*, p. 279.

style of Shakespeare in his youth."[1] He might have added that the whole passage is decidedly Shakespearean.

The "angel, pure, divine, *unspotted*," reminds us of the description in *Henry VIII.*, v, 4, of Queen Katharine as "a most *unspotted* lily."

I quoted on page 534, *ante*, from *2d Henry VI.*, v, 1, the lines:

> These brows of mine
> Whose smile and power, *like to Achilles' spear*,
> *Is able with the change to kill and cure.*

And in this play of *Edward III.* I find these lines:

> The poets write that *great Achilles' spear*
> *Could heal the wound it made.*

I could fill many pages with parallel passages, but that I have not the space. There can be no doubt that *Edward III.* was written by the same pen that wrote the Shakespeare Plays; and if Shakspere was Shake-speare, why was it published anonymously; why did the thrifty player permit it to be sold without the pennies going into his own pocket?

III. The Play of "Stuckley."

There was an English adventurer, Sir Thomas Stuckley, who was first cousin to Sir Amias Paulet, the English Minister at the court of France while Bacon was an attache of the legation. He was a famous character during Bacon's youth — bold, warlike, chivalrous, unfortunate; the very character to captivate a youthful imagination. He was killed at the battle of Alcazar, in Africa, August 4, 1578, about the time that Bacon returned to England from Paris, and commenced the study of the law. His relationship to Sir Amias Paulet must have made this dashing adventurer the subject of a great deal of conversation among the members of the English legation in Paris; and what more natural than that Francis Bacon, if he had the dramatic instinct, should choose this interesting theme as the subject of one of his first plays. Stuckley raises a company of soldiers to fight in Ireland; he quarrels with the Cecils; goes to Spain; is imprisoned by the Governor of Cadiz; enters the service of Philip II.; the Pope makes him Marquis of Ireland, for

[1] *A Study of Shak.*, p. 253.

which country he sets sail; he lands in Portugal; joins a Portuguese expedition to Barbary, and is there slain — a wild, romantic, rash and unreasoning career.

The play is evidently written by a lawyer; for he drags in law studies and law books, neck and heels, and to do so makes Stuckley a law-student, when the fact was Stuckley never studied law.

> *Old Stuckley.* I had as lief you'd seen him in the Temple walk,
> Conferring with some learned counselor,
> Or at the moot upon a point of law.[1]

When he sees the array of swords, daggers and bucklers in his son's room the old man exclaims:

> Be these your master's books?
> For Littleton, Stanford and Brooke
> Here's long sword, short sword and buckler,
> But all's for the *bar;* yet I meant to have my son
> A Barrister, not a Barrator.[2]

And Tom is made to express the disgust of a young law student:

> Nay, hark you, father, I pray you be content:
> I have done my goodwill, but it will not do.
> John a Nokes and John a Style and I cannot cotton.
> Oh, this law-French is worse than buttered-mackerell,
> Full o' bones, full o' bones. It sticks here, it will not down.

And this reminds us of the young man who said, "The bar will be my bier."

Mr. Simpson sees evidence that this play was an early production of Shakspere; but what had the boy of Stratford to do with law-books? And how did he acquire the intimate knowledge of Stuckley's biography manifested in this play, and which astonishes the antiquarians?

And why should Shakspere drag into this play an allusion to Bacon's home, at *St. Albans*, just as we have seen the same village forced twenty odd times into the text of the Shakespeare Plays? It appears thus in the play of *Tom Stuckley:*

> *Vernon.* Some conference with these gentlemen my friends
> Made me neglect mine hour; but when you please
> I now am ready to attend on you.
>
> *Harbart.* It is well done, we will away forthwith.
> St. Albans, though the day were further spent,
> We may well reach to bed to-night.[3]

[1] Act 1, scene 1. [2] Ibid. [3] Act 1.

Now, *St. Albans* had nothing to do with the action of the piece; we hear no more of it; Harbart does not go there, that we know of. Why did the Stratford boy, if this play is, as Simpson thinks, one of his early productions, without any necessity thus introduce the place of Bacon's residence into his play? What thread of connection, geographical, political, poetical or biographical, was there between Stratford and St. Albans?

I have only space to give two or three extracts to show the resemblance between *Tom Stuckley* and the Shakespeare writings.

In *Stuckley* we have:

> *Mix not my forward summer* with sharp breath;
> Nor intercept my purpose, being good.

Compare this with Shakespeare's:

> Here stands the spring whom you have stained with **mud;**
> *This goodly summer* with your *winter mixed.*[1]

In *Stuckley* we have:

> He soonest loseth that despairs to win.

This is the embryo of the thought:

> Our doubts are traitors,
> And make us lose the good we oft might gain,
> By fearing to attempt.[2]

In *Stuckley* we find:

> Nay, if you look but on his mind,
> Much more occasion shall ye find to love him.

Compare this with Shakespeare's 69th sonnet:

> They look into the beauty of the mind.

In *Stuckley* we have:

> You *muddy* slave.

In Shakespeare we have:

> You *muddy* rascal.[3]

In *Stuckley* we have:

> And that which in mean men would seem a fault,
> As leaning to ambition, or such like,
> Is in a king but well beseeming him.

[1] *Titus Andronicus*, v, 2. [2] *Measure for Measure*, i, [illegible]. [3] *2d Henry IV.*, ii, 4.

In Shakespeare we have:

> That in the captain's but a choleric word,
> Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.[1]

And we catch a glimpse of the date of this composition by the following allusion:

> Will you so much annoy your vital powers
> As to oppress them with the prison stink?

Mr. Simpson calls attention to the following extract from Bacon's *Natural History:*

> The most pernicious infection, next the plague, is the smell of the jail, when prisoners have been long and close and nastily kept; whereof we have had in our time experience twice or thrice; when both the judges that sat upon the jail, and numbers of those that attended the business, or were present, sickened upon it or died.[2]

This allusion in the play to "the prison stink" probably refers to "the black assizes" at Oxford, in 1577, or at Exeter, in 1586; and the probability is that the play of *Stuckley* was written by Francis Bacon, soon after the death of Stuckley, and subsequent to his return to England; and that reference was therein had to "the black assizes" at Oxford, in 1577.

I would close by calling attention to the Shakespearean ring in these lines from Stuckley's address to King Philip of Spain:

> Right high and mighty, if to kings, installed
> And sacredly anointed, it belong
> To minister true justice, and relieve
> The poor oppressèd stranger, then from thee,
> Renownèd Philip, that by birth of place
> Upholds the scepter of a royal king,
> Stuckley, a soldier and a gentleman,—
> But neither like a soldier nor a man
> Of some of thy unworthy subjects handled,—
> Doth challenge justice at thy sacred hands.

IV. Christopher Marlowe.

We see it intimated in the Cipher that the plays of Christopher Marlowe were written by Francis Bacon; that he was Bacon's first mask or cover. Is this statement improbable or unreasonable?

In the first place, let us inquire who Marlowe was. Christopher Marlowe, or Marlin, as the name was often spelled, was born in

[1] *Measure for Measure*, ii,2.

[2] *Natural History*, cent. x, No. 914.



Dr. WILLIAM THOMSON,

OF MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA; AUTHOR OF "THE RENASCENCE DRAMA."

Canterbury precisely two months before the birth of Shakspere. His father was "clarke of St. Marie's." Marlowe was educated at the King's School, in his native town, and at Benet College, Cambridge, Soon after coming of age, it is supposed, he followed the soldiers to the wars in the Low Countries. The next we hear of him is as an actor in London, and the author of *Tamburlaine* in 1587, when twenty-three years of age.

We find the same incompatibilities between the work and the life of Marlowe which exist in the case of Shakspere. While his biography tells us that he was a drunken, licentious, depraved creature, who was about to be arrested for blasphemy, and escaped the gallows or the stake by being killed in a drunken brawl, "stabbed to death by a bawdy servingman rival of his in his lewd love;"[1] at the same time he appears by his writings to have been an exquisite poet who actually revolutionized English literature.

The *Encyclopædia Britannica*[2] says:

> He is the greatest discoverer, the most daring and inspired pioneer, in all our poetic literature. *Before him there was neither genuine blank verse nor a genuine tragedy in our language.* After his arrival the way was prepared, the paths were made straight for Shakespeare.

And the same high authority says, speaking of *Tamburlaine:*

> It is the first poem ever written in English blank verse, as distinguished from mere rhymeless decasyllables; and it contains one of the noblest passages, perhaps, indeed, the noblest, in the literature of the world, ever written by one of the greatest masters of poetry.

And it is a curious fact that Shakespeare steps upon the boards, as a dramatic writer, just as Marlowe steps off. Marlowe was slain June 1, 1593; and Halliwell-Phillipps says the first appearance of a Shakespeare play was March 3, 1592—the play of *Henry VI.* But there are high authorities who claim that the play of *Henry VI.* was written by Marlowe!

Swinburne[3] finds that the opening lines of the second part of *Henry VI.* are *aut Christophorus Marlowe aut diabolus.* He says:

> It is inconceivable that any imitator, but one, should have had the power to catch the very trick of his hand, the very note of his voice, and incredible that the one who might would have set himself to do so; for, if this be not indeed the voice and this the hand of Marlowe, then what we find in these verses is not the fidelity of a follower but the servility of a copyist. . . . He [Shakespeare] had much at

[1] Sir William Vaughan, *Golden Grove*, 1600. [2] Vol. xv. p. 558. [3] *A Study of Shak.*, p. 51.

starting to learn of Marlowe, and he did learn much; in his earlier plays, and, above all, in his earliest historic plays, the influence of the earlier poet, the echo of his style, the iteration of his manner, may be perpetually traced.

The *Encyclopædia Britannica*[1] says:

It is as nearly certain as anything can be which depends chiefly upon cumulative and collateral evidence, that the better part of what is best in the serious scenes of *King Henry VI.* is mainly the work of Marlowe.

There are a group of plays which have been claimed alternately for both Marlowe and Shakespeare. The writings of the two men, at the beginning of Shakespeare's career, overlap and run into each other.

The same writer in the British Encyclopædia thinks *The Contention between the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster*, now usually attributed to Shakespeare, was written by Marlowe.

Halliwell-Phillipps says:

There are a few striking coincidences of language, especially in the passage respecting the wild O'Neil, to be traced in Marlowe's *Edward II.*, and the *Contention* plays of 1594 and 1595; and also that a line from the *Jew of Malta* is found in the *Third Part of Henry the Sixth*, but not in the *True Tragedy*.[2]

And here is another borrowed line:

Marlowe says, in *Doctor Faustus*,[3] speaking of Helen of Troy:

> Was this the face that *launched a thousand ships*,
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

While in Shakespeare we have Troilus referring to this same Helen in these words:

> She is a pearl,
> Whose price hath *launched* above *a thousand ships*,
> And turned crowned kings to merchants.[4]

And the genius and style exhibited in the early plays of Shakespeare and the later plays of Marlowe are almost identical.

Cunningham says[5] of a passage in *Tamburlaine*, "One could almost fancy that it flowed from the pen of Shakespeare himself." Hallam[6] says *The Jew of Malta* is "more rigorously conceived, both as to character and circumstances, than any other Elizabethan play, except those of Shakespeare." Mr. Collier[7] thinks that if Marlowe had written *The Jew of Malta* with a little more pains, "he

[1] Vol. xv, p. 557.
[2] Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines of Life of Shak.*, p. 220.
[3] Act v, scene 4.
[4] *Troilus and Cressida*. ii, 2.
[5] *Introduction to Works of Marlowe*, p. xii.
[6] *Introduc. to Hist. and Lit. of Europe*, vol ii, p. 270.
[7] *Hist. Dram. Poetry*, vol. iii, 135.

would not only have drawn a Jew fit to be matched against Shylock, but have written a play not much inferior to *The Merchant of Venice.*" Hazlitt pronounces one scene in *Edward II.* "certainly superior" to a parallel scene in Shakespeare's *Richard II.* Charles Lamb said "the death scene of Marlowe's King moves pity and terror beyond any scene ancient or modern." And of the play of *Doctor Faustus* the writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*[1] says:

> Few masterpieces of any age, in any language, can stand beside this tragic poem, for the qualities of terror and splendor, for intensity of purpose and sublimity of note.

And we have seen the critics speculating whether Marlowe, if he had not been prematurely cut off, in his twenty-ninth year, *would not have been in time as great a poet as Shakespeare!*

As if bountiful Nature, after waiting for five thousand years to produce a Shakespeare, had been delivered of twins in that year of grace, 1564! And we are asked to believe that, if it had not been for Marlowe's drunken brawl, the two intellectual monsters would have existed side by side for thirty years or so, corruscating *Tamburlaines*, *Lears*, *Doctor Faustuses* and *Hamlets* to the end of the chapter; to the infinite delight of the pyrotechnically astounded multitude, who couldn't have told the productions of one from the other. But it was a sad fact that one of these brilliant suns was not able to rise until the other had set; and unfortunate that both at last declined their glorious orbs into a sea of strong drink, while "the god of the machine" was behind the scenes delivering immortal sermons in behalf of temperance.

V. Still Other Writers.

We are in the presence of an unbounded intellectual activity — a Proteus that sought as many disguises as nature itself. We see the appearance of the country changing: the soft earth of the forest begins to give place to stretches of sand and gravel; there are larger patches of light through the tree-tops; we hear a mighty voice murmuring in the distance. We are approaching the ocean. We are coming nearer to a great revelation.

Mrs. Pott expresses the opinion, in a private letter,—and I have great confidence in her penetration and judgment, — that she sees

[1] Vol. xv, p. 557.

the signs of the *Promus* notes, and other Baconianisms of thought and expression, not only in the plays of Marlowe, but in the writings of Marston, Massinger, Middleton, Greene, Shirley and Webster. She also believes that Bacon was the author of the poems which appeared in that age, signed "*Ignoto;*" and that he must have helped to edit *the great book on Ciphers published in Holland in 1623.* And she adds:

> He must have been at the bottom of the partly fictitious works about his own society of the Rosicrucians, published in Holland 1603 *et seq.*

A friend calls my attention to the fact that Massinger denied the divine right of kings; and I have shown that one of the purposes of the Shakespeare Plays was to assail this destructive superstition.

It will be said that no man could find the time for such vast labors; but it must be remembered that apart from the Shakespeare Plays we have very little that represents the first forty years of Bacon's life; and the capacities of time depend on the man that uses them. Napoleon said that great battles were won in the "quarters of hours;" and we have heard of men, like the "Learned Blacksmith," who acquired a new language by giving a half hour every day to it for a year. Now, between 1581, when Bacon was twenty, and 1611, when his poverty terminated, there are *thirty years!* A man like Bacon could do an immense amount of work in thirty years. If he dashed off a short play every two weeks, as he did, we are told, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, he could in that time, if he had nothing else to do, produce *seven hundred and eighty plays!* Certainly he could have written one-eighth part of this, say one hundred plays; and this number would probably cover all that Mrs. Pott attributes to his pen; and he would still have had ample time left for philosophy and politics. We can imagine him, when his pockets grew empty, hurriedly scribbling off a farce or an after-piece, or a blood-and-thunder tragedy, on any subject of popular interest at the time, and giving it to Harry Percy to sell to some of the roistering playwrights, to produce as his own. The man who was borrowing five dollars at a time from his brother Anthony would find such a field of labor very inviting; and those who availed themselves of his genius would have every reason to keep his secret.

VI. Montaigne's Essays.

The reader will start. What,—he will say,—is this man about to claim that the Englishman, Francis Bacon, wrote the greatest essays ever produced in France? This is midsummer madness!

But wait a moment. Let us suppose a case. Let us suppose an Englishman, of a skeptical and, in some sense, irreligious turn of mind; a believer in God and the immortality of the soul, to be sure, but disgusted with the fierce and bloody religious wars of the period, and with the persecutions practiced by the members of the different Christian sects upon each other; for, in the name of the gentle Nazarene, they ravaged the continent of Europe and burned each other by hundreds at the stake. But suppose him living in a country where the slightest irreligious utterance was treated as blasphemy, and punished with death. Now suppose that he believed that only skepticism could mollify the dreadful earnestness of the contending sectarians; and he desired therefore to plant the seeds of doubt in the minds of men, that they might grow, through many generations, and produce a harvest of gentleness, toleration and freedom of conscience. And suppose he wrote a series of essays with these objects in view, with many covert utterances that would "insinuate," as Bacon said, these things into men's thoughts; that would enter those houses where the white mark on the door, to use Bacon's comparison, showed they were welcome; that would "select their audience" of those that could "pierce through the veil." Now suppose he—visiting France—found a friend in that country, of some literary taste, who was willing to father these utterances, and translate them into French, and put them forth in his own name as his own work. Then, you perceive, the original English essays might be published in England, with all their ear-marks upon them, as translations of the French essays; and, coming in the guise of a distinguished foreign work, they would not provoke that scrutiny which would be given to the productions of an Englishman. For who could blame the translator, or the publisher, if, in these French essays, there were expressions capable of a double meaning? They did not make them, or the translation might not be correct. And who would say that England should be deprived of the opportunity to read great foreign works in the English

tongue, because certain passages therein could be read in different ways?

And here I would first give Mrs. Pott's reasons for believing that Bacon wrote the *Essays* of Montaigne. I quote from a recent letter:

I will try to tell you *my* grounds of belief:

1. Having examined "Florio's *translation*," 1603, I find it contains all the metaphors, similes, etc., of Bacon's *early period*. No other metaphors, etc., but certain *Promus* notes.

2. Having examined "Cotton's translation," published 1688, I find it to be very much enlarged, passages altered, paraphrased, etc., new passages introduced, and *old opinions negatived*.

3. The metaphors and similes now include a number of Bacon's *later period*, whereas in "Florio's" there is hardly a metaphor which cannot be found in plays and works prior to the date of *The Merry Wives*. In Cotton there are other forms introduced after *Hamlet*.

4. *The French original* cannot be made to match with both of these *translations*. If the French uses a metaphor thus: "A man should be careful how he repeats a tale lest he get out of the road and lose his way in the wood," Florio may *translate* it thus, but in Cotton you will find it changed to this extent, "he should be careful, etc., lest he lose his way and *fall into the traps of his enemies*." (I have not the books, but quote from memory.) Such alterations are frequent. Who made them? How did Florio, the *Italian* master in the Duke of Bedford's family, get employed to translate a volume of *French* essays into *English?* And how did he manage so completely to master the peculiarities of Bacon's style, that he could make it his own throughout the *Essays?*

5. And why is it that there is, in Montaigne's letters to friends, etc., bound up in the same volume with the *Essays*, *not one Baconism of thought or diction?*

As to circumstantial evidence, we may observe:

6. That Montaigne was Mayor of Bourdeaux during the three years of Bacon's sojourn in those parts, when Bacon was known to be writing and studying.

7. Francis Bacon kept up the acquaintance which he formed with Montaigne by means of his brother, *Anthony Bacon, who is recorded to have visited Montaigne, from England*, after Anthony's return home. *Montaigne also visited Francis Bacon in England.* I think that in the Cipher the name *Montaigne* will be found rendered by *Mountain*, a word sometimes apparently hauled in somewhat irrelevantly. . . .

Montaigne's *Essays*, when one comes to dissect them, are only diffuse editions of Bacon's mature and condensed utterances in the *Essays*, *The Advancement of Learning*, and other works; mixed up with observations, scientific, medical, physiological and psychical, which are noted chiefly in the *Sylva*.

The object, as I take it, of his concealing the authorship of the early editions of this remarkable book was that he might utter, under the mask of old age and of French license of speech, opinions which would have been condemned as utterly unbecoming for a younger man, an Englishman, and of Puritan family.

But there are other reasons: If the reader will turn to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*[1] he will find that Montaigne never published anything, except the translation into French of a Spanish work,

[1] Vol. xvi, pp. 768, etc.

until 1580, when he was forty-seven years of age; and that he never wrote anything but these *Essays*. It is true that a journal was found in the chateau of Montaigne, two hundred years after his death, giving an account of a journey he took, and which purported to be his work; but it is a vastly inferior performance to the *Essays*, "superfluous to a medical reader and disgusting to any other;" and his "last and best editors, MM. Courbet and Royar," do not accept it as "authentic."

Like Shakspere, little can be found out about him. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* says:

> Not much is known of him in these latter years, and, indeed, despite the laborious researches of many biographers, of whom one, Dr. Payen, has never been excelled in persevering devotion, it cannot be said that the amount of available information about Montaigne is large at any time of his life.

And while the *Essays* are deistical, Montaigne died a devoted Catholic. He had the mass served in his bed-room just before his death.

We find, on page 242 of Montaigne, a curious commentary on the thought that the name is nothing, kindred to Shakespeare's "what's in a name?" He says:

> Let us . . . examine upon what foundation we erect this glory and reputation, for which the world is turned topsy-turvy: wherein do we place this renown that we hunt after with so great flagrancy, and through so many impediments, and so much trouble? *It is, in conclusion, Peter or William that carries it, takes it into his possession, and whom it only concerns.* . . . Nature has given us this passion for a pretty toy to play withal. *And this Peter or William, what is it but a sound when all is done?*

Now, as the French for Peter is Pierre, we have "this *William or Pierre* that carries away this glory and takes it into his possession;" and *William-Pierre* comes singularly close to *William Shakes-Pierre*.

And not many pages anterior to this utterance, and in the same chapter and train of thought, Montaigne says, on page 225:

> All other things are communicable and fall into commerce; we lend our goods and stake our lives for the necessity and service of our friend; *but to communicate a man's honor and to robe another with a man's own glory is rarely seen.*

But he reflects, as above, what is glory, anyhow? *William or Pierre* takes it and carries it away, and it concerns him only.

And remember this translation was published long after Bacon's death; just as we have seen editions of the Folio published in

1632 and 1664 that agreed precisely in the arrangement of the type with that of 1623. And Mrs. Pott has shown that the translation does not adhere to the original; and we have a striking illustration of this on page 271, where the translator (an unheard-of thing) actually interjects into Montaigne quotations from Ben Jonson not found in the original. He says:

> According to that of Mr. Jonson, which, without offense to Monsieur Montaigne, *I will here presume to insert!*

And is it not a little singular to find the Italian teacher quoting the play-writer Ben Jonson?

And again on page 259 he interpolates a poem from Plutarch, not in the original — an extraordinary liberty in any translator.

And we see the author, as a young man, asserting himself on page 281:

> For my part I believe our souls are adult at twenty, such as they are ever like to be, and as capable then as ever. A soul that has not by that time given earnest of its force and virtue, will never after come to proof. Natural parts and excellences produce that they have of vigorous and fine, within that term, or never.

Surely no man who had written his first book at forty-seven would be likely to give birth to that radical and unfounded utterance; he would be more inclined to the belief of him of old, that "young men *think* old men to be fools, but old men *know* young men to be such."

And we find Montaigne expressing the exact root and groundwork of Bacon's philosophy in this extraordinary sentence (page 469):

> *The senses are the beginning and the end of human knowledge.*

This was the very point where the philosophy of modern times diverged from that of antiquity: the latter turned for light to the operations of the human mind; the former to the facts of external nature, as revealed by the senses.

In fact, in reading these *Essays* we see the *Novum Organum* in its first forms, as they presented themselves to the youthful mind of Bacon. Montaigne says (page 50):

> He cannot avoid owning, *that the senses are the sovereign lords of his knowledge;* but they are uncertain and falsifiable in all circumstances. *'Tis there that he is to fight it out to the last.*



Thomas Davis Lee

The purpose of the Baconian philosophy was to found knowledge on the observations of the senses, after clearing the mind of its *idols*, or preconceptions and errors; and it was on this line Bacon fought it out to the last.

And we have this thought of the idols also in Montaigne. He says (page 89):

> To say the truth, by reason that we suck it in with our milk, and that the face of the world presents itself in this position to our first sight, it seems as if we were born upon condition to pursue this practice; and the common fancies that we find in repute everywhere about us, and infused into our minds with the seed of our fathers, appear to be most universal and genuine.

And here follows a thought that is as true to-day as it was in 1592:

> From whence it comes to pass, that whatever is off the hinges of custom, is believed to be also off the hinges of reason.

Bacon writes a speculative work, entitled *The New Atlantis*, and in another place he discusses the probability of the truth of Plato's story; and Montaigne (page 166) refers to the destruction of Atlantis, and speculates at length whether or not the West Indies could be part of the ancient island.

And we see the spirit of Bacon's subtle and paradoxical *Characters of a Believing Christian* in the following utterance of Montaigne (page 417):

> To meet with an incredible thing is an occasion to a Christian to believe, and it is so much the more according to reason, by how much it is against human reason.

And Bacon says:

> A Christian is one that believes things his reason cannot comprehend.[1]

And when we remember that Bacon did not dare to publish these *Paradoxes* during his life-time, we can see why the same thoughts, more fully elaborated, were put forth in the name of a foreigner, for I have no doubt the *Paradoxes* as well as the Montaigne *Essays* were the work of Bacon's unbelieving youth.

And here we have a thought worthy of Bacon's finest and highest inspiration. Speaking of life, Montaigne says (p. 442):

> For why do we from this instant derive the title of being, *which is but a flash in the infinite course of an eternal night?*

[1] *Characters of a Believing Christian.*

I regret that I have not space to quote the thousands of magnificent and profound and Baconian thoughts that throng the pages of these *Essays*. It is a veritable mine of gems.

And the very thought of Bacon that the senses were the holes which communicated with the locked-up spirit, and that if we had more holes through matter, more senses, we would apprehend things in nature now hidden from us, appears in Montaigne. He says (pages 479–499):

> Who knows whether to us also one, two or three, or many other senses may not be wanting? . . . Let an understanding man imagine human nature originally produced without the sense of hearing, and consider what *ignorance* and trouble such a defect would bring upon him, what a *darkness* and blindness in the soul; he will then see by that, of how great importance to the knowledge of truth the privation of another such sense, or of two or three, should we be so deprived, would be. . . . . Who knows whether all human kind commit not the like absurdity, for want of some sense, and that through this default the greater part of the face of things is concealed from us?

And in the above quotation we see the embryo of the thought expressed by Shakespeare:

> There is no darkness but ignorance.

In short, we are brought face to face with this dilemma: either Francis Bacon wrote the *Essays* of Montaigne, or Francis Bacon stole a great many of his noblest thoughts, and the whole scheme of his philosophy, from Montaigne. But Bacon was a complete man; he expanded into a hundred fields of mental labor. Montaigne did nothing of any consequence to the world but publish these *Essays; ergo:* the great thoughts came not from Montaigne to Bacon, but from Bacon to Montaigne.

And the writer of Montaigne was a poet. He says (page 78):

> I am one of those who are most sensible to the power of the imagination; every one is justled, and some are overthrown by it. It has a very great impression upon me; and I make it my business to avoid wanting force to resist it.

And again he says (page 100):

> The poetic raptures and those prodigious flights of fancy that ravish and transport the author out of himself, why should we not attribute them to his good fortune, since the poet himself confesses they exceed his sufficiency and force, and acknowledges them to proceed from something else than himself?

Here we have the same thought expressed by Bacon, as to divine influences in his work, and are reminded of his chaplain's

statement that he got his thoughts from something within him, apart from himself.

And he says (page 536), speaking of "poesy": "I love it infinitely."

And on page 142 he says:

> I would have things so exceed and wholly possess the imagination of him that hears that he should have something else to do than to think of words.

Here we are reminded of Hamlet's contempt for "words, words, words."

And Montaigne had also the dramatic instinct. He says (page 597):

> How oft have I, as I passed along the streets, had a good mind to *write a farce*, to revenge the poor boys whom I have seen flayed, knocked down, and miserably abused by some father or mother.

And the profound admiration of Julius Cæsar, which we have seen in Bacon and Shakespeare, reappears in Montaigne. He says (page 612):

> This sole vice (ambition) spoiled in him the most rich and beautiful nature that ever was.

This is precisely the thought of Bacon, who calls Julius Cæsar

> The most excellent spirit (his ambition reserved) of the world.[1]

Montaigne continues (page 610):

> In earnest it troubles me when I consider the greatness of the man.

Here we see Bacon's intellect striving to match itself with that of "the foremost man of all this world." And we see in Montaigne the original of another thought which is found in Shakespeare. Cassius says in reference to Cæsar:

> And that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
> Mark him, and write his speeches in their books.

Montaigne says (page 615):

> His [Cæsar's] military eloquence was in his own time so highly reputed, that many of his army writ down his harangues as he spoke them, by which means there were volumes of them collected, that continued a long time after him.

And we see in Montaigne another curious conception which appears in Shakespeare. Mark Antony moves the mob of Rome with the exhibition of the dead Cæsar's robe:

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii.

You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on. . . .
Look in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this, etc.

And Montaigne says.

The sight of Cæsar's robe troubled all Rome, which was more than his death had done.

And in the Montaigne *Essays* we seem to see sundry references to William Shakspere. He says (page 655):

How should I hate the reputation of being a pretty fellow at writing, and an ass and a sot in everything else. . . . Or do learned writings proceed from a man of so weak conversation? Who talks at a very ordinary rate and *writes rarely:* is to say that *his capacity is borrowed and not his own.* A learned man is not learned in all things; but *a sufficient man is sufficient throughout*, even to ignorance itself.

And we might even infer that there was a suspicion in Montaigne's own neighborhood that he could not have written the *Essays.* He says (page 672):

In my country of Gascony they look upon it as a *drollery* to see me in print. The farther off I am read from my own home the better I am esteemed. I am fain to purchase printers in Guienne; elsewhere they purchase me.

And when we come to identities of thought and expression I could fill a book as large as this with extracts that are perfectly paralleled in Bacon's acknowledged writings and in the Shakespeare Plays. Let me give a few instances, not perhaps the strongest, but those that first occur to me.

Montaigne says, speaking of death:

Give place to others, as others have given place to you.[1]

Bacon says:

And *as others have given place to us, so must we in the end give place to others.*[2]

This is not parallelism; it is identity.

That strange word *eternizing*, found both in Bacon and Shakespeare, and applied to making a man's memory perpetual on earth, (a very significant thought in connection with the man who composed the Cipher), is found in Montaigne (page 129), used with the same meaning, "the *eternizing* of our names."

[1] Montaigne's *Essays*, Ward, Locke & Tyler's ed., p. 75. [2] Essay *Of Death.*

And here is a striking parallelism: *Hamlet* tells his mother:

> Leave *wringing of your hands*, peace, sit you down.
> And let me *wring your heart.*

Montaigne says (page 635):

And provided the courage be undaunted, and the expressions not sounding of despair, let her be satisfied What makes matter for *the wringing of our hands, if we do not wring our thoughts.*

Montaigne says:

For pedants *plunder* knowledge from books, and carry it on the tip of their lips, just as birds carry seeds wherewith to feed their young.

And in Shakespeare we have, applied to a pedant:

He has been at a feast of learning and *stolen* the scraps.

Montaigne says (page 296):

Death comes all to one, whether a man gives himself his end or stays to receive it of some other means; whether *he pays before his day*, or *stays till his day of payment comes.*

And in Shakespeare we have the following, just before the battle of Shrewsbury:

Falstaff. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.
Prince. Why, thou owest Heaven a death.
Falstaff. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth *to pay him before his day.* What need I be so forward with him *that calls not on me?*[1]

Speaking of the grave, Montaigne says of the dead:

But they are none of them come back to tell us the news.

This is the embryo of Hamlet's reference to the grave as

> That undiscovered country from whose bourn
> No traveler returns.

Montaigne speaks of the stars as "the eternal light of those *tapers* that roll over his head;" while Shakespeare has:

> Night's *candles* are burned out.

Montaigne says (page 884):

> I, who but *crawl* upon the *earth.*

Shakespeare says:

> *Crawling* between *earth* and heaven.[2]

Montaigne says:

The heart and life of a great and triumphant *emperor* is the *breakfast* of a little, contemptible *worm.*

[1] *1st Henry IV.*, v, 1. [2] *Hamlet*, iii. 1.

In *Hamlet* we have:

> *King.* At *supper?* Where?
>
> *Hamlet.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten;
> A certain convocation of *worms* are e'en at him.
> Your *worm* is your only *emperor* for diet.

Montaigne says:

To what a degree, then, does this ridiculous diversion molest the soul, when all her *faculties* shall be *summoned* together upon this trivial account.

And Shakspeare says in the sonnets:

> When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
> I *summon* up remembrance of things past.

We are all familiar with that curious expression in Hamlet's soliloquy:

> When he himself may his quietus make
> With a bare *bodkin;*

and some have wondered why a man should discard daggers and swords and assassinate himself with a *bodkin.* We turn to Montaigne and find, I think, the original of the thought. He says (page 217):

A maid in Picardy, to manifest the ardor of her constancy, gave herself, with a *bodkin* she wore in her hair, four or five good lusty stabs into the arm, till the blood gushed out to some purpose.

Shakespeare speaks in *Richard III.* of "*the bowels of the land;*" Montaigne (page 94) speaks of "*the bowels of a man's own country.*" Both used those strange words *graveled* and *quintessence.* Montaigne despised the mob. He speaks like Bacon and Shakespeare of "the brutality and facility natural to the common people."

We find Shakespeare speaking of God thus:

> O thou *eternal mover* of the heavens.

And we find in Montaigne these lines (page 47):

> Th' *eternal mover* has, in shades of night,
> Future events concealed from human sight.

Montaigne says (page 227):

We commend a horse for his strength and sureness of foot, . . . and not for his rich caparisons; a greyhound for his share of heels, not for his fine collar; a hawk for her wings, not for her gesses and bells. Why in like manner do we not value a *man* for what is properly his own? He has a great train, a beautiful *place*, so *much credit*, so *many thousand pounds a year*, and all these are *about* him, but not *in* him.

In Shakespeare we have the same thought thus expressed:

> And not a man for being simply *man*
> Hath any honor; but honor for those honors
> That are *without* him, as *place*, *riches* and *favor*,
> Prizes of accident as oft as merit.[1]

I assure the reader that I have to stay my hand,—out of respect for my publishers,—or I should fill pages with similar proofs and parallelisms.

VII. "The Anatomy of Melancholy."

I cannot do more than touch upon a few of the reasons that lead me to believe that Francis Bacon was the real author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, which was published in 1621, in the name of "Robert Burton, of Leicestershire." Mr. Wharton says: "It was written, as I conjecture, about the year 1600." It first appeared under a *nom de plume*, that of "*Democritus Junior*." When it was first attributed to Burton I do not know. Burton, like Montaigne, never wrote anything but this one production; and, like Montaigne and Shakspere, very little is known of his life. His will, written by himself, is a crude performance, and has no resemblance to the style of the *Anatomy*. His elder brother, William Burton, was a student at the Inner Temple in 1593, and afterwards a barrister and reporter at the Court of Common Pleas, London. It is very probable he was an acquaintance of Francis Bacon, being in the same pursuit, in the same town, at the very time the Plays were being written.

The Anatomy of Melancholy is a wonderful work:—wonderful for its learning, its vast array of quotations from the classical writings, in which it resembles the Montaigne *Essays*, the profundity of its thoughts, its originality, and its Baconianisms. Dr. Johnson said it was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise. We might infer that the Montaigne *Essays* were the production of a sensitive, buoyant, jubilant, happy, vivacious, youthful genius; the *Anatomy*, the work of the same mind, older, overwhelmed with misfortunes, and steeped to the lips in misery and gloom. The one represents the man who wrote *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Love's Labor Lost*; the other, the

[1] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3.

author of *Timon of Athens* and *Hamlet.* In fact, in many things it is a prose *Timon of Athens.*

We have seen that about 1600 Bacon's fortunes were at their blackest; his disgust with the world was absolute; he was sick, poor, without hope, and plunged into excessive melancholy. He himself refers, subsequently, to this dreadful period in his life, and to the consequent failure of his health. We are told that the author of the *Anatomy* wrote that work to overcome his despair and divert his mind from its sorrows. We can imagine the laborious Francis Bacon, with the same purpose, with the help of his "good pens," collating a vast commonplace-book on the subject of "Melancholy," and the best modes of medical treatment to relieve it; and this is just what the *Anatomy* is: it is a commonplace-book with the citations strung together by a thread of original reflection; and it is full of identities with the writings of Bacon. Let me give one instance, which is most striking.

Coffee, at the time the *Anatomy* was published, had not yet been introduced into England; the first coffee-house was opened in England, in Oxford, in 1651, by a Jew; and the second in London, by a Greek servant of a Turkey merchant, in 1652. Bacon, we know, was collecting the facts for his *Natural History* for years; Montagu says some of them were drawn from observations made when he was sixteen years of age; and as one of the curious facts, in that compendium of facts, we find this entry:

> They have in Turkey a drink called *coffa*, made of a berry of the same name, as black as soot, and of a strong scent, but not aromatical; which they take, beaten into powder, in water, as hot as they can drink it, and sit at it, in their coffa-houses, which are like our taverns. This drink comforteth the heart and brain, and helpeth digestion.[1]

We turn to Burton, and we find him saying:

> *The Turks have a drink called coffee* (for they use no wine), so named of *a berry as black as soot*, and as bitter, (like that black drink which was in use among the Lacedamonians, and perhaps the same), which they sip still of and sup as warm as they can suffer; they spend much time in those *coffee-houses*, which are somewhat *like our* ale-houses or *taverns*, and there they *sit* chatting and drinking to drive away the time, and to be merry together, because they find by experience that that kind of *drink*, so used, *helpeth digestion* and procureth alacrity.[2]

I italicise the words used by Bacon which are also used by Burton. Bacon's *Natural History* was not published until 1627, so that

[1] *Sylva Sylvarum*, cent. viii, § 738. [2] *Anatomy of Melancholy*, vol. ii, p. 398.

Burton could not have borrowed from it, and it is not probable that Bacon would have borrowed from Burton without giving him due credit therefor. And yet we find both writers treating of the same subject, in the same language, with the same ideas, and even falling into the same error, that is, to say that the coffee berry is "as black as soot."

On page 129 of Volume I., Burton refers to details which show the writer to have been intimately acquainted with old Verulam, in which St. Albans was situated, and with its antiquities.

> B. Atwater of old, or, as some will, Henry I., made a channel from Trent to Lincoln, navigable; which now, saith Mr. Camden, is decayed, and much mention is made of anchors, and such like monuments, found about old Verulamium.

And at the bottom of the page, as a foot-note to this passage, we have this curious and inexplicable remark:

> Near S. Albans, which must not now be whispered in the ear.

One would almost suspect that the name of *St. Albans* was dragged in, in this singular fashion, to meet the requirements of a cipher narrative; and there are many other things in the *Anatomy* which point in the same direction. Certain it is that the finding of ancient anchors, in the meadows of Old Verulam, would be much more likely to be known to Bacon, who was raised there and had, as a boy, rambled all over those fields, than to Burton, born at Lindley, in Leicestershire, and whose residence, nearly all his life, seems to have been at Oxford. But, in any event, why was not the name of *St. Albans* to be "whispered in the ear"?

Burton avows the singular belief that England was formerly more densely populated than it was in his time in the seventeenth century; and in the year 1607 Bacon, in a speech in Parliament, expressed the same unusual conviction.[1]

We turn to another remarkable evidence of identity.

It is well known that Bacon wrote a work called *The New Atlantis*. It was an attempt to represent an *Utopia*. It was published in 1627. The name was a singular one for such a purpose. The island of Atlantis, Plato tells us, was sunk in the ocean because of the iniquities of its people. Why, then, employ a *new* Atlantis to show the human race regenerated? But this was Bacon's fancy.

[1] *Works*, vol. v, p. 352.

And, strange to say, we find Robert Burton in *The Anatomy of Melancholy* falling into the same fancy, and declaring in 1600, or 1621:

> I will yet, to satisfy and please myself, make an Utopia of mine own, a *new Atlantis*, a poetical commonwealth of mine own, in which I will freely domineer, build cities, make laws, statutes, as I list myself. And why may I not?[1]

And then he proceeds through some dozen pages to work out his fable, very much as Bacon did in *The New Atlantis*, but not, of course, as completely or philosophically; and evidently the *New Atlantis* of Burton is but the rude sketch of *The New Atlantis* of Bacon. Says Burton:

> I will have certain ships sent out for new discoveries every year . . . to observe what artificial *inventions* and good laws are in other countries.[2]

While Bacon[3] details how, under the orders of the ancient King Solomono, two ships were sent out every twelve years, from his *New Atlantis*, to visit all parts of the earth, and acquire new knowledge as to science, arts, manufactures and *inventions*.

Burton has his officers all paid out of the public treasury, "no fees to be given or taken on pain of losing their places;" while Bacon represents the officials of his *New Atlantis* as refusing any fees, with the exclamation, "What, twice-paid!"

Burton says that in his Utopia

> He that *invents* anything for public good, in any art or science, writes a treatise, or performs any noble exploit, shall be *accordingly enriched, honored and preferred.*

While Bacon describes[4] the great galleries of his Utopia filled with "the statues of all principal *inventors*," including Columbus, the monk that made gunpowder, the inventors of music, of letters, of silk, etc. He adds:

> For upon every *invention* of value, we erect a statue to the inventor, and *give him a liberal and honorable reward.*

In short, we see the seeds of Bacon's *New Atlantis* in Burton's *New Atlantis;* and no one can doubt that they came out of the same mind.

And I could fill pages, did space permit, with the startling identities of speech and thought which I have found to exist between

[1] *Anatomy of Melancholy*, vol. i, p. 131.
[2] Page 137.
[3] *The New Atlantis*, vol. i, p. 262, Montagu's ed.
[4] Ibid., vol. i, p. 209.

the *Anatomy* and Bacon's acknowledged writings and the Shakespeare Plays.

And in the *Anatomy* we see the vastness of those medical studies which crop out in the Shakespeare Plays.

Indeed, the world will hereafter have to study the great Plays by the wondrous light of the *Essays* of Montaigne and *The Anatomy of Melancholy* of Burton. Here is the man himself revealed, in youth and maturity. We see here the profound learning, the inexhaustible industry, the scope and grasp of mind, which have glinted through the interstices of the Plays like the red light of the dawning sun through the tangled leaves of a forest. We see, in short, the tremendous preparations of that wondrously stored mind, whose very drippings have astounded mankind in the disguise of the untaught player of Stratford.

VIII. The Cipher.

And, incredible as it may seem, I think it will be found that Bacon put the stamp of his Cipher upon nearly all his works, with intent some day to have them all reclaimed. And why do I say this? Because nearly everywhere I find not only the words *Bacon*, and *St. Albans*, and *Francis*, and *Nicholas*, and *Shake*, and *spur* and *speere*, scattered over these unacknowledged works, but because I can see those curious twistings of the sentences which so puzzled commentators in the Plays, and which mark the strain to bring in the Cipher narrative. The discussion of this matter would fill a book; I can now but touch upon a few proofs.

Take the Marlowe plays. Some of them exist, like some of the Shakespeare Plays, in two forms: a brief form, and a larger form. I found in the *Doctor Faustus*[2] that, when the Doctor is demanding some exhibition of demoniacal power, Cornelius says:

> Then haste thee to some solitary grove
> And bear wise *Bacon's* and *Albanus'* works,
> The Hebrew Psalter and New Testament,
> And whatsoever else is requisite.

Here we have not only the name of *Bacon*, but *Albanus*. The latter word the commentators changed to *Albertus*, and says one critic:

[2] Act i, scene 2.

Cornelius saddled Faustus with a heavy burden; the works of Albertus Magnus fill twenty-one thick folios, and those of Roger Bacon are asserted to have been one hundred and one in number.

It is evident that the order of Cornelius to bring along this vast library was merely an excuse to drag in the significant cipher words.

And again the name of Bacon appears in the same play:

I am Gluttony; my parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me but a small pension; and that buys me thirty meals a day and ten bevers; a small trifle to suffice nature. I come of a royal pedigree; my father was a *Gammon of Bacon*, and my mother was a hogshead of claret wine.[1]

This is the same old "*Gammon of Bacon*" which the carrier had in his panniers, and which did such good service, in *1st Henry IV.*[2]

And in *The Jew of Malta* Barabas and Ithamore are about to strangle a friar. Ithamore says:

Oh, how I long to see him *shake* his heels.[3]

And when they have strangled the friar Ithamore says:

'Tis neatly done, here's no *print* at all. . . . Nay, master, be ruled by me a little (*stands up the body*); so let him lean upon his staff; excellent, he stands as if he were begging of *Bacon*.

The great artist had not yet acquired the cunning in handling his suspicious words which is shown in the Plays. All this is very forced: "*shake* his heels," "here's no *print* at all," "as if begging of *Bacon*."

It seems to me these two plays go together in the cipher work, and we have *spheres* in *Doctor Faustus* matching this *shake* in *The Jew of Malta*. In *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, I find allusions to Elizabeth, Burleigh, etc. And in all these plays there is a great deal about *Aristotle*, and the *Organon*, and *books*, and *libraries*, and *printing* and *poets;* and the singular word *eternized* appears in almost every one of the Marlowe plays, just as we have found it in the Shakespeare Plays, Montaigne's *Essays*, and *The Anatomy of Melancholy;* as if, in every one of them, Bacon, in the internal cipher story, was repeating his purpose to do that which, in one of his acknowledged masks, he advised the King to do, to-wit: to *eternize his name on earth.*

[1] *Doctor Faustus*, ii, 2. [2] Act ii, scene 1. [3] Act iv, scene 2.

And in Montaigne's *Essays* we have (page 878):

> Whoever shall cure a child of an obstinate aversion to brown bread, *bacon* or garlic, will cure him of all kind of delicacy.

The substance bacon was considered in that age a diet fit for nobles;—the peasants could not get enough of it. Why should a child have an aversion for it? It is all forced.

And the text of Montaigne is in some places fairly peppered with the words *Francis* and *Francisco*. On page 42 we have "King *Francis* the First," on the next line, "*Francisco* Taverna, the ambassador of *Francisco* Sforza;" in the next sentence, "King *Francis*" again; on the same page "*Signor Francisco;*" on the next page "King *Francis*," and on the next line "King *Francis*" again. On page 46 we have: "Which makes the example of *Francis*, Marquis of Saluzzo, who, being lieutenant to King *Francis* the First," etc. On page 44 we have "King *Francis*" again. And we have *Nicholas*, *William*, *Williams*, *shake*, and *spur* and *speare* many times repeated; together with a great many allusions to *England* and *Scotland*, *Mary Queen of Scots* (page 61), the *Duke of Suffolk*, the *English*, the *White Rose*, King *Henry the Seventh of England* (page 36), *Bullen;* all of which seem rather out of place in a French work not a history of or dealing with English affairs. And there is a great deal also in the text about *plays*, *players*, *actors*, *tragedies*, *comedies*, *etc.* And we find the most absurd sentences dragged into the text to meet, as I suppose, the requirements of a cipher story. Take for instance this sentence (page 31):

> What causes the misadventures that befall us do we not invent? . . . Those beautiful tresses, young lady, you may so liberally tear off, are in no way guilty, nor is it the whiteness of those delicate breasts you so unmercifully beat, that with an unlucky bullet has slain your beloved brother.

Who is the young lady? There is nothing more about her in the text. And is it the white breasts that have slain her brother? Or did the young lady slay him? And where did the bullet come from? Was it from the white breasts? It is all nonsense and has no connection with the text. And there are hundreds of such passages.

And Montaigne ends one of his chapters with this singular declaration (page 37):

For my part I shall take care, if I can, that my death discover nothing that my life has not first openly manifested and publicly declared.

I think Mrs. Pott is right in supposing that Montaigne is often referred to in the Cipher story in the Shakespeare Plays in the name of *Mountaine;* for instance, we find Pistol in *The Merry Wives* calling Evans "thou *Mountaine* forreyner;" and in the same play Falstaff alludes to himself as "a *mountaine* of mummy." And both of these *Mountaines* or *Montaignes* are cunningly accompanied by the *de* and *la*, making the *de la Montaigne.* It would puzzle a simple-minded man to know how Bacon, in an English play, could work in twice the French words *de la.* But this is how he does it: He has a French doctor in the play, *Dr. Caius*, and his broken English furnishes the *de.* In act i, scene 4, we have the Doctor exclaiming:

What shall *de* honest man do in my closet?

And a few lines above this we have:

O Diable, Diable, vat is in my closet?
Villanie *La*-roone: Rugby my rapier.

These adroit subtleties provide for the first *Mountaine.* The other is as follows. In the same scene, a few lines further along, we have:

I will cut his throat in *de* park.

And in the first scene of the first act we have Shallow indulging in the old-woman phrase:

I thank you always with my heart, *la.*

And in the next column we have "thou *Mountaine* forreyner."

And when we turn to the play of *2d Henry IV.* we again have *De la Mountaine* still more cunningly concealed, for there is no Frenchman in that play to change *the* into *de.* In act ii, scene 4, we have: "The weight of an hair will not turn the scales between the Haber-*de*-pois." Here we have the *de;* and in the same act, scene 1, we find Dame Quickly saying:

Prithee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles, I loath to pawne my plate, in good earnest, *la.*

And we turn to the next act, scene 4, and on the next page after that on which the *de* is found we have:

And see the revolution of the times
Make *Mountaines* level.

De and *la* are very unusual in English plays, in fact they are not English words; yet here we find them accompanying, in three instances, the word *Mountaine;* and the probabilities are that investigation will show this singular concordance to exist in some of the other plays.

And, it seems to me, we have repeated references to *The Anatomy of Melancholy* in the Cipher story of the Shakespeare Plays. In *Romeo and Juliet* we have:

> What vile part of this *anatomy.*[1]

And again:

> *Melancholy* bells.[2]

In the *Comedy of Errors* we have:

> A mere *anatomy,* a mountebank.[3]

And again:

> But moody and dull *melancholy.*[4]

Here both words are in the same act and scene.

In *King John* the words occur in the same act, separated in the Folio by only about one column of matter:

> From sleep that fell *anatomy.*[5]
>
> Or if that surly spirit *Melancholy.*[6]

In *Twelfth Night* we have, separated by a page only:

> I'll eat the rest of the *anatomy.*[7]
>
> Being addicted to *melancholy.*[8]

In *1st* and *2d Henry IV.* we seem to have the name of the book and the ostensible author, Robert Burton:

> Master *Robert* Shallow.[9]
>
> North from *Burton* here.[10]

And in *2d Henry IV.*, v, 4, we have:

> Thou *atomy* thou.

This needs but an *an* to make it *anatomy.*

And we also have:

> Musing and cursed *melancholy.*[11]

[1] *Romeo and Juliet*, iii, 3.
[2] Ibid., iv, 5.
[3] *Comedy of Errors*, v, 1.
[4] Ibid., v, 1.
[5] *King John*, iii, 4.
[6] Ibid., iii.
[7] *Twelfth Night*, iii, 2.
[8] Ibid., [illegible]
[9] *2d Henry IV.*, v, 3.
[10] *1st Henry IV.*, iii, 1.
[11] *1st Henry IV.*, ii, 3.

And in the *Induction* to the *Taming of the Shrew* we have:

> Old Sly's son of *Burton*-heath.

In conclusion, I would say, we find *Bacon* once in *The Merry Wives of Windsor;* we find *Bacon* twice in the first part of *King Henry IV.;* we find *Bacons* once in the same play; we find *Bacon* in *The Jew of Malta;* and we find *Bacon* twice in the play of *Doctor Faustus.* In *Thomas Lord Cromwell* we have:

> Well, Joan, he'll come this way; and by God's dickers I'll tell him roundly of it, an if he were ten lords; a shall know that I had not my cheese and my *Bacon* for nothing."[1]

We find *Bacon* in Montaigne's *Essays;* and we find *Bacon* many times repeated in *The Anatomy of Melancholy.*

We find *St. Albans* twenty odd times in the Shakespeare Plays; we find *St. Albans* two or three times in the *Contention between York and Lancaster;* we find *St. Albans* in the play of *Tom Stuckley;* we find *Albanus* in *Doctor Faustus* and *Albanum* in *Locrine;* and we find *St. Albans* in *The Anatomy of Melancholy.*

Can any one believe that all this is the result of accident? Remember that *bacon*, in its common acceptation, is a word having no relation to poetry or elevated literature; and *St. Albans* is a little village, illustrious only through having been at one time the place of residence of Francis Bacon. I do not think a study of the dramas or poems of the next century, or of the present age, will reveal any such liberal use of these words; in fact, I doubt if they can be found therein at all, except where Francis Bacon and his residence are distinctly referred to.

[1] Act iv, scene 2.

CHAPTER V.

FRANCIS BACON.

> He was not born to shame!
> Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
> For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned,
> Sole monarch of the universal earth.
>
> *Romeo and Juliet*, III, 2

LET us consider, as briefly as the importance of the subject will permit, some of the assaults which have been made upon the good name of Francis Bacon.

I. His Life as a Courtier.

First, it has been charged, with much bitterness, that he was a courtier, truckling to power—an obsequious sycophant to the crown.

It is sufficient answer to this to refer to the fact that, as a member of Parliament, he stood forth, in the face of Queen Elizabeth and all her power, and spoke in defense of the rights of the House of Commons and the people; and that, although this act injured seriously his chances of promotion, he resolutely refused to recant a single sentiment of the views he had enunciated. It is something in this age, when power is divided among many hands, for the ambitious man to defy the frown of authority; but in that era, when all power rested in the crown, opposition to the government was political suicide. There was no public opinion outside of the court; there were no newspapers; and Parliament itself was, as a rule, the creature of the royal will. Surely no man who was a mere truckler for place would thus have arrayed himself against the powers of the state; or, if he had unwittingly stumbled into such a position of antagonism, he would have hastened to repair the damage by proper and profuse apologies and recantations.

It is true Bacon was ambitious, and he was a courtier because

he was ambitious. There was no other avenue to preferment. He had to seek the favor of the court or sink into absolute nothingness, so far as position in the state was concerned.

He says:

> Believing that I was born for the service of mankind, and regarding the care of the commonwealth as a kind of common property, which, like the air and water, belongs to everybody, I set myself to consider in what way mankind might be best served, and what service I was myself best fitted by nature to perform.[1]

And again he says:

> But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts, (though God accept them), yet towards man are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; *and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground.* [2]

These two utterances constitute, I think, the very key-note to Bacon's whole public career. He sought place as the vantage-ground from which to benefit mankind. He knew how little respect there is for genius in rags. He says:

> The learned pate
> Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
> There's nothing level in our cursed natures
> But direct villainy.[3]

He had noted that

> A dog's obeyed in office.[4]

And who shall say he was wrong? Who shall say how far the title of Lord Verulam, or Viscount St. Albans, has cast a halo of dignity and acceptability over his philosophy? It is too often the position that commends the utterance. The horn of the hunter, ringing far and wide from the mountain top, reaches an audience which the same note, muffled in the thick depths of the valley, could not obtain. And if this be true in the enlarged, capacious and cultivated age of to-day, how much more must it have been the case in that wretched era, when, as Bacon said:

> Courts are but only superficial schools
> To dandle fools;
> The rural parts are turned into a den
> Of savage men.

And remember mankind had not receded to these conditions;

[1] Proem *Int. Nat.*
[2] Essay *Of Great Place.*
[3] *Titus Andronicus*, IV, 3.
[4] *Lear*, IV, 6.

it had advanced to them. The people of Western Europe were just emerging from the most profound brutality and barbarism. The courts were the only centers of light and culture. Was it a crime for the greatest intellect of the age to adapt itself to its pitiful environment?

> So our virtues
> Lie in the interpretation of the times.[1]

Was it an offense for the ablest man of the age to seek place as a stepping-stone to the opportunity for good? "The times were out of joint," and he believed he was born to "set them right;" and he craved power as the Archimedes fulcrum from which he was to move the world.

Moreover, he was poor — poor with many wants — a gentleman with the income of a yeoman. The path to fortune as well as power lay through the portals of the court. Can he be blamed for treading it?

II. His Alleged Ingratitude to Essex.

But it is urged that Bacon was ungrateful to Essex. Wherein? Why, — it is said, — Essex gave him a piece of land worth about £1,800, and Bacon afterwards took part in his prosecution for treason.

Why did Essex give this land? Because he was under many obligations to Bacon and his brother Anthony, for years of faithful, patient and valuable services, not only as political allies, but as secretaries, laboring to advance his fortunes. Bacon had written masks for his entertainments; he had written sonnets in his name, to advance his interests with the Queen; he had popularized him in the Plays; he had penned letters as if from himself to aid his fortunes; he had carried on his correspondence with all parts of Europe; he had translated his ciphers; he had been his guide in politics; he had used all his vast genius and industry for his advancement. Bacon said in a letter, in 1600, to Lord Henry Howard,—Essex being still alive:

> For my Lord of Essex, I am not servile to him, having regard to my superior duty. I have been much bound unto him; on the other side, *I have spent more time and more thoughts about his well-doing than ever I did about mine own.*

[1] *Coriolanus*, iv, 7.

Essex had tried, in return for these services, to secure Bacon the place of Solicitor, and had failed. Then he came to him and said:

> You have spent your time and thoughts in my matters; *I die if I do not somewhat towards your fortune.*

That is to say, he could not live under the sense of this unrequited obligation. The Twickenham property was not a gift; it was the payment of a debt.

But Bacon knew the rash and uncontrolable nature of his patron, and he accepted the property with a distinct intimation, at the time, that he should not follow him into any reckless enterprises. He said to him, as he himself records, in his "Apology":

> My Lord, I see I must be your homager, and hold land of your gift; but do you know the manner of doing homage in law? Always it is with a saving of his faith to the King and his other lords.

That is to say, his devotion as a friend must be limited by his obligations and duties as a citizen.

Was this wrong? Should he, because of a gift of a piece of land, have followed the Earl into the foolish and treasonable practices which culminated on the scaffold? It is true that "a friend should bear a friend's infirmities;" but should he therefore participate in his crimes?

And though it be admitted that Bacon had been engaged in a conspiracy with Essex, in 1597, to create public opinion against the Cecils, and even, perhaps, to bring about the deposition of the Queen, by profound and far-reaching means,— does it therefore follow that he should have gone with the Earl in his wild and unreasonable attempt to raise the city and seize the person of the Queen? There are few things more utterly abominable than the man who, with talents hardly up to the requirements of private life, insists on rushing into the management of great public affairs, and is caught at last, like Essex, molten with terror, "betwixt the dread extremes of mighty opposites." And one has but to look at the picture of the unpleasant face of Essex, given herewith, to see that he was a commonplace, vulgar soul, made great by the accident of birth. Surely, that portrait does not represent the man for whom the greatest intellect of the human race should have died on the scaffold.

And the course of Essex, after he was convicted of treason, and just before his execution, shows the real character of this ignoble man. His whole moral nature seemed to have given way, and he proceeded to reveal to the government the names of some of his best friends,— especially Sir Henry Neville,— whose connection with his crime was not, until that time, known, and who had, no doubt, been drawn into the conspiracy by their devotion to himself and his fortunes! Hepworth Dixon says:

> He closes a turbulent and licentious life by confessing against his companions, still untried, more than the officers of the Crown could have proved against them; and, despicable to relate, most of all against the two men who have been his closest associates — Blount and Cuffe. His confessions in the face of death deprive these prisoners of the last faint hope of grace. They go with Meyrick and Danvers to the gallows or the block.[1]

But it may be said it was in bad taste for Bacon to participate in the trial of Essex, because he had once been his friend. This would be true if Bacon had volunteered for the task, but he did not; he tried to be relieved from it. But he was the sworn officer of the Crown, the official servant of the Queen; and the government of Elizabeth was an absolute despotism. He was *ordered* to appear and take part in the prosecution. He begged earnestly — he pleaded — to be relieved. The Queen insisted; and not only insisted, but assigned to him in the first trial — despite his protests — that part of the arraignment which referred to Essex' followers hiring the players to play *the Shakespeare play of Richard II.!* Bacon protested that he had "been wronged by bruits before, and this would expose me to them more, and it would be said I gave in evidence *mine own tales.*" But the Queen was inexorable; and, says Bacon, "I could not avoid that part that was laid upon me."

But it may be said that, notwithstanding all this, Bacon should have refused to appear against one who had formerly been his friend, and who was publicly regarded as his benefactor. He should have resigned his place first. But there are no resignations in despotisms; and, moreover, the Cipher narrative shows us that Bacon may have held his own life at the tenure of the Queen's mercy. He may have been compelled, but a short time before, to confess the authorship of the Plays and his connection with a

[1] *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, p. 145.

former treasonable conspiracy. The sword of Damocles may have hung suspended over his head by a single hair — the forbearance of Cecil. Should he, in such case, by refusing to perform an official duty, have gone to the block with Essex, the victim of a desperate and extravagant venture, in which he had taken no part? For Hepworth Dixon notes that in 1597 — the very year I have supposed the Cipher narrative to refer to — a separation had taken place between Bacon and Essex. He says:

> Essex cools to a man whose talk is very much wiser than he wants to hear. They have no scene; no quarrel; no parting; for there are no sympathies to wrench, no friendships to dissolve. Essex ceases to seek advice at Gray's Inn. They now rarely see each other.[1]

And the same high authority thus speaks of Bacon's course in the last trial of Essex:

> Called by the Privy Council to bear his part in the great drama, Bacon no more shirks his duty at the bar than Levison shirked his duty at Ludgate Hill, or Raleigh his duty at Charing Cross. As her counsel learned in the law, he had no more choice or hesitation about his duty of defense than her captain of the guard. Raleigh and Bacon have each tried to save the Earl, as long as he remained an honest man; but England is their first love, and by her faith, her freedom and her Queen they must stand or fall. Never is stern and holy duty done more gently on a criminal than by Bacon on this trial. He aggravates nothing. If he condemns the action, he refrains from needless condemnation of the man.[2]

And to the very last he pleads for Essex' life; he intercedes with the Queen; he does all he can to save him. And we are told that it was not the Queen's intention to send Essex to the block, and that his life would have been saved, at the very last, but for the miscarriage of a ring which he sent to the Queen as his final appeal for mercy. Whether this tradition be true or not, it is certain that if Bacon had any hope of saving the man who had levied war against the person of the Queen, and whose life was forfeit, he could better attain that end by obeying the orders of the government than by resisting them.

But we can only judge fully of his course in all this matter when the entire Cipher narrative is laid bare. I feel assured that when all the facts are known the character of the great man will come forth relieved of the last spot and blemish.

We know enough to convince us that Bacon passed through some

[1] *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, pp. 94, 95. [2] Ibid., p. 112.

dreadful and stormy experiences in the few years subsequent to 1597; and it was during or soon after this period that the mightiest of the dramas made their appearance. Misfortune is a tonic to strong natures and a poison to weak. There is a plant in South America, a plain-looking, knobbed stalk, apparently flowerless; but when the wind blows fiercely and agitates it, the rough lumps open and the odorous blossoms protrude. So there are men the splendor of whose faculties is never revealed until they are assailed by the cruel winds of adversity.

To satisfy ourselves that Bacon was one of these, we have only to compare *Lear* and *Macbeth* with *Love's Labor Lost* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

III. The Question of Bribery.

The eagle carries the turtle high up into the air and then lets him fall, and descends to feast upon the crushed remains. Let us learn a lesson from this incident. If we would utterly destroy a man, we must first lift him far up on the wings of praise, into the very heaven of exaltation, and then let him fall. When Pope,— a crabbed, little, imperfect character, himself,— described Bacon as the "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind," the world took it for granted that one who could so transcendently praise his victim must certainly tell the truth about him. And an epigram is something to be regarded with the utmost terror. Its power is deadly. Pack even an error into a compact, antithetical combination of words, and the whole world will be ready, ever after, to carry it around in their mouths. Its very portability is a temptation to take possession of it. Its acceptability is much greater than ordinary uncondensed truth, even as a government coin will pass current where a lump of ore of greater value would be refused.

But could the *greatest* and *wisest* of mankind be the *meanest?* Can greatness be mean? Is there not here, on the very face of the epigram, a contradiction of terms?

But why "the meanest of mankind"? Because, it is said, he was convicted of bribery as a judge — nay more, he confessed to it; he sold the rights of suitors; he bartered away justice for a price.

> If it were true, it were a grievous fault,
> And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

If it were true, then indeed would Bacon be the paradox of mankind — the highest powers linked to the basest instincts. Let us look into the matter.

There are two issues presented:

1. Did Francis Bacon, while Lord Chancellor, receive gifts from suitors in his court?

2. Did he for these gifts pervert justice?

The two issues are widely distinct. The first proposition involved a custom of the age; — the second has been regarded as an abhorrent crime in all ages.

IV. The System of Gifts.

Mr. Spedding — very high authority — says:

> But it was the practice in England up to James the First's time at least; and the traces of it are still legible in the present state of the law (1874) with regard to fees; for I believe it is still true that *the law will not help either the barrister or the physician to recover an unpaid fee;* the professions being too liberal to make charges, send in bills, or give receipts, or do anything but take the money. . . .
>
> And it is surely possible to conceive gifts both given and taken — even between suitor and judge while the cause is proceeding — without any thought of perverting justice either in the giver or taker. In every suit both sides are entitled to favorable consideration — that is, to the attention of a mind open to see all that makes in their favor — and favorable consideration is all that the giver need be suspected of endeavoring to bespeak, or the receiver of engaging to bestow. The suitor almost always believes his cause to be just, though he is not always so sure, and in those days he had not always reason to be so sure, that its merits would be duly considered, if the favorable attention of the judge were not specially attracted to them; and though the judge was rightly forbidden to lay himself under an obligation to either party, it must be remembered that in *all other offices, and in all gentlemanly professions, gifts of exactly the same kind* — fees, not fixed by law or defined as to amount by custom, or recoverable as debts, but left to the discretion of the suitor, client or patient — *were in those days the ordinary remuneration for official or professional services of all kinds.*[1]

And Mr. Spedding further says:

> The law officers of the Crown derived, I fancy, a considerable part of their income from New Year's gifts and other gratuities, presented to them both by individuals and corporations whom their office gave them opportunities of obliging.[2]

And he gives instances where Lord Burleigh, and his son, Sir Robert Cecil, and Lord Treasurer Suffolk took large gifts from suitors having business before them, and saw no impropriety in doing so.

[1] Spedding, *Life and Works*, vol. vii, p. 560. [2] Ibid., p. 561.

Hepworth Dixon says, describing that era:

Few men in the court or in the church receive salaries from the Crown; and each has to keep his state and make his fortune out of fees and gifts. The King takes fees. The Archbishop, the Bishop, the rural dean take fees. The Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Baron of the Exchequer, the Master of the Rolls, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, the King's Sergeant, the utter barrister, all the functionaries of law and justice, take fees.

So in the great offices of state. The Lord Treasurer takes fees. The Lord Admiral takes fees. The Secretary of State, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Master of the Wards, the Warden of the Cinque Ports, the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, all take fees. *Everybody takes fees; everybody pays fees.*[1]

Again Mr. Dixon says:

In some cases, particularly in the courts of justice, it is open. Bassanio may present his ducats, three thousand in a bag. The Judge may only take a ring. A fee is due whenever an act is done. The occasions on which, by ancient usage of the realm, the King claims help or fine are many; the sealing of an office or a grant, the knighting of his son, the marriage of his daughter, the alienation of lands *in capite*, his birthday, a New Year's day, the anniversary of his accession or his coronation — indeed, at all times when he wants money and finds men rich enough and loyal enough to pay. In like manner the clergy levy tithe and toll; fees on christenings, fees on churchings, fees on marriages, fees on interments, Easter offerings, free offerings, charities, church extensions, pews and rents.

In the government offices it is the same as in the palace and the church. If the Attorney-General, the Secretary of State, the Lord Admiral or the Privy Seal puts his signature to a sheet of paper, he takes his fee. Often it is his means of life. The retaining fee paid by the King to Cecil, as Premier of State, is a hundred pounds a year. But the fees from other sources are enormous. *These fees are not bribes.*[2]

And again I quote from Mr. Dixon:

A barrister may not ask wages for his toil, like an attorney or a clerk, nor can he reclaim by any process of law, as the clerk and attorney can, the value of his time and speech. If he lives on the gifts of grateful clients, these gifts must be perfectly free.[3]

In fact, it was clearly understood that the great officers of the law, including the Lord Chancellor, were to be paid by these voluntary gifts.

Mr. Dixon says:

Thus the Seals, though the Lord Chancellor had no proper salary, were in Egerton's time worth from ten to fifteen thousand pounds a year, of which princely sum (twenty-five thousand a year in coin of Victoria) the King only paid him eighty-one pounds six shillings and eight pence. Yelverton's place of Solicitor, three or four thousand a year, of which he got seventy pounds from James. The Judges had enough to buy their gloves and robes, not more. Coke, when Lord

[1] Dixon, *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, p. [illegible] [2] Ibid., p. [illegible] [3] Ibid., [illegible].

Chief Justice of England, drew from the state twelve farthings less than two hundred and twenty-five pounds a year. When traveling circuit he was allowed thirty-three pounds six shillings and eight pence for his expenses. Hobart, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, had twelve farthings less than one hundred and ninety-five pounds a year. Tanfield, Lord Chief Baron of His Majesty's Exchequer, one hundred and eighty-eight pounds six shillings a year. Yet each of these great lawyers had given up a lucrative practice at the bar. After their promotion to the bench they lived in good houses, kept a princely state, gave dinners and masks, made presents to the King, accumulated goods and lands. *These wages were paid in fees by those who resorted for justice to their courts.*

These fees were not bribes. The courts of law are full of abuses. The highest officer of the realm has no salary from the state. Custom imposes on him a host of servants; officers of his court and his household; masters, secretaries, ushers, clerks, receivers, porters; none of whom receive a mark a year from the crown; men who have bought their places, and who are paid, as he himself is paid, in fees and fines. *The amount of half these fees is left to chance, to the hope or gratitude of the suitor*, often to the cupidity of the servant, or the length of the suitor's purse. The certain fines of chancery, as subsequent inquiries show, are only thirteen hundred pounds a year, the fluctuating fines still less; beyond which beggarly sum the great establishment of the Lord Chancellor, his court, his household, and his followers, gentlemen of quality, sons of peers and prelates, magistrates, deputy-lieutenants of counties, knights of the shire, have all to live on fees and presents.

But if Bacon's salary for the great office of Lord Chancellor, with all its vast retinue of servants and followers, was but *four hundred dollars a year*, and if in taking gifts he did no more than all his predecessors had done, and all the other judges of England in that day were doing, surely there is nothing here to entitle him to be called "the meanest of mankind."

V. Did he Sell Justice?

But it will be said he confessed that he sold justice for a price and decided the cases brought before him according to the amount paid him.

He did nothing of the kind. He distinctly denies the charge. He said in a letter to the King, in the very agonies of his trial:

> And for the briberies and gifts wherewith I am charged, when the books of hearts shall be opened, I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart, in a depraved habit of taking rewards to pervert justice; howsoever I may be frail, and partake of the abuses of the time.

And again he said, in a letter to Buckingham, May 31, 1621:

> However I have acknowledged that the sentence is just, and *for reformation sake fit*, I have been a trusty and *honest* and Christ-loving friend to your Lordship, and *the justest Chancellor that hath been in the five changes since my father's time.*

And he also says:

I praise God for it, I never took penny for any benefice or ecclesiastical living. I never took penny for releasing anything I stopped at the Seal. I never took penny for any commission, or things of that nature.

I never shared with any reward for any second or inferior profit.

Dixon says:

As he lies sick at York House, or at Gorhambury, hearing through his friend Meautys of the moil and worry about him at the House of Commons, he jots, on loose scraps of paper at his side, his answers and remarks. These scraps of paper are at Lambeth Palace.

On one of these sheets he writes:

There be three degrees of cases, as I conceive, of gifts or rewards given to a judge.

The first is,— of bargain, of contract, or promise of reward, *pendente lite*, and this is properly called *venalis sententiæ*, or *baratria*, or *corruptelæ munerum*. And of this my heart tells me I am innocent; that I had no bribe or reward in my eye or thought when I pronounced any sentence or order.

The second is,— a neglect in the judge to inform himself whether the cause be fully at an end or no, what time he receives the gift, but takes it upon the credit of the party that all is done, or otherwise omits to inquire.

And the third is,— when it is received, *sine fraude*, after the cause is ended; which, it seems, *by the opinions of the civilians, is no offense*. . . .

For the first, I take myself to be as innocent as any babe born on St. Innocents' day in my heart.

For the second, I doubt, in some particulars I may be faulty.

And for the last, I conceive it to be no fault.[1]

But here is another point to be considered: If Bacon had sold justice for money, and had rendered unjust decisions, it would have been most natural that those suitors who had been wronged by him would have applied to Parliament, after his downfall, to have his corrupt judgments overturned. Spedding says:

Upon this point, therefore, the records of Parliament tell distinctly and almost decisively in Bacon's favor. They show that the circumstances of his conviction did encourage suitors to *attempt* to get his decrees set aside; that several such attempts were made, *but that they all failed;* thereby strongly confirming the popular tradition reported by Aubrey: "His favorites took bribes, but his Lordship always gave judgment *secundum æquum et bonum*. His decrees in Chancery stand firm. *There are fewer of his decrees reversed than of any other Chancellor.*"[2]

Says Hepworth Dixon:

An attempt to overthrow some of his judgments fails. *Of the thousands of decisions pronounced by him in the Court of Chancery not one is reversed.*[3]

[1] Dixon's *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, pp. 335, 336.
[2] Spedding, *Life and Works*, vol. vii, p. 558.
[3] Dixon's *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, p. 347.

Surely this does not look like the record of an unjust judge—'the *meanest* of mankind." After his downfall he was poor and powerless, and his enemies had control of Parliament. If he had perverted justice, in a single instance, would not the ferret eye of Coke have detected it; and would he not, from his hatred of Bacon, have triumphantly dragged it before the attention of England and the whole world? What kind of bribery was that in which the decision was always given on the side of justice?

VI. The Real Cause of his Downfall.

But it will be asked,—Why, if this was indeed a just judge, whose judgment even his enemies could not question; and if the salary of the Lord Chancellor's place was but $400 per annum; and if, in accepting gifts from suitors, Bacon simply followed an ancient and universal custom: why was the greatest genius that England has ever produced cast down in dishonor from his high place, and committed to the Tower, a disgraced and ruined man

It is a terrible story of a degraded era and a corrupt court. There is not space to present it here in full. Let the reader who desires to investigate the subject further turn to Hepworth Dixon's *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, and read from page 300 to page 342. He will there see that the foul and greedy Villiers' clan drove great officials out of place for the purpose of selling their positions to wealthy adventurers. Suffolk, the Lord Treasurer, was deprived of the White Staff, imprisoned in the Tower, and fined £30,000; Yelverton, the Attorney-General, was thrown out of office and fined £4,000. A public auction is made of these places. Sir Henry Montague purchases the Treasurership for £20,000; Coventry buys the Attorney's place. The Villiers gang divide the spoils. "These profits and promotions edge the tooth for more." Bacon is fixed upon as the next victim. Conjoined with these maneuvers of infamous men and still more infamous women, there is a tempest brewing in the House of Commons, and Coke is there to direct the violence of the storm against his old enemy, Bacon. A creature named Churchill, who had been turned out of office by Bacon, for selling an estate twice over,—a crime for which he should have been sent to the penitentiary,—is employed to collect evidence against the great Chancellor. Hepworth Dixon says:

The causes heard are many — five or six hundred in every term; the serv of the court are not all honest; some, indeed, are flagitious rogues. The Ch cellor has not taken them voluntarily into his service, nor can he always turn them adrift: their places are their freeholds. Among thousands of suitors, all of whom must have paid fees into the court, half of whom must be smarting under the pangs of a lost cause, it will be strange, indeed, if cunning, malice and unscrupulous power combined cannot find some charge that may be tortured into a wrong. . .

VII. Not a Single Corrupt Act Proved.

Hepworth Dixon continues:

The evidence produced against him, as Heneage Finch has told the House of Commons, proves his case and frees him from blame. Of the twenty-two charges of corruption, three are debts — Compton's, Peacock's and Vanlore's: two of these, Compton's and Vanlore's, debts on bond and interest. Any man who borrows money may be as justly charged with taking bribes. One case, that of the London Companies, is an arbitration, not a suit in law. Even Cranfield, though bred in the city, cannot call their fee a bribe. Smithwick's gift, being found irregular, had been sent back. Thirteen cases — those of Young, Wroth, Hody, Barker, Monk, Trevor, Scott, Fisher, Lenthal, Dunch, Montagu, Ruswell, and the Frenchmen — are of daily practice in every court of law. They fall under Bacon's third list, common fees, paid in the usual way, paid after judgment has been given. Kennedy's present, of a cabinet for York House, has never been accepted, the Chancellor hearing that the artisan who made it had not been paid. Reynell, an old neighbor and friend, gave him two hundred pounds toward furnishing York House, and sent him a ring on New Year's day. Everybody gives rings, everybody takes rings, on a New Year's day. The gift of £500 from Sir Ralph Hornsby was made after a judgment, though, as afterwards appeared, while a second, much inferior cause, was still in hearing. The gift was openly made, not to the Chancellor, but to the officer of his court. The last case is that of Lady Wharton; the only one that presents an unusual feature. Lady Wharton, it seems, brought her presents to the Chancellor herself; yet even her gifts were openly made, in the presence of the proper officer and his clerk. Churchill admits being present in the room when Lady Wharton left her purse: Gardner, Keeling's clerk, asserts that he was present when she brought the £200. Even Coke is staggered by proofs which prove so much; for who in his senses can suppose that the Lord Chancellor would have done an act known to be illegal and criminal in the company of a registrar and a clerk? It is clear that a thing which Bacon did under the eyes of Gardner and Churchill must have been, in his mind, customary and right. It is no less clear that if Bacon had done wrong, knowing it to be wrong, he would never have braved exposure of his fraud by turning Churchill into the streets. Thus, after the most rigorous and vindictive scrutiny into his official acts, and into the official acts of his servants, *not a single fee or remembrance traced to the Chancellor can, by any fair construction, be called a bribe.* Not one appears to have been given on a promise; not one appears to have been given in secret; *not one is alleged to have corrupted justice.*[1]

And yet it is upon this proceeding and these facts that the most wonderful intellect of the race has been blackened in the

[1] Dixon's *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, pp. 336, 337.

mation of the whole human family, and sent down through the ... es with a scurrilous epigram pinned upon his back, denouncing him as the meanest man that ever lived upon the planet.

And if the fair-minded critic will set aside Macaulay's shallow and unfair essay, and consult Spedding or Hepworth Dixon, he will find that every minor charge against Bacon — his assisting at the torture of Peacham; his consulting with the judges at the instance of King James; his alleged ingratitude to Somerset, etc.— are all fully met and disposed of.

VIII. Why did he Plead Guilty?

But why — it will be asked — did he plead guilty to the charges? Dixon gives these reasons:

> In a private interview James now urges the Chancellor to trust in him; *to offer no defense;* to submit himself to the peers; to trust his honor and his safety to the Crown. It is only too easy to divine the reasons which weigh with Bacon to intrust his fortunes to the King. He is sick. He is surrounded by enemies. No man has power to help him, save the sovereign. He is weary of greatness. Age is approaching. In his illness he has learned to think more of heaven and less of the world. His nobler tasks are incomplete. He has the Seals, and the delights of power begin to pall. To resist the King's advice is to provoke the fate of Yelverton, still an obstinate prisoner in the Tower. Nor can he say that these complaints against the courts of law, against the Court of Chancery, are untimely or unjust. So far as they attack the court, and not the judge, they are in the spirit of all his writings, and of all his votes. In his soul he can find no fault with the House of Commons, though the accidents of time and the machinations of powerful enemies have made him, the Reformer, a sacrifice to a false cry for reform. . . .
>
> *He pleads guilty to carelessness, not to crime.* But he points out, too, that all the irregularities found in his court occurred when he was new in office, strange to his clerks and registrars, overwhelmed with arrears of work. The very last of them is two years old. For the latter half of his reign as Chancellor, the vindictive inquisition of his enemies, aided by the treachery of his servants, *has not been able to detect in his administration of justice a fault, much less a crime.*[2]

But behind these reasons there were still many others. He was in the unlimited power of the King; and the King was ruled by his favorite, Buckingham, a merciless, greedy, sordid wretch, who desired to sell Bacon's place to the highest bidder, and would not be thwarted of his victim. The King was alarmed, also, at the storm signals in Parliament. The tempest was rising which cost his son his head. The cry for reform must be appeased; a tub must be thrown to the whale. Bacon's ruin would satisfy for a

[2] Dixon's *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, p. 342.

time the clamorous reformers, while it would enrich Buckin and his clique. Bacon was doomed. He understood the situa He regarded himself as a sacrifice. He said, in a letter to the K in 1620:

> And now *making myself an oblation*, to do with me as may best conduce to th honor of your justice, the honor of your mercy and *the use of your service*, resting as clay in your Majesty's gracious hands, etc.

And again he said, with the voice of prophecy:

> Those who now strike at your Chancellor will yet strike at your crown.

What would have been the result had he stood out and refused to plead guilty? He would certainly have been convicted, imprisoned, ruined by a heavy fine, perhaps sent to the block.

By the King's grace his fine of £40,000 is remitted; he is released from the Tower, and he *has time to complete his great works.*

He writes *in cipher:*

> I was *the justest judge that was in England these fifty years;* but it was the justest censure that was in Parliament these two hundred years.

That is to say, while personally innocent of bribe-taking, his condemnation had led to the reformation of the abuse of gift-giving to judges.

But he puts this in cipher,—he whispers it,—and opposite it he writes "*stet*"—as if he was preparing his papers for posterity, and eliminating those things which might tell more than he wished the world yet to know; just as we have seen his correspondence with Sir Tobie Matthew excised and eliminated.

He bowed his neck to the storm which he could neither avert nor control; biding his time, he took his secret appeal to "foreign nations, the next ages, and to his own countrymen after some time be passed." He made a formal confession, it is true, to Parliament, but it is a defense and a justification, in every word, as well; for with each case he gives those details which relieve it of all aspect of bribery.

And he turned patiently away, with the burden of a great injustice and a mighty sorrow upon him, and devoted the last five years of his life to the putting forth of works unequaled since the globe first rolled on its axis.

IX. The Doom of his Enemies.

nd yet, being human, he must have rejoiced over the fate ch speedily overtook his corrupt and malicious persecutors. Hepworth Dixon says:

From the seclusion of Gorhambury, or Gray's Inn, he watches the men who nave ruined his fortune and stained his name fall one by one. Before their year of triumph ran out, Coke's intolerable arrogance plunged him into the Tower, from which he escaped after eight months' imprisonment, to be permanently degraded from the Privy Council, banished from the court, and confined to his dismal ruin of a house at Stoke. The sale of Frances Coke to Viscount Purbeck is a dismal failure. She makes the man to whom she was sold perfectly miserable; quitting his house for days and nights; braving the public streets in male attire; falling in guilty love with Sir Robert Howard; shocking even the brazen sinners of St. James's by the excessive profligacy of her life. Purbeck steals abroad to hide his shame. At last he goes raving mad. . . .

Were there space in Bacon's generous heart for vengeance, how the passions of the great Chancellor would leap and glow as these adversaries fall before his eyes like rotten fruit! Never was the wisdom of counsel proved more signally, the vindication of conduct more complete. All that he foresaw of evil has come to pass. He does not, indeed, live to behold that fiery joy which lights and shakes the land when Buckingham's tyranny drops under an assassin's knife; but he lives long enough to find himself justified by facts on every point of his opposition to the scandalous family policy and private bargains of the Villiers clan. . . .

The very next Parliament which meets in Westminster strikes down two of his foes. Three years after his return to that trust he so grossly abused, Churchill comes before the House of Commons as a culprit. He has been at his tricks again, and is now solemnly convicted of forgery and fraud. Two months after Churchill's condemnation Cranfield is in turn assailed. Charges of taking bribes from the farmers of customs, of fraudulent dealing with the royal debts, of robbing the magazine of arms, are proved against him; when abandoned by his powerful friends, he is sentenced by the House of Commons to public infamy, to loss of office, to imprisonment in the Tower, to a restitutionary fine of £200,000. "In future ages," says a wise observer of events, "men will wonder how my Lord St. Albans could have fallen, and how my Lord of Middlesex could have risen." [1]

X. The World's Indebtedness to the Great Philosopher.

There have not been wanting those whose devotion to the man of Stratford has been so great, that they have not only disputed the title of Francis Bacon to the Plays, but have even denied that, as a philosopher, he had any claims upon the respect of mankind.

Let us examine a few witnesses upon this point.

First, let us call that distinguished biographer and essayist, but not historian, Macaulay, who has done more than any other man,

[1] Dixon's *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, p. 356.

Pope alone excepted, to injure the reputation of Francis Bacon. Macaulay says:

> Ask a follower of Bacon what the new philosophy has effected for mankind, and his answer is ready: "It has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendor of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of human muscle; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all dispatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land with cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean with ships which sail against the wind.[1]

But how, it may be asked, has all this been accomplished?

By using the senses to understand external nature, and the powers of the mind to master it for the good of man.

And therein is the key of all that we call progress and civilization. Bacon perceived that the mind of man was a divine instrument, lent to him for good purposes, not to be used on itself, but to be turned upon that vast universe of matter which lies outside of it. And hence, as he made Montaigne say, "the senses are the beginning and end of knowledge: — there must we fight it out to the end."

Macaulay says:

> The chief peculiarity of Bacon's philosophy seems to us to have been this — that it aimed at things [illegible] *posed to themselves.* . . . He used means different from those used by other philosophers, because he wished to arrive at an end altogether different from theirs. . . . It was, to use his own expression, "*fruit.*" It was the multiplying of human enjoyments and the mitigating of human sufferings. It was "the relief of man's estate." . . . The art which Bacon taught was the art of inventing arts. . . . He was not the person who first showed that by the inductive method alone new truth could be discovered. But he was the person who first turned the minds of speculative men, long occupied in verbal disputes, to the discovery of new truth; and by doing so, he at once gave to the inductive method an importance and dignity which had never before belonged to it. . . . Two words form the key of the Baconian doctrine — utility and progress. *The ancient philosophy disdained to be useful, and was content to be stationary.* It dealt largely in theories of moral perfection, which were so sublime that they never could be more than theories; in attempts to solve insoluble enigmas; in exhortations to the attainment of unattainable frames of mind. It could not condescend to the humble office of ministering to the comfort of human beings.

[1] Macaulay's [illegible], p. [illegible]

It is marvelous that the world could not see that Shakespeare was preaching this very philosophy:

> Nature, what things there are
> *Most abject in regard and dear in use!*
> What things again, most *dear in the esteem*
> *And poor in worth.*[1]

And again:

> *Most poor matters*
> *Point to rich ends.*

But it is claimed by some that Bacon's influence on our modern civilization has been exaggerated. Let me call another excellent witness:

Fowler proves[2] that Bacon's influence predominated in the mind and philosophy of Locke, who alluded to him as "the great Lord Verulam;" and that, through him, Bacon acted upon the minds of "Berkley, Hume, Hartley, Reid, Stewart, the two Mills, Condillac, Helvetius, Destutt de Tracy, to say nothing of less known or more recent writers." He adds: "Descartes, Mersenne, Gassendi, Peiresc, Du Hamel, Bayle, Voltaire, Condillac, D'Alembert in France; Vico in Italy; Comenius, Puffendorf, Leibnitz, Huygens, Morhof, Boerhaave, Buddæus in Germany; and in England, the group of men who founded, or were amongst the earliest members of, the Royal Society, such as Wallis, Oldenburg, Glanville, Hooke and Boyle,"[3] all bore testimony to the greatness of Bacon's service to science.

The great Scotchman Mackintosh says:

> Bacon was not what is called a metaphysician; his plans for the improvement of science were not inferred by abstract reasoning from any of those primary principles to which the philosophers of Greece struggled to fasten their systems. Hence he has been treated as empirical and superficial by those who take to themselves the exclusive name of profound speculators. He was not, on the other hand, a mathematician, an astronomer, a physiologist, a chemist. He was not eminently conversant with the particular truths of any of those sciences which existed in his time. For this reason, he was underrated even by men themselves of the highest merit, and by some who had acquired the most just reputation, by adding new facts to the stock of knowledge. It is not therefore very surprising to find that Harvey, "though the friend as well as the physician of Bacon, though he esteemed him much for his wit and style, would not allow him to be a great philosopher," but said to Aubrey, "He writes philosophy like a Lord Chancellor,"—"in derision," as the honest biographer thinks fit expressly to add. On the same ground, though in a manner not so agreeable to the nature of his own claims on reputation, Mr. Hume has decided that Bacon was not so great a man as Galileo because he was not so

[1] *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3. [2] *Bacon*, p. 193. [3] Ibid., p. 195.

great an astronomer. The same sort of injustice to his memory has been more often committed than avowed, by professors of the exact and the experimental sciences, who are accustomed to regard, as the sole test of service to knowledge, a palpable addition to her store. It is very true that he made no discoveries; but his life was employed in teaching the method by which discoveries are made. This distinction was early observed by that ingenious poet and amiable man, on whom we, by our unmerited neglect, have taken too severe a revenge, for the exaggerated praises bestowed on him by our ancestors:

> Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last,
> The barren wilderness he past,
> Did on the very border stand
> Of the promised land,
> And from the mountain top of his exalted wit
> Saw it himself, and showed us it.[1]

Taine says:

When he wished to describe the efficacious nature of his philosophy by a tale, he delineated in *The New Atlantis*, with a poet's boldness and the precision of a seer, almost employing the very terms in use now, modern applications, and the present organization of the sciences, academies, observatories, air-balloons, submarine vessels, the improvement of land, the transmutation of species, regenerations, the discovery of remedies, the preservation of food. "The end of our foundation," says his principal personage, "is the knowledge of causes and s motives of things, and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the ef ing all things possible. And this 'possible' is infinite." . . .

He recommends moralists to study the soul, the passions, habits, temptatio not merely in a speculative way, but with a view to the cure or diminution o vice, and assigns to the science of morals as its goal the amelioration of morals.

In 1603 Bacon said that he proposed to

Kindle a light in nature—a light which shall, at its very rising, touch and illuminate all the border regions that confine upon the circle of our present knowledge; and so spreading further shall presently disclose and bring into sight all that is most hidden and secret in the world.

Have not his anticipations been realized? Does not the great conflagration of science, kindled by his torch, not only burn up the rubbish of many ancient errors, and enlarge the practical powers of mankind, but is it not casting great luminous tongues of flame, day by day, farther out into the darkness with which nature has encompassed us?

And how grandly does he prefigure the station which he will occupy in the judgment of posterity when he says that the man who shall kindle that light

Would be the benefactor indeed of the human race, the propagator of man's

[1] *The Modern British Essayists: Mackintosh* p. 18.
[2] Taine's *History of English Literature*, p. 155.

empire over the universe, the champion of liberty, the conqueror and subduer of necessities.

He tried even *to hurry up civilization.* He sought to use the royal power to give the seventeenth century the blessings now enjoyed by the nineteenth. He writes King James, in 1620, presenting him with the *Novum Organum:*

I account your favor may be to this work as much as a hundred years' time; for *I am persuaded the work will gain upon men's minds in ages,* but your gracing it may make it take hold more swiftly; which I would be very glad of, it being a work meant, not for praise or glory, *but for practice and the good of man.*

And again he says, in the same letter:

Even in your time many noble inventions may be discovered for man's use. For who can tell, now this mine of truth is opened, how the veins go; and what lieth higher and what lieth lower?

His heart thirsted for the good of mankind. He saw in his mind's eye things akin to the marvels of steam and electricity. And if Bacon had been king, or had ruled England with unlimited power, instead of the foul and shallow Buckingham, who can say how far the progress of the world might have been advanced in a single generation?

But he realized, at last, how delusive were these hopes. He says, in a letter to Father Fulgentio, the Venetian:

Of the perfecting this I have cast away all hopes; but in future ages perhaps the design may bud again. . . . Such, I mean, which touch, almost, the universals of nature, there will be *laid no inconsiderable foundations of this matter.*

And in the sonnets he says he had

Laid great bases for eternity.

But he knew that progress is a matter of great minds; that civilization moves with giant strides from the apex of one grand soul to another. He says:

And since sparks can work but upon matter prepared, I have the more reason to wish that those sparks may fly abroad, that they may the better find, and light upon those minds and spirits which are apt to be kindled.[1]

XI. His Prophetic Anticipations.

"His mind," says Montagu, "pierced into future contingents." He could

Look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain would grow and which would not.

[1] Letter to Dr. Playfer.

In *The New Atlantis* he anticipates the discovery of means of "flying in the air;" also of vessels that move under the water; also of "swimming-girdles," or life-preservers. He also believes that some forms of perpetual motion will be discovered. He prefigures the telephone and the microphone when he represents the people of the *New Atlantis* possessed of "certain helps which set to ear do greatly further the hearing;" and he anticipates a recent useful invention in these words: "We have also means to convey sounds in trunks and *pipes*, in strange lines and distances." He also foreshadowed our Signal Service establishment:

> We do also declare natural divinations of diseases, plagues, *swarms of hurtful creatures*, scarcity, *tempests*, *earthquakes*, great inundations, *comets*, *temperature of the year*, and divers other things; and we give counsel thereupon what the people shall do for the prevention and remedy of them.[1]

He anticipated our system of patent-rights for the encouragement of inventors, and even our national gallery of models:

> For upon every invention of value we erect a statue to the inventor, and give him a liberal and honorable reward. We have two very long and fine galleries: in one of these we place *patterns and samples of all manner of the more rare and excellent inventions;* in the other we place the statues of all the principal inventors.[2]

He anticipated Darwin when he said:

> It would be very difficult to generate new species, but less so to vary known species, and thus produce many rare and unusual results.

He foreshadowed in *The New Atlantis* the system now adopted by all civilized nations of conserving the health of its own people by establishing a quarantine for strangers.

He anticipated the recent studies upon the shape of the continents[3] — "broad and expanded toward the north, and narrow and pointed toward the south."

He anticipated Roemer's discovery of time being required for the propagation of light.

He inclined, toward the last, to accept the doctrine of the rotation of the earth on its axis, because if the heavenly bodies moved around the earth they would have to travel with inconceivable velocity to make their diurnal journey.

He says:

[1] *New Atlantis.* [2] Ibid. [3] *Novum Organum*, book ii.

For if the earth stand still, and the heavens perform a diurnal revolution, undoubtedly it is a system; but if the earth be rotary, it is, nevertheless, not absolutely proved that it is not a system, because we may still fix *another center of the system, such as the sun*, or something else. . . . And the consent of later ages and of antiquity has rather anticipated and sanctioned that idea than not. For the supposition of the earth's motion is not new, but, as we have already said, echoed from the ancients.[1]

The Italian anatomist Malpighi was "the first to apply the microscope in investigating the anatomical structure of plants and animals," but he was not born until after Bacon's death. And yet we find Bacon in *The New Atlantis* saying:

We have also glasses and means to see small and minute bodies perfectly and distinctly, as the shape and colors of small flies and worms, grains and flaws in gems, *observations in urine and blood*, not otherwise to be seen.

We have seen him in the Plays approaching very closely to Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood.

We also have him saying:

The very essence of heat, or the substantial self of heat, is *motion, and nothing else.*[2]

Let it not be forgotten, therefore, that Bacon was the first in the world to reveal the great truth that heat is a mode of motion. The savage regards heat as an animal. Lucretius believed it to be a substance akin to the substance of the soul. Aristotle thought it a condition of matter. Bacon called it "*a motion of expansion;* a motion and nothing else." Descartes followed him and defined it as the motion of the insensibly small parts of matter. Locke, carrying out the same thought, called it "a very brisk agitation of the insensible parts of an object." But long after Bacon's time Lavoisier and Black still believed that heat was an actual substance. Science, however, two hundred years after Bacon's *Novum Organum* was written, has settled down into the conviction that the philosopher of Verulam was right; and that heat is, as Davy expresses it, "a vibratory motion of the particles of matter;" which is but a condensation of Bacon's view that heat is "a mode of expansion of the smaller particles of matter, . . . checked, repelled and beaten back, so that the body acquires a motion alternate, perpetually quivering, striving and struggling."

[1] *Description of the Intellectual Globe*, chap. vi, § 2. [2] *Novum Organum*, book ii.

He approximated very closely to Newton's discovery of the law gravitation. He says:

Heavy and ponderous bodies must either of their own nature tend towards the center of the earth by their peculiar formation, or must be attracted and hurried, *by the corporeal mass of the earth itself*, as being an assemblage of similar bodies, and be drawn to it by sympathy. . . . The attraction of the corporeal mass of the earth may be taken as the cause of weight.[1]

And we find him in the Plays saying:

> But the strong base and building of my love
> Is as *the very center of the earth*,
> *Drawing all things to it.*[2]

He suggested experiments with the pendulum upon great heights and in deep mines,

Which have since been used as the most delicate tests of the variation of gravity from the equator towards the poles.

In the *Gesta Grayorum*[3] we find him anticipating public libraries, public gardens of plants, zoölogical gardens, and even the British Museum!

Even in other directions his vast mental activity extended itself:

Nicolai claims Bacon as the founder of Free Masonry.[4]

And I have shown that his philosophical thoughts have penetrated and permeated all the great minds who have since lived in England and Europe. But who shall measure the influence of his genius through the Plays upon the thoughts and opinions of mankind?

De Quincey calls him

The glory of the human intellect.

Carlyle speaks of him as

The greatest intellect who, in our recorded world, has left record of himself in the way of literature.

Dr. Chalmers describes him as

An intellectual miracle.

Emerson says of him:

It was not possible to write the history of Shakespeare until now; for he is the father of German literature: it was on the introduction of Shakespeare into

[1] *Novum Organum*, book ii.
[2] *Troilus and Cressida*, iv, 2.
[3] *Life and Works*, Spedding, vol. i, p. 335.
[4] *A New Study of Shakespeare*, p. 192.

Germany, by Lessing, and the translation of his works by Wieland and Schlegel, that the rapid burst of German literature was most intimately connected. It was not until the nineteenth century, whose speculative genius is a sort of living Hamlet, that the tragedy of *Hamlet* could find such wondering readers. Now, literature, philanthropy and thought are Shakespearized. His mind is the horizon beyond which, at present, we do not see. Our ears are educated to music by his rhythm. Coleridge and Goethe are the only critics who have expressed our convictions with any adequate fidelity; but there is in all cultivated minds a silent appreciation of his superlative power and beauty, which, like Christianity, qualifies the period.[1]

[1] *Representative Men*, p. 201.